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From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

HE CROSSED THE STREET AND LOOKED TOO.

—"A Son at the Front."—Page 22.

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NO. 1

Some Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson

WITH A VISIT TO HIS FRIEND ORI, AT TAHITI

BY SIR EDMUND RADCLIFFE PEARS

Vice-Admiral, R. N. (Retired)

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN 1889



I was in March, 1889, in the picturesque days when King Kalakaua sat on the throne of Hawaii, that the yacht *Casco*, with R. L. Stevenson on board, arrived at Honolulu, after nearly a year's cruising among the Marquesas and Society Islands, and anchored inside the coral reef that forms the harbor. Close by lay Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Cormorant*, in which I was then serving as a lieutenant, and the coming of the *Casco* was an event of great interest to us all, especially to myself, for I was already an ardent admirer of Stevenson and hoped it might be my good luck to meet him. I felt convinced that his personality must possess the charm that pervades his writings and confers on him "the happy privilege of making lovers among his readers."

The *Casco* party, consisting of Stevenson, his wife, his mother, and Lloyd Osbourne, landed soon after the yacht anchored, and took up their quarters in a seaside bungalow at Waikiki, a few miles outside Honolulu, a delightful place where they lived for several months in rather strict seclusion. Society in Honolulu, which included a large number of British and American residents and visitors, saw little of any of them except Lloyd Osbourne, who was occasionally

to be seen at some of the frequent festivities that took place.

It was at a dance at the King's palace, if I remember aright, that I met Osbourne, with whom I had a long and interesting talk. It is probable that he was at the palace that night to represent Stevenson, who must certainly have been invited, for he had made the acquaintance of King Kalakaua, an acquaintance that ripened into friendship. Kalakaua, though a hard drinker, was a very intelligent and well-educated man, quite capable of appreciating Stevenson, who, on his part, must have found the huge, brown-skinned king a highly interesting character.

My conversation with Lloyd Osbourne no doubt revealed to him my admiration for his famous stepfather, and my hopes of meeting him, for a few days later I received a friendly little note from R. L. S. himself, inviting me to go and see him at Waikiki.

On the day appointed I set forth and walked out, along the beautiful tree-lined roads, to Waikiki, where I found the bungalow I sought, standing amid trees and oleanders, and so close to the beach as almost to overhang the sea. As I approached, a man dressed in flannels came out on the veranda and welcomed me heartily. Him I recognized instantly, from portraits I had seen, as R. L. Stevenson: a tall, thin figure, very quick and graceful in movement; a face of extraor-

dinary character, not to be easily forgotten; dark hair worn rather long; slight mustache; clean-cut features, and the most expressive brown eyes. The charm of his manner struck me instantaneously, and enthralled me throughout our conversation. I had rather expected to find something of an invalid, knowing of his long ill-health, but he looked nothing of the sort. There was, it is true, a certain delicacy in his looks, but it appeared more the delicacy of refinement and culture than of ailment; he had a well-colored, rather bronzed complexion, and a wonderful suggestion of activity and energy in his talk and movements.

He led me into the "lanai," a large room which was really a roofed veranda overlooking the sea, and which had no side walls, though the sides could be closed by shutters or "tatties," if required. It made an ideal living-room for such a climate, cool, spacious, and comfortable. Here we sat and talked, and I straightway found myself under the spell of Stevenson's wonderful charm of conversation. I say we sat, but for the most part I sat while he paced up and down as he talked, pausing now and then to fix his dancing brown eyes on me or to roll a new cigarette with his nimble fingers. He professed, by the way, scorn for the ready-made cigarette. "The true cigarette-smoker," he said, "always makes his own"; and a jar of tobacco and packets of cigarette-papers on the table provided his wants. Cigarette followed cigarette, and the time flew while he talked. I wish that, Boswell-like, I had taken notes of that conversation so that I could reproduce it now! He was in the highest spirits, and wit and humor flowed from him without the least suggestion of effort. He told me of the cruise he had just finished among the islands, of various experiences at sea in the *Casco* (which led us to discuss matters of seamanship), and spoke of the eagerness with which he and his party were looking forward to receiving on their arrival at Honolulu English newspapers, from which they had been cut off for months, and of their dismay at finding only one English journal awaiting them—a weird weekly called the *Pictorial News*, dated February 9, 1889. He produced this paper, one of a class intended

for "the masses" and devoid of any pretension to literary merit, and said: "Imagine our feelings, when we were starving for our newspapers, to receive only this, and this only, to satisfy our hunger!" Then he added, "But there is one page of it which is sublime; it brought tears to our eyes," and he turned to a page which he showed to me with a comic pretense of emotion. It was a page full of the crudest woodcuts, depicting the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, evidently the work of an imaginative artist in Fleet Street.

After we had admired these atrocities Stevenson suddenly said: "I must send this sheet to the officers of the *Cormorant* as a mark of my esteem; don't you think they would appreciate it?" "I'm sure they would," I replied. So he tore out the sheet, sat down, took up a pen, and began to write: "To the Officers of H.M.S. *Cormorant* this little gem—" He paused, and said: "Now, how shall I put it?" and then wrote "—is cordially offered by R. L. S." I took the sheet on board in due course, and showed it to my brother officers, but claimed the right of retaining it and have kept it ever since.

While we were talking we were joined by Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, known as an authoress by the name of Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson, who very soon struck me as a woman of character and intellect, and of marked individuality. Small and dark-haired, she was dressed in a "holoku"—the invariable dress of the South Sea Island women—a very sensible garment for a warm climate, being a loose gown flowing freely from the shoulders; and her feet were bare. She must have possessed considerable beauty in her youth, still retained a good figure, and had beautifully shaped little hands and feet.

Conversation turned somehow to the stage and the dramatization of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which, of course, none of us had seen. I said that I had heard that in the stage version Dr. Jekyll had a wife or a sweetheart—I was not sure which. Stevenson was interested to hear of this, and said: "I thought of that, but I couldn't do it; it was too horrible." We went on to speak of Shakespeare, and Stevenson told an amusing story of a performance of "Macbeth," by Salvini,

which he had seen, I think, in Edinburgh, in which, owing to some mismanagement, the ghost of Banquo, rising slowly and solemnly, twice appeared prematurely, and had to be lowered again with ludicrous rapidity; when the proper moment

I had intended to pay a short call, not wishing to take up too much of the author's time, but when I rose to go I found I had actually stayed two hours, entranced by the charm of his talk. He made light of my apologies, however, and



Vice-Admiral Sir Edmund R. Pears, R. N.

for his appearance arrived the stage-hands, daunted by their previous mistakes, failed to hoist him, and an awkward pause ensued; the manager behind the scenes must have fired out a volcanic order, for with a terrific jerk up shot the ghost of Banquo, so violently that an effect still more comic was produced. Stevenson's description of this incident, in which he vividly imitated the action of the unfortunate ghost, especially the final jerk, which caused his long hair to fly outward, was intensely amusing.

invited me to dine with him one evening a day or two later.

At that dinner, besides Stevenson and his wife, his mother (the elder Mrs. Stevenson), Lloyd Osbourne, and his sister, Mrs. Strong, were present. It was an unconventional, but most delightful, affair; the men in flannels, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson in her "holoku," with a brazier burning under the table to keep mosquitoes away from her bare feet, Mrs. Strong (whose husband was an artist of San Francisco) similarly attired; the food

plain but good; the table undecorated; the conversation unflagging and lively. One felt that both food and formality were not worth troubling one's head about; it was the company and talk that mattered. In this Bohemian atmosphere the elder Mrs. Stevenson, a most lovable and charming old lady, neatly, almost primly, dressed in black, with a white muslin cap, looked at first sight out of her proper element; but it was not so in reality; she understood her companions and was entirely sympathetic. The strong affection binding the typical Scotch mother to her strange, brilliant bantling, and him to her, was unmistakable and beautiful.

Stevenson, eager and vivacious, did most of the talking, but entirely without egotism or arrogance. The fact is, it was so delightful to listen to him that no one felt inclined to cut in, unless to prompt or to spur. Dinner over and the plates removed by the attendant Chinaman (who, I was amused to note, seemed to be as devoted to, and fascinated by, his whimsical master as any of us), coffee and tobacco-jar were placed on the table, and as we rolled our cigarettes and smoked we continued to talk and laugh till a fairly late hour. Much of Stevenson's lively conversation was about his South Sea cruise and the *Casco*, but all sorts of things were discussed besides, including experiences with publishers and magazine editors. He was then engaged on "The Master of Ballantrae," which, although not quite completed, was running in SCRIBNER'S. I admitted that I was reading it as it appeared monthly in that magazine, an admission for which he strongly reproved me! Somewhat taken aback, I pleaded that I could not restrain my impatience, but he would not accept the excuse. "What?" I asked, in rather feeble self-defense, "isn't one supposed to read it in SCRIBNER'S?" "Of course not!" he replied. Still more flabbergasted, I inquired why, in that case, was it published in the serial form? "Simply as an advertisement," was the answer. I had not, in my simplicity, realized this fact, which, of course, must be well understood in the publishing world, and which Stevenson, being quite aware of the market value of his work, could state without

vanity. On the other hand, the work would be useless as an advertisement unless thousands of magazine readers were ready to enjoy it in serial form. But, for the true book-lover, to read a long novel in monthly instalments is neither doing justice to the author nor giving complete enjoyment to the reader, and this would naturally be Stevenson's point of view.

Stevenson and Osbourne discussed their jointly written book, "The Wrong Box," which had not long been published, and which I had not read. Stevenson said it was nothing but "wild farce," and we laughed over its absurdities. Apparently they had another book on the stocks, for they were anxious to learn something about tidal waves, and questioned me closely as to the localities and effects of these phenomena. I gathered that their intention was to get rid of some of their characters with a tidal wave, but I do not remember if this idea was ever used.

That dinner was the precursor of many delightful evenings and similar dinners spent with the Stevensons in their cool and pleasant "lanai" by the edge of the sea. I felt it to be a rare and extraordinary privilege to be admitted for a while as a member of that charming circle, the more so since they held aloof from society, feeling (to quote from one of Stevenson's letters) "oppressed with civilization" after their free and untrammelled existence in the South Sea Islands. A quotation from the same letter will give a better description of the Stevensons' home at Waikiki than I could attempt:

"The buildings stand in their groups by the edge of the beach, where an angry little spitfire sea continually spirts and thrashes with impotent irascibility, the big seas breaking farther out upon the reef. The first is a small house, with a very large summer parlor, or *lanai* as they call it here, roofed, but partially open. There you will find the lamps burning and the family sitting about the table, dinner just done: my mother, my wife, Lloyd, Bella, my wife's daughter, Austin her child, and to-night (by way of rarity) a guest. All about the walls our South Sea curiosities, war clubs, idols, pearl-shells, stone axes, etc.; and the walls are only a small part of a *lanai*, the rest being glazed or latticed windows, or mere

open space." He goes on to describe the other buildings, including a little "shanty" which was his own particular den. "It is a grim little wooden shanty; cobwebs bedeck it; friendly mice inhabit its recesses; the mailed cockroach walks upon the wall; so also, I regret to say, the scorpion. Herein are two pallet beds, two mosquito curtains, strung to the pitchboards of the roof, two tables laden with books and manuscripts, three chairs, and, in one of the beds, the Squire busy writing to yourself, as it chances, and just at the moment somewhat bitten by mosquitoes."

It was in this room that Stevenson, while at Honolulu, slept and passed much of his time in writing and in playing on his "flageolet."

He loved music, of which he had considerable knowledge (as of most subjects), and finding I was an amateur of the violin asked me to bring my fiddle with me one evening. Although I assured him I was a very poor performer, he insisted, and I brought it accordingly, expecting that Mrs. Strong would accompany me on the piano. On that occasion, however, I found Stevenson alone, and to my dismay he asked me to play to him without accompaniment. I did so, feeling that my efforts could not possibly give him any pleasure. He sat by me, leaning forward, head on hand, listening intently, and (to my inward amazement) evidently enjoying it. The secret of this (and it was characteristic of the man) was that his attention was concentrated, not on me or my fiddle, but on the music itself, the beauties of which, however indifferently rendered, he appreciated and enjoyed.

It was interesting to hear his opinions on contemporary authors. Of then living novelists he held Hardy and Meredith to be the greatest. "I am an out-and-out Meredith man," he said, and advised me to make the acquaintance of "Rhoda Fleming," which I had not read. I asked him whether William Archer was a Socialist. "Not exactly," he replied with twinkling eyes, "but he has aspir-r-ations in that direction" (rolling the r in the slight Scotch accent which never quite deserted him); he spoke of both William Archer and Andrew Lang with much affection. He appeared to regard Rider Haggard

as his own chief rival in popular esteem.

He loved a joke at his own expense, and, when we were talking of Monte Carlo, told me, with great enjoyment, that he had the rare distinction of being refused admission to the Casino, "solely on my appearance!" for no other reason was given. This tickled and delighted him immensely.

I have spoken of Stevenson's love for his mother. He was not a man who, as the saying goes, wore his heart on his sleeve, but the deep, understanding love subsisting between his wife and himself was, without any outward kind of demonstration, equally obvious and beautiful. A look exchanged was sufficient, their minds accorded perfectly. One can imagine what she must have been to him through all the years of ill health and suffering he so bravely bore, and can understand the depth of feeling revealed in those well-known lines addressed to her, beginning: "Trusty, dusky, vivid, true."

I have said that in conversation Stevenson did most of the talking, but he by no means monopolized it; he was as good a listener as he was a talker. By this I mean that he gave the closest attention to all that was said by others; he listened with an eager intentness that is as flattering to the speaker as it is uncommon. This impressed me from the first; indeed, it was almost embarrassing to see the actual deference which he showed to the probably quite uninteresting remarks made by one who was fully conscious of mental inferiority to his listener. This was no pose nor mere politeness on Stevenson's part. The truth is that he was genuinely interested in every one he met, and hoped to hear or learn something new to him, to get views on any question from different angles, or to discover various phases of human character. Whether it was a South Sea Island fisherman, a disreputable beach-comber, a Hawaiian king, or a naval lieutenant, he was equally interested, and by a delightful sort of silent emanation of sympathy drew out all that was best in the speaker.

I felt this strongly in conversation with him, and I found these impressions of mine confirmed in an article (written, I think, by Mr. Augustus Moore) that I

came across, some time afterward, in a London journal, from which I am tempted to quote, for it expresses exactly the feelings I experienced.

"In all my life, I have never seen a fellow who had such a gift of attracting affection, and the queer thing is that the affection once attracted always remains with him, so that he has never lost a friend or made an enemy. Moreover, by some miraculous sleight, it happens that in whatever company he is placed he becomes first, and that, too, without any effort. As soon as he opens his mouth something falls from him which forces you to heed him, and the intense charm of the talk is so moving that most men do not care to check the magic of it by interpolating words of their own; so that at one time I fear that Master Louis was acquiring a trick of monologue which gained upon him. But it did not matter: there was no man whom ever I knew who would not be very content to let Stevenson pour out his indescribably beautiful thought. . . . Let me name one very singular thing: you cannot remain long in Stevenson's company *without feeling like a good man*. You may not be good, mark you, any more than I am, but everything that is bad in you lies low, and every power that makes for kindness, tenderness, uprightness, and charity seems as if it must begin to flourish."

That is a very true and just appreciation of Robert Louis Stevenson as a conversationalist and a companion.

I happened to be spending an evening with the Stevensons on the day on which he finished "The Master of Ballantrae." He was in the highest possible spirits, delighted to have got the book off his mind; both he and Lloyd Osbourne were like a pair of schoolboys just off for a holiday, and we had a merry evening. Stevenson must celebrate the occasion with a "Bismarck"; asked me if I knew what that was, and, on my admitting my ignorance, explained that it was a drink composed of a mixture of champagne and stout, and was so called because it was a favorite drink of Bismarck's. It did not sound promising to me; but as a matter of fact I found it excellent—a kind of glorified shandy-gaff—stimulating and invigorating. Stevenson asked me to accept a

copy of "The Master of Ballantrae," which reached me in due course and which I treasure to this day.

On two occasions Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne gave me the pleasure and honor of their company at luncheon on board the *Cormorant*. I need hardly say how my brother officers in the wardroom mess appreciated these visits and enjoyed Stevenson's talk, though only one of them was really a Stevenson enthusiast like myself; this was the chief engineer, a very original character, who evidently delighted our distinguished guest, for he asked me to bring him out with me to see him at Waikiki. This I did, and my friend the chief engineer took with him, as an offering, a bottle of navy rum, inscribed with the words, "Yo-ho! and a bottle of rum" (from "Treasure Island"), which Stevenson very joyfully received.

Stevenson was, of course, intensely interested in everything on board the ship; he loved the sea and everything connected with it, and he was delighted with the offer of some hammocks which we were able to give him. In one of his letters he refers to these visits to the *Cormorant*:

"I have been twice to lunch on board, and H. B. M.'s seamen are making us hammocks; so we are very naval. But alas, the *Cormorant* is only waiting her relief, and I fear there are not two ships of that stamp in all the navies of the world."

It was at about this time (March, 1889) that the disaster at Samoa occurred, in which three American and three German men-of-war were wrecked in the harbor of Apia, in a terrific hurricane, the only British man-of-war in the harbor, H. M. S. *Calliope*, escaping by steaming out to sea. We were specially interested in this event, because the three American ships, the *Vandalia*, *Trenton*, and *Nipsic*, had shortly before been lying in the harbor at Honolulu with us, and we had many friends on board those ships. On April 10 a solemn memorial service was held in the cathedral in honor and remembrance of those who had lost their lives. There were some other American men-of-war in the harbor at the time, and their ships' companies, with ours, took part in the service. In a letter to Mr. Baxter, Stevenson thus described this incident:

"27th April, 1889.—A pretty touch of

seamen manners: the English and American Jacks are deadly rivals: well, after all this hammering of both sides by the Germans, and then the news of the hurricane from Samoa, a singular scene occurred here the Sunday before last. The two church parties *sponte propria* fell in line together, one Englishman to one Ameri-

asked me to execute a commission for him there, which, of course, I gladly undertook. This commission was to take from him a sum of £50 to Mr. Tati Salmon, chief of Pápara, to be expended for the relief of the people of his district, and especially of Tautira, who had suffered from the recent hurricane which had cre-



On the seashore near Papeete.

can, and marched down to the harbor like one ship's company. None were more surprised than their own officers. I have seen a hantle of the seaman on this cruise; I always liked him before; my first crew on the *Casco* (five sea-lawyers) near cured me; but I have returned to my first love."

It may be noted, by the way, that Stevenson was mistaken in supposing that the combination of British and American seamen in this march to and from the cathedral was spontaneous. It was a prearranged matter, intended to mark the sympathy of the British with the Americans in their loss.

In May, 1889, the *Cormorant* received orders to sail for a cruise round the Pacific Islands and thence to Chili. Stevenson was immensely interested to hear that we were to visit Tahiti during the cruise, and

ated such havoc at Samoa, and which Stevenson knew had inflicted much loss and damage in that district. It was at the village of Tautira, in the house of Ori, the sub-chief, that Stevenson and his party had lived for two or three months during the previous autumn and winter, and this generous gift from R. L. S. showed that he had not forgotten his Tahitian friends. I have not seen this incident mentioned in any life or letters concerning Stevenson.

Together with this check he gave me letters to Tati Salmon and Princess Moë, and earnestly adjured me to go to Tautira, if possible, while I was at Tahiti, and to see and give his warmest remembrances to his old friend Ori. I had reason afterward to be grateful to Stevenson for intrusting these wishes to me, for in carry-

ing them out I experienced one of the most lovely and delightful expeditions in my life, as will be told later.

Stevenson also asked me, if possible, to hear some of the "Himini" singers of Tahiti and to write down for him the words and music of some of their "Himins." I promised to do the best I could, but, having heard this music at Tahiti and other islands, I knew that it was no easy task to attempt.

It was in this same month of May, before I left Honolulu, that Stevenson was negotiating for the charter of a schooner to take him and his party for a further cruise among the South Sea Islands; his intended destination was the Gilbert Islands, and at that time, I think, he had no definite intention of visiting Samoa; but as it turned out, the cruise ended at Samoa, where he lived the rest of his life. He was not to leave Honolulu, however, before the latter part of June, and we sailed toward the end of May, so it was at Honolulu that I bade farewell to the great writer whom I had learned to love, and whom I was never to see again. I had known him in his books for some years, and I had found the man even more fascinating than his books. Warm were the farewells from him and his wife and Lloyd Osbourne (the elder Mrs. Stevenson had returned home some weeks before) as I left them, and warm the hopes of meeting again, which, alas! were never fulfilled.

I had parted from Stevenson, but not from his paths or his influence. The *Cormorant* arrived at the port of Papeete, in Tahiti, on June 20, and I lost no time in setting forth on my journey to Tautira, which is about sixty miles distant by road from Papeete. In shape, the island of Tahiti is not unlike a human head joined to a limbless trunk both in outline and proportionate size; it just escapes being two islands by the narrow neck—the isthmus of Taravao—which joins the two parts. The smaller part, called Taiaapu, extends from the larger in a southeasterly direction. Papeete, the capital and chief port, is on the northwestern coast of the larger part, Tautira on the northeastern coast of Taiaapu. The road from Papeete—debarred by mountains from cutting straight across the island—runs

round the west coast from Papeete toward the south, crosses the isthmus of Taravao, and continues along the east coast of Taiaapu, on which lies the village of Tautira.

Before leaving Papeete I ascertained that Princess Moë was living close by that town, and therefore went to pay my respects to her and to deliver to her Stevenson's letter. I found her in a tiny house by the seashore, and she opened the door to me herself. It will be remembered that Stevenson, landing from the *Casco* a physical wreck on their first arrival at Tahiti, was visited by Princess Moë, who arranged for his being received in the house of Ori, at Tautira. And Stevenson's grateful poem to the kind little princess may be recalled, of which the concluding lines run thus:

"I threw one look to either hand,
And knew I was in Fairyland.
And yet one point of being so,
I lacked. For, Lady (as you know),
Whoever by his might of hand
Won entrance into Fairyland,
Found always with admiring eyes
A Fairy princess kind and wise.

It was not long I waited; soon
Upon my threshold, in broad noon,
Fair and helpful, wise and good,
The Fairy Princess Moë stood."

These lines were written at Tautira in November, 1888; it was now, in July, 1889, that this little fairy princess stood before me on her own threshold, and welcomed me in with all the dignity and grace of any princess in the world. She was a slight, slim little woman, past her youth, but with all that engaging charm of manner so marked in Polynesian women, and perhaps above all in the women of Tahiti. The mention of Robert Louis Stevenson was a talisman; her face lighted up at my mention of him, and she was delighted to receive his messages and to hear I had so lately seen him. I doubt, by the way, if she could have appreciated his verse to her in the original, for her knowledge of English was slight and our conversation was in French. But it was quite evident that she had fallen under the spell of Stevenson's charm.

The principal lady of Tahiti at that time was Mrs. Darsie, who possessed a most beautiful home at Fautaua, a few

miles outside Papeete. Her mother was a Tahitian princess of the old royal family of Teriirere, and had married an English trader named Salmon. Their daughter, of whom I write, first married a Mr. Brander, by whom she had several sons

sible. With the help of Mr. Arthur Brander, Mrs. Darsie's son, all arrangements were made; and, leaving the ship before daylight one morning, a brother officer, called Bedford, and I landed and made our way to the market-place at Pa-



Women of Tahiti.

and daughters, and had been well-known for years to British naval officers visiting Tahiti, for her generous hospitalities at Fautaua, as well as for her own extraordinary charms of beauty and manners. After Mr. Brander's death she married Mr. Darsie, and had given him one charming young daughter. I had made the acquaintance of this fascinating family on a previous visit to Tahiti, and knew that I could count on their help in the matter of getting to Tautira, and in noting down some Tahitian music, if pos-

peete, where we were met by Mr. Arthur Brander and his uncle, Paia Salmon—a giant of a man, weighing over twenty-two stone, tall and broad, with a handsome, laughing face. The physical splendor of the Salmon family was remarkable: Mrs. Darsie must have been a great beauty in her youth, and was still wonderfully handsome and upright, and all her sons and daughters had inherited strength and beauty. It may be observed here that while "half-castes" the world over usually show deterioration in appearance and

character, inheriting, as has been said, "the vices of both races and the virtues of neither," the mixed marriages between Europeans and Polynesians result in an improvement, if anything, in the offspring—so, at least, it seemed to me.

After a breakfast of excellent coffee, bread and butter, and fruit in a café in the market-place with our two kind friends, who had come to see us off, we took our seats at 5.30 A. M. in the stage, or diligence—a wagonette open at the sides, but covered with a canopy—and drove off through the wooded streets of Papeete just as the first streaks of daylight were appearing. In a few minutes we were clear of the town and driving on a good road along the seacoast and through scenery which was as beautiful as any dream of Paradise.

I had long considered Tahiti to be the most beautiful place I had ever seen in the world; I was now to see that Tahiti (of which I had only seen Papeete and its neighborhood) was even more beautiful than I had thought. I despair of giving any idea, by mere words, of the entrancing loveliness, and varieties of loveliness, of that sixty miles' drive. In the delicious freshness and coolness of the morning air perfumed with the scent of flowers, the effect of all this beauty was like intoxication. As the sun rose, all the exquisite coloring gradually emerged, in a thousand shades of green alone: trees, shrubs, ferns, and creepers, with splashes of every other tint here and there of flower or fruit, all sparkling with dew-drops; tall cocoanuts along the shore; and, beyond, seen through their curving stems, the calm blue sea, protected by the coral reef encircling the island.

The two or three Tahitian fellow passengers in the diligence with us were amused and delighted with our enthusiasm, especially when (in the intoxication above mentioned) my companion—a grave man, without a note of music in him—joined me in song, and we raised our voices in rapturous melody as we

bowled along the road. Every now and then the diligence stopped at a lovely little village where there was usually a café, at which our driver refreshed himself, the inhabitants, in their bright-colored gowns, gathering round us to hear the news; sometimes the road would run close by the beach, to avoid a jutting spur of the hills, which rose like a precipice on our landward side, covered with ferns and twinkling cascades; then we would ford a shallow river, and look up the beautiful valley through which it ran to the sea; we



A Tahitian girl.

passed through open park-like land, through forests where the branches met in arches over our heads, through fern-banked lanes, through plantations of bananas, vanilla, and taro. And above and behind all these towered the lofty mountains which occupy the middle of each peninsula.

At about noon we arrived at the village of Pápara, in the district known by that name, which lies on the south coast of the larger part of the island, about fifteen miles from the isthmus of Taravao. This district was ruled over by Tati Salmon, one of the most important chiefs of Tahiti, to whom I bore a note of introduction from Stevenson. We found, however, that Tati just then was away from his house at Pápara, and was on his sugar plantation, ten miles farther along the road, at Mataïea, so we decided to go on



A young man of Tahiti.

to that place in the stage, which was to pass through it.

Soon after one o'clock we arrived at Mataiea, where we alighted from the stage and found Tati Salmon on the veranda of a small country house by the sugar plantation. Not expecting us, he was much surprised to see two Englishmen appear in this remote corner of Paradise, but the magic name of Stevenson had its usual effect and he was at once all cordiality and hospitality. Was not Stevenson one of his clansmen? He had been enrolled in the clan Tati by the name Teriitera, and it was evident that Tati regarded him with brotherly affection.

Tati Salmon was a big, tall, dark, handsome man, very like his brother Paia and, like him and all the Salmon and Brander

families, had been educated in Europe; consequently, with all the knowledge and refinement of English ladies and gentlemen they combined the appearance and charms of the Tahitians. While he entertained us at a delightful little impromptu luncheon, we discussed our plans. I was very anxious to get on to Tautira, where Stevenson had lived, but it was thirty miles farther on, and I had only two more days at my disposal. At last Tati solved the difficulty by obtaining a horse and buggy for us, in which we could drive on to Tautira at once, sleep the night there; return the next day to Pápara, where we should find Tati; stay the night with him there and return to Papeete the following day.

In another hour Bedford and I were driving off in a very shaky-looking old

buggy with an equally shaky-looking old horse, Tati laughing and shouting out "good-bye" to us from his veranda.

Thus began the second stage of our journey, and, though we could not have believed it possible, the scenery through which we now passed was even more beautiful than that which we had previously seen. We had the same sylvan lanes, tropical woods, and lovely hills, but as we neared the isthmus we had a greater variety of glorious sea-views, for the coast-line was now formed of a number of beautiful bays and inlets, some of which we skirted, others crossed by causeways. Half-way across the isthmus we came to a lonely wayside house, serving the purpose, though undeserving the name, of an inn, kept by a wizened old Chinaman. Here Tati Salmon had asked us to change horses, so we stopped, and after considerable difficulty we induced the Chinaman to accede to our wishes. Fortunately he spoke English well. He was an interesting old creature, with a varied experience of life, having lived in all parts of the world, including London, and had served on board an American man-of-war. He was, as might be expected, a philosopher, very deliberate in speech and not given to emotion. A long argument was necessary before Ah Fun would consent to let us have his horse; the magic name of Stevenson was unknown to him and therefore useless; but mention of the potent Tati effected our purpose. While waiting for the horse to be brought we sat in the Chinaman's trellised veranda and enjoyed a bottle of wine which was produced by his wife, a charming little Tahitian girl of fifteen or sixteen, of whom we decided the old philosopher was quite unworthy. We were soon on our way again, behind the Chinaman's horse, of which he urged us to be most careful, as it was the best he had. If such was the case, what, we thought, must his other horses be like? The day was drawing on and we wished, if possible, to reach Tautira before dark, but this horse was entirely impervious to every kind of argument we employed to increase his speed. We broke sticks over his back; we racked our inventive powers to produce new kinds of noise; we called him names; all in vain. We came to various

conclusions about him: that he was weak of intellect; that he was a philosopher like his master; that he was a somnambulist; that he was merely absent-minded and meditative; that he was brooding over past wrongs and taking sullen revenge, but he looked too peaceful and benevolent for that. We gave it up; one thing only was certain, that he was the slowest horse in the world.

But, truth to tell, and though we did desire to arrive at Tautira before night-fall, having still twenty-four rivers to cross, we were well content with our horse's maxim of *festina lente*, for it seemed to us that the scenery through which we passed grew lovelier and lovelier. For miles the road led us through shady woods and smooth shallow rivers, with dark pools under the trees; groups of girls in their gay gowns giving patches of color here and there. Anon we entered a long avenue, the road of smooth green turf, on either hand endless orange-trees, golden with fruit. Stopping under these trees, we picked oranges to our hearts' content, rich, sweet, juicy fruit, delicious to the taste. And for miles the trees were yellow, and the ground beneath them yellow, with millions of these oranges, and apparently none to gather them.

Passing from orange groves we skirted the sea—now on our left—again, and forded more rivers; drove through beautiful little villages suggesting the very spirit of peace and loveliness; and just as darkness drew on we turned round a vast precipice jutting from the hills out to the beach, and saw the village of Tautira on the shore of a headland a few miles distant. It was dark when we forded our last river—a wide one just outside Tautira—and entered the village, where we met a group of the natives. Knowing that Norman Brander (one of Mrs. Darsie's sons) was in the village, I inquired for him by his native name of Teriitua, upon which a very fine tall man came forward and offered to come with us and show us the way; with him mounted behind us, we drove through the village, accumulating an ever-growing escort of excited boys and girls, until we arrived at a house larger than the others, with a veranda in front and behind it. Here

Norman Brander came out, astonished to see us, for he had not heard of the *Cormorant's* arrival at Papeete, and invited us into the house, which was no other than the house of Ori, in which Stevenson had lived, and we found that our guide was Ori-a-Ori himself, host, friend, and brother of R. L. S., to whom he dedicated his "Ballads" in the following lines:

and nothing could be too good for us. He made us at once feel ourselves at home, put a scrupulously clean little bedroom—one of three which ran along each side of the central room or hall—at our disposal, and in a short time placed an excellent meal before us, in which we were joined by Norman Brander and his charming young wife, the Princess Vetua.



A public meeting-house, Tahiti.

"*To Ori a Ori.*

Ori, my brother in the island mode,
In every tongue and meaning much my friend,
This story of your country and your clan,
In your loved house, your too much honored
guest,
I made in English. Take it, being done;
And let me sign it with the name you gave.
TERIITERA."

Lloyd Osbourne describes Ori thus:

"A life-guardsmen in appearance; six foot three in bare feet, deep and broad in proportion; unconsciously English to an absurd extent; feared, respected, and loved." To this excellent description I would add that no English nobleman could have treated his guests with greater consideration, delicacy of feeling, and dignified courtesy than did this perfect Tahitian gentleman, Ori, our host. The fact that we were friends of his beloved "Rui" (Louis) was sufficient to endear us to him,

She was one of the royal family of Tahiti, and queen of the adjacent island of Raiatea, over which she was destined never to reign, for that island was annexed by the French against the wishes of its people. But the tragic story of Raiatea is not to be entered upon here. There, at any rate, sat with us its lovely young queen, twenty years old, with her handsome husband, Norman Brander; and a cheerful little party we were, with much talk of R. L. Stevenson, who had the year before occupied that house, and had there recovered health and strength. It was easy to see how he had won all hearts at Tautira.

While we sat at the table half a dozen Tahitian women sat on the floor, and groups of men and boys stood looking in at doors and windows—a state of affairs thoroughly Tahitian, for Ori, as sub-

chief and head of an important family, kept open house for all his clansmen, who seemed to come in and out as they liked. But what struck us most were the grace of manner and natural refinement of all these simple villagers.

After our meal, hearing that a practice of "Himini" singing was to take place, we walked in the darkness across the grass to a large hut, illuminated within, whence came sounds of strange and powerful music; we looked in at the entrance for a few minutes, but were then led to another large hut, similarly illuminated, where the best singing in the village was to be heard. Here, on the grass outside the wide entrance, mats were laid down on which we lay to listen to the music and to watch the singers.

Two rows of women sat on the ground, brightly illuminated; behind them, in semi-darkness, a row of men. In the middle of the front row of women sat a young girl of about twelve, who sang the solos, which led up to the choruses. It is impossible to describe the singing, which was strange, thrilling, and unlike any other singing in the world outside Polynesia. The young leader would begin a bar or two solo; then like a hurricane the whole chorus burst in, the different parts rising and falling like waves in a gale—overrunning each other, catching each other up, interweaving, but all in a peculiar kind of harmony; some of the women maintained an almost continuous high note; some of the men a low, sustained drone. It was like Bach's "Fugue in G Minor" gone mad, or a performance of giant bagpipes. The time throughout was perfect and strongly marked; it was emphasized by one of the strangest effects in the chorus: a number of the men behind emitted, with the full force of their bodies (pressing their waists with their hands) a kind of terrific gasp, short, loud, and on no ascertainable note, accenting each beat of the bar with a tremendous and astonishing effect; at the same time heaving up their shoulders and bowing their heads alternately to one side and the other, perspiring with the force exerted. The extraordinary vim and energy instilled into the chorus by this gasping accompaniment cannot be described.

As for the women in front, they sat like

so many pretty images of Buddha, their faces fixed and expressionless, except for a pensive sadness, their teeth kept close together, giving their voices a nasal but not unpleasant *timbre*.

We felt we could listen to this strange and enchanting music all night, but it was getting late, and at ten o'clock we bade good-night to the singers and returned to Ori's hospitable house. It was at Tautira that Stevenson had heard this "Himini" singing, and had been so struck by it that he was anxious for me to commit some of it to paper; I was equally anxious to achieve that feat, but it seemed to me impossible. One could catch bits of the air now and then, but not much, and as for the harmonies, a month of study would be needed.

There was great competition among the districts and villages of Tahiti to produce the best "Himini" singing; and an annual contest took place at Papeete, prizes being given to the best choirs. The word "Himini," of course, is a corruption of "hymn," introduced by the missionaries, but was now applied to all choral singing, sacred or otherwise.

We passed a peaceful and comfortable night and rose soon after daylight next morning to find tea and an excellent omelet ready for us. The village, hitherto seen in darkness, looked beautiful in the freshness of early morning. We walked out to the river we had crossed the night before and had a delicious bath in one of its deep pools, the water running down sweet and clear from one of the loveliest valleys I ever saw, beyond which ran the purple mountains.

After returning to dress at Ori's, and a breakfast that would have done credit to a Parisian cook, we walked about the village for a while. One could hardly conceive a more delightful spot to dwell in, or a happier existence than that which R. L. S. and his party must have led during their stay in this tranquil and beautiful village. They wore the native dress, mingled with the natives (far superior, it must be remembered, to Orientals in refinement) and entered thoroughly into the spirit of Tahitian life. No wonder Ori and his people cherished their remembrance.

At 11.30 our equipage was ready for us,

the horse as emotionless as ever. Norman Brander and Queen Vetua were to follow, having a good pair of horses which would soon catch us up. We said "good-bye" to noble old Ori, with love and admiration; never should we forget (nor have we forgotten) him and Tautira, though we were never to see him again.

we drove on to Pápara, arriving at the hospitable house of Tati, high chief of the Tevas, at 5 P. M.

Tati received us with the heartiest welcome, and introduced us to his brother Narii, as big and handsome as himself. Never, indeed, have I seen men and women so physically gifted as this semi-



River near Tautira.

The drive back to Pápara was through the same fairyland as before, but this time (to borrow Stevenson's conceit) we had the added pleasure of a fairy princess's company, for within an hour of our start Brander and lovely Vetua had caught us up, and, adapting their speed to that of our imperturbable old horse, kept us company as far as Mataiea. Often we stopped to pick the sweet juicy oranges, and in one beautiful wood we stopped while Vetua made wreaths of a certain scented fern, which she placed round our hats, Tahiti fashion. At Taravao we returned our inscrutable horse to his inscrutable Chinese master, and went on with Tati's horse to the house at Mataiea where we had met Tati. There Brander and Vetua parted from us, and

Tahitian family. If further proof were needed, it was soon forthcoming, for while we were talking in the veranda two girls, without exception the most beautiful we had seen in Tahiti (and that is saying much), came out and were introduced to us by Tati as his sisters, Telaatau and Manihinihi, otherwise known as Lois and Chick. Both spoke English perfectly and had travelled considerably, Lois having been educated in Europe and lived in England for some time. They combined all the charm of Tahitian girls with the breeding and education of English ladies, and in their fine and delicate holokus, with their black hair hanging in two long plaits, made a pretty picture, while their ease of manner and love of fun soon put us on friendly terms.

While talking in the central room, or hall, a grand old native lady sailed in, whom all greeted with deep respect. And with reason, for she was the great royal chiefess, Teriirere, who had married Mr. Salmon, and was the widowed mother of Tati and Mrs. Darsie, and of their brothers and sisters. She was a splendid old lady, a *grande dame*, with whom, unfortunately, our conversation was limited, for she spoke very little English.

After a very excellent dinner on the veranda, followed by wine and cigars, we returned to the central hall, where Tati had arranged to gather the singers of his district together to practise "Himinis" for the approaching competition at Papeete. The "Himini" singers of Pápara were generally acknowledged to be the finest in the island, and had won several prizes, so it was a piece of special good fortune for us to hear them.

The singers came in and took their seats on the floor, their chief, Tati, sitting in his chair opposite them, and conducting the practice himself, for they were anxious to learn a new piece, and he was going to practice the Toreador's song from "Carmen"—to be sung, of course, in Tahitian style. Another lady now came into the room, and Tati presented us to her; she was his sister Marautaaaroa, and a very exalted lady, for she was the wife of Pomare, King of Tahiti, who was virtually a state prisoner, living on a pension allowed by the French, but who was so drunken and dissolute that it was impossible for this dignified and accomplished lady (who had been educated in France) to live with him.

She took her seat at the piano and accompanied the singing. Fifty times over was the tune sung by the patient natives and played by the patient queen, until the former had learned the air; then they retired to practise it with their own harmonies and embellishments in their huts. I had heard them sing also some of the old Pápara Himinis, which I knew Steven-

son wanted, and on returning to Papeete was able, with the kind help of Mrs. Goddefroy, Mrs. Darsie's daughter, and some native singers, to write down one or two airs with words; but the harmonies were beyond me.

To Tati Salmon I handed the £50 Stevenson had intrusted to him to disburse, and asked him to acquaint him of its distribution in due course. The next morning, after a good night's rest and a delicious early breakfast, we bade adieu to the kind and hospitable chief and his charming sisters, took our seats in the stage, and returned to Papeete, through the same enchanting scenery, and so completed the most delightful and interesting expedition I have ever experienced, and one for which I have ever been grateful to R. L. Stevenson, who gave me the opportunity to carry it out. It was a fitting corollary to the pleasant hours I had spent with him in Honolulu thus to trace his previous footsteps in the more beautiful island of Tahiti.

In due course I forwarded through a friend of his a report to Stevenson of my proceedings, and the rather unsuccessful results of my efforts to transcribe the "Himini" tunes; but whether this letter ever reached him in his distant home at Samoa I never heard.

In Mr. Frederick O'Brien's "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," published about two years ago, he mentions Ori as still living, and gives a photograph of that grand old man of Tautira, who must now be of a great age; but alas! the handsome and genial chief, Tati Salmon, of Pápara, had fallen a victim, with thousands of his fellow islanders, to the epidemic of influenza that swept Tahiti after the war.

Tahiti will long be the Garden of the Pacific, but the blight of modern civilization has attacked it and decay is setting in. It will never again be the Tahiti of the days of Robert Louis Stevenson, when he dwelt in the house of Ori, at Tautira, thirty-four years ago.





"I think I'll drop in at Cook's about our tickets."

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANCES ROGERS

V



HE next morning he said to George, over coffee on the terrace: "I think I'll drop in at Cook's about our tickets."

George nodded, munching his golden

roll.

"Right. I'll run up to see mother, then."

His father was silent. Inwardly he was saying to himself: "The chances are she'll be going back to Deauville this afternoon."

There had not been much to gather from the newspapers heaped at their feet. Austria had ordered general mobilisation; but while the tone of the despatches was nervous and contradictory that of the leading articles remained almost ominously reassuring. Campton absorbed the reassurance without heeding its quality: it was a drug he had to have at any price.

He expected the Javanese dancer to sit to him that afternoon, but he had not proposed to George to be present. On the chance that things might eventually take a wrong turn he meant to say a word to Fortin-Lescluze; and the presence of his son would have been embarrassing.

"You'll be back for lunch?" he called to George, who still lounged on the terrace in pyjamas.

"Rather.—That is, unless mother makes a point. . . in case she's leaving."

"Oh, of course," said Campton with grim cordiality.

"You see, dear old boy, I've got to see Uncle Andy some time. . ." It was the grotesque name that George, in his babyhood, had given to Mr. Brant, and when he grew up it had been difficult to substitute another. "Especially now—" George added, pulling himself up out of his chair.

"Now?"

They looked at each other in silence, irritation in the father's eye, indulgent amusement in the son's.

"Why, if you and I are really off on this long trek——"

"Oh, of course," agreed Campton, relieved. "You'd much better lunch with them. I always want you to do what's decent." He paused on the threshold to add: "By the way, don't forget Adele."

"Well, rather not," his son responded. "And we'll keep the evening free for something awful."

As he left the room he heard George rapping on the telephone and calling out Miss Anthony's number.

Campton had to have reassurance at any price; and he got it, as usual, irrationally but irresistibly, through his eyes. The mere fact that the midsummer sun lay so tenderly on Paris, that the bronze dolphins of the fountains in the square were spraying the Nereids' Louis Philippe chignons as playfully as ever; that the sleepy Cities of France dozed as heavily on their thrones, and the Horses of Marly pranced as fractiously on their pedestals; that the glorious central setting of the city lay there in its usual mellow pomp—all this gave him a sense of security that no criss-crossing of Reuters and Havases could shake.

Nevertheless, he reflected that there was no use in battling with the silly hysterical crowd he would be sure to encounter at Cook's; and having left word with the hotel-porter to secure two "sleepings" on the Naples express, he drove to the studio.

On the way, as his habit was, he thought hard of his model: everything else disappeared like a rolled-up curtain, and his inner vision centred itself on the little yellow face he was to paint.

Peering through her cobwebby window, he saw old Mme. Lebel on the watch for him. He knew she wanted to pounce out and ask if there would be war; and composing his most taciturn countenance he gave her a preoccupied nod and hurried by.

The studio looked grimy and disordered, and he remembered that he had intended, the evening before, to come back and set it to rights. In pursuance of this plan, he got out a canvas, fussed with his brushes and colours, and then tried once more to make the place tidy. But his attempts at order always resulted in

worse confusion; the fact had been one of Julia's grievances against him, and he had often thought that a reaction from his ways probably explained the lifeless neatness of the Anderson Brant drawing-room.

Campton had fled to Montmartre to escape a number of things: first of all, the possibility of meeting people who would want to talk about the European situation, then of being called up by Mrs. Brant, and lastly of having to lunch alone in a fashionable restaurant. In his morbid dread of seeing people he would have preferred an omelette in the studio, if only Mariette had been at hand to make it; and he decided, after a vain struggle with his muddled "properties," to cross over to the Luxembourg quarter and pick up a meal in a wine-shop.

He did not own to himself his secret reason for this decision; but it caused him, after a glance at his watch, to hasten his steps down the rue Montmartre and bribe a passing taxi to carry him to the Museum of the Luxembourg. He reached it ten minutes before the midday closing, and hastening past the serried statues, turned into a room half way down the gallery. Whistler's Mother and the Carmencita of Sargent wondered at each other from its walls; and on the same wall with the Whistler hung the picture Campton had come for: his portrait of his son. He had given it to the Luxembourg the day after Mr. Brant had tried to buy it, with the object of inflicting the most cruel slight he could think of on the banker.

In the generous summer light the picture shone out on him with a communicative warmth: never had he seen so far into its depths. "No wonder," he thought, "it opened people's eyes to what I was trying for."

He stood and stared his own eyes full, mentally comparing the features before him with those of the firmer harder George he had left on the terrace of the Crillon, and noting how time, while fulfilling the rich promise of the younger face, had yet taken something from its brightness.

Campton, at that moment, found more satisfaction than ever in thinking how it must have humiliated Brant to have the

picture given to France. "He could have understood my keeping it myself—or holding it for a bigger price—but *giving it*—!" The satisfaction was worth the sacrifice of the best record he would ever have of that phase of his son's youth. At various times afterward he had tried for the same George, but not one of his later studies had that magic light on it. Still, he was glad he had given the picture. It was safe, safer than it would have been with him. His great dread had always been that if his will were mislaid (and his things were always getting mislaid) the picture might be sold, and fall into Brant's hands after his death.

The closing signal drove him out of the Museum, and he turned into the first wine-shop. He had advised George to lunch with the Brants, but there was disappointment in his heart. Seeing the turn things were taking, he had hoped the boy would feel the impulse to remain with him. But, after all, at such a time a son could not refuse to go to his mother. Campton pictured the little party of three grouped about the luncheon-table in the high cool dining-room of the Avenue Marigny, with the famous Hubert Robert panels, and the Louis XV silver and Sèvres; while he, the father, George's father, sat alone at the soiled table of a frowsy wine-shop.

Well—it was he who had willed it so. Life was too crazy a muddle—and who could have foreseen that he might have been repaid for twenty-six years with such a wife by keeping an undivided claim on such a son?

His meal over, he hastened back to the studio, hoping to find the dancer there. Fortin-Lescluze had sworn to bring her at two, and Campton was known to exact absolute punctuality. He had put the final touch to his fame by refusing to paint the mad young Duchesse de la Tour Crenlée—who was exceptionally paintable—because she had kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour. But now, though it was nearly three, and the dancer and her friend had not come, Campton dared not move, lest he should miss Fortin-Lescluze.

"Sent for by a rich patient in a war-funk; or else hanging about in the girl's dressing-room while she polishes her toe-

nails," Campton reflected; and sulkily sat down to wait.

He had never been willing to have a telephone. To him it was a live thing, a kind of Laocoon-serpent that caught one in its coils and dragged one struggling to the receiver. His friends had spent all their logic in trying to argue away this belief; but he answered obstinately: "Every one would be sure to call me up when Mariette was out." Even the Russian lady, during her brief reign, had pleaded in vain on this point.

He would have given a good deal now if he had listened to her. The terror of having to cope with small material difficulties, always strongest in him in moments of artistic inspiration—when the hushed universe seemed hardly big enough to hold him and his model—this dread anchored him to his seat while he tried to make up his mind to send Mme. Lebel to the nearest telephone-station.

If he called to her, she would instantly begin: "And the war, sir?" And he would have to settle that first. Besides, if he did not telephone himself he could not make sure of another appointment with Fortin-Lescluze. But the idea of battling alone with the telephone in a public place covered his large body with a damp distress. If only George had been in reach!

He waited till four, and then, furious, locked the studio and went down. Mme. Lebel still sat in her spidery den. She looked at him gravely, their eyes met, they exchanged a bow, but she did not move or speak. She was busy as usual with some rusty sewing—he thought it odd that she should not rush out to waylay him. Everything that day was odd.

He found all the telephone-booths besieged. The people waiting were certainly bad cases of war-funk, to judge from their looks; after scrutinising them for a while he decided to return to his hotel, and try to communicate with Fortin-Lescluze from there.

To his annoyance there was not a taxi to be seen. He limped down the slope of Montmartre to the nearest métro-station, and just as he was preparing to force his lame bulk into a crowded train, caught sight of a solitary horse-cab: a vehicle he had not risked himself in for years.

The cab-driver, for gastronomic reasons, declined to take him farther than the Madeleine; and getting out there, Campton walked along the rue Royale. Everything still looked wonderfully as usual; and the fountains in the Place sparkled gloriously.

Comparatively few people were about: he was surprised to see how few. A small group of them, he noticed, had paused near the doorway of the Ministry of Marine, and were looking—without visible excitement—at a white paper pasted on the wall.

He crossed the street and looked too. In the middle of the paper, in queer Gothic-looking characters, he saw the words "*Les Armees de Terre et de Mer. . .*"

War had come—

He knew now that he had never for an instant believed it possible. Even when he had had that white-lipped interview with the Brants, even when he had planned to take Fortin-Lescluze by his senile infatuation, and secure a medical certificate for George; even then, he had simply been obeying the superstitious impulse which makes a man carry his umbrella when he goes out on a cloudless morning.

War had come.

He stood on the edge of the sidewalk, and tried to think—now that it was here—what it really meant: that is, what it meant to him. Beyond that he had no intention of venturing. "This is not our job anyhow," he muttered, repeating the phrase with which he had bolstered up his talk with Julia.

But abstract thinking was impossible: his confused mind could only snatch at a few drifting scraps of purpose. "Let's be practical," he said to himself.

The first thing to do was to get back to the hotel and call up the physician. He strode along at his fastest limp, suddenly contemptuous of the people who got in his way.

"War—and they've nothing to do but dawdle and gape! How like the French!" He found himself hating the French.

He remembered that he had asked to have his sleepings engaged for the following night. But if he managed to secure his son's discharge, there could be no

thought, now, of George's leaving the country; and he stopped at the desk to cancel the order.

There was no one behind the desk: one would have said that confusion prevailed in the hall, if its emptiness had not made the word incongruous. At last a waiter with rumpled hair strayed out of the restaurant, and of him, imperiously, Campton demanded the concierge.

"The concierge? He's gone."

"To get my places for Naples?"

The waiter looked blank. "Gone: mobilised—to join his regiment. It's the war."

"But look here, some one must have attended to getting my places, I suppose," cried Campton wrathfully. He invaded the inner office and challenged a secretary who was trying to deal with several unmanageable travellers, but who explained to him, patiently, that his sleepings had certainly not been engaged, as no trains were leaving Paris for the present. "Not for civilian travel," he added, still more patiently.

Campton had a sudden sense of suffocation. No trains leaving Paris "for the present"? But then people like himself—people who had nothing on earth to do with the war—had been caught like rats in a trap! He reflected with a shiver that Mrs. Brant would not be able to return to Deauville, and would probably insist on his coming to see her every day. He asked: "How long is this preposterous state of things to last?"—but no one answered, and he stalked to the lift, and had himself carried up-stairs.

He was confident that George would be there waiting for him; but the sitting-room was empty. He felt as if he were on a desert island, with the last sail disappearing over the dark rim of the world.

After much vain ringing he got into communication with Fortin's house, and heard a confused voice saying that the physician had already left Paris.

"Left—for where? For how long?"

And then the eternal answer: "The doctor is mobilised. *It's the war.*"

Mobilised—already? Within the first twenty-four hours? A man of Fortin's age and authority? Campton was terrified by the uncanny rapidity with which events were moving, he whom haste had

always confused and disconcerted, as if there were a secret link between his lameness and the movements of his will. He rang up Dastrey, but no one answered. Evidently his friend was out, and his friend's *bonne* also. "I suppose *she's* mobilised: they'll be mobilising the women next."

At last, from sheer over-agitation, his fatigued mind began to move more deliberately: he collected his wits, laboured with his more immediate difficulties, and decided that he would go to Fortin-Lescluze's house, on the chance that the physician had not, after all, really started.

"Ten to one he won't go till to-morrow," Campton reasoned.

The hall of the hotel was emptier than ever, and no taxi was in sight down the whole length of the rue Royale, or the rue Boissy d'Anglas, or the rue de Rivoli: not even a horse-cab showed against the deserted distances. He crossed to the métro, and painfully descended its many stairs.

VI

CAMPTON, proffering twenty francs to an astonished maid-servant, learned that, yes, to his intimates—and of course Monsieur was one?—the doctor *was* in, was in fact dining, and did not leave till the next morning.

"Dining—at six o'clock?"

"Monsieur's son, Monsieur Jean, is starting at once for his depot. That's the reason."

Campton sent in his card. He expected to be received in the so-called "studio," a lofty room with Chinese hangings, Renaissance choir-stalls, organ, grand piano, and post-impressionist paintings, where Fortin-Lescluze received the celebrities of the hour. Mme. Fortin never appeared there, and Campton associated the studio with amusing talk, hot-house flowers, and ladies lolling on black velvet divans. He supposed that the physician was separated from his wife, and that she had a home of her own.

When the maid reappeared she did not lead him to the studio, but into a small dining-room with the traditional Henri II sideboard of waxed walnut, a hanging table-lamp under a beaded shade, an India-rubber plant on a plush pedestal,

and napkins that were just being restored to their bone rings by the four persons seated about the red-and-white checkered table-cloth.

These were: the great man himself, a tall large woman with grey hair, a tiny old lady, her face framed in a peasant's fluted cap, and a plain young man wearing a private's uniform, who had a nose like the doctor's, and simple light blue eyes.

The two ladies and the young man—so much more interesting to the painter's eye than the sprawling beauties of the studio—were introduced by Fortin-Lescluze as his wife, his mother and his son. Mme. Fortin said, in a deep alto, a word or two about the privilege of meeting the famous painter who had portrayed her husband, and the old mother, in a piping voice, exclaimed: "Monsieur, I was at Sedan in 1870. I saw the Germans. I saw the Emperor sitting on a bench. He was crying."

"My mother's heard everything, she's seen everything. There's no one in the world like my mother!" the physician said, laying his hand on hers.

"You won't see the Germans again, *ma bonne mère!*" her daughter-in-law added, smiling.

Campton took coffee with them, bore with a little inevitable talk about the war, and then eagerly questioned the son. The young man was a chemist, a *préparateur* in the laboratory of the Institut Pasteur. He was also, it appeared, given to prehistoric archæology, and had written a "thesis" on the painted caves of the Dordogne. He seemed extremely serious, and absorbed in questions of science and letters. But it appeared to him perfectly simple to be leaving it all in a few hours to join his regiment. "The war had to come. This sort of thing couldn't go on," he said, in the words of Mme. Lebel.

He was to start in an hour, and Campton excused himself for intruding on the family, who seemed as happily united, as harmonious in their deeper interests, as if no musical studio-parties and exotic dancers had ever absorbed the master of the house.

Campton, looking at the group, felt a pang of envy, and thought, for the thousandth time, how frail a screen of ac-

tivity divided him from depths of loneliness he dared not sound.

"For every man hath business and desire"

he muttered.

In the consulting-room he explained: "It's about my son——"

He had not been able to bring the phrase out in the presence of the young man who must have been just George's age, and who was leaving in an hour for his regiment. But between Campton and the father there were complicities, and there might therefore be accommodations. In the consulting-room one breathed a lower air.

It was not that Campton wanted to do anything underhand. He was genuinely anxious about George's health. After all, tuberculosis did not disappear in a month or even a year: his anxiety was justified. And then George, but for the stupid accident of his birth, would never have been mixed up in the war. Campton felt that he could make his request with his head high.

Fortin-Lescluze seemed to think so too: at any rate he expressed no surprise. But could anything on earth have surprised him, after thirty years in that confessional of a room?

The difficulty was that he did not see his way to doing anything—not immediately, at any rate.

"You must let the boy join his base. He leaves to-morrow? Give me the number of his regiment and the name of the town, and trust me to do what I can."

"But you're off yourself?"

"Yes: I'm being sent to a hospital at Lyons. But I'll leave you my address."

Campton lingered, unable to take this as final. He looked about him uneasily, and then, for a moment, straight into the physician's eyes.

"You must know how I feel; your boy is an only son, too."

"Yes, yes," the father assented, in the absent-minded tone of professional sympathy. But Campton felt that he felt the deep difference.

"Well, goodbye—and thanks."

As Campton turned to go the physician laid a hand on his shoulder and spoke with sudden fierce emotion. "Yes: Jean is an only son—an only child. For his

mother and myself it's not a trifle—having our only son in the war."

There was no allusion to the dancer, no hint that Fortin remembered her; it was Campton who lowered his gaze before the look in the other father's eyes.

VII

"A SON in the war——"

The words followed Campton down the stairs.

What did it mean, and what must it feel like, for parents in this safe denationalized modern world to be suddenly saying to each other with white lips: A son in the war?

He stood on the kerbstone, staring ahead of him and forgetting whither he was bound. The world seemed to lie under a spell, and its weight was on his limbs and brain. Usually any deep inward trouble made him more than ever alive to the outward aspect of things; but this new world in which people talked glibly of sons in the war had suddenly become invisible to him, and he did not know where he was, or what he was staring at. He noted the fact, and remembered a story of St. Dominick—he thought it was—walking beside a beautiful lake in supersensual ecstasy, and saying afterward: "Was there a lake? I didn't see it."

On the way back to the hotel he passed the American Embassy, and had a vague idea of trying to see the Ambassador and find out if the United States were not going to devise some way of evading the tyrannous regulation that bound young Americans to France. "And they call this a free country!" he heard himself exclaiming.

The remark sounded exactly like one of Julia's, and this reminded him that the Ambassador frequently dined at the Brants'. They had certainly not left his door untried; and since, to the Brant circles, Campton was still a shaggy Bohemian, his appeal was not likely to fortify theirs.

His mind turned to Jorgenstein, and the vast web of the speculator's financial relations. But, after all, France was on the verge of war, if not in it; and following up the threads of the Jorgenstein web

was likely to land one in Frankfort or Vienna.

At the hotel he found his sitting-room empty; but presently the door opened and George came in laden with books, fresh yellow and grey ones in Flammarion wrappers.

"Hullo, Dad," he said; and added: "So the silly show is on."

"Mobilisation is not war—," said Campton.

"No—,"

"What on earth are all those books?"

"Provender. It appears we may rot at the depot for weeks. I've just seen a chap who's in my regiment."

Campton felt a sudden relief. The purchase of the books proved that George was fairly sure he would not be sent to the front. His father went up to him and tapped him on the chest.

"How about this—?" He wanted to add: "I've just seen Fortin, who says he'll get you off"; but though George's eye was cool and unenthusiastic it did not encourage such confidences.

"Oh—lungs? I imagine I'm sound again." He paused, and stooped to turn over the books. Carelessly, he added: "But then the stethoscope may think differently. Nothing to do but wait and see."

"Of course," Campton agreed.

It was clear that the boy hated what was ahead of him; and what more could his father ask? Of course he was not going to confess to a desire to shirk his duty; but it was easy to see that his whole lucid intelligence repudiated any sympathy with the ruinous adventure.

"Have you seen Adele?" Campton enquired, and George replied that he had dropped in for five minutes, and that Miss Anthony wanted to see his father.

"Is she—nervous?"

"Old Adele? I should say not: she's fighting mad. *La Revanche* and all the rest of it. She doesn't realise—*sancta simplicitas!*"

"Oh, I can see Adele throwing on the faggots!"

Father and son were silent, both busy lighting cigarettes. When George's was lit he remarked: "Well, if we're not called at once it'll be a good chance to read 'The Golden Bough' right through."

Campton stared, not knowing the book even by name. What a queer changeling the boy was! But George's composure, his deep and genuine indifference to the whole political turmoil, once more fortified his father.

"Have they any news—?" he ventured. "They," in their private language, meant the Brants.

"Oh, yes, lots: Uncle Andy was stiff with it. But not really amounting to anything. Of course there's no doubt there'll be war."

"How about England?"

"Nobody knows; but the bankers seem to think England's all right." George paused, and finally added: "Look here, dear old boy—before she leaves I think mother wants to see you."

Campton hardened instantly. "She has seen me—yesterday."

"I know; she told me."

The son began to cut the pages of one of his books with a visiting-card he had picked up, and the father stood looking out on the Place de la Concorde through the leafy curtain of the terrace.

Campton knew that he could not refuse his son's request; in his heart of hearts he was glad it had been made, since it might mean that "they" had found a way—perhaps through the Ambassador.

But he could never prevent a stiffening of his whole self at any summons or suggestion from the Brants. He thought of the seeming unity of the Fortin-Leschuze couple, and of the background of peaceful family life revealed by the scene about the checkered table-cloth. Perhaps that was one of the advantages of a social organization which still, as a whole, ignored divorce, and thought any private condonation better than the open breaking-up of the family.

"All right; I'll go—" he agreed. "Where are we dining?"

"Oh, I forgot—an awful orgy. Dastrey wants us at the Union. Louis Dastrey is dining with him, and he let me ask Boylston—"

"Boylston—?"

"You don't know him. A chap who was at Harvard with me. He's out here studying painting at the Beaux-Arts. He's an awfully good sort, and he wanted to see me before I go."

The father's heart sank. Only one whole day more with his boy, and this last evening but one was to be spent with poor embittered Dastrey, and two youths, one unknown to Campton, who would drown them in stupid war-chatter! But it was what George wanted; and there must not be a shade, for George, on these last hours.

"All right! You promised me something awful for to-night," Campton grinned sardonically.

"Do you mind? I'm sorry."

"It's only Dastrey's damned chauvinism that I mind. Why don't you ask Adele to join the chorus?"

"Well—you'll like Boylston," said George.

Dastrey, after all, turned out less tragic and aggressive than Campton had feared. His irritability had vanished, and though he was very grave he seemed preoccupied only with the fate of Europe, and not with his personal stake in the affair.

But the older men said little. The youngsters had the floor, and Campton, as he listened to George and young Louis Dastrey, was overcome by a sense of such dizzy unreality that he had to grasp the arms of his ponderous leather arm-chair to assure himself that he was really in the flesh and in the world.

What! Two days ago they were still in the old easy Europe, a Europe in which one could make plans, engage passages on trains and steamers, argue about pictures, books, theatres, ideas, draw as much money as one chose out of the bank, and say; "The day after to-morrow I'll be in Berlin or Vienna or Belgrade." And here they sat in their same evening clothes, about the same shining mahogany writing-table, apparently the same group of free and independent youths and elderly men, and in reality prisoners, every one of them, hand-cuffed to this hideous masked bully of "War"!

The young men were sure that the conflict was inevitable—the evening papers left no doubt of it—and there was much animated discussion between young Dastrey and George.

Already their views diverged; the French youth, theoretically at one with his friend as to the senselessness of war in

general, had at once resolutely disengaged from the mist of doctrine the fatal necessity of this particular war.

"It's the old festering wound of Alsace-Lorraine: Bismarck foresaw it and feared it—or perhaps planned it and welcomed it: who knows? But as long as the wound was there, Germany believed that France would try to avenge it, and as long as Germany believed that, she had to keep up her own war-strength; and she's kept it up to the toppling-over point, ruining herself and us. That's the whole thing, as I see it. War's rot; but to get rid of war forever we've got to fight this one first."

It was wonderful to Campton that this slender learned youth should already have grasped the necessity of the conflict and its deep causes. While his own head was still spinning with wrath and bewilderment at the bottomless perversity of mankind, Louis Dastrey had analysed and accepted the situation and his own part in it. And he was not simply resigned; he was trembling with eagerness to get the thing over. "If only England is with us we're safe—it's a matter of weeks," he declared.

"Wait a bit—wait a bit; I want to know more about a whole lot of things before I fix a date for the fall of Berlin," his uncle interposed; but Louis flung him a radiant look. "We've been there before, my uncle!"

"But there's Russia too—" said Boylston explosively. He had not spoken before.

"*Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand,*" quoted George, as he poured a golden Hock into his glass.

He was keenly interested, that was evident; but interested as a looker-on, a dilettante. He had neither Valmy nor Sedan in his blood, and it was as a sympathising spectator that he ought by rights to have been sharing his friend's enthusiasm, not as a combatant compelled to obey the same summons. Campton, glancing from one to another of their brilliant faces, felt his determination harden to save George from the consequences of his parents' stupid blunder.

After dinner young Dastrey proposed a music-hall. The audience would be a curious sight: there would be wild enthusi-

asm, and singing of the Marseillaise. The other young men agreed, but their elders, after a tacitly exchanged glance, decided to remain at the club, on the plea that some one at the Ministry of War had promised to telephone if there were fresh news.

Campton and Dastrey, left alone, stood on the balcony watching the Boulevards. The streets, so deserted during the day, had become suddenly and densely populated. Hardly any vehicles were in sight: the motor omnibuses were already carrying troops to the stations, there was a report abroad that private motors were to be requisitioned, and only a few taxis and horse-cabs, packed to the driver's box with young men in spick-and-span uniforms, broke through the mass of pedestrians which filled the whole width of the Boulevards. This mass moved slowly and vaguely, swaying this way and that, as though it awaited a portent from the heavens. In the glare of electric lamps and glittering theatre-fronts the innumerable faces stood out vividly, grave, intent, slightly bewildered. Except when the soldiers passed no cries or songs came from the crowd, but only the deep inarticulate rumour which any vast body of people gives forth.

"Queer—! How silent they are: how do you think they're taking it?" Campton questioned.

But Dastrey had grown belligerent again. He saw the throngs before him bounding toward the frontier like the unchained furies of Rude's "Marseillaise"; whereas to Campton they seemed full of the dumb wrath of an orderly and laborious people upon whom an unrighteous quarrel has been forced. He knew that the thought of Alsace-Lorraine still stirred in French hearts; but all Dastrey's eloquence could not convince him that these people wanted war, or would have sought it had it not been thrust on them. The whole monstrous injustice seemed to take shape before him, and to brood like a huge sky-filling dragon of the northern darknesses over his light-loving, pleasure-loving, labour-loving France.

George came home late.

It was two in the morning of his last day with his boy when Campton heard

the door open, and saw a flash of turned-on light.

All night he had lain staring into the darkness, and thinking, thinking: thinking of George's future, George's friends, George and women, of that unknown side of his boy's life which, in this great upheaval of things, had suddenly lifted its face to the surface. If war came, if George were not discharged, if George were sent to the front, if George were killed, how strange to think that things the father did not know of might turn out to have been the central things of his son's life!

The young man came in, and Campton looked at him as though he were a stranger.

"Hullo, Dad—any news from the Ministry?" George, tossing aside his hat and stick, sat down on the bed. He had a crumpled rose in his button-hole, and looked gay and fresh, with the indestructible freshness of youth.

"What do I really know of him?" the father asked himself.

Yes: Dastrey had had news. Germany had already committed acts of overt hostility on the frontier: telegraph and telephone communications had been cut, French locomotives seized, troops massed along the border on the specious pretext of the "*Kriegsgefahrzustand*." It was war.

"Oh, well," George shrugged. He lit a cigarette, and asked: "What did you think of Boylston?"

"Boylston——?"

"The fat brown chap at dinner."

"Yes—yes—of course." Campton became aware that he had not thought of Boylston at all, had hardly been aware of his presence. But the painter's registering faculty was always latently at work, and in an instant he called up a round face, shyly jovial, with short-sighted brown eyes as sharp as needles, and black hair curling tightly over a wide watchful forehead.

"Why—I liked him."

"I'm glad, because it was a tremendous event for him, seeing you. He paints, and he's been keen on your things for years."

"I wish I'd known. . . . Why didn't he say so? He didn't say anything, did he?"

"No: he doesn't, much, when he's pleased. He's the very best chap I know," George concluded.

VIII

THAT morning the irrevocable stared at him from the head-lines of the papers. The German Ambassador was recalled. Germany had declared war on France at 6.40 the previous evening; there was an unintelligible allusion, in the declaration, to French aeroplanes throwing bombs on Nuremberg and Wesel. Campton read that part of the message over two or three times.

Aeroplanes throwing bombs? Aeroplanes as engines of destruction? He had always thought of them as a kind of giant kite that fools went up in when they were tired of breaking their necks in other ways. But aeroplane bombardment as a cause for declaring war? The bad faith of it was so manifest that he threw down the papers half relieved. Of course there would be a protest on the part of the allies; a great country like France would not allow herself to be bullied into war on such a pretext.

The ultimatum to Belgium was more serious; but Belgium's gallant reply would no doubt check Germans on that side. After all, there was such a thing as international law, and Germany herself had recognized it. . . . So his mind spun on in vain circles, while under the frail web of his casuistry gloomed the obstinate fact that George was mobilised, that George was to leave the next morning.

The day wore on: it was the shortest and yet most interminable that Campton had ever known. Paris, when he went out into it, was more dazzlingly empty than ever. In the hotel, in the hall, on the stairs, he was waylaid by flustered compatriots—"Oh, Mr. Campton, you don't know me, but of course all Americans know *you!*"—who appealed to him for the very information he was trying to obtain for himself: how one could get money, how one could get hold of the concierge, how one could send cables, if there was any restaurant where the waiters had not all been mobilised, if he had any "pull" at the Embassy, or at any of the steamship

offices, or any of the banks. One disordered beauty blurted out: "Of course, with your connection with Bullard and Brant"—and was only waked to her mistake by Campton's indignant stare, and his plunge past her while she called out excuses.

But the name acted as a reminder of his promise to go and see Mrs. Brant, and he decided to make his visit after lunch, when George would be off collecting last things. Visiting the Brants with George would have been beyond his capacity.

The great drawing-rooms, their awnings spread against the sun, their tall windows wide to the glow of the garden, were empty when he entered; but in a moment he was joined by a tall angular woman with a veil pushed up untidily above her pink nose. Campton reflected that he had never seen Adele Anthony in the daytime without a veil pushed up above a flushed nose, and dangling in irregular wisps from the back of a small hard hat of which the shape never varied.

"Julia will be here in a minute. When she told me you were coming I waited," she explained.

He was glad to have a word with her before meeting Mrs. Brant, though his impulse had been almost as strong to avoid the one as the other. He dreaded belligerent bluster as much as vain whimpering, and in the depths of his soul he had to own that it would have been easier to talk to Mr. Brant than to either of the women.

"Julia is powdering her nose," Miss Anthony continued. "She has an idea that if you see she's been crying you'll be awfully angry."

Campton made an impatient gesture. "If I were—much it would matter!"

"Ah, but you might tell George; and George is not to know." She paused, and then bounced round on him abruptly. She always moved and spoke in explosions, as if the wires that agitated her got tangled, and then were too suddenly jerked loose.

"Does George know?" she asked.

"About his mother's tears?"

"About this plan you're all hatching to have him discharged?"

Campton reddened under her lashless

blue gaze, and the consciousness of blushing made his answer all the curter.

"Probably not—unless you've told him!"

The shot appeared to reach the mark, for a brickish hue suffused her sallow complexion.

"You'd better not put ideas into my head!" she laughed. Something in her tone reminded him of all her old dogged loyalties, and made him ashamed of his taunt.

"Anyhow," he grumbled, "his place is not in the French army."

"That was for you and Julia to decide twenty-six years ago, wasn't it? Now it's up to him."

Her capricious adoption of American slang, fitted anyhow into her old-fashioned and punctilious English, sometimes amused but oftener exasperated Campton.

"If you're going to talk modern slang you ought to give up those ridiculous stays, and not wear a fringe like a mid-Victorian royalty," he jeered, trying to laugh off his exasperation.

She let this pass with a smile. "Well, I wish I could find the language to make you understand how much better it would be to leave George alone. This war will be the making of him."

"He's made quite to my satisfaction as it is, thanks. But what's the use of talking? You always get your phrases out of books."

The door opened, and Mrs. Brant came in.

Her appearance answered to Miss Anthony's description. A pearly mist covered her face, and some reviving liquid had cleared her congested eyes. Her poor hands had suddenly grown so thin and dry that the heavy rings, slipping down to the joints, slid back into place as she shook hands with Campton.

"Thank you for coming," she said.

"Oh—" he protested, helpless, and disturbed by Miss Anthony's presence. At the moment his former wife's feelings were more intelligible to him than his friend's: the maternal fibre stirred in her, and made her more appealing than any elderly virgin on the war-path.

"I'm off, my dears," said the elderly virgin, as if guessing his thought. Her

queer shallow eyes included them both in a sweeping glance, and she added severely from the threshold: "Be careful of what you say to George."

What they had to say to each other did not last many minutes. The Brants had made various efforts, but had been baffled on all sides by the general agitation and confusion. In high quarters the people they wanted to see were inaccessible; and those who could be reached lent but a distracted ear. The Ambassador had at once declared that he could do nothing; others vaguely promised they "would see"—but hardly seemed to hear what they were being asked.

"And meanwhile time is passing—and he's going!" Mrs. Brant lamented.

The reassurance that Campton brought from Fortin-Lescluze, vague though it was, came to her as a miraculous promise, and raised Campton suddenly in her estimation. She looked at him with a new confidence, and he could almost hear her saying to Brant, as he had so often heard her say to himself: "You never seem able to get anything done. I don't know how other people manage."

Her gratitude gave him the feeling of having been engaged in something underhand and pusillanimous. He made haste to take leave, after promising to pass on any word he might receive from the physician; but he reminded her that he was not likely to hear anything till George had been for some days at his base.

She acknowledged the probability of this, and clung to him with trustful eyes. She was much disturbed by the preposterous fact that the Government had already requisitioned two of the Brant motors, and Campton had an idea that, dazzled by his newly-developed capacity to "manage," she was about to implore him to rescue from the clutches of the authorities her Rolls-Royce and Anderson's Delaunay.

He was hastening to leave when the door again opened. A crumpled-looking maid peered in, evidently perplexed, and giving way doubtfully to a young woman who entered with a rush, and then paused as if she too were doubtful. She was pretty in an odd dishevelled way, and with her elaborate clothes and bewildered look she reminded Campton of a

fashion-plate torn from its page and helplessly blown about the world. He had seen the same type among his compatriots any number of times in the last days.

"Oh, Mrs. Brant—yes, I *know* you gave orders that you were not in to anybody, but I just wouldn't listen, and it's not that poor woman's fault," the visitor began, in a plaintive staccato which matched her sad eyes and her fluttered veils.

"You see, I simply had to get hold of Mr. Brant, because I'm here without a penny—literally!" She dangled before them an empty jewelled bag. "And in a hotel where they don't know me. And at the bank they wouldn't listen to me, and they said Mr. Brant wasn't there, though of course I suppose he was; so I said to the cashier: 'Very well, then, I'll simply go to the Avenue Marigny and batter in his door—unless you'd rather I jumped into the Seine?'"

"Oh, Mrs. Talkett—" murmured Mrs. Brant.

"Really: it's a case of my money or my life!" the young lady continued with a studied laugh. She stood between them, artificial and yet so artless, conscious of intruding, but evidently used to having her intrusions pardoned; and her large eyes turned interrogatively to Campton.

"Of course my husband will do all he can for you. I'll telephone," said Mrs. Brant; then, perceiving that her visitor continued to gaze at Campton, she added: "Oh, no, *this* is not . . . this is Mr. Campton."

"John Campton? I knew it!" Mrs. Talkett's eyes became devouring and brilliant. "Of course I ought to have recognised you at once—from your photographs. I have one pinned up in my room. But I was so flurried when I came in." She detained the painter's hand. "Do forgive me! For *years* I've dreamed of your doing me . . . you see, I paint a little myself . . . but it's ridiculous to speak of such things now." She added, as if she were risking something: "I knew your son at St. Moritz. We saw a great deal of him there, and in New York last winter."

"Ah—" said Campton, bowing awkwardly.

"Cursèd fools—all women," he anathematized her on the way downstairs.

In the street, however, he felt grateful to her for reducing Mrs. Brant to such confusion that she had made no attempt to detain him. His way of life lay so far apart from his former wife's that they had hardly ever been exposed to accidents of the kind, and he saw that Julia's embarrassment kept all its freshness.

The fact set him thinking curiously of what her existence was, and of what would be left of it now. He seemed to see her throning year after year in an awful emptiness of wealth and luxury and respectability, seeing only dull people, doing only dull things, and fighting feverishly to defend the last traces of a beauty which had never given her anything but the tamest and most unprofitable material prosperity.

"She's never even had the silly kind of success she wanted—poor Julia!" he mused, wondering that she had succeeded in putting into her life so few of the sensations which can be bought by wealth and beauty. "And now what will be left—how on earth will she fit into a war?"

He was sure all her plans had been made for the coming six months: her week-end sets of heavy millionaires secured for Deauville, and after that for the shooting at the big château near Compiègne, and three weeks reserved for Biarritz before the return to Paris in January. One of the luxuries Julia had most enjoyed after her separation from Campton (Adele had told him) had been that of planning things ahead: Mr. Brant, thank heaven, was not impulsive. And now here was this black bolt of war falling among all her carefully balanced arrangements with a crash more violent than any of Campton's inconsequences!

As he reached the Place de la Concorde a newsboy passed with the three o'clock papers, and he bought one and read of the crossing of Luxembourg and the invasion of Belgium. The Germans were arrogantly acting up to their menace: heedless of international law, they were driving straight for France and England by the road they thought the most accessible. . . .

In the hotel he found George, red with

rage, devouring the same paper: the boy's whole look was changed.

"The howling blackguards! The brigands! This isn't war—it's simple murder!"

The two men stood and stared at each other. "Will England stand it?" sprang to their lips at the same moment.

Never—never! England would never permit such a violation of the laws regulating the relations between civilised peoples. They began to say both together that after all perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened, since, if there had been the least hesitation or reluctance in any section of English opinion, this abominable outrage would instantly sweep it away.

"They've been too damned clever for once!" George exulted. "France is saved—that's certain anyhow!"

Yes; France was saved if England could put her army into the field at once. But could she? Oh, for the Channel tunnel at this hour! Would this lesson at last cure England of her obstinate insularity? Belgium had announced her intention of resisting; but what was that gallant declaration worth in face of Germany's brutal assault? A poor little country pledged to a guaranteed neutrality could hardly be expected to hold her frontiers more than forty-eight hours against the most powerful army in Europe. And what a narrow strip Belgium was, viewed as an outpost of France!

These thoughts, racing through Campton's mind, were swept out of it again by his absorbing preoccupation. What effect would the Belgian affair have on George's view of his own participation in the war? For the first time the boy's feelings were visibly engaged; his voice shook as he burst out: "Louis Dastrey's right: this kind of thing has got to stop. We shall go straight back to cannibalism if it doesn't.—God, what hounds!"

Yes, but—Campton pondered, tried to think up Pacifist arguments, remembered his own discussion with Paul Dastrey three days before. "My dear chap, hasn't France perhaps gone about with a chip on her shoulder? Saverne, for instance: some people think——"

"Damn Saverne! Haven't the Germans shown us what they are now? Belgium

sheds all the light I want on Saverne. They're not fit to live with white people, and the sooner they're shown it the better."

"Well, France and Russia and England are here to show them."

George laughed. "Yes, and double quick."

Both were silent again, each thinking his own thoughts. They were apparently the same, for just as Campton was about to ask where George had decided that they should take their last dinner, the young man said abruptly: "Look here, Dad; I'd planned a little tête-à-tête for us this evening."

"Yes——?"

"Well—I can't. I'm going to chuck you." He smiled a little, his colour rising nervously. "For some people I've just run across—who were awfully kind to me at St. Moritz—and in New York last winter. I didn't know they were here till . . . till just now. I'm awfully sorry; but I've simply got to dine with them."

There was a silence. Campton stared out over his son's shoulder at the great sunlit square. "Oh, all right," he said briskly.

This—on George's last night!

"You don't mind *much*, do you? I'll be back early, for a last pow-wow on the terrace." George paused, and finally brought out: "You see, it really wouldn't have done to tell mother that I was deserting her on my last evening because I was dining with you!"

A weight was lifted from Campton's heart, and he felt ashamed of having failed to guess the boy's real motive.

"My dear fellow, naturally . . . quite right. And you can stop in and see your mother on the way home. You'll find me here whenever you turn up."

George looked relieved. "Thanks a lot—you always know. And now for my adieux to Adele."

He went off whistling the waltz from the Rosenkavalier, and Campton returned to his own thoughts.

He was still revolving them when he went upstairs after a solitary repast in the confused and servantless dining-room. Adele Anthony had telephoned

to him to come and dine—after seeing George, he supposed; but he had declined. He wanted to be with his boy, or alone.

As he left the dining-room he ran across Adamson, the American newspaper correspondent, who had lived for years in Paris and was reputed to have "inside information." Adamson was grave but confident. In his opinion Russia would probably not get to Berlin before November (he smiled at Campton's astonished outcry); but if England—oh, they were sure of England!—could get her army over without delay, the whole business would very likely be settled before that, in one big battle in Belgium. (Yes—poor Belgium, indeed!) Anyhow, in the opinion of the military experts the war was not likely to last more than three or four months; and of course, even if things went badly on the western front, which was highly unlikely, there was Russia to clench the business as soon as her huge forces got in motion. Campton drew much comfort from this sober view of the situation, midway between that of the optimists who knew Russia would be in Berlin in three weeks, and of those who saw the Germans in Calais even sooner. Adamson was a level-headed fellow, who weighed what he said and pinned his faith to facts.

Campton managed to evade several people whom he saw lurking for him, and mounted to his room. On the terrace, alone with the serene city, his confidence grew, and he began to feel more and more sure that, whatever happened, George was likely to be kept out of the fighting till the whole thing was over. With such formidable forces closing in on her it was fairly obvious that Germany must succumb before half or even a quarter of the allied reserves had been engaged. Sustained by the thought, he let his mind hover tenderly over George's future, and the effect on his character of this brief and harmless plunge into a military career.

IX

GEORGE was gone.

When, with a last whistle and scream, the train had ploughed its way out of the clanging station; when the last blue figures clinging to the rear of the last carriage

had vanished, and the bare rails again glittered up from the cindery tracks, Campton turned and looked about him.

The platform was crowded as he had seldom seen any place crowded; and he found himself taking in every detail of the scene with a morbid accuracy of observation. He had discovered, during these last days, that his artist's vision had been strangely unsettled. Sometimes, as when he had left Fortin's house, he saw nothing: the material world, which had always tugged at him with a thousand hands, vanished and left him in the void. Then again, as at present, he saw everything, saw it too clearly, in all its superfluous and negligible reality, instead of instinctively selecting, and disregarding what was not to his purpose.

Faces, faces—they swarmed about him, and his overwrought vision registered them one by one. Especially he noticed the faces of the women, women of all ages, all classes. These were the wives, mothers, grandmothers, sisters, mistresses of that heavy trainful of French youth. He was struck with the same strong cheerfulness in all: some pale, some flushed, some serious, but all firmly and calmly smiling.

One young woman in particular his look dwelt on—a dark girl in a becoming dress—both because she was so pleasant to see, and because there was such assurance in her serenity that she did not have to constrain her lips and eyes, but could trust them to be what she wished. Yet he saw by the way she clung to the young artilleryman from whom she was parting that hers were no sisterly farewells.

An immense hum of voices filled the vast glazed enclosure. Campton caught the phrases flung up to the young faces piled one above another in the windows—words of motherly admonishment, little jokes, tender names, mirthful allusions, last callings out: "Write often! Don't forget to wrap up your throat. . . Remember to send a line to Annette. . . Bring home a Prussian helmet for the children! *On les aura, pas, mon vieux?*" It was all bright, brave and confident. "If Berlin could only see it!" Campton thought.

He tried to remember what his own last words to George had been, but could

not; yet his throat felt dry and thirsty, as if he had talked a great deal. The train vanished in a roar, and he leaned against a pier to let the crowd flood by, not daring to risk his lameness in such a turmoil.

Suddenly he heard loud sobs behind him. He turned, and recognised the hat and hair of the girl whose eyes had struck him. He could not see them now, for they were buried in her hands and her whole body shook with woe. An elderly man was trying to draw her away—her father, probably.

"Come, come, my child——"

"Oh—oh—oh," she hiccoughed, following blindly.

The people nearest stared at her, and the faces of other women grew pale. Campton saw tears on the cheeks of an old body in a black bonnet who might have been his own Mme. Lebel. A pale lad went away openly weeping.

But they were all afraid, then, all in immediate deadly fear for the lives of their beloved! The same fear grasped Campton's heart, a very present terror, such as he had hardly before imagined. Compared to it, all that he had felt hitherto seemed as faint as the sensations of a looker-on. His knees failed him, and he grasped a transverse bar of the pier.

People were leaving the station in groups of two or three; they all seemed to belong to each other; only he was alone. George's mother had not come to bid her son good-bye—she had declared that she would rather take leave of him quietly in her own house than in a crowd of dirty people at the station. But then it was impossible to conceive of her being up and dressed and at the Gare du Nord at five in the morning—and how could she have got there without her motor? So Campton was alone, in that crowd which seemed all made up of families.

But no—not all. Ahead of him he saw a solitary woman moving away alone, and recognised Adele Anthony's adamantine hat and tight knob of hair.

Poor Adele! So she had come too—and had evidently failed in her quest, not been able to fend a way through the crowd, and perhaps not even had a glimpse of her hero. The thought smote Campton with compunction: he regretted his sneering words when they had last

met, regretted refusing to dine with her. He wished the crowd had been less impenetrable; but it was useless to try to force his way to her. He had to wait till the station emptied itself, and by that time he had lost her.

At last the throng melted, and as he came out of a side entrance he saw her. She appeared to be looking for a taxi—she waved her sunshade aimlessly. But no one who knew the Gare du Nord would have gone around that corner to look for a taxi; least of all the practical Adele. Besides, Adele never took taxis: she travelled in the bowels of the earth or on the dizziest omnibus tops.

Campton guessed that she was waiting for him. He went up to her and a guilty pink suffused her nose.

"You missed him after all—?" he said.

"I—oh, no, I didn't."

"You didn't? But I was with him all the time. We didn't see you——"

"No, but I saw—distinctly. That was all I went for," she jerked back.

He slipped his arm through hers. "This crowd terrifies me. I'm glad you waited for me," he said.

He saw her pleasure, but she merely answered: "I'm dying of thirst, aren't you?"

"Yes—or hunger, or something. Could we find a *laiterie*?"

They found one, and sat down among early clerks and shop-girls, and a few dishevelled women with swollen faces whom Campton had noticed in the station. One of them, who sat opposite an elderly man, had drawn out a pocket mirror and was powdering her nose.

Campton hated to see women powder their noses—one of the few merits with which he credited Julia Brant was that of never having adopted these dirty modern fashions, of making up in private "like a lady"—as people used to say when he was young. But this time the gesture charmed him, for he had recognised the girl who had been sobbing so hopelessly in the station.

"How game she is! I like that. But why is she so frightened?" he wondered. For he saw that her chocolate was untouched, and that the smile had stiffened on her lips.

Since his talk with Adamson he could

not bring himself to be seriously alarmed. Fear had taken him by the throat in the station, at the sound of the girl's sobs; but already he had thrown it off. Everybody agreed that the war would be over in a few weeks; even Dastrey had come round to that view; and with Fortin's protection, and the influences Anderson Brant could put in motion, George was surely safe—as safe at his depot as anywhere else in this precarious world. Campton poured out Adele's coffee, and drank off his own as if it had been champagne.

"Do you know anything about the people George was dining with last night?" he enquired.

Miss Anthony knew everything and everybody in the American circle in Paris; she was a clearing-house of Franco-American gossip, and it was not unlikely that if George had special reasons for wishing to spend his last evening away from his family she would know why. But the very likelihood of her knowing what had been kept from him made his question, as soon as it was uttered, seem indiscreet, and he added hastily: "Not that I want——"

She looked surprised. "No: he didn't tell me. Some young man's affair, I suppose..." She smirked absurdly, her lashless eyes blinking under the pushed-back veil.

Campton's mind had already strayed from the question. Nothing bored him more than Adele doing the "sad dog," and he was vexed at having given her the chance. What he really wanted to know was whether George had spoken to his old friend about his future—about his own idea of his situation, and his intentions and wishes in view of the grim chance which people, with propitiatory vagueness, call "anything happening." Had the boy left any word, any message with her for any one? But it was useless to speculate, for if he had, the old goose, true as steel, would never betray it by as much as a twitch of her lids. She could look, when it was a question of keeping a secret, like such an impenetrable idiot that one could not conceive of any one's having confided in her.

Campton had no wish to surprise George's sentimental secrets, if the boy had any. But their own parting had been so hopelessly Anglo-Saxon, so curt-

ly affectionate and casual, that he would have liked to think his son had left, somewhere, a message for him, a word, a letter, in case . . . in case there was anything premonitory in the sobbing of that girl at the next table.

But Adele's pink nose confronted him, as guileless as a rabbit's, and he paid for their breakfast, and went out with her unsatisfied. They parted at the door, and Campton went to the studio to see if there were any news of his maid-servant Mariette. He meant to return to sleep there that night, and even his simple housekeeping was likely to be troublesome if Mariette should not arrive.

On the way it occurred to him that he had not yet seen the morning papers, and he stopped and bought a handful.

Negotiations, hopes, fears, conjectures—but nothing new or definite, except the insolent fact of Germany's aggression, and the almost certainty of England's intervention. When he reached the studio he found Mme. Lebel in her usual place, paler and haggarder than usual, but with firm lips. Her three grandsons had left for their depots the day before: one was in the *Chasseurs Alpains*, and probably already on his way to Alsace, another in the infantry, the third in the heavy artillery; she did not know where the two latter were likely to be sent. Her eldest son, their father, was dead; the second, a man of fifty, and a cabinet-maker by trade, was in the territorials, and was not to report for another week. He hoped, before leaving, to see the return of his wife and little girl, who were in the Ardennes with the wife's people. Mme. Lebel's mind was made up and her philosophy ready for immediate application.

"It's terribly hard for the younger people; but it had to be. I come from Nancy, Monsieur: I remember the German occupation. I understand better than my daughter-in-law. . ."

There was no news of Mariette, and small chance of having any for some days, much less of seeing her. No one could tell how long civilian travel would be interrupted. Mme. Lebel, moved by her lodger's plight, promised to "find some one"; and Campton mounted to the studio.

He had left it only two days before, on

the day when he had vainly waited for Fortin and his dancer; and an abyss already divided him from that vanished time. Then his little world still hung like a straw above an eddy; now it was spinning about in the central vortex.

The pictures stood about untidily, and he looked curiously at all those faces which belonged to the other life. Each bore the mark of its own immediate passions and interests; not one betrayed the least consciousness of coming disaster except the face of poor Mme. de Dolmetsch, whose love had enlightened her. Campton began to think of the future from the painter's point of view. What a modeller of faces a great war must be! What would the people who came through it look like, he wondered?

His bell tinkled, and he turned to answer it. Dastrey, he supposed . . . he had caught a glimpse of his friend at the Gare du Nord, seeing off his nephew, but had purposely made no sign. He still wanted to be alone, and above all not to hear war-talk. Mme. Lebel, however, had no doubt revealed his presence in the studio, and he could not risk offending an old friend.

When he opened the door it was a surprise to see there, instead of Dastrey's anxious face, the round rosy countenance of a well-dressed youth with a shock of fair hair above eyes of childish candour.

"Oh—come in," Campton said, at once divining a compatriot in a difficulty.

The youth obeyed, blushing his apologies.

"I'm Benny Upsher, sir," he said, modest yet confident, as if the name were a sufficient introduction.

"Oh—" Campton stammered, cursing his absent-mindedness and his unfeeling faculty for forgetting names.

"You're a friend of George's, aren't you?" he risked.

"Yes—tremendous. We were at Harvard together—he was two years ahead of me."

"Ah—then you're still there?"

Mr. Upsher's blush became a mask of crimson. "Well—I thought I was, till this thing happened."

"What thing?"

The youth stared at the older man with a look of celestial wonder.

"This war—George has started already, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Two hours ago."

"So they said—I looked him up at the Crillon. I wanted most awfully to see him; if I had, of course I shouldn't have bothered you."

"My dear young man, you're not bothering me. But what can I do?"

Mr. Upsher's composure seemed to be returning as the necessary preliminaries were cleared away. "Thanks a lot," he said. "Of course what I'd like best is to join his regiment."

"Join his regiment—*you!*" Campton exclaimed.

"Oh, I know it's difficult; I raced up from Biarritz quick as I could to catch him." He seemed still to be panting with the effort. "I want to be in this," he concluded.

Campton contemplated him with helpless perplexity. "But I don't understand—there's no reason, in your case. With George it was obligatory—on account of his being born here. But I suppose you were born in America?"

"Well, I guess so: in Utica. My mother was Madeline Mayhew. I think we're a sort of cousins, sir, aren't we?"

"Of course—of course. Excuse my not recalling it—just at first. But, my dear boy, I still don't see—"

Mr. Upsher's powers of stating his case were plainly limited. He pushed back his rumpled hair, looked hard again at his cousin, and repeated doggedly: "I want to be *in* this."

"This war?"

He nodded.

Campton groaned. What did the boy mean, and why come to him with such tomfoolery? At that moment he really felt more unfitted than usual to deal with practical problems; and in spite of the forgotten cousinship it was no affair of his what Madeline Mayhew's son wanted to be in.

But there was the boy himself, stolid, immovable, impenetrable to hints, and with something in his wide blue eyes like George—and yet so childishly different.

"Sit down—have a cigarette, won't you?—You know, of course," Campton began, "that what you propose is almost insuperably difficult?"

"Getting into George's regiment?"

"Getting into the French army at all—for a foreigner, a neutral. . . I'm afraid there's really nothing I can do."

Benny Upsher smiled indulgently. "I can fix that up all right; getting into the army I mean. The only thing that might be hard would be getting into his regiment."

"Oh, as to that—out of the question, I should think." Campton was conscious of speaking curtly; the boy's bland determination was beginning to get on his nerves.

"Thank you no-end," said Benny Upsher, getting up. "Sorry to have butted in," he added, holding out a large brown hand.

Campton followed him to the door perplexedly. He knew that something ought to be done—but what? On the threshold he laid his hand on the youth's shoulder. "Look here, my boy, we're cousins, as you say, and if you're Madeline Mayhew's boy you're an only son, aren't you? Moreover you're George's friend—which matters still more to me. I can't let you go like this. Just let me say a word to you before—"

A gleam of shrewdness flashed through Benny Upsher's inarticulate blue eyes. "A word *against*, you mean? Why, it's awfully kind, but not the least earthly use. I guess I've heard all the arguments. But all I see is that hulking bully trying to do Belgium in. England's coming in, ain't she? Well, then why ain't we?"

"England? Why—why, there's no analogy—"

The young man groped for the right word. "I don't know. Maybe not. Only in tight places we two always *do* seem to stand together."

"You're mad—this is not our war. Do you really want to go out and butcher people?"

"Yes—that kind of people," said Benny Upsher cheerfully. "You see, I've had all this talk from Uncle Harvey Mayhew a good many times on the way over. We came out on the same boat: he wanted me to be his private secretary at the Hague Congress. But I was pretty sure I'd have a job on my own to attend to."

Campton still contemplated him hopelessly. "Where is your uncle?" he wondered.

Benny grinned. "On his way to the Hague, I suppose."

"He ought to be here to look after you—some one ought to!"

"Then you don't see your way to getting me into George's regiment?" Benny replied with gentle persistency.

An hour later Campton still seemed to see him standing there, with obstinate soft eyes repeating the same senseless question. It cost him an effort to shake off the vision.

He returned to the Crillon to collect his possessions. On his table was a telegram, and he seized it eagerly, wondering if by some mad chance George's plans were changed, if he were being sent back, if Fortin had already arranged something. . .

He tore open the message, and read: "Utica July thirty first. No news from Benny please do all you can to facilitate his immediate return to America dreadfully anxious your cousin Madeline Upsher."

"Good Lord!" Campton groaned—"and I never even asked the boy's address!"

(To be continued.)



Sketches from an Old French Town

BY PERRY BARLOW

NOTES BY THE ARTIST

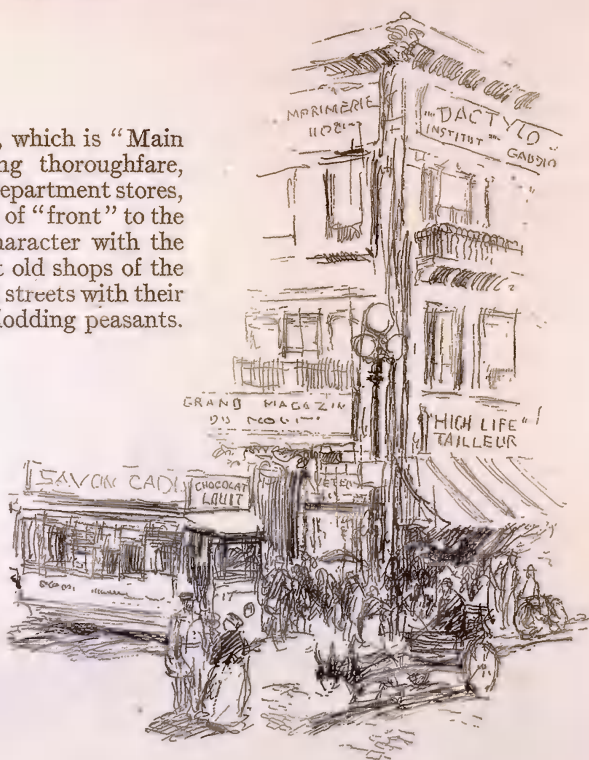
WE chose Avignon as the place to spend a vacation and to sketch because it is large enough to afford a few comforts of living and small enough to retain its provincial charm. At an early age we learned to pronounce its name from the old song "Sur le pont d'Avignon," and it had always been our desire to know more of the place and live there a while.

A Frenchman who boarded our boat at Alger told us many alluring things about Toulouse, his "home town," and seemed incredulous when we admitted Avignon as our destination. He said that we should find no Americans there—no sporting life, no golf or tennis, and that the people were terribly provincial, and behind the times. He added that they did have an old bridge and a few decrepit castles, but they were rotting away. Fortunately we found Avignon much as he said—"no sporting life—no golf or tennis"—and no Americans. Also we found the ruins of a wonderful old bridge, a palace and cathedral of the popes, and an old, old town surrounded by ramparts built six centuries ago.





The Rue de la République, which is "Main Street," a prosperous-looking thoroughfare, lined with up-to-date shops, department stores, and business concerns—a sort of "front" to the city which is quite out of character with the time-scarred walls and quaint old shops of the adjacent winding and crooked streets with their traffic of donkey-carts and plodding peasants.



The market square is of unusual interest to foreigners, with its many-colored awnings and stalls piled high with the greatest conceivable variety of commodities: regional products such as bread, cheeses, wines, and vegetables; live stock, pigs, chickens, cows, and milk-giving goats. General merchandise—anything from a remnant of silk to a second-hand automobile—may be bought almost at your own price.



The civility shown by shopkeepers is in sharp contrast to the snappy business methods to which Americans are accustomed. "Bonjour, m'sieur," "Merci, madame," or "Au revoir, m'sieur, m'dame," are in use constantly. Even in the purchase of postage-stamps one is thanked as profusely as if a large profit was represented in the transaction.

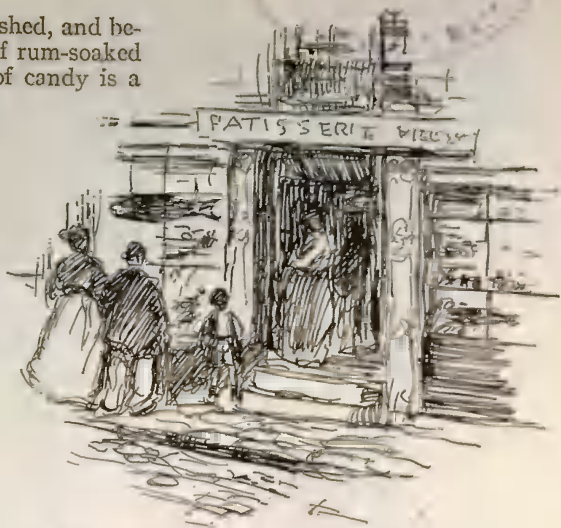
The numerous cafés do a rushing business between twelve and two, when the shops close for déjeuner—and a few games of cards. Black, strong coffee with cognac is the favorite beverage, and is known as “un caud.” It is as popular with the élite as with those who sweep the streets. Each café caters, more or less, to a certain class. In the large restaurants along the Rue de la République one finds mostly business men and commercial travellers, while in cafés along the smaller streets laborers and tradesmen meet to drink, gossip, and smoke.



Long beards and rich, luxuriant “side-burns” are popular, and consequently the cigarette-holder is almost a staple. Barber shops flourish in Avignon, but the real work of a coiffeur apparently consists of inducing growth, fancy trimming, and finishing rather than the actual cutting of hair.

The patisseries are long established, and besides the manufacture and sale of rum-soaked tarts and pastries, the making of candy is a lucrative side-line.

Seldom is any sweet offered for sale unless it imitates or represents something. Candy, musical instruments, and what-nots—careful copies of seasonal vegetables and fruits and of animals, both wild and domestic, are most alluring to the local taste. The chocolate fish is an institution, and enormous trout serve to attract one's attention.



Tea is served in the larger patisseries, due doubtless to the demand created by the visiting English, and "Five o'Clock" is conspicuously advertised. The French tolerate the idea, and consume large quantities of rich pastries, after examining the wares on display.

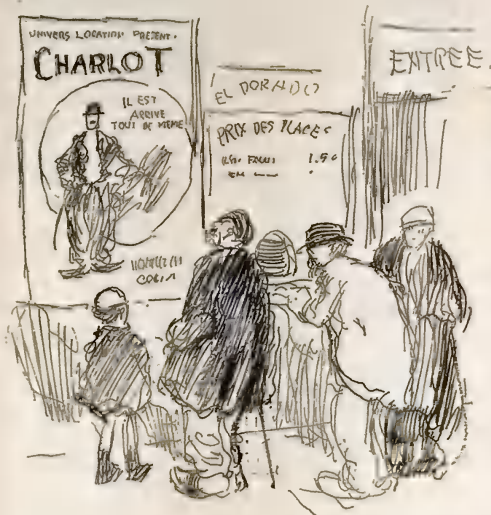
The bicycle plays a large part in the local traffic, and is used by old and young alike. While sizes and styles vary, it is of small import whether it be a large bicycle or a small one—whether “*pour homme ou pour dame*”—one serves the average workman as well as another. Carpenters, carrying complete sets of tools, pedal to and from work with a care-



less ease that is most enviable to the amateur cyclist. Women who have any distance to go shopping or selling invariably ride wheels; and, if the weather is inclement, holding an open umbrella in one hand is no handicap at all. Bread goes ramping by, propelled by any member of the baker's family who chooses to deliver it. Traffic regulations are unheard of; and, as the sidewalks are so few and so narrow, pedestrians walk in the streets among bicycles, farm trucks, and donkey-carts.



The two-wheel cart is next in popular use to the bicycle, and the biggest and stoutest peasants—often two or three, in a cart with a load of produce—are drawn by the most diminutive donkeys.



Sunday is a veritable holiday. Peasants from the surrounding villages, with their families and dogs, come to church and remain for the band-concerts on the Place d'Horloge, or to attend the one vaudeville show or take in the movies. Charlie Chaplin is the most popular attraction, and, though his films are usually two or three years old, "ce ne fait rien" to the numerous and enthusiastic "Charlot" fans.

Dogs! All sorts—Airedales, shepherds, terriers—big clumsy hounds, likable but immovable fellows who go with absolute freedom where they will. They are liked and tolerated by every one, and are a part of the general scheme.



"Under Glass"

BY PERCY MARKS



LEANED back in my chair, smiled my most genial now-boys-we're-all-among-friends smile, and addressed the first man, alphabetically speaking, in the class.

"Why," I demanded, "did you come to college?"

He replied with unexpected promptness: "I didn't want to come; my father made me."

There were twenty-nine men in that class, and I asked each of them the same question. I received only one other definite reply. That came from the most brilliant man in the room. He flushed a painful purple and stuttered:

"I—I don't know why I came."

The other men—and they were good students, all of them—evaded with vague generalities. One man said that he had come to get an education.

"What do you mean by education?" I asked.

"An education is—er, an education is . . ." He was getting very red. "I guess that I don't know just what I do mean by it."

After that reply no one said that he had come for an education. However, another man said that he had come to college to improve himself. Of course, I did not miss the opportunity.

"Just what," I asked amiably, "do you mean by improving yourself?"

The class waited. The class wanted very much to know. So did I.

"Why, to make me better generally."

"I don't quite understand. Can't you be more specific? I'm not sure what you mean by better. I take it that you don't mean it entirely in the moral sense."

"Oh, no! I mean—well, just to round me out. I think an education does that for you."

"Just how?"

He grinned. "I don't know," he said

frankly, and his grin added: "You knew I didn't, too."

A few of the men thought that a college education "did a lot for a man socially," but they were hazy about what they meant by socially. Oh, not lounge-lizarding or tea-fighting, or anything like that; but it sort o' got a fellow into things like—oh, into things generally.

And so it went. They had a few fine phrases, such as: "A college education is of great value in the business world," or "A college education is a social asset," or even, "A college education is now a necessity."

Not one man was willing to admit that he had come to college because he thought that a degree would help him to make money. All of them said that that was undoubtedly true, and that was one reason why they had come, but none of them was materialistic enough to give that as his sole reason. There were other reasons—but they didn't know what they were.

I was teaching at Dartmouth College at the time I asked that question, and that class was the best one I have ever had in a good many years of teaching. There wasn't a real dud in it, and several of the men were truly brilliant, not only in my work but in all their classes. It was an exceptional group of twenty-nine undergraduates—and not one of them knew why he had come to college.

I have known hundreds, thousands of undergraduates, but I cannot think of one who actually had a clear idea of why he had come to college. I hasten to make two exceptions. Engineering students know that they have come to learn to be engineers, but they know that they must learn something more than that—and they don't know what that extra something is. The other exception is the youthful materialist. I met one of them last year. Our conversation went something like this:

"You think," I said, "that you will

make more money as a result of your college education?"

"Yes; of course."

"Just why?"

"Well, a college man has a better chance than other men because he has had better training."

"The word training," I said, "is significant. You have come to college then, I take it, to be trained as a business man."

"Yes."

"What courses are you taking?"

"English, biology, history, French, and economics."

"Well, where does the training come in?"

He hesitated, made a few false starts, and then admitted that he did not know. He looked rather disgusted, too, and was visibly wondering if he hadn't made a mistake in coming to college.

Of course, that lad was getting some training for business, even if he didn't know it, but what he suddenly realized was that he was spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something which was of no "practical" value at all as far as he could see.

What I am getting at in a rather round-about fashion is this: Nearly *every* undergraduate, materialist or dreamer, is doing just what my young materialist was, spending four years of time, several thousands of dollars, and a great deal of effort to get something—and he doesn't know what that something is. Neither do his parents. The father and mother talk proudly of giving their boy an education, and ninety-nine out of a hundred have only a vague idea, if any at all, of what they mean by the word.

And, indeed, why does a boy, or a girl, go to college? I am talking now of why he *goes*, not of why he *ought* to go. There are several reasons. His father wants to give him greater opportunities than he himself has had. (Most college boys do not have college-bred fathers.) The father knows that he has missed something, that his contemporaries who went to college have "the bulge on him" in a good many ways. He feels, perhaps, that he might have made more money if he had had a college education; at any rate, he would have had more "drag." He real-

izes that friends made in college often prove valuable in later years. And he feels, too, that a college degree gives one a certain, if undefined, social standing. All this, you will notice, is "practical." He has, however, one other motive: He guesses that his boy is as good as any other boy, and if Billy Jones and Jack Smith can go to college—well, he'll be damned if his Ferdinand can't go too.

The boy himself? Well, the boy is only eighteen years old and he doesn't think much about it. He may spout grandly about "the advantages of a college education," but he really isn't interested in those advantages at all. I am talking about the average boy; of course, there are boys, especially those who are putting themselves through college by hard work, who feel that an education is a serious business and that it must be taken seriously. But even that boy, who is working twice as hard as his high-school classmate who is "out in business" making money, does not clearly understand the reason for his own effort. He wants "to get ahead," and he knows that that is the best way to do it.

The average boy is fascinated by the glamour of college life, and well he may be. He wants to get into the so-called activities; he wants to make a fraternity; and—I hasten to admit it—he wants to do well in his studies, partly because he feels ashamed if he does badly, and partly because he wants his parents to be proud of him. Rarely, very rarely, indeed, does he see any real value in the studies themselves. The faculty tells him that there are certain subjects that he has to take—and the faculty probably knows what it is talking about. At any rate, it ought to, and if it doesn't, who does? Certainly the undergraduate does not pretend to know. He chooses his electives by reputation; that is, if the instructor is known to grade easily, the course is a good one; if the work is said to be very light, the course is a good one; if the instructor has the reputation of cutting classes regularly, the course is a good one; and if the course demands no final examination, it's a great one. It's a *darb*! Of course, an undergraduate occasionally chooses a course because the subject happens to interest him, but almost invariably the crowded courses

are those known as snaps. It is a rare junior who will elect a hard course with subject-matter interesting to him in preference to an easy course with subject-matter to which he is naturally indifferent.

None of this is meant in condemnation of the undergraduate. Far from it. He is the salt of the earth—and I am the first to sing his praises in public and swear at him unmercifully in private. He is human, our undergraduate, and very young. Nobody has told him what he is supposed to get out of college. His parents urge him "to do well in his studies and write often"; and his high-school principal has patted him paternally on the shoulder and told him "that the old school is expecting him to make it very proud." Both admonitions have embarrassed the boy—and that is about all the effect that they have had.

When he gets to college, he is lectured at by the members of the faculty, the dean, the president, the president of the student body, and the football coach. (I have arranged the various notables in the order of their importance to the freshman; the most important comes last.) Out of all the many opening lectures he gets just two things: he must attend to his studies, and he's got to get out and work like hell for the team. Maybe somebody tries to tell him why he is in college, but if anybody does, the effort is wasted. The freshman is too excited, worried, homesick, and thrilled to have any clear idea of what all the shootin's about.

And, pray, just what *is* all the shootin' about? Just why does a boy spend the four most wonderful years of his life going to college? Why are so many hundreds of thousands of parents making sacrifices, real sacrifices, to give their sons the so-called college education? The question is important. What is the answer?

I am reminded of a dinner at the Engineers' Club in Boston several years ago. Mr. James Phinney Munroe, a member of the Corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was host to the English department, of which I was at that time a member. After we had made away with the excellent dinner, the talk, naturally enough, concerned itself with matters educational. The purpose of a college education finally became the cen-

tral topic. A good many things were said, some of them foolish probably, some of them wise, but none of them to the point. The discussion was lost in a fog of phrases and, I am afraid, pedagogical platitudes.

Mr. Munroe is not a pedagogue; he is a successful business man. I do not know whether we were professionally smug or merely exasperatingly vague. However, I do remember that something excited Mr. Munroe. He banged his fist on the table and exclaimed earnestly:

"A man does not come to college to learn to earn a living; he comes to college to learn to *live*!"

Nothing happened. Nobody got up and shouted, "You said a mouthful," or even, "That was a most extraordinarily thought-provoking remark." No, nobody was slangy or pedantic; the talk simply continued. I do not know how the other members of the department felt about it, but I was deeply impressed by two things: first, something intelligent had been said after a stag dinner; and, second, a question that had been troubling me for years had been settled with a sentence.

I never asked Mr. Munroe whether the idea was original with him or not; I really did not care. I believe that Nicholas Murray Butler said the same thing a few years later, and I do not know whether the idea was original with *him* or not, but I do know that Mr. Munroe said it first—and that, to speak unprofessionally, he said a mouthful. In fact, he said about all that needed to be said. Unfortunately, however, he said it only to the English department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and not to the hundreds of thousands of American undergraduates—and their parents.

Please remember that I am writing about undergraduate institutions when I mention colleges—and that Mr. Munroe was talking about Technology, which does actually train its men to earn a living. As I understood him, Mr. Munroe felt that that training was of only secondary importance even at an institute of technology. Certainly it is of even less importance at an ordinary college which does not even pretend to train its men.

I wonder how many fathers realize

that. I wonder how many of them understand that the colleges largely ignore the so-called "practical" phases of life. (I use "so-called" deliberately. Whether those particular phases really are the most practical is debatable.) And I wonder how many of them would hesitate longer about sending their sons to college if they were better informed about the college curricula. Very few would hesitate at all, I believe, because they know that a larger proportion of men who have gone to college are successful than those who have not gone. Statistics say so!

The idea is, of course, that men are successful because they have gone to college. No idea was ever more absurd. No man is successful because he has managed to pass a certain number of courses and has received a sheepskin which tells the world in Latin, that neither the world nor the graduate can read, that he has successfully completed the work required. If the man is successful, it is because he has the qualities for success in him; the college "education" has merely, speaking in terms of horticulture, forced those qualities and given him certain intellectual tools with which to work—tools which he could have got without going to college, but not nearly so quickly. So far as anything practical is concerned, a college is simply an intellectual hothouse. For four years the mind of the undergraduate is put "under glass," and a very warm and constant sunshine is poured down upon it. The result is, of course, that his mind blooms earlier than it would in the much cooler intellectual atmosphere of the business world.

A man learns more about business in the first six months after his graduation than he does in his whole four years of college. But—and here is the "practical" result of his college work—he learns far more in those six months than if he had not gone to college. He has been trained to learn, and that, to all intents and purposes, is all the *training* he has received. To say that he has been trained to think is to say essentially that he has been trained to learn, but remember that it is impossible to teach a man to think. The power to think must be inherently his. All that the teacher can do is help him learn to order his thoughts—such as they are.

A man isn't trained in college to earn a living, for two reasons: first, there isn't time, and, second, it isn't of sufficient importance. That second statement, I know, sounds heretical, but a moment's thought will convince the reader that it is plain common sense. One cannot be a lawyer, a teacher, a doctor, or an engineer without special training, but one can be, and usually is, a business man without that special training. True, there are now graduate schools of business administration, and the college graduate who can afford the time and money to attend one is to be congratulated; but the graduate who cannot get the training such schools afford need not be downcast. He can be a business man, and perhaps a good one, without it. It may take him a little longer—that is all.

The colleges take graduate work for granted for those men who intend to enter one of the professions. Those men must be trained, but that training is not the business of the college; it is the business of the graduate school. The college must educate the man, and that brings us to the problem of "learning to live."

I cannot solve the problem of learning to live, but I can give you some idea of what the undergraduate must become conscious of if he is ever to find any satisfactory solution for himself. And the making of the undergraduate conscious of those things is, as I see it, the purpose of a college education.

Much has been written about a college education, and most of it is ponderous and unreadable. Even such essays as Cardinal Newman's on a college education and Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," which, strictly speaking, is about culture, magnificent as they are, are deep-sea swimming for the average freshman—and he is as yet a very feeble swimmer. Arnold tells him that if he would be cultured he must learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. That is, of course, supremely true, but it is very difficult to make it seem more than a well-put statement to the freshman—and every man should be made deeply conscious at the very outset of his college career that it is his business to learn the best that has been thought and said in the world. The freshman will quote Ar-

nold glibly in his final examination—and then cheerfully forget him. All of which is very human when one is eighteen, and very unfortunate.

Furthermore, the freshman does not see the relation between the best that has been thought and said in the world and himself. To him that best is merely information, information that is hard to get, harder to retain, and of no practical importance at all. He doesn't see what the facts about the neolithic age, the distance of Arcturus from the earth, the Congress of Berlin, Aristotle's theory of poetics, and the history of philosophy have to do with his life, which at the time is concerned with things very different indeed.

Our freshman realizes well enough that his life is the most important thing in the world, but, like the man who was given a whale for a present, now that he has it he doesn't know what to do with it. Ask him what he wants above all things, and he will reply, sensibly enough, happiness. Every young man is essentially a hedonist, and as a rule he is a healthy, wholesome hedonist. He wants to grab happiness with both hands, but he wants the rest of the world to have at least a finger-hold at the same time.

The thing that he must be made to see, of course, is the relation between his happiness and the best that has been thought and said in the world; in other words, he must be made to realize that the past is significant to *him*, that *his* life is a continuation of all the history that has gone before, that every discovery of science has affected and will affect *him*, that every philosophical thought that has ever been expressed in enduring form has helped and is helping to create his own philosophy, and that all the poetry of the ages, whether in verse or prose, is *his* as his natural birthright, a gift of all mankind to him, and one too great ever to be received in its entirety, and too beautiful ever adequately to be appreciated.

To put it more simply, it is the business of a college education to help a man find himself in relation to the world—and I use "world" in its broadest sense. Our freshman has a life to lead, and that life of his must thread its tortuous and difficult way through the mazes of a very complicated social system. More than

that, he must, if he is going to find even a little of that happiness which he so eagerly desires, acquire some understanding of himself. "Know Thyself" was the motto over the doorway of the temple of the oracle at Delphi, and, being the motto over the doorway of a temple, it quite properly expressed an ideal; that is, something unattainable.

Thomas Carlyle once wrote: "The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan."

True enough! We shall never know ourselves. I think that we should probably go mad if we ever did, but the knowledge that we can never succeed will not stop us from trying to know ourselves. And to some extent we must succeed—or go mad. Above all things, the freshman is eager to gain some understanding of himself, of his ambitions, his limitations, his abilities, his passions. And his college education, if it is of any value at all, helps him to gain some comprehension of that strange being with whom he must always live, himself.

However, Carlyle was right when he said that we must know our work. But what work? That is what the undergraduate wants to know. What is he fitted for? What does he want to do? He feels that there must be some work for him somewhere, but what is it? How can he find that work without some clear understanding of himself—and find it he must. Certainly the varied curricula of our colleges at least give him some idea of his likes and dislikes, his ability to do certain things and his lack of ability to do others. His four years at college are a breathing space while he marks time looking for his goal, that goal which seems so attainable while he is in college and so unattainable afterward.

But bigger than his work, bigger than himself, is the man in relation to his world and his God. Above all things, the undergraduate must gain some knowledge of

that relationship, so sharply defined in many ways, so tragically vague in others. He must, absolutely must, find a philosophy of living. That philosophy will change as it adapts itself to the experiences of life, but without it to begin with the college graduate is as helpless as a blind man in the traffic of Times Square—and he is in about as dangerous a position.

You must understand that the average freshman has no philosophy of living. He has a code, which is a very different thing. He has been told that there are certain things that he can do and that there are certain things that a "real man" or a "regular fellow" does not do. Some of the undergraduates want to be "real men"—and some of them want to be "regular fellows." It really makes very little difference as far as any philosophy of living is concerned which our freshman wants to be; under any circumstances, his code is very simple, very positive—and very easily broken. No man can quite live up to his code, least of all a man only eighteen or nineteen years old, and the breaches that an undergraduate makes in his code seem to him very large and very serious.

Sometimes they are large and often they are serious, and they play an unnecessary havoc with the boy's life. I have known undergraduates who were tragically unhappy because they had done something which conflicted with their codes. They could not think around the infraction; they could not view it except as an infraction. In other words, they had no ideas; they merely had rules—and life is too complicated, too involved to be lived by rule; it must be thought about from many points of view.

There is no middle ground to the average undergraduate: a thing is either right or wrong, good or bad, glorious or utterly debased. Life is either all black or all white. He hasn't learned, as he must learn, that it is practically never either black or white, that it is usually some shade of gray, and that it is his business to learn to distinguish the shade.

The same thing is true of religion. Again, he comes to college pitifully equipped with ideas. In fact, as a rule he hasn't any. He has been, usually carelessly, instructed in some school of

theology. It has not been his to reason why. He has accepted what he has been told—and let it go at that.

But when he comes to college he is just at the age when he wakes up, when he wants to know, when he begins to question. What is the result? Usually he throws away the theology he has been taught and is left spiritually stranded, worried, and miserably unhappy. His efforts at thinking are pathetic. He has no knowledge and no ideas. He has been told, as a rule, that he should take the Bible as a revelation of God, but he doesn't know anything about the Bible. I do not exaggerate; he doesn't know *anything* about it, not even the popular stories. I tried last term to get the story of Joseph out of a class of nearly forty—and only one man knew it. Practically none of them has ever read either Testament. They may know a few of the stories, but as far as the *philosophy* of the Bible is concerned, or any other philosophy, they are totally ignorant.

The colleges do not give a man a religion. That is not their business; but they do give him ideas and knowledge, and it is up to him to take those ideas and that knowledge unto himself and evolve from them at least a working philosophy of living in relation to this life and whatever may come after it.

I have said, quoting Mr. Munroe, that a man comes to college to learn to live, and I have tried to give some idea of the things he must learn. Now I am about to announce in loud, raucous tones that he won't learn them. He will never learn them. No man does. It is impossible to gain even a small idea of the best that has been thought and said in the world; culture is an ideal, not a possibility. A college does not educate a man; it merely gives him an index to an education. What use the man makes of that index in later life will largely determine his success or failure.

The senior on his graduation day is not an educated man; he is an ignoramus. However, if he has learned enough to know that he is an ignoramus, some day he will probably attain something like culture, have enough knowledge to be called educated—as education in this world goes.

I have said nothing about the joy of learning, the pleasure that knowledge *per se* brings. I have tried to be strictly "practical," but I cannot resist a parting word in favor of the "impractical" value of college life. There the boy comes in contact with beauty, with the most exquisite expression of the noblest thoughts ever produced by man. He has, if he is worth teaching, been thrilled by the splendor of the past and made conscious of the gorgeous pageantry of the present. Perhaps he has learned that that thrill is as true and as fine as any he can get from, say, a financial *coup*.

If when a man graduates from college he has learned the work he is fitted for, if he has gained some ideal of beauty, if he has delved deeply enough into himself to have even a vague knowledge of his own soul, if he has learned enough of the past to understand to some small degree the present, and if he has gathered unto himself enough ideas of life to have a workable philosophy of living, he has begun at least to learn to live. He can count his years in college well spent. He has the rudiments of an education. If he continues to work, to think, and to learn, he may, by the grace of God, become a man.

Ignition

BY VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. SCHMIDT



STRANGE look of triumph was on Mrs. Prunner's face as she drew up at our gate to stare across at "that foreign woman." Rhona Cabrals sat listlessly on her door-step

and smoked a cigarette; and though the cigarette was her one remaining vice, it alone was sufficient to brand her in Stonyville.

Then Mrs. Prunner came on, bearing down upon me with a ponderous dignity that augured some tremendous piece of news. "Where's your mother, Raz-zles?"

Politely I stopped the lawn-mower to inform her that she would find my mother by following the very audible clattering of the supper dishes to the kitchen. Mrs. Prunner was to our family special intelligence and exponent of public opinion. Through all the twenty years of my life she had been bearing down upon us in this way, with choice bits of scandal. Now as she swept by, ignoring me, I felt the old prickle of resentment against her

and the old stirring of curiosity. Mrs. Prunner persisted in treating me like a small boy, and I persisted in responding to the treatment.

Beneath the pantry window, where the noise of dishes had suddenly stopped, I discovered that the mower needed oiling. "Look at her—the brazen piece!" came Mrs. Prunner's voice. Clearly she was pointing out Rhona Cabrals, who drooped motionless, all dark, from the rusty black of her cotton dress and the olive dusk of her profile to the intense gypsy blackness of her amazing hair; a still-figure study in darkness, she sat there waiting—waiting as she had been ever since that night nearly eight years before, when the flame in her had been quenched as abruptly as a firebrand thrust into water.

"Well, Mary, murder will out! They've found his body at last, down in the old Shipman quarry."

"Pedro Cabrals's body?" breathed mother. "After all these years——"

"They've been pumping out the water, you know, this last week and to-day they came upon the body sticking head down in the bottom of a hundred-and-fifty-foot

shaft. I have it straight from Tim Murphy, who's superintending the job. Oh, it's very bad—just bones mostly. But Coroner Bliss says it's been there all of eight years; and they identified a scrap of a red bandanna. There's no shadow of a doubt. . . ."

"Wonder if *she* knows," shuddered mother.

"She'll know soon enough," declared Mrs. Prunner grimly. "She must have drug him there—a good half-mile. A devil, if there ever was one—and strong as a man. I'm stepping on to Miss Tucker's, Mary; you drop your dishes and come along."

"Wait then— You hear, Razzles?" Mother came close to me and whispered against that still figure on the next doorstep. "They've found Pedro Cabrals! I'm going with Mrs. Prunner. Finish the lawn before you leave, and careful there of my border—you're mowing down the pinks."

So I was alone. But the veil of memory—that soft gray shroud which blurs over the evil nightmares of our childhood—was riddled through; and I was plunged back into the most vivid scene of my life. That night in Rhona Cabrals's little house, and my own forbidden share in it, as witness—a share which I had buried deep in my heart and had told no living soul! And now the vision of handsome big Pedro Cabrals rotting in the mud of the old Shipman quarry. . . . Nausea seized me. . . . How *could* she! Yet speculation held me there, gazing at that creature of inexplicable and foreign mystery that was Rhona Cabrals; and curiosity drew me. I told myself that some one should prepare her—warn her. But it was the old lure of her—compound of fascination and danger—that pulled.

"Good evening," I muttered, standing uncertainly before her.

She accepted me, moved over indifferently to make room for me beside her, forgot me. Dusk had taken her, brooding over her, I thought, like a mother. I sat staring at her averted head, and watched a wisp of smoke, white against the crow's wing of her hair, melt into darkness. Just as she had always been able to impose her moods upon me, so, now, she cast over me the spell of her lethargy.

But, though I stayed silent, I was remembering that other Rhona, who was to this one as a live coal is to a dead coal. Sharp pictures, that stood out from the regulation black-and-white scenes of my boyhood as though stamped in red ink, came back at me.

There was my first encounter with Rhona Cabrals. I must have been twelve at the time. I had flung myself out of bed and into the warm July night to the aid of Pat, my fox-terrier, who was barking furiously at some enemy. I knew that strangers had moved into the house next door, which was quite the meanest house in our pleasant, elm-shaded street, the only house, in fact, which had not a front porch; but I was unprepared for the spectacle of a woman standing in the back door against a lamplighted interior, hurling missiles and oaths, English in denomination but foreign in their fluency, at my dog. I stood with my mouth open, until I became aware that my father was beside me. "Stop that, Pat!" he ordered sharply. Pat cringed and the amazing flow of language ceased.

The woman, who had over her white nightgown a clinging scarlet shawl of a stuff like velvet, only softer and more lustrous, which I afterward learned was chenille, slowly raised her arms to her hair, and suddenly I discovered that she was young and strangely beautiful, with the supple, slim length of a runner. . . . Only somehow she did not look like an athlete. . . . She was smiling out at us now, and there was an odd sparkle to her eyes.

"That woman!" muttered my father, and hurried me into the house. I cast one lingering look back and saw behind her, shadowing her smile, the face of a swarthy man with anger on it.

In my own bed again, through the open window, I heard voices raised in fury, heard sobs that would not let themselves be wholly sobs, heard a sudden clattering—and then silence in the boxlike little house across the way. From the adjoining room my mother's words reached me: "Looks like we've drawn a wife-beater next door."

"Looks like we've need of a wife-beater next door," said my father dryly.

From the first Rhona Cabrals was for-

bidden to me, even as were the quarries; wherefore I secretly explored both. As well tell the boy of a seacoast town to stay off the wharfs as to tell me to stay away from the quarries—that place, by day, of magical heaving derricks and sweating, gabbling men, swearing oaths in many languages . . . place, by night, of lighted, filthy shacks and mouth-organ music. Those great pits, yawning red from the peculiar reddish hue of the sandstone which they gave forth in blocks and bricks and broken chips, were the single raw sore on the monotonous rolling green perfection of this western New York country; their murky, reddish waters were unexpected blood pools on a tranquil surface, crude realities that called for probing. As for Rhona, with her black eyes and her lithe body, her swift angers and her wild mirths, she was the scarlet lady of forbidden novels, the Spanish dancer with the castanets, the mysterious Oriental seducer stepped forth from Arabian Nights. . . . The quarries and Rhona—they were adventure in Stonyville, and, utterly different as they were, yet bound together through Pedro.

Almost at once Rhona took me into her confidence and told me much—more than a boy of twelve could understand. Even then I instinctively knew she tolerated me because I *was* a boy; if I had been a girl she would have shooed me off with the neighbors' chickens.

"Bah!" she said. "That Pedro—that *gorgio*! I don't know why I stay with him—it smothers me in a house sometimes. Before he came I lived the gypsy life and travelled the roads in a great van. We sat over smoky fires and talked—my mother is old now, but she was once a girl in Madrid, and the tales she can tell! We danced and sang and stole and made love, and the men they fought over me. Then Pedro came and followed me and fought the hardest. . . . It is fated perhaps. But always he is mad with jealousy and always we fight, tooth and nail, and hate each other. Bah, that Pedro! Some day I leave him and go back to the open road—to my people—and the *dukkerin*'—"

"Ah, the *dukkerin*! I had forgotten. I *dukker* with the palm, the cards, the

coin—what you will. I *dukker* for you, my Razzles boy!" She swept up a deck of dirty cards, flashed upon me her smile, for, lacking larger game, she was not above putting forth her fascinations for me. "Past, present, and future, your wish an' all ye want to know!"

And again, a later time: "They call me 'foreign' and they think I am like those vermin Dago women, your mother and your father and all those other *gorgios*. Fools! I spit upon them! I am Spanish—you hear? Spanish, and free."

It was true, both ways. What Stonyville never could forgive the Cabrals was their invasion of our respectable neighborhood; for Stonyville has its slum, its foreign section—isolated like a pest-house—where Rhona and Pedro might have loved and hated, hurled china and flourished knives to their hearts' content, without exciting more than passing notice. They were *foreigners*, weren't they?—Well, then, let them stay down on Myrtle Street, where they belonged. But it was equally true that the Cabrals did not belong on Myrtle Street any more than they belonged up here. One had only to see Rhona Cabrals moving freely and scornfully past groups of squat, pudgy Italian women with babies clinging to them . . . Rhona, wearing larger earrings and dressed in bolder colors than those others . . . to realize that she was of another mould.

And Pedro, too, though he was given to the same red bandannas for work and to the same purple serge and red neckties for holidays, was of a race apart from the other laborers. I watched him at work at the quarries and saw that he was larger and handsomer and stronger in every way than his fellow workers—a king among them. I remembered what Rhona had told me, that Pedro was a Portuguese out of Provincetown; bred from great able-bodied men who followed the sea, thrifty owners of their own ships and their own homes, Pedro had somehow cut loose and drifted inland by way of the Great Lakes. And though he had shaken off the salt of the sea for the land dust of the quarries, he was not as these born grubbers in dirt, who were content to take orders from others and to be tenants. Pedro had kept his freedom.

When he reared back his shoulders there was no stoop to them, and you could picture him standing at the helm of a ship.

It was so I saw them apart. But just put them together—well, that was something to see! Fireworks is the word for it. For Pedro was jealous—jealous even of me at twelve—and certainly Rhona did not spare him. There was sleek little Johnny Hines, who worked in the canning factory, and big Chris Polizzi, who was foreman over Pedro, and Tim O'Sullivan, and Fred Schwartz—but I forget them all. For as fast as Rhona could toss on the chips Pedro blazed to them, and as fast as she could snatch them up, Rhona tossed, until I see her as the storm centre of an untidy house, the nucleus of tortured struggles and flying dishes. No wonder Stonyville turned down its thumbs, when it wasn't busy peeping and turning up its nose! Rhona Cabrals was the wildfire in a mild gray town, which otherwise had only such small, controlled conflagrations as occasionally come to a town which is the county-seat. She was the scarlet-fever sign of contagion in an impeccable neighborhood. And if all I can find to describe Rhona is figures scarlet and fiery, it is easy enough to guess that the several ministers in Stonyville found figures more scarlet and more fiery.

As for the good wives of the town—however much of truth there was to other charges against Rhona, there was certainly no fiction in *their* charge of untidiness. Rhona had no genius for house-keeping. She cooked in temperamental spurts messes of meat and potatoes—*poo-vengroes* she called them. As she flaunted her colors down our tame little streets, she left behind her dirty dishes and a ragged yard, in which wild poppies struggled against the weeds—this in contrast to our smooth lawn with its primrose borders and its lilac bushes, of that soft smoky-blue in their flowering. No, the Cabralses were certainly undesirable neighbors.

But to get on—I recall the quarrel over Johnny Hines's pipe. The pipe had Johnny's monogram in silver on the bowl of it, and Johnny smoked it with his head up and his teeth firm, so that the monogram would show. I don't know how he ever came to leave the cherished pipe in Rhona's kitchen, unless it was the sneak-

ing kind of trouble-making he liked to indulge in. At any rate, there it was, and there Pedro found it when he came home that night. He came stamping up the back steps, and his very shadow, momentarily darkening the doorway, loosed the forty little devils in Rhona. They invariably had that queer effect upon each other; when they came together, it was as though each set going in the other some dangerous chemical reaction, and you simply held your breath and waited for the explosion.

Pedro slung down his tin dinner-box and took up the silly pipe, and his heavy eyebrows came together. "What's Johnny Hines wantin' here?" he snarled.

Almost eagerly Rhona leapt to his challenge. She faced him, half smiling, a negligent hand on her hip, while two fires sprang up in her black eyes and her breath came faster. Dark though they both were, Rhona's darkness, as against his swarthy darkness, had color beneath it, and she was never more vivid than when Pedro was behind her glowering. Pedro was the black curtain against which she sparkled. He was the thunder to her lightning.

The pipe snapped in Pedro's hairy, blunt-fingered hand, and the pieces dropped to the floor. He repeated his question: "What's that skunk doin' here? You tell me!"

"Guess he comes to make love to me," drawled Rhona.

There was an awful moment in which they still faced each other and I clutched Pat by the neck and shrank back. Then Pedro caught her arm and twisted it brutally. She fought him like a madwoman, but at last Pedro had her down on the floor at his feet. He was still twisting the arm until I thought he would break it, though Rhona was scorning to cry out under the pain of it. Abruptly he flung her off, lunged out of the house.

Rhona sat back on her heels, jabbed hairpins into place, calmly adjusted an earring. I was amazed to discover that she was smiling. "You see—he is mad with this jealousy. But I'll show him!" She got to her feet, turned on me furiously. "Does he think I stay with him easy then? Let him fight to keep me, as he fought to get me! See, he's out

there now—feeding his black temper with a fire. It's what he always does when he's worst—builds a bonfire and burns off the rubbish. 'Tis a witch's peak, that one—burns straight up to a point. Ah, now a wind!—See her curl over and lick her red tongue. . . .

"Come on!" Suddenly Rhona was laughing. "Where's my shawl? No matter, this will do." She snatched up the fringed red table-cloth, wound it about her, posed, twisting before the cracked kitchen mirror. "Johnny Hines likes me best in red; he says it's the devil's color and my color. You, too, *you* like me in red," she charged, catching sight of my face. "Perhaps Pedro likes me in red! Come on—we see!"

She caught my hand, swept me out to Pedro and the bonfire. Suddenly she became a fiend: in the lurid light she danced, stamping and writhing, mocking Pedro, taunting him with words of Johnny Hines.

Pedro flung down his pitchfork and caught her. "You—you—I'll *kill* Johnny Hines—I'll kill you—" He must have been hurting her with the fierce grip of his arms, but she did not whimper—

"Raz—zles!" called my mother.

Then I saw Rhona's face, and I knew that she *liked* being hurt by Pedro.

"Raz—zles!" As I made a cautious alley détour, which would bring me home from the opposite direction, I puzzled over it; if they loved each other, it was a queer kind of love—part hatred. . . .

Though our shades were always drawn on that side of the house now, mother used to watch from behind them, and sometimes Mrs. Prunner joined her with her sewing, and they watched together. I would listen hard and catch shreds of their conversation.

"Little Johnny Hines again. . . . Yesterday it was Fred Schwartz. If we had a *man* for sheriff—"

"Just let *him* catch her once—that ugly big Pedro—"

Rhona had a secret sickness then, and from the darkened parlor mother and Mrs. Prunner watched the doctor come and go and their whispering grew unintelligible and more mysterious. "Too bad," said Mrs. Prunner. "Temper, of course—a woman who carries on like that— But it might have tamed her."

In two days Rhona was out again, with a color like a sickly olive and with startling black circles beneath her eyes. But she was unquenched, for she flaunted a pink waist with a scarlet ribbon at her throat, and from her gate I saw her wave to Johnny Hines.

Other scenes in the history of Rhona and Pedro Cabrals—conflicts, all of them, more or less violent—pass before me, as vivid as the floats in my first city parade. But I come now to that last big quarrel. Rhona was alone that evening, and I sat with her in the stuffy, littered kitchen, watching her slash a weird garment out of some purple stuff, when Johnny Hines loafed in. Rhona merely glanced at him and kept on with her slashing. Since no one sent me away, I stayed in my corner, while he teased at Rhona's work and she ordered him to keep his hands off and finally jabbed at him almost viciously with her scissors.

He had been there no time when all of a sudden I glanced up and saw Pedro's face in the open window. Although her back was to him I think Rhona became aware of Pedro's presence at that same moment. She had risen to stretch herself, and now her yawn turned into a smile and the sparkle leapt into her eyes. Deliberately she leaned herself against Johnny Hines's shoulder, tilted back her head, and laughed at him through her black lashes. And Johnny—Johnny was the only one of us who remained unconscious of that lowering face—sleek, blond little Johnny went a quick pink and his hands found her shoulders. . . .

Now Pedro was on the door-step, his big fingers working so that, for a moment, I thought he would choke little Johnny Hines, who had gone weak-kneed and ashen before him. Instead he came rather heavily into the room and began to swear at Johnny in Portuguese—thick, slow oaths that somehow made you feel sorry for him.

I don't know how long that monotonous cursing would have kept up if Rhona had not struck in with a zest. She caught his wrath from Johnny Hines as a ball-player might stand on tiptoe and catch the other man's ball, for the pure joy of it. "Spy on me, will you!" she spit at him. "Well, you're paid for it—you know now!



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"I thought he would choke little Johnny Hines."—Page 54.

Bah, you've been drinking again—you great clumsy lout——”

He turned to her, and the fury on his face was more than a look—it was almost a physical thing that you could have touched, like his flesh. I sat shivering, hugging my knees, waiting for the skirmishing and the smashing of crockery to begin. But Pedro's silence endured. It was as though the fierceness of his feeling held him speechless. It was sinister.

Rhona turned back to Johnny with a smile—and found him vanished; little Johnny Hines had saved his own skin. At that an anger caught Rhona which matched Pedro's own. “You men—a curse on all of you! All I ask is to be let alone—let alone, do you hear?”

“You—mean that?” Pedro panted. Some resolution seemed to be working in him, like a slow yeast. “All right. I call your bluff. I'll make you so no man will ever look at you again.” He was moving clumsily toward the kitchen cabinet, but even then I did not realize his intention—not until he grasped the sharp bone-handled carving-knife firmly in his hand.

Still Rhona stood there scorning him, mocking him. He struck out at her blindly, missed. Rhona laughed aloud. It was only then that muscular control returned to Pedro; he was wild-eyed with his purpose, but he was suddenly as sure and swift in his movements as those full-fighting ancestors of his back in old Portugal.

The struggle lasted only a moment, and the scream which the neighbors heard on that night was my scream, not Rhona's. Pedro fell back from her, the front of his shirt as red as the bandanna which he wore. And Rhona—I cannot describe Rhona as I saw her. Her cheek lay open in a long gash, from which the blood spurted; but for all the spurting blood, her head was up, and worse than the mutilation was the deadly glitter in her eyes. “You'll pay for this night, Pedro Cabrals,” she spoke. I was suddenly afraid of Rhona—horribly afraid. I covered my eyes against her and slid out. . . .

Home in my own safe bed I crouched, listening in dread for sounds from that other house, which did not come. All was silence over there now. I suppose I wore myself out at last and fell asleep.

They were talking at the breakfast-table, dad and mother, when I came down the following morning: That foreign woman next door had been cut up in a knife fight. . . . The husband had disappeared. . . . She refused to talk. . . . They hushed it at my appearance. “Mercy on us, Razzles, what's the matter with you!” exclaimed mother. “You look like you've been dreaming ghosts.”

“Nothin',” I muttered. The Cabrals belonged to the forbidden part of my life, and my habit of secrecy on them held.

During those next days, that uncanny stillness continued to hang over the Cabrals place. Pedro had disappeared completely, and Rhona must have sat in the house alone, for I saw nothing of her. Some nights a light burned in the kitchen window, though again the house would remain in darkness during the entire evening. Nothing could have induced me to go near there.

I knew what folks were saying as time passed and Pedro did not return: that Rhona had killed her husband . . . had somehow disposed of the body. . . . I hugged my secret knowledge tighter. Had she, then? I believed her capable of anything—anything! I grew morbid at this period, speculating upon gruesome ways. . . .

Then one Sunday afternoon, when I was exploring the quarries alone, I rounded a heap of rocks and came upon her, sitting quiet, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes on the ground. At first I did not recognize that listless, black-clad figure as Rhona's. When she raised her head I think I should have turned and run from her if astonishment and curiosity had not held me chained to the spot. Her eyes were still black pools, like stagnant water that has been dead a long time, and she looked at me without interest, even without recognition.

“Hello!” I stammered.

She shrugged, returned to her perusal of the ground.

I don't know what I had expected, but this was disappointment. It was like finding wet wood where you had been accustomed to leaping, crackling fire. Stillness in Rhona Cabrals was uncanny—it was not healthy—and her face was the stillest thing I had ever seen. It was

incredible that a person could change like that. Why, this creature could not have killed a chicken.

I sat down by her, and dropped stones into the pit below, and tried to talk to her. At last I gave her up and wandered home, puzzling over it.

"Conscience, my dear," was the way Mrs. Prunner accounted for the change in Rhona, hinting dark things. "Or possibly shame. . . ."

But young as I was, I intuitively knew that Mrs. Prunner was wrong—that there was neither shame nor conscience in Rhona Cabral's. She must have known what the town was saying of her, yet she offered no explanation. In her silence there was no fear, neither was there sullenness nor disdainful pride. What she had done she had done, and she cared nothing for the opinion of others. No, it was simply the dead stillness of a void and a waiting.

I had plenty of opportunity to observe her at this time, for I was no longer afraid of her, and she allowed me to sit and talk to her as of old, though she seldom made the effort to answer me. Remembering Pedro's threat, I thought once it might be the scar which had taken the life out of Rhona, but I rejected that theory. It had been a clean cut and it had healed quietly, in a thin white line,—a very still scar. Rhona was beautiful yet. Besides, the scar seemed to make no difference with Johnny and Fred and the others.

One by one they drifted back. Johnny Hines came first, bold by night. She sat on the door-step in that waiting attitude which had become characteristic of her, and I crouched in the darkness and brazenly listened. "It's all right," he assured her. "There's no evidence of—murder. I'm not afraid—I'd marry you to-morrow, Rhona. Besides, you were justified. . . . Self-defense. . . . I told the sheriff myself. It'll die out; it's dying out already. Will you—?"

"No."

"I'd treat you right, Rhona—a black beast, that Pedro. I'd give you clothes and jewelry; we'd go to the city——"

"No." There was no feeling, not even contempt for him, in Rhona's monosyllable; he might have been so much putty placed before her.

Still he persisted in a rather weak pleading. I must have stirred then, for Rhona turned her head—"You Razzles boy—come here."

I obeyed, sheepishly enough.

"Sit here by me," she commanded.

"Oh, if you mean it . . ." muttered Johnny.

"I mean it," she answered listlessly.

So Johnny Hines went off down the street.

Separately the others tried her, but she must have treated them to the same indifference, for gradually they dropped away and did not return. Since that challenging fire in her had gone out, they were content to let her alone. For me, too, the danger, and therefore the zest, had gone from Rhona Cabral's; and—I may as well admit it—manlike, I dropped away with the rest of them. This creature, after that other Rhona of the crazy moods, was tame. So Rhona became for me an unsolved, but no longer very interesting riddle; and I found other riddles, more urgent and more exciting.

Then, too, Rhona was no longer forbidden to me. The shades had long since gone up on the Cabral's side of our house, and my mother did not object to my passing the time of day with her. If folks shunned Rhona from habit, they had ceased to look upon her as a dangerous influence, and their interest had passed on to other things, even as had mine. For in the eight years which had elapsed since Pedro's disappearance, Rhona had approached near-respectability. Gone were the picturesque, colorful clothes, the beads, and the earrings—changed for the shoddy black cotton garb of a store clerk. Though Pedro, with his Portuguese thrift, had owned the small house, it was necessary now for Rhona to make money for food, and she had gone into the Five-and-Ten-Cent Store, where she sold glittering baubles without interest. The weeds and the poppies were kept partially down in the Cabral's yard; the very house, though unpainted, had taken on a semblance of neatness—the neatness of an empty shell, from which life has departed. Rhona even went through semi-annual rites of house-cleaning—though with the air of one performing trivialities to kill time. She grew, in short, into the passive

woman who now sat beside me—common-place enough but for her sinister darkness and that odd air she had of waiting through an intermission that would some time come to an end.

That other Rhona—and this Rhona! Were they actually the same person? I stared hard at her through the dusk and tried to penetrate the mystery of that still profile. Had she ever really been what she had seemed to me, or had my boy's imagination invested her with strange, mysterious qualities, even as it had invested with romance the quarries, which had since dwindled to stalest prose?

Then I remembered the ugly thing that had brought me. I fiddled with my pipe, finally plunged: "They've found some bones—a man's body. Down in the old Shipman quarry that they've been opening up again. They're saying things—I thought I ought to—warn you——"

"Bones?"—indifferently.

"They say they're—Pedro's body," I told her bluntly.

"Yes?" She shrugged it off, as though it did not concern her.

Then I asked the question which for eight years I had been wanting to ask. "Look here, Rhona, did you—do it?"

But she let that pass too. She tossed away her cigarette, rose. "I've had no supper. Will you have some tea?"

I stammered an excuse and broke away. Tea! I recalled how once, when I was twelve, she had given me raw gin and laughed to see me choke over it.

The rest of the tale, until the trial, is quickly told. For Mrs. Prunner had predicted true; they came for Rhona the following morning, and I saw her pass out of the house between two men and move off down the street, calm and detached. This was Stonyville's own private murder and naturally excitement ran high. Rumor had it that the "foreign woman" refused to talk. I fought it out with my own conscience and then with my mother, who wept and begged me to keep out of it. Incidentally Mrs. Prunner looked at me with new respect. "A deep one," she was heard to mutter. "To think he could have given us side-lights all the time!" As the only person who had seen the fight preliminary to the murder, I was to be an important witness; that was how I

happened to be let off at the bank, where I work, and to be present for the astounding climax of the trial.

I saw Rhona once at the jail, in the presence of her guard; tried to move her. "Look here, I'm testifying, Rhona. I saw him slash you, you know. If you did it, you did it in self-defense. But you've got to open up and talk to your lawyer—tell him how it happened—" I grew wrought up over it.

But Rhona had nothing to say.

I don't know why I championed her against the town and my own family, for I believed she was guilty.

The trial lasted through a week, and, except for the fact that the whole town turned out for it and jammed our sleepy little court-room, was much as other trials. Rhona made just one statement, which was exactl contrary to all the elaborate case of self-defense which her lawyer had built up for her, namely, that she hadn't killed Pedro. Who *had* killed him then? She couldn't say—wouldn't say anything else, in fact.

They examined her and cross-examined her, subjected her to a grilling that would have broken a sensitive woman. Rhona remained unmoved. What had happened on that night? They had quarrelled and Pedro had left—that was all. They followed up the scent, led her, step by step, through the stages of the quarrel, endeavored to worry her down and wear her out; but an inquisition that would have brought out a cold sweat on any other defendant under trial for murder left only the prosecuting attorney mopping his face.

They tried to get at her emotions, pricked her for resentment, anger, hatred, but no insult was strong enough to make her flare back at them. As far as any feeling went, she might have been drugged. She remained the listless, indifferent woman which she had been ever since the night of Pedro's disappearance. It seemed that nothing could rouse her—not even a murder trial in which her own life hung in the balance.

There was delay while Johnny Hines was summoned from Pennsylvania, whither he had gone. Johnny—a subdued and rather decent little Johnny—would have talked to her, but she merely



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

That odd air of waiting through an intermission that would some time come
to an end.—Page 58.

turned her shoulder to him and went on studying the lines in her own hands, which lay palm upward in her lap.

Her one change in facial expression came when they produced the shreds of the red bandanna which had been found with the body. Was it curiosity or doubt that flickered for a moment over her face, as she obediently took the evidence and examined it? But she relapsed into her wooden stare, passed back the red tatters.

Had she seen that handkerchief before? She shrugged.

Come, now! the attorney for the prosecution would be answered! Could she deny that the handkerchief had belonged to the deceased—that it had been knotted about his throat at the very moment that she had—stabbed him to death?

Objections from the defense; objections overruled.

Still she shrugged. How could she tell? A red bandanna was a red bandanna.

It was true, the evidence was not strong, but Rhona's refusal to talk was against her from the first. If she had spoken frankly—had looked them in the eye and said something—anything. Instead, she looked down at the floor and said nothing. What horrible things did her silence cover? That was the question, you see.

To me, as I sat there day after day, studying her averted face, Rhona Cabrals was more than ever an enigma—inexplicable, unaccountable. While she half listened, with that air of a grown-up indulging children, to their horrible accusations against her, what was she thinking? Sometimes I had the feeling that she was stone dead; it came to me, shudderingly, that the thing she had done, the emotions she had passed through on that night, had drained her of all subsequent feeling. . . .

But you could not wonder that her unnatural indifference infuriated them. Even Judge Carmen grew exasperated at last, and turned on Rhona sternly in his final charging of the jury. So they rose to file out, and it was over—all but the verdict. Things looked bad for her; one could only hope for a recommendation of mercy.

It was at that precise and dramatic moment that some one entered the back of

the court-room and a scared, small voice said: "Wait, please. There's—a man—here—"

The members of the jury halted uncertainly, the judge looked frowningly up, we all turned in our seats. He was a big workingman, with his slouch hat pulled down over his eyes and the dust of the roads on his clothes. He was Pedro Cabrals himself—Pedro, looking sullen and dazed, stoop-shouldered now and certainly no longer the king of laborers that I had remembered. It was that old, familiar expression of black jealousy, slowly concentrating on his face and aimed at a definite goal, that pulled me back to Rhona.

And Rhona— This was the old Rhona of the scarlet shawl and the snapping eyes. The scar on her cheek, which had never been anything but pallid, had suddenly leapt out red, as though a whip-lash had been laid on her. She had risen to answer his challenge with her own flash of fire, and they stood there, the two of them, glaring at each other, with the whole crowded court-room become a mere background for this strange tingling hatred of theirs.

Her first words to him were an invective, hurled forth with all the passion of an emotion too long bottled: "Bah! So you decided to come back! It is duty, I suppose. You read in the papers and you come back to save me?"

"No, I just—came back. I haven't seen any papers. Met old Forsyth on the street and he looked at me funny—and sent me up here."

"Where've you been?"

"Down state, workin' on roads."

"Some woman—yes?"

He denied it sullenly: "I tell you I've been on the roads, bunkin' with men."

"Why did you come back?" she insisted, tense.

"I didn't want to come. It's you—you devil—"

It was as though this confession, dragged from him, restored to Rhona her old self-respect—that ruthless and superb insolence of hers. "So," she gloated, "you couldn't stay away! You think you can run from me and forget me—me, Rhona! And now you come crawling back. *Doovel*—you men!" There was



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you!"—Page 62.

more—a torrent of it. She stood there before him, taunting him, sneering at him, goading him.

It was only when Judge Carmen hammered for order that she paused for breath, turned from Pedro, and, hammering back at him with her bare fist on the table before her, amazingly let loose that wild flood of raw emotionalism against the judge, the jury, little Johnny Hines, the court room, and the whole town. It seemed that all the disdain and contempt that had been festering in her heart for eight years suddenly boiled to the surface; and she treated us to such an eruption of temper as quiet little Stonyville had never before witnessed. "Fools! And is Pedro the only working man who wears a red bandanna? I told you—I told you I didn't kill him. You wouldn't believe me, eh? Well, there he stands—perhaps you believe me now. Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you! I spit upon you—and you—and you— And you, Johnny Hines—worm, caterpillar! You would kiss me when Pedro is gone; kiss me when he is here, if you dare!"

But Pedro had reached her now, and his hand was on her shoulder. Abruptly the court room was forgotten by Rhona. There before us all, with no sense whatever for the decencies, Pedro investigated the lurid scar with a rough forefinger, and suddenly laughed aloud—an ugly sound. It was then that Rhona melted, clung to him. "Take me away, Pedro! I've wanted you. I thought I should be hung and feel nothing of it——"

I overheard Judge Carmen's informal observation after court had been dismissed: "Whew! That woman! If he'd strangled *her*, I'd acquit him."

So Pedro had won after all, I reflected, as I struck off for the bank. In the end, he'd subdued Rhona. . . . But had he? It was at that moment I saw them come from Thompson's Emporium. Rhona paused to jab into her black hair a glittering rhinestone pin, which was clearly Pedro's peace-offering to her. They went off down the street together, toward their little box of a house, but I saw her turn her head and fling big Chris Polizzi a glance that was a challenge and a dare.

The Olympians

BY EDMUND WILSON, JR.

THERE were no gardens there like those
That, tapestried with courteous trees,
Rose-clouded with the laurel-rose,
Hung high above blue distances.

There were no fountains dolphin-fed
For idle eyes to drift upon,
Where gold-fish, flecking green with red,
Drift idle in the eternal sun;

No sloping alleys sliding smooth
Through velvet glooms or golden light,
Round-moulded like the marble youth
Who stops the alley-way with white;

No naiad satyr-sprayed and pale;
No lap-dog lions poised in rank;

No Ganymede, demure and frail,
The satyr crouching at his flank;

No Homer smooth on creamy skin,
In gay blue-gold embroidery clad—
The black and dingy boards of Ginn
Were all the dress your poets had.

In bare-swept houses, white and low;
High stony pastures never ploughed;
The pure thin air; the frozen snow;
And the sad autumn dark with cloud—

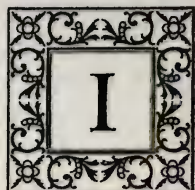
Here, setting bare feet on bare wood,
They came who late in silks had gone;
White candor by your desks they stood,
Austere to wake the winter dawn.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

V.—FIRST JOURNEY TO IDVOR IN ELEVEN YEARS



I was a beautiful June afternoon when from the gay deck of the *State of Florida* I saw the low coast-line of Long Island disappear in the distance. With it disappeared the land the first glimpse of which I caught so eagerly on that sunny March morning nine years before, when the immigrant ship *Westphalia* carried me into New York harbor. When I approached this coast my busy imagination suggested that it was the edge of the cover of a great and mysterious book which I had to read and decipher. I read it for nine long years, and my belief that I had deciphered it made me confident that I was quite rich in learning. Besides, there was my Bachelor of Arts diploma and my naturalization papers, and, of course, I thought, they were the best evidence in the world that I was returning to see my mother again, rich in learning and in academic honors as I promised her nine years before in that letter from Hamburg.

The sky was clear, the sea was smooth, and its sharp and even horizon line toward which the ship was heading promised a peaceful temper of the powers which control the motions of the air above and of the waters below our ship. The comforts of the ship and the fair prospects of a fine voyage were recorded in the smiling faces of my fellow passengers. A group of lively schoolgirls from Washington, making their first trip to Europe under the guidance of an old professor with long gray hair and shaggy beard, looked like so many nymphs playing around a drowsy Neptune. They formed the central group of the happy passengers. There were a number of college boys on board. Some of them had friends among the Washington nymphs; by clever manœuvring it was arranged that the college

boys, including myself, should sit at the same table with the playful nymphs. The gray-locked professor, whom I called Father Neptune (and the title stuck to him), was somewhat reluctant at first, but finally he gave his consent to this "wonderful" proposition, as the girls called it, and he sat at the head of the table, presiding with a dignity which fully demonstrated that he deserved the title "Father Neptune." The jolly captain assured us that his good old ship never carried a more exuberant company of youngsters across the Atlantic. But this was not the fierce Atlantic which I saw nine years before. It was an Atlantic which apparently studied to please and to amuse. All kinds of pleasant things happened during the voyage, as if arranged purposely for our amusement. Many schools of porpoises approached the merry ship, and I suggested that they visited us in order to pay their respects to Father Neptune and his beautiful nymphs. This suggestion was accepted with vociferous acclamation, and it was agreed that free play be granted to our imaginations. Let your fancy take any course at your own risk was our motto. When the visiting porpoises hustled off like a squadron of reconnoitering horsemen leaping gaily over the smooth waves, as if in a merry steeplechase, it was suggested by one of the girls with a lively imagination, that they were anxious to report to the chief of staff of a great host which, hidden in the depths of the quiescent Atlantic, controls the ocean waves. She, the oracle, as we called her, prophesied that when these heralds had delivered the report that Father Neptune and his fair nymphs were passing in triumphal procession through their watery realm, then all things in the heavens above and in the sea below would bow to the will of Neptune and his playful crew.

Two spouting whales appeared one day

in the distance, and our busy imaginations suggested that they were two men-o'-war, sent by the friendly submarine host to pay their homage to Neptune and his nymphs, and to serve as escort to our speedy ship. Nothing happened which did not receive a fanciful interpretation by our playful imaginations. The wonderful phosphorescence of the waves, which were ploughed up in the smooth sea by the gliding ship, supported the illusion that our voyage was a triumphal procession along an avenue illuminated by the mysterious phosphorescent glow. We were headed for Scotland by a route which passed to the north of Ireland, and as our course approached the northern latitudes the luminous twilights of the North Atlantic made us almost forget that there ever was such a thing as a dark night. Good old Neptune had quite a job to round up his nymphs in the late hours of the evening and make them turn in and exchange the joys of the busy days for the blessings of the restful nights. His job was hopeless when the northern midnights displayed the awe-inspiring streamers of the northern lights, and that happened quite frequently. Those wonderful sights in themselves would have made it worth while crossing the Atlantic. On such evenings the exuberance of the college boys and of the schoolgirls from Washington was wide awake until after midnight, watching the luminous and continuously changing streamers of the polar regions, telling stories, and singing college songs. These evenings reminded me much of the neighborhood gatherings in Idvor. One of them was devoted to original stories; each member of the gay party had to spin out an original tale. My story was called "Franciscus of Freiburg," and it related to Bilharz, the Greek gouslar of Cortlandt Street. The disappointments of his youth, the calm resignation with which in his more mature years he passed his hermit days on a top loft in Cortlandt Street, and his search for consolation in the poetry of Rome and Greece made quite an impression, and to my great surprise there was not a single giggle on the part of the irrepressible nymphs. This was the first story that I ever composed and it made a hit, but its success was completely ruined when, prompted by modesty, I suggested

that any tale describing disappointments in love is sure to be taken very seriously and sympathetically by young girls. A violent protest was filed by the girls, and I pleaded guilty of the offense of disturbing public peace. A mock trial, with Father Neptune as the presiding judge, condemned me and imposed the fine that I tell at once, and without preparation, another original tale. I described the first speech of my life on St. Sava's day, and of its unexpected effect upon my mischievous chums in Idvor some thirteen years earlier, comparing it with the unexpected effect of my Franciscus story. I regretted it, because the fairies from Washington had an endless chain of questions about Idvor and my prospective visit to it. Never before did I have a better opportunity to observe the beautiful relationship between American boys and girls. Its foundation I recognized to be the idea of the big brother looking after the safety, comfort, and happiness of his sister, the same idea which is glorified in the Serbian national ballads.

One pleasant incident followed another in quick succession during our triumphant procession over the northern Atlantic, and all the powers which control the temper of the ocean were most kind and generous to us, just as our fair oracle had prophesied it. When the cliffs of Scotland hove in sight, reminding us that our voyage was approaching its end, there was no thrill of joy such as there was when the immigrant ship, which first took me into New York harbor, approached the Long Island coast. Not even the countless sea-gulls which gracefully circled around the black cliffs, and with their shrill notes welcomed us to the hospitable shores of Scotland, were able to dispel the gloom which the sight of land produced among the members of Neptune's table. Nobody in our congenial company seemed to be anxious to say good-by to the good old ship and to the golden atmosphere of the sweet-tempered Atlantic. Most of them had never crossed the Atlantic before, and since the voyage was practically over I thought that there was no harm in describing to them some of the terrors of the Atlantic, which I experienced when I crossed it nine years before. The pictures of those experiences were like the pictures from another world, and not from the same

Atlantic which thrilled us with its sunshine, twilight, phosphorescent glows, and glorious streamers of the northern lights. The comparison between my wretched fellow passengers on the storm-tossed immigrant ship and the radiant company on the ship which brought us to Scotland afforded me a splendid opportunity to thank Father Neptune for permitting me to join his beautiful court. His favor, I said, was almost as great as the favor of the immigrant officials at Castle Garden, who allowed me to land with only five cents in my pocket. The professor complimented me upon my word pictures which showed the glaring contrasts between the two voyages, and then he referred to two pictures which, he said, he had in his mind. They also showed, he said, in glaring contrasts the difference between a certain youngster on the immigrant ship to which I referred, and a Columbia College graduate, who contributed his share to the comfort and happiness of Neptune's court. When he suggested that he would give much to be with me when I met my mother, and that he wondered whether she would recognize me, my young friends suggested, quite seriously, that they would all go to Idvor if I joined them in their continental tour. I replied that their tour was along a meandering line through the great places of Europe, whereas mine was a straight line from Greenock to little Idvor, so little that it cannot be found on any map.

There was just one thing which delayed my straight-line journey to Idvor. A visit to Cambridge was necessary in order to arrange for my work at this university during the coming academic year, and I lost no time in reaching it. The sight of the Firth of Clyde, with its wonderfully green slopes, of Greenock, of Glasgow, and even of London made feeble impressions. My mind was centred upon one thought only: the speedy return to Idvor. This also explains why my first sight of Cambridge impressed me much less than my first sight of Princeton when, eight years before, I enjoyed my loaf of bread under an elm-tree in front of Nassau Hall. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, had given me a letter of introduction to Oscar Browning, a fellow of King's College, and George Rives, the late chairman of the

Board of Trustees of Columbia University, gave me a letter to W. D. Niven, a fellow of Trinity College. Rives, after graduating at Columbia College, won a prize scholarship in classics at Trinity College, and gained there many scholastic honors.

The man at the ancient gate of King's College informed me that Mr. Oscar Browning was away on his summer vacation. At Trinity College I had better luck, and the man at the still more ancient gate of Trinity College took me to Mr. Niven, who reminded me much of Professor Merriam, the great Greek scholar of Columbia College; the same kindly expression of a most intelligent face, and the same gentle light from two thoughtful eyes. As I looked into his eyes I felt that I was catching a glimpse of a world full of those beautiful things which make life worth living. I informed Niven that I wished to come to Cambridge and study under Professor James Clerk Maxwell, the creator of the new electrical theory. Niven looked puzzled and asked me, who told me of this new theory, and when I mentioned Rutherford, he asked me what Rutherford had told me about it. "That it will probably give a satisfactory answer to the question: 'What is light,'" I answered, and watched for his reaction. "Did not Mr. Rutherford tell you that Clerk Maxwell died four years ago," asked Niven, and when I said no, he asked me whether I had not seen it in the preface to the second edition of Maxwell's great book which Niven edited himself. This question embarrassed me, and I confessed frankly that Rutherford's son, my chum Winthrop, presented me with this book on the day of the sailing of my ship; that it was packed away in my bags; and that I did not have any time to examine it during the voyage, because I was too busy helping to entertain twelve beautiful schoolgirls from Washington, who were making their first trip to Europe. Niven laughed heartily and admitted, jokingly, that twelve beautiful girls from Washington were certainly more attractive than any theory, not excepting even Maxwell's great electrical theory. He suggested then that I could study at Cambridge under Lord Rayleigh, who succeeded Max-

well as professor of physics. I declined the suggestion on the ground that I had never heard of Lord Rayleigh before. Niven laughed again, even more heartily than before, and assured me that Lord Rayleigh was a great physicist in spite of the fact that his great fame had never reached my ears. An English lord, a great physicist! The idea struck me as strange, but Niven looked so friendly and so sincere that I could not help believing that he really meant what he said. He invited me to lunch, and before we parted I assured him that I would come back to Cambridge in the following October and place myself under his guidance.

This conference with Niven sobered me up very considerably; it convinced me that my great aspiration and my small preparation in physics were far from being of the same order of magnitude. I confessed to Niven that my success in winning prizes in science at Columbia College was responsible for my belief that I knew more physics than I really did. "Confession is a splendid thing for the soul," said Niven, and added: "But do not permit that anything I have said dampen your courage. A physicist needs courage, and few mortals were braver than Maxwell was. The world knows only a little of his great electrical theory, but it knows even less of his great moral courage." He gave me a copy of Campbell's life of Maxwell. I read it from cover to cover before I left London, and it contributed much to my learning which I promised to bring to Idvor. It certainly convinced me that Maxwell had a vastly better knowledge of physics when he graduated at Cambridge than I had picked up at Columbia. That gave me much healthy food for serious thought.

A straight line from London to Idvor passes through Switzerland, and I proposed to follow that line in my journey as closely as practicable. My ticket took me from London to Lucerne directly; the journey from Lucerne to Idvor I left undetermined until I reached Lucerne. I had no time nor inclination to explore the wonders of London, Paris, or of any other great place in Europe before I had seen Idvor again. Mother, Idvor, and Maxwell's new electrical theory brought me to Europe, and I wished to see them as soon as possible and in the order named;

everything else could wait. Besides, I sincerely believed that these places had little to offer to a fellow like me, who knew the great things of New York. I was much disposed to look down upon things in Europe, a mental attitude which is not uncommon among American immigrants when they go back to pay a temporary visit to Europe. I had it quite strong, but sobering experiences like the conference with Niven in Cambridge helped me to apply suitable correction factors to this mental attitude. The following brief description of one of these experiences bears upon this point.

The London-Lucerne train crossed the Franco-Swiss frontier very early in the morning, somewhere near Neuchâtel. The delay necessary for the rearrangement of the train gave the passengers ample time to enjoy their breakfast in the garden of the station restaurant. A look to the east caught a sight which made me almost forget my breakfast. The distant snow-covered Alps bathed in the early sunshine and projected against the background of the luminous blue sky of a July morning furnished a picture never to be forgotten. I had never seen the Alps before, and this first view of them was of overpowering beauty. An Englishman, a fellow traveller, sitting opposite me at the breakfast-table, noticed my mental exaltation, and asked: "You have never seen the Alps before, have you?" "No," said I. "Oh, what a lucky lad you are!" said the Englishman, adding that he would give much to be in my place. He confessed that he had to climb the peaks of the Alps in order to get those thrills which in former days, when he was of my age, he got by looking at them from the valleys below. At his suggestion we continued our journey to Lucerne in the same compartment, and the stories of his climbing exploits stirred up mightily my imagination, which was already throbbing under the inspiration of the Alpine view which greeted me that morning. When I informed him that I was in a hurry to reach my native village of Idvor, otherwise I might try some climbing myself, he assured me that a ten days' delay in Lucerne would suffice to prepare me for climbing one of the lesser peaks, and he mentioned Titlis, not far from Lucerne.

He prescribed the training which would provide me with sufficiently steady Alpine legs. From the peak of the Titlis, he said, I could see old Switzerland where the famous legend was born which relates how Tell drove the fear of God into the hearts of Austrians. I always loved that legend, perhaps because I did not love the Austrian tyrants. When the train had reached Lucerne I saw the wonderful Alpine panorama spread out like an amphitheatre of snow-covered Alpine peaks around its deep-blue lake, and I knew that in spite of my great haste to reach Idvor I would not leave this fairy-land before I had reached the snow-covered peak of Titlis.

I hired immediately a rowboat for a week, and, clad in a rowing shirt with blue and white Columbia stripes and thin tennis trousers, I spent that afternoon exploring the beauty spots of the meandering shore of the historic lake. The joy of rowing and the busy rays of the July sun made me yield to the invitation of the clear waters of the lake to plunge in and hug the waves, which once upon a time carried Tell to safety after he had sent his arrow through the heart of the Austrian tyrant, Gessler. As if imitating the example of Tell, I jumped in just as I was, trusting that subsequent rowing and the sun would dry my scanty attire, and they did. A glorious feeling of freedom from all earthly restraints came over me as, floating on my back, I beheld the blue sky above and the snow-covered peaks around me. It was the same sky and the same luminous peaks, I thought, which five hundred years before saw William Tell chase away the Austrian tyrants from the historic cantons surrounding the lake; from Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. I felt that I was floating in the very cradle where real freedom first saw the light of day. No other spot on earth was more worthy of that immortal fame. My admiration for it never faded after that memorable July afternoon. Europe rose in my estimation; I was much less inclined to look down upon things European.

The next day I was up very early, feeling "as a strong man ready to run a race," the same feeling which I experienced at Castle Garden when, nine years before, I woke up early in the morning and hurried off to catch my first glimpse of the great

American metropolis. I was just as anxious to hurry off and catch from some mountain top my first glimpse of Switzerland. Mindful of the suggestions of my English acquaintance on the train, I started with the easiest climb, the Rigi Culm. It is a very easy effort, but I made it difficult by rowing first some ten miles to Weggis, going up to the Rigi and walking down, and then rowing back to Lucerne again on the same day, in the waning hours of the afternoon. An unexpected squall upset my boat, and I had quite a struggle to get back to Lucerne, very late in the evening. The hotel proprietor noticed my mussed-up appearance, but said nothing, seeing that I was not in a communicative mood.

The same strenuous method of preparatory training for the Titlis climb took me up to Mount Pilatus on the next day. But I was not allowed to return on the same day on account of a fierce thunderstorm raging in the valley below, which I watched from the top of the Pilatus. The innkeeper congratulated me upon my rare luck, not only because I had a chance to see the beautiful sight of a thunderstorm as viewed from a point above the thundering clouds, but principally because this thunderstorm prevented me from running the serious risk of descending and rowing back to Lucerne on the same day. Commenting upon the overconfidence of youth, the innkeeper said that every person has a guardian angel, but people intoxicated by wine or by exuberance of youth have two, one on each side. That was his explanation for the alleged fact, he said, that young people and intoxicated people seldom meet with serious accidents in mountain climbing. Some Americans, he thought, should have several guardian angels. This sarcasm was aimed at me, and it did not miss its mark.

Nevertheless, when on my fifth day in Lucerne I started out very early for the Titlis, I adopted the same strenuous method: rowing to Stansstadt, walking to Engelberg, and climbing to the hospice where I arrived at 11 P. M. I reached at sunrise of the following morning the top of Titlis, and saw the glories of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden which my English friend had promised. But I reached it much exhausted, and if it had not been

for the skilled assistance of my trusty Swiss guide, the last four lines of Longfellow's "Excelsior" would have described my Titlis climb quite accurately. I quote the lines:

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

Returning from Titlis I ran into my English friend, and he remarked that I looked a little overtrained. We dined together, and when I told him the story of my six days' Alpine experience, he begged me to hustle off to Idrov and see my mother first, and then return if I cared to pursue my own methods of exploring the beauties of Switzerland. "If you continue pursuing these methods now, I am afraid that your mother will never see you again, because there are not enough guardian angels in all the heavens to prevent you from breaking your neck." I agreed, but assured him that my overstrenuous method of climbing Titlis was worth the risk; it humbled my vanity and false pride, and made me more respectful to some of the slow ways of old Europe. It convinced me that even after serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn in the United States, I could still be a most verdant greenhorn in Europe. The railroad journey from Lucerne to Vienna afforded me much leisure time for philosophic reflections upon this matter. Thanks to Niven in Cambridge and to my English friend in Lucerne, I reached Vienna with a mental attitude considerably different from and certainly much less exalted than that which I took along when I sailed from New York four weeks before.

The railroad-station at Vienna where I took the train for Budapest looked quite familiar, although I saw it but once before. I did not discover the great and mighty station-master who at my first appearance there, eleven years before, nearly sent me back to the prisons of the military frontier. The conductor, however, who called me "Gnaediger Herr" (gracious sir), when near Gaensersdorf he asked me for my first-class ticket, was the same man who, eleven years before, called me a Serbian swineherd. I recognized

him easily, although he looked very humble and had lost the fierceness which he displayed when he roughly pulled me off my seat on that memorable first railroad journey from Budapest to Vienna. He failed to recall to memory the Serbian boy with yellow sheepskin coat and cap and the gaily colored bag. I gave him a generous tip as a reward for driving me into the arms of my good American friends, who saw me safely landed in Prague, and the memory of whose kind act suggested my running off to the land of Lincoln.

"America is the land of rapid changes," he said, when I told him that I was that boy, and he added: "You must have changed much, looking as you do like a real American; but we here and our dear old Austria are like all old people; we do not change except to grow older and more decrepit." He expressed exactly what I felt as I looked to the right and to the left of the train which was taking me to Budapest. Everything seemed to move slowly, with the deliberate step of feeble old age. Budapest looked small, and the suspension bridge, which nearly took my breath away eleven years before, when I first saw it, looked puny in comparison with the Brooklyn suspension bridge.

I spent no time in looking around in order to explore the virtues of the Magyar metropolis, but hustled, and presently I was on the boat which eleven years before brought me to Budapest. I could hardly believe that it was the same boat. It must have shrunk incredibly, I thought, or else my life in America had changed the vision of my eyes. Everything I saw looked small and shrivelled up, and if I had not seen the snow-covered giants of Switzerland as viewed from the top of Titlis, Europe itself might have appeared to me as small and shrivelled up.

When supper was served I noticed that everybody had atrocious table manners, even people of high official rank, several of whom I discovered among my fellow passengers. Eleven years before everybody on the boat looked so high and mighty that I was almost afraid to look at them, but this time I was much tempted to imagine that I was considerably above most of my fellow passengers. I resisted the temptation. It was a good thing that my climbing of the Titlis nearly

floored me; it suppressed much of that haughtiness which naturalized American immigrants bring with them when they visit Europe.

The next morning I noticed a group of Serb students who were returning home from the universities of Vienna and Budapest. They were from my native Vojvodina, and not from Serbia, as I found out later. Their appearance did not impress me very agreeably, but nevertheless I quivered with delight when I heard their Serb language. They spoke freely, although they must have noticed that they attracted my attention. One of them remarked that I could pass for a Serb, if it were not for my manner, my dress, and my very ruddy complexion. The voyage across the Atlantic and a week's tramping in Switzerland were responsible for my exaggerated ruddiness. A second one thought that young Serb peasants in Banat are just as ruddy, particularly during the harvest season, but he admitted that my appearance did not suggest that my occupation was that of a peasant. Another one suggested that I was probably a rich South American with very much red Indian blood in my veins. I laughed and, introducing myself, informed him, speaking Serb with some difficulty, that I was neither a South American nor an Indian, but just a Serb student who was a citizen of the United States. A Serb from the United States was a very rare bird in those days and, needless to say, I was invited most cordially to join the group, which I did. Not one of them reminded me of the alert, well-groomed, athletic, and playful American college boys. They all had long hair brushed back in a careless fashion, affecting the appearance of dreamy poets or disciples of radical doctrines. Most of them had slouch hats with wide brims, indicating radical tendencies. Their faces looked pale and suggested excessive indoor confinement in Vienna and Budapest cafés, playing chess or cards, or discussing radical doctrines. Most of them would have been hazed if they had matriculated in any American college without modifying much their appearance and manner. They certainly took themselves very seriously. They knew, I thought, many things which they had read in books, prin-

cially in books dealing with radical social-science theories. Tolstoy's name was mentioned quite often, and the latest apostles of socialistic doctrines also had their share of adulation. They must have observed that conversation about these things bored me, and they asked me, with some display of sarcasm, I thought, whether American college students took any interest in modern advanced thought. "They do," said I, considerably irritated, "and if it were not for Maxwell's new electrical theory and for other advanced theories in modern physics I would not have come to your moribund old Europe." "Advanced thought in social and not in physical sciences," they said, explaining their original question, and I answered that the most popular American doctrine in social science still rested upon foundations laid a hundred years before that time, in a document called the Declaration of Independence. They knew very little about it, and I knew even less about their radical social-science theories, and we changed the subject of our conversation.

Late in the afternoon the boat approached Karlovac and the hills of Froushka Gora. I could not help reminiscing, and entertained my Serb acquaintances with a description of my experiences with the theological students eleven years earlier, including the disappearance of my roast goose. My Serbian vocabulary was quite shaky, but nevertheless I made quite a hit, and they begged me to go on with my reminiscences. Whenever I was at a loss for a word, they helped me out. Toward sunset Belgrade hove in sight, and its majestic appearance thrilled me and made my Serb vocabulary run as smoothly as ever. I saluted Belgrade as the acropolis of all the Serbs, and expressed the hope that it might soon become the metropolis of all the southern Slavs. "This is the kind of advanced thought in social and political science that American students are interested in," I said, reminding them of their former question, and I added a few sarcastic remarks about advanced thoughts in social and political science which are not born in the heart of a nation but imported from the dens of French, German, and Russian theorists. They quickly caught what I called the American point

of view, but they did not oppose it, for fear, I thought, of offending me. They saw the American chip on my shoulder, and did not care to knock it off.

I had not seen Belgrade since I was a little boy, and as the boat approached it I saw its high fort rising like a Gibraltar above the waters of the Danube and looking anxiously across the endless plains of Austria-Hungary, which, like wide-open jaws of a hungry dragon, seemed to threaten to swallow it up. Everything I saw in Austria-Hungary looked small and shrivelled up, but Belgrade looked to me as if its proud head would touch the stars. The history of the long-suffering Serb race was grouped around it, and that lifted it up in my imagination to sublime heights. I was much tempted to stop there and climb up to the top of Mount Avala, near Belgrade, and from there send my greetings to heroic Serbia, just as I had sent my greetings to heroic Switzerland from the top of snow-covered Titlis. But I was told to look sharp if I wished to catch the last local boat to Panchievo, and so I bade good-by and au revoir to white-towered Belgrade, as the Serbian gouslars call it.

When the local boat arrived in Panchievo a delegation of young men, including one of the Serb students who came with me from Budapest, transferred me to another boat, which was crowded with what looked like a gay wedding-party. The singing society of Panchievo had chartered this boat to take it and its friends to Karlovac, where a great national gathering of Serbs was to take place on the following day. The earthly remains of the great Serb poet Branko Radichevich were to arrive there from Vienna, where, when still a youth, he died and was buried thirty years before that time. His body was to be transferred to and buried near Karlovac, on Strazhilovo hill, which was glorified by his immortal verses. His lyrics were messages to all Serbs, calling upon them to nurse their traditions and prepare for their national reunion. Representative Serbs from all parts of Serbdom were to assemble in Karlovac to escort the earthly remains of the popular poet to his last resting-place. I was to represent America, hence the invitation to join the Panchievo delegation. Serb nationalism flamed up in my heart again.

Our boat arrived at Karlovac in the early hours of the following morning, and there we found many singing societies and delegates from Vovvodina, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. A most picturesque gathering of splendid-looking young men and women, many of them in their national costumes of brilliant colors. The funeral procession started early in the afternoon. The singing societies from the principal centres of Serbdom, lined up in the march in proper succession, took up in turn the singing of the solemn and wonderfully harmonious funeral hymn: "Holy God, almighty God, immortal God, have mercy upon us."

The Orthodox church permits no instrumental music. Those who have had the good fortune to listen to Russian choirs know the power and the spiritual charm of their choral singing. Serb choirs are not their inferiors. No music appeals to our hearts so strongly as the music of the human voice. Every one of the singers in that procession at Karlovac felt that he was paying his last vocal tribute to the sacred memory of the national poet, and his voice rose up to the heavens above as if carried there by the wings of his inspired soul. The effect was irresistible, and there was not a single dry eye in the great national gathering. A dismembered nation united in tears was a most solemn and inspiring spectacle. One could not help feeling that these tears were welcome to the thirsty soil which nourished the roots of Serb nationalism. A nation which is united in song and in tears will never lose its unity. If the governments of Vienna and Budapest had foreseen the emotions which that solemn ceremony would arouse in the hearts of that vast and representative gathering coming from every part of the dismembered Serbdom, they would never have permitted it. But that would have meant the exercise of the perceptions of subtle psychology which these governments never had.

When the boat returned to Panchievo, Protoyeray Zivkovich, the poet-priest, who first suggested my transference from Panchievo to Prague, was watching for my arrival, and received me with tears of joy in his eyes. He was a protecting friend and adviser of my boyhood days, and he always considered himself indirectly re-

sponsible for my wandering away to the distant shores of America. When I thanked him for the choice feast which he had prepared for me, he assured me that his feast was only a feast of food, whereas the feast which I spread out before him when I answered his questions about America was a feast for his soul. I certainly did it, if I interpreted correctly the luminous flashes of his intelligent eyes. He was a man of about sixty, but his vigorous eye was still just as eloquent as the stirring verses of his younger days. "Tell your mother," he said, "that I am happy to bear the whole responsibility for your wandering away to distant America. It is no longer distant; it is now in my heart; you have brought America to us. It was a new world in my terrestrial geography; it is now a new world in my spiritual geography." His generous enthusiasm threatened to undo some of the sobering effects of Niven's conference at Cambridge. During my several visits at his house during that summer I had to repeat again and again my description of Beecher and of his sermons. He called him the brother of Joan of Arc of the new spiritual world; her flaming sword, he said, was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

My older sister and her husband drove to Panchevo and escorted me to Idvor. When Idvor's territory was reached I begged them to make a detour which would take me through the pasturelands and vineyards of Idvor, where I saw my happiest boyhood days. There, as if in a dream, I saw the boys of Idvor watching herds of oxen just as I used to do, and playing the same games which I used to play. The vineyards, the summer sky above them, and the river Tamish in the distance, where I learned to swim and dive, looked the same as ever. Presently the familiar church-spire of Idvor hove in sight, and gradually the sweet sound of the church-bells, announcing vespers, awakened countless memories in my mind and I found it difficult to control my emotions. As we drove slowly through little Idvor everything looked exactly as it looked eleven years before. There were no new houses, and the old ones looked as old as ever. The people did the same work which they always did during that season of the year, and they did it in the same way. When we reached the village

green I saw the gate of my mother's yard wide open, a sign that she expected a welcome guest. She sat alone on the bench under a tree in front of her house and waited, looking in the direction from which she expected me to come. When she saw my sister's team, I observed that suddenly she raised her white handkerchief to her eyes, and my sister whispered to me: "Maika plache!" ("Mother is weeping!") I jumped out of the wagon and hastened to embrace her. Oh, how wonderful is the power of tears, and how clear is our spiritual vision when a shower of tears has purified the turbulent atmosphere of our emotions! Mother's love and love for mother are the sweetest messages of God to the living earth.

Everything in Idvor looked the same, but my mother had changed; she looked much older, and much more beautiful. There was a saintly light in her eyes which disclosed to me the serene firmament of the spiritual world in which she lived. Raphael and Titian, I thought, never painted a more beautiful saint. I gazed and worshipped and felt most humble. "Come," she said, "and walk with me; we shall be alone; I want to hear your voice and see the light of your face, undisturbed." We walked slowly, and my mother recalled many things, reminding me of the familiar objects of my boyhood days, as: "Here is the path on which you walked to school; there is the church where you read the epistles on Sundays and holidays; there is the mill with the funnel-shaped thatched roof from the top of which you once removed the shining new tin star, imagining that it was a star from heaven; there is the house where Baba Batikin, of blessed memory, lived and taught you so many ancient tales; there is the house where old Aunt Tina cured your whooping-cough with charms and with herbs steeped in honey; here lived old Lyubomir, of blessed memory, who was so fond of you, and made your sheepskin coats and caps; here is the field where every evening you brought our horses to the chikosh (the village herdsman) to take them to the pasturelands."

By that time we had reached the end of the little village, but my mother prolonged our leisurely walk and presently we stood at the gate of the village cem-

etery. Pointing to a cross of red marble my mother said that it marked the grave of my father. When we reached it I kissed the cross, and kneeling upon the grave I prayed. My mother, loyal to Serb traditions, addressed the grave, saying: "Kosta, my faithful husband, here is your boy whom you loved more dearly than your own life, and whose name was on your lips when you breathed your last. Accept his prayer and his tears as his affectionate tribute to your blessed memory, which he will cherish forever."

On the way back we stopped at the church and kissed the icons of our patron saint and of St. Sava, and lighted two wax candles which mother had brought with her. I confessed to her that I felt as if a sacred communion had reunited me with the spirit of Idvor. That was her wish, she said, because she did not want Idvor to think that I was like a proud stranger from a proud, strange land. "I did not recognize you," she said, "when I first saw you in your sister's wagon until you smiled with the smile of your boyhood days, and then I shed the sweetest tears of my life. You look so learned and so far above us plain folks of Idvor that nobody will recognize the Misha they used to know, and whom they long to see, unless you show them the boy that they used to know." My promise to return to Idvor "rich in learning and academic honors" was evidently made good, according to my mother's opinion. But did not this learning and these academic honors carry with them an air which did not harmonize with the old-fashioned notions of Idvor? This, I believed, was in my mother's mind, and I made a careful note of it.

Idvor came to see me, and it assured me that there was no youngster in all the great plains of Vovvodina who was nearer to the heart of his native village than Misha. This affectionate regard was won by my strict observance of all the old customs of Idvor, as, for instance, kissing the hand of the old people of Idvor, and in return being kissed by them on the forehead. On the other hand, young peasant boys and girls of Idvor kissed my hand, and I kissed them on the cheek and petted them. My cousin, much older than I, was an ex-soldier and a stern *Knez* (chief) of the village. He

was the oldest male member and, therefore, the head of the Pupins. I was expected to keep this in mind constantly, and I did it whenever I stood in his mighty presence. American citizenship eliminated my allegiance to the Emperor of Austria-Hungary but not to the autocratic *Knez* of Idvor. There was another great person in Idvor whose presence inspired awe. He was my *koum* (godfather). My mother had lost all her children that were born in her earlier years, and was left childless for many years. She then bore two daughters when she was over thirty. I was born when she was over forty, in answer to her fervent prayer, she firmly believed, that God grant her a son. A boy born late in life, if he is to live, must, according to a popular belief in Idvor, be handed out through the front window to the first person who comes along, and that person has to carry the baby to church quickly and have it baptized. In this manner a very poor and humble peasant of Idvor became my *koum*. A *koum's* authority over his godchild is, theoretically at least, unlimited, according to Serbian custom. In practice, a godchild must eat humble pie when the *koum* is present. Between my cousin, who, as *Knez*, was at the head of the village, and my *koum*, who was somewhere near the bottom of the village, I had some difficulty to steer the correct course of conduct. I succeeded, thanks to my efforts to please my mother, and the peasants of Idvor most cheerfully admitted that America must be a fine Christian country, since it gave me a training which harmonizes so well with the Christian traditions of Idvor. My presidency in the junior year at Columbia College; my undisputed authority among some of the young aristocrats of New York; and the many scholastic successes in my academic career had sown some seeds of vanity and false pride in my heart. But these seeds were smothered by the inexorable rigors of Idvor's traditions. Humility is the cardinal virtue in a youth among the peasants of Idvor.

Needless to say that the story of my life since I left Idvor was retold many a time until my mother and my sisters knew it by heart. It was sweet music to their ears. I enjoyed it, too, because summer evenings in a Serbian garden are

most conducive to spinning out of reminiscent tales. The village worthies spent many Sunday afternoons in my mother's garden asking many, many a question about America. Tales about things like the Brooklyn Bridge, the elevated railroad, the tall buildings in New York, and the agricultural operations of the West were received with many expressions of wonder, but at times also, I thought, with some reserve. A simple peasant mind could not accept without considerable reserve the statement that a machine can cut, bind, and load the seasoned wheat, all at the same time, with nothing but a few stupid horses to drag it along. After a while my store of information became exhausted, and I had much less to say, but the wise men of Idvor urged me to go on. They met my apologies with the statement that peasant Ghiga never left Idvor in all his life until one day he went to a neighboring village, about ten miles away, and saw the county fair. He returned to Idvor on the same day, and for six weeks he never ceased talking about the great things which he saw at that county fair. "Just imagine," said the priest, "how much he would have had to say if he had been nine years in great America!"

I was overwhelmed with invitations to attend concerts and festivals in many places of my native Banat, and when I attended I was often called upon to say something about America, and, of course, I spoke about my favorite subject: "The American Doctrine of Freedom." People talked and papers wrote about it. One day the Fehispan, the governor of Torontal, where Idvor belonged under the new division of Hungary, sent for me, and appointed the hour for a conference. I went, carrying my American citizenship papers and my Columbia diploma in my pocket. When I entered his office I saw a handsome young man of about thirty, quite athletic in appearance, and looking like an English aristocrat in dress and in manner. I was told beforehand that he was a young Hungarian nobleman who prided himself upon his English university training. I wondered how he would act when he saw before him a Serb youth from the peasant village of Idvor who prided himself upon his American college training. He looked puzzled when I en-

tered and saluted him with a Serbian "Dobroytro gospodine!" ("Good morning, sir") accompanying my salute with an Anglo-Saxon bow, that is a jerky motion of the head from the shoulders up. The bow of continental Europe is much more elaborate. After some hesitation he asked me to sit down, and then, as if by an afterthought, he brought a chair himself and offered it to me. We spoke in English, since I did not understand Hungarian, and he did not care to speak Serb. By way of introduction I showed him my American citizenship papers and my diploma, and he remarked that these documents agreed with my appearance and manner, adding quickly that he meant a compliment. He asked me how I liked Idvor and Hungary. When I told him that I never knew much about Hungary, but that Budapest and even its famous bridge looked to me small and shrivelled up, probably because I compared things there with things in New York, "It is big enough, is it not, to be the metropolis of the southern Slavs in Hungary?" he asked. "It undoubtedly is," said I, "but somewhat inconvenient and unnatural." I volunteered this opinion, seeing from his somewhat inquisitorial manner that he knew much about my doings, and that he had heard of my salute to Belgrade when my boat from Budapest approached it a month earlier.

"This, I suppose, is the doctrine which you preached at Karlovac, at the national gathering there?" asked the handsome and genial inquisitor, and I answered: "No; I had no time; I was too busy carrying the body of the great poet to Strazhilo. Besides, the Karlovac ceremony itself was really a grand sermon which glorified that doctrine, and some day it may prevail, when the slow mind of the southern Slav wakes up and does the natural thing." "The quick mind of the Hungarian crown may wake up sooner and do the natural thing," said the young Fehispan, and added: "What you say now confirms my information that in your public utterances you deny the divine right of the crown and proclaim the divine right of the people." "That is one of the messages of our American Declaration of Independence," said I, "and I delivered that message to people here who were anxious to hear some-

thing about America." Then I added that Kossuth, while in America, was glorifying the divine right of the Hungarian people and denying the divine right of the Hapsburg crown in Hungary. I heard this and many other Hungarian democratic doctrines from Henry Ward Beecher, who was a great friend and admirer of Kossuth, and I told him that. He saw that my trigger was ready if he attempted any further moves in this direction. "You are certainly frank and honest, like all real Americans that I know; that makes them most attractive. But why don't you naturalized Americans mind your own business when you visit us?" He was much less stern and serious when he said this, and I was only too glad to play a more cheerful tune, and said: "Our most important business here is our mission to make you, our poor relations here, happy and prosperous by having you adopt the American point of view."

He was a wealthy Hungarian magnate who owned several villages, each of them bigger than Idvor, and this answer coming from a son of poor Idvor amused him much. From that moment on our conference was much less formal, and became even cordial when he offered me coffee and cigarettes. I jokingly told him that Magyarism and Teutonism drove me away from Panchievo and Prague, and now that I was back for a visit I wished to pay them back with a little present of a few American ideas. "Your American ideas," he retorted jokingly, "will make you even less popular here than your Serb nationalism did eleven years ago. Drop them while you are here. You'll have more fun shooting wild ducks in the lowlands of the Tamish River near Idvor than clearing up to dullards the American point of view. The duck season is on, and it is a pity to miss a single day. I'll lend you an American gun which is just right for that sort of business." He did, and that gun kept me busy and saved him the trouble of watching my movements. The village notary accompanied me on my shooting tramps; he was an expert fisherman and shot, and spared no pains to please me and—the Fehispan. A two weeks' tramp in the marshes of the Tamish River, chasing the elusive duck, diminished my haste to harmonize the political point of

view of the Serbs in the Voyvodina with American ideas.

When the vintage was over, toward the end of September, I made ready to start for Cambridge. I was sorry to leave, because the merry season in Voyvodina is on when the vintage is over and the new wine has ceased fermenting. The golden crops are then all in, and the lazy pigs are fat and round, and ready to be served at wedding-feasts. In other lands it is the springtime when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love; in the Serb Voyvodina it is the autumn season which has that mysterious power. It is in the autumn when marriage-bells never cease ringing, and the bagpipes with the merry songs of wedding-feasts stir up the hearts from one end of the Banat plains to the other. But my mother diverted my attention to more serious thoughts, and she assured me that she was even more happy preparing me for my journey to Cambridge than she was when, eleven years before, she was preparing me for my journey to Prague.

A few days prior to my departure the village worthies prepared a fish-supper in my honor. The Tamish fishermen cooked it in their traditional way over a wood fire burning under the open sky. The little supper-party reached the fishermen's hut on the bank of the Tamish River just about sunset. The western sky was all aglow with the golden light of the parting day, and so was the surface of the tranquil Tamish River, made luminous by the image of the western sky. The rest of the landscape looked dark by contrast, excepting the glowing faces of the patient supper-party, who sat around the busy fires and watched the boiling kettles and the broiling pans. At some distance and standing at the very end of a fisherman's barge was the dark silhouette of a tall young shepherd, who stood there lonely like some solitary dark spectre hovering over the golden surface of the Tamish River. It was just the spot for one who sought seclusion and longed for quiet meditation. No ripple in the water or in the air disturbed his dreams, if he had any, and I thought that he had. His sheep had been watered and he had finished his frugal supper long ago, before the light of the day had retired below the distant horizon line of the Banat plains.

The silence of the approaching night awakened emotions which only his tuneful flute could express, and suddenly he poured his soul into a melody which surely was not addressed to mere phantoms of the vacuous space. I felt that the quivering air was conveying through the evening silence a message of love to some maiden who was perhaps just then spinning under some thatched roof of drowsy Idvor and thinking of him. The priest approached me to tell me that the fish was ready and that the feast would soon begin. I told him that my feast had already begun and called his attention to the heavenly melody. He said: "Oh, that's Gabriel, the son of my neighbor Milutin. He entered the village school when you left Idvor, and he finished it long ago. He will be married on St. Michael's day, and what you hear now is

his sefdalia (song of sighs) for his future bride, who is over there in our drowsy village." When he jokingly suggested that I might be looking forward to the enjoyment of the sweets of simple pastoral life which were in store for Gabriel, if I had not turned my back on Idvor eleven years before, I answered that perhaps it was not too late to correct the error. The priest looked astonished, and asked me whether I had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in order to become a shepherd of Idvor. I said nothing, but I knew that Gabriel's melody had disclosed to me another world in which the question "What is Light?" is by no means the most important question. There were other great questions of human life the answers to which can perhaps be found in Idvor without a knowledge of Maxwell's electrical theory.

Thomas Nelson Page

AN APPRECIATION

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Befo' de War" (with Thomas Nelson Page), "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.



BOTH heredity and environment deeply influenced the life and character of Thomas Nelson Page, and gave a subtle and indefinable flavor to his stories of Virginia and the South.

In "Old Yorktown," his first published prose contribution to *Scribner's Monthly*, in 1881, written with the modesty which was always one of his notable characteristics, he whispered the enchantment of a bygone age in the romantic story of the ancient town where the Revolution ended, and of the earlier men of his line who had flourished in its vicinage. Its founder was "Scotch Tom" Nelson, first of the name in the colony, whose tomb, with armorial gravings indicating that he was a "gentleman," still stands in a near-by field. In the same "graveyard" are other Nelson graves—of William, "Scotch Tom's" eldest son, President of the Coun-

cil in his day, and of Thomas, son of the "President," signer of the Declaration of Independence, war governor of Virginia, and major-general of the Continental forces—and in the village itself is the old "Nelson House." A few miles below Yorktown, on the other side of the York River, is "Rosewell," built about 1725 by Mann Page, grandson of the immigrant "Colonel" John Page, from Middlesex, England, founder of the family in Virginia, where lived, in those stirring times, Mann's son, John, member of the Committee of Safety, lieutenant-governor, and later governor of the Commonwealth.

From "Colonel" John, on the paternal side, and from "Scotch Tom" on the maternal, the line of Thomas Nelson Page ran down through these men. His father, Major John Page, of "Oakland," grandson of Governor John Page, proved himself a patriot and soldier in the war of the 'sixties; while his mother, Elizabeth Burwell Nelson, granddaughter of the "signer,"



Photograph copyright by Eva Barrett, Rome.

Thomas Nelson Page.

From a photograph taken when Mr. Page was serving as Ambassador at Rome.

saw not only her husband but her brother William, himself a member of the family at "Oakland," engage in the tragic struggle. The blood of Burwells and Lees and Carters and Berkeleys and Grymeses, and many other old families, mingled through intermarriage with the Page-Nelson pedigrees; and the "Virginia Cousins," who came visiting at "Oakland," were as prominent for their social position, if not for their political power, as had been his progenitors in colony and commonwealth.

It was only natural that from early boyhood he should have been interested in his State and people; and, though "ancestry" was seldom mentioned at "Oakland," he had early heard the legends and stories of the "Nelson House" and of "Rosewell," and of the neighboring country that had been "the cradle of the Republic." Not far from Yorktown had stood the summer residence of Governor Spotswood, ablest and most picturesque of the Colonial governors, who had led the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" across the Blue Ridge into the Shenandoah Valley—the first of the great expeditions in "the winning of the West"; and near "Rosewell" still stands the massive stone chimney that marks the favorite residence of Powhatan, father of Pocahontas. A few miles distant, about midway between the York and the James Rivers, is Williamsburg, the Colonial capital, and its college of William and Mary, where the fires of the Revolution were kindled; and at Jamestown, some eight miles from Williamsburg, had been made the first permanent English settlement in America. The homes of the "River Barons," seats of his Colonial kinsmen, still stand along the Rappahannock, the York, and the James Rivers, enveloped with the golden atmosphere of a romantic past. Nearer than these to "Oakland" were Hanover Court House, where "Tom" Page, as a lawyer, argued some of his earliest law cases in the old building in which Patrick Henry made his famous speech in "the Parson's Cause," and "Old Fork Church," whose stanchest supporters for generations have been the Nelsons and Pages; and where Dolly Madison, in the flower of her youth, attended divine services.

The magic of these places and of many more kindled his mind when he was scarcely conscious of it; and the glamour

of Virginia history was ever in his blood and brain. Much of it he told in his historical books and essays, and even more is written between the lines of his stories and novels. The legend of it all remained a passion with him through life; and one of his latest public appearances as a speaker "at home" was at a State Bar Association meeting, when he urged upon his brother-lawyers the importance of their writing Virginia history.

At "Oakland" stood, until 1899, when it was burned, and rebuilt on the same site but on a larger scale, the country house in which he was born, and where he spent his boyhood. It was on ground that had been in his family from the time of the original grant to "Scotch Tom." The Nelsons were great landowners, possessing a tract of some ten thousand acres between the Little and the New Found Rivers; and it was to this tract that William Nelson, who succeeded Botetourt at the latter's death in 1770 in the chief magistracy of the colony, sent "my Lord Botetourt's horses" to be grazed; and on it was the post-Revolutionary home of General Thomas Nelson, a few miles from "Oakland," of which the Marquis de Chastellux has left charming mention in his "Memoirs."

At "Oakland" the boy grew up in an atmosphere of books, piety, and simplicity. The meanings of courage and integrity and the virtues of Christian character were early impressed on the young people of the household by the precept and example of their father and mother and their uncle, William Nelson, who had been an artillery colonel in the Confederate army. It was "Uncle William's" custom to "read prayers" to the assembled family each morning and evening; and he went with them on Sundays in such a "country carriage" as is described in "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," through all sorts of weather, to "Old Fork Church," where as lay-reader he conducted services. He was a militant Christian, and had taken his Hanover Artillery to the front in 1861, when he was fifty-six years old—a command that was never paroled. His nephew was fond of telling how after the war the old gentleman would relate to the "Oakland" boys stories of the great struggle and of Lee's army, and picture to them the places of

his guns in battle with the old silver salt-cellar and pepper-cruets, bearing the Nelson arms and crest, while he marked on the table-cloth the lines of the contending forces with crusts of bread.

In his "Two Little Confederates," an early copy of which "Tom" Page took pride and pleasure in sending to a friend of his college days whose experiences of the war had been not unlike his own, with the inscription "From one little Confederate to another," he told the story of the lads at "Oakland" "amid the camps" and within the sound of the guns; and "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," are both memorials of that tragic time.

His father, "who among all men" whom he knew in his youth was the most familiar with books, and who "of all men he had ever known exemplified best" for him "the virtue of open-handedness," taught him a love of the classics, ancient and modern, and wrought into his heart and mind the virtues and magnanimities of a lofty race; and from his gentle and accomplished mother he learned those amenities and graces that were his through life. If authors write themselves into their books, he did even more. He wrote into them, unconsciously it may be, but none the less inevitably, himself, his old home, his father, his mother, his "Uncle William," his brothers and cousins and friends; and "My Cousin Fanny," to whom, when he was learning his Latin lesson, he would sometimes read "line by line Cæsar or Ovid or Cicero," lying down before the fire, is a biography of one who not only taught him Latin but was also his dancing-teacher. And the black people on the plantation, whose affection for their "white folks" illumines his Virginia stories, and whose thoughts and emotions he transmuted into their language with faultless skill, likewise move through the pages of many of his books.

With the end of the war poverty came from the scarred battle-fields to most Virginia homes, and the boys at "Oakland" worked on the farm and milked the cows and looked after the live stock, and read and studied their lessons at night by the light of "tallow-dips" and "light-wood" torches; and the essence of all these things too got into the stories.

After a brief season at a country school five miles distant from "Oakland," taught

by one of his innumerable "cousins," to which he walked daily, he entered Washington College. This was in 1868, when he was a lad of not yet sixteen; and at Lexington he came in personal contact with General Robert E. Lee, then president of the college, who left with him indelible memories.

At Lexington, too, he exercised his pen with contributions to *The Collegian*, the students' paper, of which he became editor; and he practised speaking in one of the literary societies with such assiduity and success that he won the "orator's medal."

The exigencies of the lean years in the "Old Dominion," led him, upon graduation, to school-teaching for a year. He seldom recurred in conversation to this experience, save to deplore the necessity of any youth of eager ambition and energy having to teach school. During his stay as a teacher in Kentucky he sent a story to *The Courier-Journal* which was "declined with thanks." In later years he jestingly reminded the managing editor of its declination, who promptly and diplomatically told him that "it had never come to his notice."

At the University of Virginia, where he became a law student in 1873, he remained one session, graduating bachelor of law. His life there was studious and uneventful, save for the making of a few lasting friendships, which he thenceforth cherished till death. He lived "downtown" in Charlottesville, with a Nelson kinsman, walking daily a distance of more than a mile to his classes; and beyond occasional social visits in the town and its vicinage, and writing now and then an article or poem for *The University Magazine*, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his getting his degree. In the early summer of 1921, on a visit to the university, his way led him one day in the direction of one of the old Virginia homes near by where he had been a welcome visitor in his student days; and he turned in at the gate "to see the old office again where we had such happy times," and to cut a bud from the bush of nearly fifty years before. It was the scene of his poem, "The Apple Trees at Even," and he recited a verse of it, as he gathered the rose.

When he went to Richmond after his graduation and opened a law office, he underwent the usual waiting period of the

young lawyer of his day, and in the absence of an influx of business and fees he occasionally turned his attention to amateur journalism and wrote for the local press. In these early years one of his college intimates, then living in Charlottesville, got a commission from a New York newspaper to "report" an "address" that Ralph Waldo Emerson had accepted an invitation to make at the university, and Page came up on a similar errand for a Richmond daily. Mr. Emerson was then quite an old man, and the lecture was delivered in so low a tone that few heard it. The two young "reporters," when it was concluded, approached him with the deference due his age and reputation, and civilly prayed the temporary loan of his manuscript. He replied that he "wanted nothing to do with them—that he was at war with newspaper reporters," and refused the proffered request. The disappointed youths, the value of whose reports depended entirely on what they might give of the sage of Concord's essay, retired in high dudgeon, and together concocted a letter to the Richmond paper which dealt with Mr. Emerson in a manner not at all complimentary. The article appeared next day in the paper, and created consternation among the university authorities who threatened to debar the offenders thenceforth from the precincts. The matter, however, was soon forgotten except by the disappointed "reporters," and Page was wont to say in after-years, with a chuckle, that he had come to regard it as one of the most impudent and outrageous performances on the part of himself and his coadjutor of which he had ever known.

The devotion which he felt for the university was returned with interest by its alumni and faculty. He was a trustee of its endowment fund and president of its alumni association. He frequently came back to make occasional addresses and to deliver lectures on literary topics—his last appearance in this rôle having been when he lectured on "Dante" under the Barbour-Page Foundation, which had been established many years before by his second wife.

In 1877 he published in the "Bric-à-Brac" department of the old *Scribner's Monthly* "Uncle Gabe's White Folks," a dialect poem which was his earliest magazine contribution for which he re-

ceived compensation—a tender story in the negro vernacular, depicting the affectionate relations between the races as he had known them on the old plantation. "Marse Chan" followed in 1881 in the *Century*, the successor of *Scribner's Monthly*, which had been accepted by the editor two or three years before its actual appearance in print. It was among the first of the dialect short stories of the period, and won immediate recognition with magazine readers for its charm of sentiment and fidelity to nature; but it was not until its republication four years later in *Scribner's "Stories by American Authors,"* that it began to be widely and generally known. Two years afterward "In Ole Virginia" came from the press, with "Marse Chan" leading a notable procession of five other stories—"Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," "No Haid Pawn," and "Polly," all previously published in magazines,—and obtained a wide vogue, establishing his fame as master of an inimitable art.

In 1886 he married Anne Seddon Bruce, the lovely young daughter of Captain Charles Bruce of "Staunton Hill," in Charlotte County, Virginia, and sister of Philip Alexander Bruce, the Virginia historian, and of William Cabell Bruce, recently elected United States Senator from Maryland. She came of a gifted family, and was herself the possessor of unusual talents and accomplishments and of an intense ambition for her husband's literary success; and it was during their brief and happy married life, which was terminated by her death in 1888, that he did some of his best work, including the story "Meh Lady," which he wrote for her.

About this time he gave a series of public readings from his stories in various Southern and Western cities, which met with much favor and extended his popularity. His soft and flexible voice, peculiarly Virginian, was one of singular sweetness, and he read with an intonation and expression that lent beauty and charm to every sentence. His personality was always pleasing, and his graceful bearing and captivating smile enhanced the romance and sentiment of the unaccustomed stories. The impression they produced is reflected in some lines printed in a newspaper in a far Southern city by an entranced auditor who heard him read "Marse Chan":

"To us of younger years that sad romance
 Seems like some legend of the days of old,
 As when King Arthur and his knights drew
 lance
 Ere yet the flame of chivalry grew cold.

To elder hearts it brings a joy, half pain,
 A gleam by sorrow's shadow darkly crossed,
 As if the ghost of youth came back again
 To vex us with the things that we have lost."

Five years after the death of his first wife he married Mrs. Florence Lathrop Field, widow of Mr. Henry Field, of Chicago, and grandniece of James Barbour, governor of Virginia, secretary of war in the cabinet of John Quincy Adams and minister at the court of St. James's, and of Philip Pendleton Barbour, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. She was a woman of social charm and of great intelligence and culture, and in her companionship the last twenty-five years of his life were happily spent. Soon after this marriage he abandoned his law office in Richmond, and removing to Washington applied himself exclusively to literary work, and stories and novels came from his pen in frequent succession.

His house in Washington was the centre of much that was best in the social, diplomatic, and literary life of the nation's capital, and in it his wife and himself were the dispensers of a hospitality that must remain unforgettable by those who partook of it. But his heart never lost its love for "Oakland" and his "people," to whom he had dedicated his first published volume. The place remained in the ownership of himself and his two brothers, the younger of whom, Rosewell Page, continued to reside there with his family after the death of his father and mother, and his visits home to the kin folks and neighbors and friends, white and black, of his earlier years were constantly recurrent. These visits were always hailed with pleasure by all Hanoverians, and a few of the older darkeys, after he went to Rome, regarded him with mingled devotion and awe. One of them, "Aunt Charlotte," a former slave at "Oakland," who lived to be a hundred and whom he had pensioned, sent him a message while in Italy: "Tell him, while he's settin' up by earthly kings, not to forget de Heabenly King."

His devotion to his State and its story was a part of his larger love for America

and of a catholicity of spirit that was more than cosmopolitan. When he was sent as ambassador to Italy, in 1913, he determined to "celebrate" the event by taking his brother Rosewell and one of his earliest friends as his guests on a visit to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, where he had spent many delightful hours in the years of its charm as a favorite resort of the Virginia people. Here he showed the joy and enthusiasm of a school-boy in his walks about the place and in the rekindling of youthful memories; and when, after a few days' stay, he left it for his post of duty abroad it was with high hopes of serving his country, though with little anticipation of the coming tremendous tragedy in which he was so soon to bear a devoted and significant part. Of that service it is needless to tell here. It now belongs to history.

Upon his return to America he again took up in Washington the threads of his interrupted literary work, and wrote the story of "Italy in the World War" and his lectures on "Dante and His Influence" which were published in his last book. After taking part in the centennial celebration of the University of Virginia, in June, 1921, he went back to his summer home in Maine to find his wife mortally stricken. Her death broke up his domestic life in Washington, and he finally determined to return to "Oakland" to live and there devote himself to the composition of his "Recollections." Two days after his arrival he paid to nature the debt that is charged against mortality. The story of his end is such a one as he might have woven into some tale of his about "his people." The "Old Virginian," after a time of early hardship and struggle that finally had brought him a fame beyond that of most writers of his generation, had come back to "fall on sleep" amid the loved home scenes, in the kindly presence of those who were his nearest and dearest.

On the first day of November, 1922, he was in the garden at "Oakland," in company with his brother Rosewell's wife and two faithful servants of many years, engaged in the planting of shrubbery. To one of them he had just said: "Take the spade and do a little digging," when he sank to the ground and his heart was stilled forever.

The Home-Wreckers

BY BADGER CLARK

Author of "The Gumbo Lily," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY PITZ



WHAT better housekeeper do you want than me?" asked Rider, dropping a few slices of bacon into the skillet and wiping his hands on his overalls.

"What better home do you want than this log house? What's got you lately, anyway, Haley? Ever since that rock rolled on your foot last week you've sat around here and sighed and moaned like the ridge pines on a fall night. I'm doing all the work these days, but I'm satisfied."

"That's because you never had any different kind of a life," said Haley, shifting restlessly in the home-made pine morris-chair which was his by right of his temporary invalidism. "You never got married and had a home."

"Home! What's this?" said the other, waving a greasy fork. "House, spring, and fire-wood—garden stuff from our own patch, eggs and chicken from our own hens, trout from the creek and deer meat hanging up in the lean-to all winter. And besides all that, liberty—no shift boss and no woman."

"No woman; that's the trouble with it," complained Haley.

"No woman; that's the beauty of it," retorted Rider, flipping the writhing bacon into an enamel-ware plate and stirring a spoonful of flour into the hot grease of the skillet. "A woman would call my liberty laziness, and be miserable because I was so comfortable. She'd nag, rag, pester, and everlastingly aggravate me until she got me back where I was four years ago—twelve hundred feet down in the belly of the earth, with dark and damp and sweat and candle grease and stuttering machine drills for company, eight long hours a day."

"She'd make a man of you," declared Haley.

"She'd make a mutt of me," rejoined Rider, snatching up a kettleful of boiled potatoes and carrying them to the open door to drain them. He interrupted his discourse with a brief imprecation as the steam from the kettle scalded his fingers, and then continued. "It's so long since you were married that you've forgot. You're in your second childhood. You're like a twenty-year-old kid—all sentiment and no sense. Think! Remember! A woman looks nice and inviting, don't she? Oh, yes; she puts in all her single life trying to look sweet and trap one of us—sling your eye over the ads in that woman's magazine on the floor and see if she don't—but later in the game she biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, as the prohibitionists used to say. You're too old not to know that."

"Oh, it ain't just the being married," said the invalid. "It's having a woman around the house. It's enjoying her ways of doing things. For instance," he went on maliciously, as Rider jerked a pan of biscuits from the oven and dumped them in a heap on the oilcloth-covered table, "for instance, a woman don't set the table that way."

Rider was not above the feminine weakness of being sensitive about his housekeeping, and he glared at his partner a moment before he tossed the biscuit-pan behind the cook-stove with a tinny clash. He picked up the skillet and, giving the gravy a final swirl, began scraping it out into a bowl before he answered, with an obviously labored calmness.

"Listen, Haley. You haven't crooked a finger about this cooking for a solid week. I've done it all. I'm sorry you don't like my style of service, but if you want things done woman-fashion you can

just hoist yourself on them crutches and crow-hop down to the widow's for dinner."

"I'd be right glad to have him," said a cheerful voice, and Rider, startled and abashed, nearly dropped the skillet as he looked up and found the person he had just mentioned in the doorway. The widow was a pleasant sight even in a mountain country, where pleasant sights are scattered about everywhere and piled half-way to the supreme beauties of the sky. Her eyes were bright, her expression good-humored, and her teeth—a point which Haley and Rider, as experienced horsemen, had often remarked upon—were notably sound and white. Her face might be forty; her starchy attire suggested a bride of twenty-two and her feet looked about seventeen, as all women's feet should.

Haley's bronzed face shone with pleasure as he hastily buttoned his flannel shirt, a detail of his toilet generally neglected. He was one of these lean old-timers whose salient features are a hawk-like nose and a prominent Adam's apple, and, though his mouth was completely concealed by the huge, drooping mustache so popular in the West during the vogue of the heavy, single-action six-shooter, the sudden appearance of many little lines around his eyes indicated that the curtained lips were smiling.

"Hello, Mrs. Mead," he cried cordially. "Come in! Come in, and have a bite of chuck. Rider's got it all ready."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," replied the widow. "I was just baking some sarvice-berry pies, and Sonny and I," playfully twisting the ear of a ten-year-old boy beside her, "took a notion we'd run up and bring you one and see how you're getting along. How's the bad foot these days?"

"Fine!" said Haley with enthusiasm. "Since I put on that liniment you sent up day before yesterday it hasn't made a bit of fuss."

"Except that it kept both of us awake until nigh daylight this morning," Rider murmured absently, as he placed the bacon and potatoes on the table.

"It was too bad," said the widow quickly, as she saw the glance Haley shot at the apparently guileless cook, "too bad that the accident happened just when you

were getting along so well with the tunnel."

"Oh, don't worry about that," answered Haley. "We only peck away at that tunnel to fill up time in our lonesome, good-for-nothing days. If we did make a million-dollar strike in that tunnel what would be the good of it?"

"He means since prohibition," amended Rider, in the same absent manner as before.

"No," said the widow to Haley, ignoring Rider's remark, "there isn't much to work for in a lone life. If I didn't have the children, I believe I'd just naturally cave in. They'll keep me interested until I get them raised and educated anyway. But you men—in a world as full of women as this is—" she laughed, with a flash of her excellent teeth and a slight deepening of the healthy color under the smooth brown of her cheeks. "Well, I must run home and finish my baking."

Haley dismissed her with effusive thanks for the pie, in which the misogynous Rider found grace to join rather perfunctorily, and then she stepped briskly down the trail from the cabin, with her hand on Sonny's shoulder.

"Well," said Rider with an air of relief, "hitch up your chair, Haley. I take notice," he went on, glancing out the door, "that the county has sent a gang of men down to build a new concrete bridge across the creek. This tourist business is making a lot of difference in the looks of the roads—and the county treasury."

Haley showed little interest in the good-roads movement. He ate with a heartiness that should have flattered the cook, but replied only in monosyllables to the latter's remarks on subjects of public interest until, at the end of the meal, Rider picked up the butcher-knife and proceeded to cut Mrs. Mead's pie.

"The widow's a nice woman," he said, as he watched Rider's blade sink through the flaky crust and then rise again, dripping with the sweet purple juice. "She never comes near this shack but she brings that kid with her, so as to have everything proper."

"And to make you notice her niceness and her properness," replied Rider, with evident distaste for this turn in the conversation. "She's nice enough, but can't



"No woman; that's the trouble with it," complained Haley.—Page 81.

you see why? She's been aiming for the last year to break up our home. It always hurts a woman to see any man running around loose without a halter on. She thinks he ought to be at work in some woman's harness—feels just the same about it as we used to feel, in the old days, when we'd see wild horses on the plains."

"Well, what of it?" Haley argued. "The widow has got the ranch to look after and the children to raise, and it's lonesome in these hills. She wants a protector."

"Or a cheap ranch hand, mebbe," sneered Rider, "and I reckon you'd like to qualify for the job. You were married

once, Haley, and you've told me that you used to get drunk every other pay-day regular. Why was that?"

"Oh, that was the style then," answered Haley uncomfortably.

"Style!" snapped the other. "Own up that it was because you had to ease the strain on your disposition some way. And now, after being single five or six years, you've forgot your lesson. The widow's a good neighbor. Leave her that. We're well fixed, free, and happy. Leave us that, and don't go dreaming around until, the first thing you know, you find yourself down in the dust, hog-tied and sentenced to the collar for life. You——"

"Oh, hold on!" interrupted Haley with impatience. "Who's getting married, anyhow? I just said, and I stand to it, that it's good to have a woman around the house—brightens things up and makes a man more contented. She don't have to be your wife—mebbe it's better not—but a sister, say, or a daughter."

Rider hesitated over his reply to this, as a kind-hearted gambler might hesitate to show a winning hand that would leave his opponent bankrupt. He had worked and "bached" with Haley for four years. They had long ago battered down each other's reserves, as men in such a situation do, and in their frequent arguments were customarily as courteous and considerate as a couple of bear cubs in a scuffle, yet the real affection that existed between them made Rider look vacantly out at the pines in the gulch and speak slowly as he said: "You lived with your daughter about a year after your wife died, didn't you?"

Haley admitted it with visible confusion.

"And you got drunk even then, didn't you?"

Rider purposely kept his eyes turned away from his friend in the moment of painful silence that followed.

"Oh, well," said Haley finally, "that was a pioneer picnic. An old-timer had to celebrate and do honor to the old times the best he could."

"And you came home from that picnic," pursued Rider, like a lawyer prying a damaging admission out of a witness, "and showed your real, natural feelings about this woman business by throwing your daughter out of the house."

"I didn't!" said Haley indignantly. "I just took her by the shoulders and pushed her out. I remember that much. There wasn't nothing rough about it; I just sort of eased her out, and if she'd have been most women it wouldn't have mattered. But Myrtie was high-strung, even higher than her mother, so she only came back long enough to pack a suitcase while I was asleep, and I've never got track of her since."

"Well, it happened for the best all around," said Rider who, having made his point, was willing to spare his partner further confusion. "If Myrtie had stayed

with you she'd be married by now, and then she and her husband would sort of ease *you* out of the house. I've seen that done. There's nothing that makes people meaner than what they call being in love. They never think of anybody but themselves. As it is now, here we are, easy and independent, and everything's all right."

"I wish I could get some word from Myrtie, though," faltered Haley, with a wistfulness that always made Rider uneasy.

"No need to worry about her," he reassured. "Myrtie was smart in a dozen ways, and a manager. She'd be as happy in a big city as a coyote in a hencoop. All girls are. There's so many men there to pick from, when they throw their rope. That's a woman's business in life, to catch and break a man, just like men catch and break horses. But you and me have hit a high range, where we can eat free grass, and stomp, and snort, and run maverick to the end of our days. Well, I guess I'll let these dishes go until night. I've got to hoe that garden pretty soon or we won't be able to find it. Get up and I'll drag your chair out on the porch where you can watch the cars go by on the road. There's more of 'em every summer."

Rider worked all afternoon in the garden, hoeing the rich black soil that sparkled with mica and stopping at intervals to roll a cigarette and lean meditatively on his hoe while he smoked. Rider had been born with a hearty dislike of routine and hard work, yet without that chronic restlessness which makes the hobo. As a young man he had drifted from the paternal ranch into the hills, drawn by the idea that high wages and the eight-hour day made mining a more genteel and pleasant occupation than ranching. Thereafter mere force of custom had kept him working, a secretly unhappy and rebellious conscientious objector in the ranks of labor, until, in his late thirties, he had formed his connection with Haley and stumbled into paradise. The life with Haley in the cabin realized many of Rider's dreams. He enjoyed the leisurely prospecting and the hunting and fishing, while the necessary evil of a few weeks of regular work each year in mine or logging camp, to maintain their cash, only added

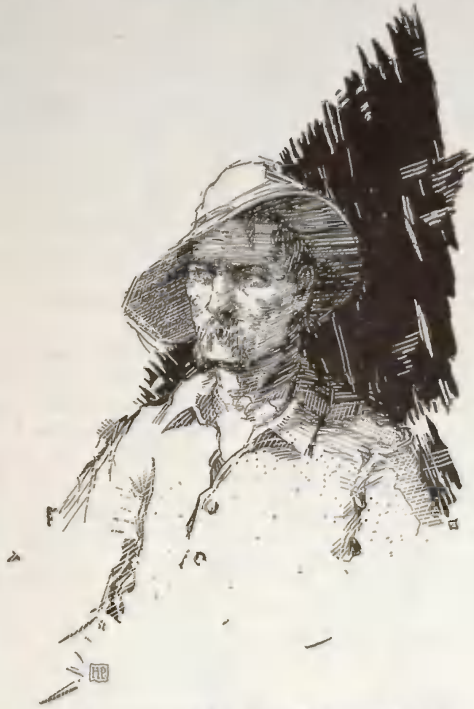
zest to the abundant and luxurious loafing among the changeless, silent hills covered with slow-growing pines, where time moved only at the easy gait of the sun and the seasons. With a different early environment Rider might have become a poet.

He had always distrusted marriage because it manifestly involved work and responsibility, and with him the usual youthful essays in love had been half-hearted, hesitating affairs, uniformly ending in the triumph of some more venturesome wooer. He had borne these disappointments philosophically, and if his philosophy did not immediately heal his wounds, the contemplation of his successful rival's way of life a year or two after marriage generally accomplished it.

As he grew older and fewer women looked at him with interest he felt a certain satisfaction in the lessening danger that some woman's fancy might conspire with his own occasional romantic impulses to kidnap him and carry him over the dread border of the state of matrimony. Now he was far more content than most men, and, knowing it, was as vigilant as any jealous wife to guard his winnings. Haley seemed essential to his happiness, for he did not wish to live in solitude, and if Haley were taken from him he felt it would mean a return to town, the drab bondage of regular employment, and probably, as a final rivet in his fetters, marriage.

"The old man's getting worse," he reflected, as he leaned on his hoe and blinked in the brilliant mountain sunshine. "These spells of his are getting longer and closer together. He's an old-time married man and being married is like any other bad habit—you never do get clean shut of it and it's always likely to come back

on you. And then, he never gets through feeling cheap about his daughter. Can't blame him much, and I oughtn't to rub it in on him like I did to-day, but I've got to jar him out of these fits some way. He'll be better when his foot gets well and he won't have so much time to mope around and read love stories in the magazines. I've got to keep him amused. We might go down and chin with the widow to-



Haley, . . . one of these lean old-timers.—Page 82.

night—but no, worst thing in the world. I guess I'll take him up to the ranger station for an hour or two. If the ranger's wife should take a notion to haze her man around the way she does sometimes, it would be a mighty healthy thing for Haley. If women only showed their claws oftener, they'd be a heap less dangerous."

Rider suspended operations in the garden early enough to gather a few wild raspberries and catch a few trout from the creek for supper, to please Haley, and, after that meal was over, proposed a visit to the ranger station. Haley, it seemed, had been considering a call on the widow, but he yielded readily, adjusted his

crutches, and they made their way up the gulch just after sunset. The mountain twilight was very still and very lovely, and they did not break its charm by discussing it, but trudged along in silence. Now and then came the distant wail of a coyote from the dim pine woods, which may have given a thrill of wildness and freedom to Rider or a shiver of longing to Haley, but was too familiar for either to comment upon. Presently they heard another sound, quite as familiar but far less primitive—the purr of a gasoline motor—and saw the last light from the west flash on the windshield of a car coming down the road. As it approached them it stopped, and a woman in knickerbockers slipped from under the steering-wheel and stepped to the ground. A man, apparently her husband, sat in the front seat with a small child asleep in his arms, while a little girl shared the back seat with a pile of camping impedimenta. The lady stooped to inspect a tire and then kicked it thoughtfully with the toe of a business-like laced boot.

"Need any help, ma'am?" asked Haley, lifting his dusty black Stetson.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, without looking at them. "I was a little doubtful about that tire, but I guess it will stand up for another ten miles."

They stood aside and watched her as she sprang back to her seat, switched on her lights, and got away in a little swirl of dust and gas.

"Pants!" said Rider, gazing at the diminishing tail-light. "The sceptre and the pants are departing from man."

"The widow never wears pants," returned Haley, "except when she's driving the hayrake or riding."

"Don't you worry!" said Rider. "She everlastingly wears them on her mind, like all women do. What a smooth bunch they are! For a thousand years they've bossed men with gentle words and a light hand on the bit, but now they're getting reckless and beginning to use quirt and spur."

"Seems to me you have lots of hard things to say about them," commented Haley mildly.

"Well," said Rider, with the light of militant reform in his eye, "somebody ought to say such things, and the men

with women folks don't dare." Then his sternness vanished and he began to chuckle. "Haley, I never took notice until the last few years how many of the human family are bow-legged. Old cow-punchers and old Sioux Indians average pretty high in that line, but I'll bet they assay considerable less, by the hundred, than——"

"Say," remonstrated Haley, "ain't you got any ideals at all? Ease off on the women and cuss the government awhile."

When they reached the ranger station they found the ranger, in his worn uniform of forest green, sitting before a table with a pair of telephone receivers on his ears and fussing at an odd-looking box. His wife, who stood beside him, nodded to them without speaking, and the ranger, after waving a friendly greeting, held a stiff palm toward them to enjoin silence.

"Radio," he explained briefly to the surprised prospectors. "Just about to get something. Wait a minute."

Haley and Rider, removing their hats as if in church, stood watching with wide-eyed interest, and for several minutes the four people in the room made neither sound nor movement.

"Damn the static!" snapped the ranger suddenly.

"'Gene!" chided his wife.

"Oh, the kid's asleep," he protested.

"But I'm not," said she.

Rider took a soft step nearer Haley in order to nudge him, and again all speech and motion were suspended. Presently the ranger's face brightened, and after another careful touch or two at the knobs in front of him, he smiled.

"Coming in good," he said. "Here, Haley, sit down and get an earful. There's another receiver for you, Rider."

A moment later the two friends were listening with awe to a woman's voice which mysteriously sang into their ears from the black rubber receivers, for in the more remote districts of the United States there are still a few people who are capable of wonder. They had read about such things in the magazines, of course, but the singing voice was vastly more marvellous than any amount of black print. Rider sat rigid with attention for some time and then, on turning to look



Drawn by Henry Pitt.

Rider worked all afternoon in the garden, . . . stopping at intervals to roll a cigarette and lean meditatively on his hoe while he smoked.—Page 84.

at Haley, he gave a violent start. The older man appeared to be very ill. His eyes were staring and the blood had sunk away from his face, leaving it a ghastly yellow.

"Oh, Lord!" Rider heard him mutter weakly. "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul!"

Then the red came back to his face with a rush and he reached forward and began twirling the knobs of the apparatus, with the result that the singing voice died in a sudden squeal. He fumbled eagerly over the cabinet in a vain search for something and then, snatching the receivers from his head, placed a calloused thumb over the orifice in one of them and shouted into the other: "Hello, Myrtie! hello! hello!"

"Look out, there, Haley!" interposed the astonished ranger. "You'll bust something. This is only a receiving set. What's the matter with you?"

"It's Myrtie, I tell you," cried the prospector. "It's Myrtie, my girl!"

"Well, I'll—" the ranger glanced toward his wife and hesitated. "Well, I'll declare! The announcer said something like that—Bailey?—Haley? Yes; it *was*—Miss Myrtle Haley!"

"Of course it is," insisted Haley. "Wouldn't I know? How far away is she? Deadwood?"

"And then some!" said the ranger smiling. "The sending station is a good four hundred miles from here, air line."

"Do you know her address?"

"Why, yes; I guess I can dig up the address of the broadcasting people."

"All right," responded Haley, his eyes glittering with excitement. "I want you to phone a telegram into town for me. I'll go in with the mail man to-morrow morning and catch the train. I got six hundred in the bank——"

"Aw, slow down," said Rider, who had listened thus far in a condition resembling paralysis. "You've got too much to say for a telegram. There'll be lots of explanations——"

"I'll make 'em when I see her. I'm going to-morrow."

"But she may not want to see you," Rider argued desperately. "It's been four years since you heard from her. You say she's high-strung——"

"Oh, shut up!" said the father, chuckling. "I'll go down on my marrow bones to her if it's necessary, but I know it won't be. Why, didn't you hear her song? She was singing 'Dear Old Daddy Dear.'"

In a daze Rider went home that night and helped Haley with his meagre packing. Several times during the hours of darkness and before the time for the mail in the morning he feebly attempted to dissuade his precipitate partner, but Haley disdained argument and simply laughed him down. The hour of parting drew on with amazing swiftness, and then Rider helped his friend into the palpitating little car of the mail-carrier and they clasped hands.

"Good-by, old socks!" said Haley heartily. "I'll see you sometime. I'm going to my own women folks. Good luck!"

Rider went back to the cabin and spent an idle morning on the porch in company with an aged and sinful pipe. The sunny mountains, with their drifting cloud shadows, ached with silence, and the musty cabin behind him was like a tomb.

"And a woman got him, after all," he soliloquized bitterly. "Here I've guarded him away from women all this time, and then a woman got him—shot him by wireless at a range of four hundred miles. What's the use?"

He took a cold snack at noon and then climbed up to the tunnel where he and Haley had centred their rather languid hopes of fortune for the past year and tried to work. He was a miner of long experience, but never before it seemed had he been in an underground working that was so full of ghostly, growling echoes when he moved or so horribly still when he was quiet. After an hour he gave it up, dug a few angleworms in the garden, and fished out the afternoon along the clear, rushing creek, which was more cheerful.

He came home late in the day with a good catch, but instead of preparing supper lounged on the porch, listlessly smoking and gazing down the gulch toward the widow's place. He could see a rich little field of tall, green wheat, bordered, right and left, by the creek and a

thicket of birches and quaking aspens; beyond that was the garden spot, and still beyond was the house, a low, comfortable-looking structure snuggled among a group of spruce, with a wisp of blue wood smoke curling from the chimney, while all was guarded on either hand by the towering slopes of the hills, shaggy with pine. From afar he could hear the shouted laughter of a child and the playful barking of a dog. Then a nearer sound made him look down to find that the cat, a plump, pampered animal, had seized one of the trout by the tail and was endeavoring to drag away the whole catch.

"Woman!" growled Rider, rescuing the fish, "woman! I reckon you're bound to get what you're after anyway, so I might as well give it to you."

He detached one of the trout from the willow switch on which they were strung

and tossed it to the cat just as Sonny came scampering up the trail.

"Mother sent you this glass of pin-cherry jelly for your supper, Mr. Rider," panted the boy. "She reckons you must be lonesome with Mr. Haley gone."

Pin-cherry, the queen of all jellies! It was no common gift. The last rays of the sun through a gap in the western hills made the glass glow like a great ruby in Rider's hands, and he considered it as might a crystal gazer trying to fathom the future. This was a moment of destiny and he realized it. Then, quickly and quietly, as most of the truly great decisions in life are made, he picked up the string of trout and handed them to Sonny.

"Take that mess of fish down to your mother, son," he said gently, almost sadly, "and tell her I aim to drop in this evening and visit a spell."




A low, comfortable-looking structure, snuggled among a group of spruce

"Mainsprings of Men"

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

I. WHY DO WE FEEL THAT WAY?

"E are now eight thousand feet above sea-level," the guide explained to his party. "Beyond this altitude you will see no more trees."

Two hours later they paused again for breath.

"We have now reached nearly two miles of elevation," the leader informed them. "From now on, we shall encounter no more vegetation."

Almost worn out, the group paused a few thousand feet higher up as he pointed to the heights above.

"You must now make your final preparations for the night upon the summit. Beyond this level you will find no more—picture post-cards!"

It is useless to make a more serious attempt to remind us how completely it is our associations with each other that constitute the real bread and meat and cake of the meal of life, with shelter, food, and raiment serving as the mere cups and saucers thereof.

Mother, child, home, fatherland, friends, honor, God—all these call forth our energies up to that last full measure of devotion which reaches beyond life's farthest limits. Each is a name for a particular kind of bond between one person and another. Together they make the upper part of that frame of relationships with our fellow humans within which all the action of our life's drama finds its setting.

A fourteen-year-old lad in France has described the distances these bonds or barriers are constantly establishing for determining our group, as well as our individual, points of view:

"It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without

raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights, the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view. But from one side to another hearts are touching."

With these distances that mark the wars of nations, we have, unfortunately, been long familiar; the catastrophes they threaten were never better known nor better feared than to-day. But meanwhile, nearer and more disconcerting threats have arisen from the new Ysers which separate industrial and social group from group with a distance greater than the distance of the stars of the sky, *inside* the various national boundaries.

Within the last twenty years it has been my fortune to enjoy exceptional opportunity to pass back and forth between the lines that divide the common laborer from the captain of industry. Whether here in America or in Britain, Germany, or France, each crossing of this "No Man's Land" has brought a fresh though paradoxical surprise—surprise, first, at the sharp concreteness of the bristling differences between group and group; and, next, at the amazing though intangible power of the similarities which, deep beneath the surface, bind the factions unalterably to each other.

It is bad enough that to-day in America group stands opposed to group with such distances as only our Civil War revealed. It is infinitely worse that each group

seeks to justify its stand by putting the blame on "human nature."

According to all the contestants it is "human nature" that causes the bloodshed of interclass as well as international warfare—and, of necessity, always will. It is "human nature" that causes such unmitigated loafing as surprised me in the labor gangs of the steel plants, and always will. "Human nature," it is, that bars the way—and always will—against all efforts to secure reasonable reactions from Glasgow's dockers or the "Wobblies" of the Northwest's lumber-camp or, speaking from the other side, from the capitalistic owners who control them. "Human nature," of course, takes always the line of least resistance. And so on without end—according to this effort at self-justification.

I will confess that I have returned from some weeks among the strike-breakers in the recent railway strike more shocked than ever before at the depths to which human nature is capable of going. Nevertheless, I insist that it is time for every able-minded non-contestant to protest against those who, in order to win a short-lived victory, insist on befouling the "nature" that must remain, after all, the one and the ultimate tool of humanity, be it asset or liability.

Luckily, the philosophers are running to the defense on all sides. They are announcing this or that discovery intended to set forth as the cause of the present difficulties something that will explain our near-deadly differences and, at the same time, furnish a means of their overcoming through the saving grace of our equally fundamental resemblances.

"Yesterday, and ever since history began, men were related to one another as individuals," so our Ex-President Wilson gives his diagnosis of the trouble. "Today the every-day relationships of men are largely with great impersonal concerns, with organizations, not with other individual men.

"Now this is nothing short of a new social age, a new era of human relationships, a new stage-setting for the drama of life."

Is he right?

If this is the cause of our disquieting enmities and distrusts, does it mean that

these must be endured until we can somehow get back to the old individual simplicities by cutting ourselves off from the local Chamber of Commerce, the Federation of Labor, or The Rotary Club as well as from the steel trust, the Monroe Doctrine, or the commonwealth of nations? Are we searching to-day as never before to find some fairly simple rule beneath our dealings with others because we want to discover some Northwest Passage which will enable us to move around this new and chilly Continent of Impersonal Organization? Or are we hoping against hope to find somewhere something that may simplify the morning paper's report of yesterday's nip-and-tuck combination of pain and pleasure which poets call "this pleasing anxious being" and we call life?

"Moslem World Dreams Conquest."

"Lloyd George Troubles Wife Less When Fighting."

"Homely Youth Stabs Handsome Rival."

"Dog Dies to Save Boy Master."

"Mother of Nine Jumps into River."

My friend the locomotive fireman glories in the fact that *his* job, at least, frees him from all necessity of searching for any explanation of such an absurd aggregation of human doings and misdoings.

"You see, an engine's all-fired temperamental," so he explains after he has studied his fire-box carefully and, with a twist of the wrist, has slid the coal off his shovel into exactly the right black, and therefore burned, spots in his fire. "You gotta study her, and humor her. She always wants coal *when* she wants it, and *where* *exact*. You can mebbe fool a fellow human—they're all easy, seems like. But, believe me, you gotta go some to fool a fire!"

Manifestly enough, both he and the engineer feel the thrill of working, not with the intangible spiritualities of influence, but with the law-abiding certainties of material and measurable, and hence controllable, forces. It is because these forces know and obey their master's voice that the finest train on the road hauls its thousands. So, like all scientists, these masters have a mild contempt for all their higher ups and executives—not to men-

tion all teachers, preachers, lawyers, and other thinkers who can't boss shovels and throttles themselves and so are forced to earn their living by getting other people to boss them. If the fire isn't doing its job, there's the steam-gauge to tell you all about it before the whole show lies down on you, cold. But when it comes to getting other people to do the right thing at the right time:

"Why, man alive! how're you goin' to know? You can't put no gauge on 'em, can you? And there's no signals to give you a 'Fair Block!' or a 'Slow with caution' nor nothin'! It's all just guesswork—it's gotta be—with people so fickle and fancy-free like 'n' everything. Nothin' o' that in mine, thank you!"

The strange thing is this: most of the foremen, superintendents, and other leaders of present-day industry and business—not to mention those in many other fields—like to feel that while their dealings with things represent science, their dealings with "*things*"—with people—represent mystery and magic.

"Well, you see business—business is business."

So the captain of commerce is likely to insist that the doings of the store, the office, or the factory are entirely too diverse and subtle ever to be asked to submit to the same kind of study by which we may hope to understand and control events in other fields.

"What you don't know, sonny, won't hurt you!" so my foreman used to employ the same alibi in his effort to hold onto the "mystery" by which he was foreman, when I would ask why the steel sheets for the automobiles were begun in the steam and smoke and sweat of the "hot rolls," but had to be finished in the grease and grime of the "cold rolls." In the same way labor-unions are apt to write into the law of various lands that no one shall become a mine manager without the actual experience of an excessive number of years—with the resultant serious discouragement of all scientific training.

"But people are so different you can't apply the same rule twice," is another defensive alibi for safeguarding the mystery and side-stepping the "science" of dealing with people. "We'll do anything for our 'hands' that other people tell us is

practical—that gets results. But we can't take time to look up the theory."

Unfortunately, such a stand does not prevent any of us from having our own pet theory. Most of us are apt to follow our boast of practical hard-headedness with what serves, to be sure, as the most common explanation of human conduct even though it remains nothing but pure theory:

"It's all in the pay envelope—without more and more money, you can't get anybody to do a blessed thing!"

"It's all politics!" so other millions of us with equal suavity and certainty habitually assume to probe the source of some far-reaching decision which may have come only after nights of sleepless heart-searching beneath the White House roof.

"Ignorance. It's all ignorance!" or "sin and selfishness!" Thus the educator or the preacher is likely to apply his pet hypothesis—and so to condemn us all to a long, long wait before we can hope for any substantial improvement in the headlines of the breakfast-table thriller.

An amazing amount of the present highly disturbing bitterness between moneyed and moneyless, patriot and foreigner, orthodox and atheist follows upon this practicalist habit of checking up our people by our theory instead of checking up our theory by our people.

"For twenty years," so the employer is likely to explain, "we have always paid our men the highest-going wage. And yet the moment some leader calls a strike, they lay down their tools and leave us flat. Beyond understanding, they are. What's the use of trying to get along with them?" Or, according to a union member:

"Here's the employer. He lets us work for him year after year, and then the minute we get into a jam, he turns us out of the company houses, and into the snow. Just in order to get a few "scabs" who will work for ten cents an hour less. What can you do with such a boss but fight him?"

"This idea that the coal-miners want the money of regular work every day is all wrong," protests another. "Why, at our mine we can't possibly keep them steady—and away from their constant

weddings or funerals, fishing parties or holidays. They're simply impossible. You've got to 'treat 'em rough.'"

Such failure of a particular theory to explain the facts results in the abandonment—no, not of the theory, but of all belief in the other fellow's susceptibility to any fair or logical appeal. With that the stage is set for tragedy and war: a fellow clansman has been proved a Barbarian and Philistine—impervious to all accepted human motives. To distrust him and to fight him is, therefore, not only unavoidable but a conscientious duty to the rest of a sane and reasonable mankind!

In fairly recent times such loyalty to a single-track assumption, as to the proper means to the salvation of our souls, made a work of grace out of the slaughter of heretics and witches. To-day it enables millions of us to enjoy the gracious glow of virtue's warrior as we hear the name of the particular band of outlaws our reasoning has thus put outside the pale. "Organized Labor," "Organized Capital," "Bourgeoisie," "Bolshevist"—who of us is so insignificant as not to condemn others or be ourselves condemned by others, to membership in one of these?

Unless the "new social age," with its so-called "impersonal concerns," is to be accepted as nothing but a fabric of such frenzied affiliations or bloody antipathies as were demonstrated by the World War abroad or the "Labor Wars of 1922" here at home, we must find—and find quickly—some explanation of the doings of others to which we can pledge our loyalty, without taking on so much of armor and acrimony, and taking off so much of human reasonableness and human dignity.

Surely, there is hope in this: that no one can pass from sympathetic attendance at the camp-fires of the conflicting social or industrial armies without being certain of one thing; namely, that each army is hugging to itself a certain line of thought or impulse which more than justifies its action *to itself*.

To miss that line is to miss *all*, and so to close the gates and declare the war!

Some years ago, in the Philippines, the murder of our army officers by half-crazed natives became serious. From

week to week it was believed the depredations would cease because every offender had either met immediate or a slightly postponed death. Manifestly enough, the instinct of self-preservation could be counted upon to dissuade from further efforts. When they continued it was evident that nothing could be done with such unreasonable savages.

Some months later a young lieutenant returned from a sojourn in the family of a tribal chief. Shortly thereafter another fanatic broke loose with fatal results to several officers and himself. The population was amazed to see proclamations the following day inviting them to the murderer's interment. At the appointed hour the body was brought out by soldiers and lowered into the grave. The population seemed hardly to breathe as it watched in open-mouthed wonder.

Suddenly was heard a squealing. Up to the edge of the grave the soldiers led a frantic pig. There they cut its throat. Women screamed and men threw themselves upon the ground in prayer as the animal's blood squirted out on to the body of the dead slayer.

That was the last of the murders of the oath-bound "Juramentados."

"To the killer of an infidel, or of his country's enemies, the Koran has promised the immediate and permanent enjoyment of the dark-eyed houri of heaven," so the lieutenant explained. "Only one thing can separate such self-sacrifice from the satisfactions of unending lust. His body must not come in contact with the blood of a pig."

If this network of religious beliefs, political prejudice, industrial misconceptions, or social antipathies were carried on our sleeves or even on the top of our minds, or if it were not forever changing—then our understanding of that line of justification behind the other fellow's action would be simple—and the war short.

"Say, whaat do yez mean, a-punchin' into a mon's car like that? Gimme yer name and be quick! . . . Oh! And where might ye hev been borned, Pat, me mon? . . . In County Cork! Well, now! 'Tis a fair country, thot. . . . And now hev yez any idee what would be the name, Pat, av thot d—d Dago that backed into yez?"

The story of our lives could doubtless be told in such assertions or such "fade-aways" of the view-points established by our earlier attitudes, experiences, and associations. Most of us, of course, insist that all these changes—whether their "tempo" is slower or faster than the policeman's—have occurred because the facts themselves—or, at least, our understanding of them—have changed, and that the whole thing has been thoroughly and immovably based in the unprejudiced concrete of our reason and logic.

But it hardly needs to be argued that for most of us, more facts are less important than a reweighing and revaluation of those we already have. Indeed, it is hard to know where to turn in order to find a fact that is much more than a collection of other peoples' weighings and reweighings. Nowadays we stop to observe the fighting of a fire on the street and proceed later to search the paper for the meaning of what we saw. That meaning is hardly likely to be the one the reporter contributed. The "city desk" is apt to add his own valuations—of course after these have been properly adjusted for the particular "slant" required by the management's general policy. But the editor's valuations, in turn, are not so much his as they are his best guesses or "hunches" as to the probable nature of the weighings likely to be made by us, his readers. Of us, in turn, the weighings are not so much a matter between us and the editor as between us and those about us whose weighings we come to know in advance by virtue of our own "hunches"!

No wonder that the faculties of our reason and logic throw up their hands, and leave this complex compounding of our attitudes to our feelings.

"Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food," so Benjamin Franklin tells us in his autobiography of the part played so often by our reason, "and on this occasion I considered . . . the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination,

till I recollected that when the fish were opened, I saw small fish taken out of their stomachs; and then, thought I, 'If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you.' So I dined upon cod very heartily. . . . So convenient a thing is it to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find, or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."

In such wise our feelings, with the aid of our logic, proceed to the determination of all those boundaries and barriers and distances that set the stage with the view-points, beliefs, prejudices, "hunches," and hankerings from which our action proceeds to flow in the consciousness of complete and uttermost reasonableness.

"When Germany loses, mama cries. Papa cries when Germany wins," so the Russian Czarevitch reported the emotions that shook not only his distinguished parents but, later, the very foundations of Europe and the world.

What made them feel that way?

Well, the ductless glands are the latest to have our attention for their influence upon the value scales of our emotions, and so upon our daily doings. The temperate zone, the "co-efficient of humidity," and a thousand other factors of our local physical or physiological environment have come in for due attention. Perhaps the most serious consideration has been given by the philosophers to what might be called our "long-distance" environment.

"Man is born into his world accompanied by a rich psychical disposition which furnishes him ready-made all his motives of conduct, economic or wasteful, moral or depraved. He can show a demand for nothing that is not prompted by this galaxy of instincts." So Carlton H. Parker described what he believed serve as the root motives in our modern economic life.

"Take away these instinctive dispositions with their powerful impulses," according to Professor MacDougall of Harvard, "and the human organization would become incapable of activity of any kind—like a wonderful clockwork whose mainspring had been removed."

Now I submit that neither these local nor these long-distance pullers of the triggers of our feelings go far enough to meet our present need. They fall short

in this: they do not provide an explanation sufficiently simple for the daily guidance of those among us who must earn our living by the daily direction of our influence on men's doings—whether in commerce and industry or education, religion, and politics.

Certainly the head of a force of, say, 3,000 factory workers cannot hope to secure the co-operation of his machinists or his clerks by means of an examination of the differences between the pituitary or the thyroid glands of his two groups! Nor could the local climate be expected to provide a sufficient reason for the marked dissimilarity of the view-point of clerk and machinist, and that is exactly the nub of his difficulty. Even the wide assortment of instincts, though perhaps sufficient to furnish a particular explanation for each of the various groups throughout the plant, hardly solves the problem of his routine day.

"Hello! hello! Is this the superintendent? Say, the whole tool-room is walking out on us! Come up here quick and tell us what to do!"

On his way over to answer the foreman's frantic appeal, how can the "super" pick out the particular "instinctive disposition" with which something is evidently the matter?

1. Gregariousness—with its "trek to the city," and its "sensitiveness to the opinions of others."
2. Parental bent.
3. Curiosity.
4. Workmanship.
5. Acquisition. Collecting. Ownership.
6. Fear and flight.
7. Mental activity.
8. Homing or settling (children's play-houses, etc.)
9. Migration—the cause of the hobo.
10. Hunting: causes religious inquisitions, witch-burnings, competitor-beating, trust-busting, etc.
11. Anger. Pugnacity.
12. Revolt at confinement.
13. Revulsion.
14. Leadership and mastery.
15. Subordination and submission.
16. Display or ostentation.
17. Hunger.
18. Sex.

"It's Number 5! That's what's doing this business; these fellows want to own the place! . . . Or perhaps Number 12." So the superintendent may ruminate as he hurries along with the list in his clinched fists.

His problem has hardly been simplified. His psychological tool-chest contains too many tools—with no adequate instruction as to how to use them. Worst of all, there is little if any explanation as to how they work in connection with each other. If "No. 5" is really causing the trouble, how many units of "No. 4" or "No. 16" will have to be applied in order to bring the hoped-for equilibrium of impulse and the consequent peace of mind?

In short, the superintendent has in his hands, not a group of explanations and causes, but a mere catalogue of various well-worn channels of behavior. Worse still, the catalogue has completely failed to give the hoped-for common denominator—the factor by which the whole list may somehow be tied together and the force or thrust of one be determined in terms of another. If we divide the catalogue into those that furnish self-preservation for our physical selves and those that work for our social well-being, it is evident that "Gregariousness" or "Herd instinct" covers such a multitude of social sins and virtues in the complexity of our present-day environment that the mere name itself gives little help.

To be sure, we may see in all our bewildering variety of modern social and spiritual calls and answers nothing but the "sublimation" or civilized refinement of those primitive habits which once saved our material skins. But, in that case we have set up a Frankenstein image. We have given our safety over into the hands mainly of our fancy. He is a dull dreamer, indeed, who cannot find for every situation an easy and apparently fitting sublimate!

Admittedly, we shall never get away from the reach of these inborn tendencies which are implanted in our physiological equipment for physiological purposes. Admittedly, too, these have their social masks for exerting force upon us within our present setting. Nevertheless, it is folly not to see what is the root of the matter—that every one of these present high-speed, multiplex days of ours *has so decreased the proportion of the requirements*

of our physical self-preservation and so increased the proportion of the demands of our social well-being as to require some less primitive statement of the sources of our modern activities.

Within us, to be sure, are numberless memories of a dim but inescapable past, ready at any moment to remind us of the necessity of saving our stomachs. The trouble is that the development of modern statecraft has all but made extreme hunger an offense against the law! Prison-bars await the social malefactor who would try to starve himself to death. But what are we to say of our fellow citizens who each year turn away from their crowded dinner tables and succeed in taking their own lives—to the fearful total of ten thousand?

In these days of the labor-union, the

Thirteenth Street gang, the federation of women's clubs, or the League of Nations, the saving of our physiological skins has given way as the chief of human motives to the saving of our social faces.

This change in *proportion* between these two compulsions—this, I submit, is the real change in the setting of our modern stage. Our failure properly to observe and adjust ourselves to this change—this, and not the formation of the new and supposedly impersonal organizations,—this, I submit, has brought our present state of deadly inter-class belligerency and induced the present world-wide “funk” about our common “human nature.”

The statement of the heart's-bottom mainspring wish of all of us which this change necessitates will occupy the second article.

Winter Moonrise

BY EVELYN M. WATSON

ALL silent like a picture limned in frost,
I see the twilight flow 'mid hills and trees—
The dim, bleak, snow-marked hills, and naked trees—
And valley farm homes' snowy mansard roofs
Make silhouettes against the wan gray sky.
Cold colors dimly tremble through the west,
To rise and shift across the darkening dome.
The sun, a rayless disk of burnished bronze,
Appears to sink within a sea of lifeless gray,
Whence dying lights inflame the sky, and mark
With fire the narrow-mullioned windows of the house,
And touch the snowy-tinselled trees with crimson lights.

And, as the gray of sky
With all its transient western glory sinks
Within the limitless, uncharted blacks
Of night, the moon, a silent crescent, brightens
Against the dark, wherein the stars now glitter
As frosts which lie upon the cold still earth.
A faint light trembles through the north. 'Tis night.

There comes a cold bright thought—that light
Is seldom wholly absent quite from our sky.
The pitch-black hours are very, very few,
If not the sun, then moon and stars prevail,
Reflected glory bring to grace life's nights.
And winter has the stars of snows to speak,
A symbolic mantle of God's protecting love.
A shivering beggar smiling at the moon,
I find content for this winter dark of mine.

“Uffs”

ANOTHER STORY OF “VAN TASSEL” AND “BIG BILL”

BY HENRY H. CURRAN

Author of “Hey, Toolan’s Marchin’!” etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY



AS Patrolman John Kane, Traffic A, went on post in Fifth Avenue, somewhere south of Fourteenth Street, he drew on his gray gloves quickly and stamped his feet on the cold pavement. The early morning sun was squinting over the housetops, but there had been four days of cold April rain, and the clouds swept in from the west in great low billows that kept back the sunshine except for a flashing glimpse here and there. The storm was still in the air, and the sharpness of March was in the wind that whirled around the corner.

“Ugh! Not much spring in this!” shivered the traffic-cop, as he waved a solitary truck on its lumbering cross-town way. He looked down, as though something in his uniform were missing, and shivered once more, as he realized the loss of the overcoat that departmental orders had just banished for the season.

“Wrong again!” he commented, in recognition of the departmental wisdom that annually picks the coldest day in April for the shedding of overcoats. The seasoned cop instinctively crowds sweaters and newspapers to his bosom, behind his brass buttons, when the overcoat order appears; for he knows that a cold snap is coming. And, once the overcoat is off, he knows it will not be ordered on again, though blizzards blow and snow-flakes fly.

Officer Kane was not the only doubter of spring. Men hurried around the corner with coat-collars turned up, and a pair of stenographers stopped and turned around for breath as they came suddenly into the teeth of the wind. Tommaso, who had cleaned this block for many years, came by with head lowered as he doggedly pushed his broom over the pavement before him. He wore a black rub-

ber coat, rubber hat, and rubber boots. Only where the coat was unbuttoned at the neck did the white of his uniform show.

“Hey, Tom, wha’ d’yer do with that hot spell?” hailed Kane.

The cleaner stopped, looked up, and meditated; then, with a shrug of his shoulders, went on.

“Feelin’ good to-day, Tom?” Kane threw after him, with a grin.

On the sidewalk a knot of taxi-drivers huddled behind the line of taxis, where there was shelter. The storm awning that ran out from the high building flapped and snapped in the wind. Kane looked over the taxis, then turned around in a circle as he surveyed the street crossing horizon that would hold him in its grip until sunset. Nothing unusual, he registered, as he beckoned on the first office-bound limousine from the north, with his best “good morning” grin. There was a shuffle among the taxi men, and he looked again, more sharply.

“Hey, come back here!” a voice shouted.

“Come here, you rat!”

There was a scuffle, and one of the drivers suddenly shot out from between the taxis, with hands outstretched, and cigarette flying off at an angle. Ahead of him a small yellow dog bounded over to Officer Kane in joyful up-and-down leaps, took up a position the other side of him, and turned around with head lowered, while he breathed defiance at his pursuer, from behind the blue-clad legs of the law.

“Ur-r-r!” growled the fugitive ferociously.

“Hey, come out o’ that!” Then the driver looked up at the officer and laughed.

“Ur-r-r!” The yellow fore feet were wide apart, the brown eyes were glaring from between them, and behind the up-lifted back a crooked yellow tail was wagging vigorously.

Kane looked down at the warrior at bay and gave a comprehending grin.

"A reg'lar yeller dog," he said. "Where d'yer get him, Jake?"

"Oh, off a truck, 'bout an hour ago. They threw him off at the corner—you know how they do, when they want to get rid of a stray. He's been hangin' around here ever since—haven'tcha, y' rat!"

The rat shifted sideward a foot, in recognition of the challenge.

"Here, let's have a look," said Kane, as he bent down. "Give us a paw, now." He tousled the top of the yellow head with one hand, and lifted a paw with the other. The warrior stood up on his hind legs, with tail wagging harder than ever, and placed the free paw, with its pawful of pavement dirt, on a spotless blue trouser.

"Hey-y, there—wha'd'yer think I am—a doormat?" Then he turned to the driver. "W'y, he's a puppy, Jake—look at those legs. He hasn't even found 'em yet. He makes me think of—" The sentence was left unfinished. "Ah, you poor little devil—" he put his hand gently on a broad scar that had scarcely healed across the shoulder. The puppy began meditatively licking the hand. "And that tail—it's crooked as Pearl Street!" The last three inches of the yellow tail veered sharply off at an angle of thirty degrees. Kane looked again at the dog's head. "Yes, you're just a yeller dog—a mut. You're lucky to be alive." He put the puppy down, brushed off his trousers, and straightened up. "Looks just like—" he started to say, then changed his mind.

"What do we do with him?" asked the driver.

"Guess we gotta fix him up." Kane thought a moment. "I got it. You fellers keep him on the sidewalk for a while, where he won't get hurt. I got a buddy on one o' those big trucks that makes the night run to Baltimore, and he oughta be comin' by soon. He can take him along and drop him at some farmhouse where they'll take him in." He pondered a minute. "Wish I could take him myself," he added. "But he oughta get out o' here quick—the society 'll have him before noon, if a truck don't get him first. A dog hasn't a chance in this town."

The yellow pup had a different plan for his immediate future, however. He had

definitely left that sidewalk, and was already on post; in joint possession of the crossing with the officer. He had found the friend he had been looking for since early morning, when they threw him off the truck; and all he asked of the world was one friend, to whom he could return his dog's allegiance, in full measure. Kane's efforts to transfer the pup's post were doomed to failure. He would shoo him away, with a great show of severity, and the puppy would go bounding off a few feet, in high glee, with head bobbing up and down in the most ridiculous fashion, hind quarters hunched up, and tail between his legs in mock subjection, only to execute an excited detour and come bounding back to the crossing. It was a great game, and, just because the small dog entirely understood the big cop, it could not be anything else.

They were an unexpected pair, as the early limousines saw them. Kane was six feet of brawn, with light hair and the pink cheeks he had brought home from France. He pulled twice his weight on the tug o' war team of Traffic A. And his cheery grin was known to every car that passed his post. The yellow pup came to his knees, as he squatted on the pavement alongside the cop, shifting here and there as Kane waved on first the cross-town traffic and then turned to release the north-and-south-bound. The faces that peered out of the limousines looked startled as they discovered the cause of their sudden slowing down; then, as they looked back and caught the cop's grin above and the serious demeanor of his yellow assistant below, an irresistible burst of laughter would possess them for blocks to come. It might not be spring, but the day was starting right.

"Look here, old mastiff," said Kane, as the traffic grew thicker, "you'll have to handle the sidewalk sector now, or there won't be any yellow pup pretty soon." The puppy's eyes looked as though they were trying to understand, while his tail wagged acquiescence in whatever his new master might decree. Kane looked at him thoughtfully. "It's funny," he said, "you're a ringer for him—poor little Uffs. I think we'll call you Uffs."

The dog was still wagging his tail, but the cop was looking back two, three, nearly four years. He was looking again



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

They were an unexpected pair, as the early limousines saw them. P. 108.

at the ruined village in Lorraine that had come as the first sign of real war to the wide-eyed men in olive drab who filled the big truck. There was a church without steeple or roof, and with holes for windows; and the usual piles of brick and plaster and half-standing houses lined the little winding streets. They had stood like that, a scar against the sunlit hills, since that first August. But to the men in the truck they were new, and strangely different. Here and there a Frenchwoman stood in a doorway, with children clinging to her skirts as she took wondering note of "les Américains," at last, on their way to the front. When the truck stopped at the cross-roads, a small girl had picked up a yellow mongrel beside her, and in dumb show proffered the gift toward the big men in the truck. "Pennée? Pennée?" came the understanding chorus from the doughboy. The little girl had shaken her head. "Come on, I'll take him," and Sergeant Kane had reached down and gathered the pup into his arms. "He'll get nothing to eat around here," he said, "he's all skin and bones now. All right, little girl—compree. Partee now." The truck rumbled off to the north. "You said it," corroborated a private, "no uffs in this country—no nothing." Although not referred to in the field-service regulations, the existence of "uffs," which is accurate doughboy French for eggs, is an important test of countryside possibilities. "'Bout as big as a couple of uffs, himself," came disparagingly from under a tin hat in the back of the truck, as the small ball of yellow made himself at home. From that moment he was "Uffs" to the whole company. He was even accorded the freedom of the battalion, for it is a natural bond that draws one stray to another—and the soldier is the saddest stray of them all. "Uffs" lasted two happy months. That was a fair average. When he had gone, the sergeant found a hole in his affections that was never quite filled.

As Sergeant Kane came back to the world of Patrolman Kane, of Traffic A, he picked up Uffs, dirt and all, and rubbed the yellow head with his big hand, until the puppy's delight was beyond all bounds. Then he called toward the taxis.

"Jake!"

"Yeah!"

"Come here a minute, will yer?"

"Sure!"

"Take care of him, will yer? All of yer, together—he can't stay out here. I'll have him out o' your way soon. Go ahead now, Uffs, it's all right!"

He handed the dog over to the driver, brushed off his clothes, and turned to the traffic that had waited patiently while he journeyed across the years to France and back. Uffs looked doubtfully over the driver's shoulder as he was borne away, but the discipline of trust was there, and his master had spoken.

There was no "higher authority" on the sidewalk, however, and those curious driver folk were rightly regarded by Uffs as no more than so many instruments of a morning's enjoyment. He went at it with the zest of a man who has made his pile for the year and is off on a long vacation. First there was cab inspection. No recess of those dismal interiors was too remote to be thoroughly sniffed out, nor was there robe too sacred to be chewed—if he could get away with it. There were sudden leaps, here and there, with those clumsy drivers in headlong pursuit. Sometimes the puppy legs floundered, and a pair of strong hands closed about the panting yellow object and pulled it back to earth. It was in one of the lulls of the campaign that a daintily stockinged ankle stepped up from under the flapping awning and was followed into the taxi by its daintily stockinged mate. With a desperate plunge, Uffs leaped in, a good third, just in time to escape the closing door. "Oh!" There was a little scream from the interior. "Hey-y, you mut—come out o' that!" And, by hind leg and tail, a baffled driver pulled his gratuitous passenger out of a hastily reopened cab-door. There was a guffaw from the drivers who had escaped this particular form of catastrophe.

"Say, Officer, he's in again!" bellowed Jake to the traffic-cop. "Better get a halter for that dog—he's orful strong!"

From time to time, Uffs would appear between the taxis and bark hopefully at the cop; he made a hoarse little noise that sounded like "uffs, uffs!" When Kane waved him back, he would wait there, with longing look and argumentative little whine, until a more forceful gesture

sent him scurrying to the sidewalk again. Only once did he gain his objective, and that was when he attached himself, by dog's right, to a small boy and girl whom Kane was convoying across the street. That children, as well as soldiers, belong to stray dogs is well understood in the brotherhood of "muts"—and Uffs was clearly a "mut." It was with an air of easy assurance that he trotted along with the little convoy, his tongue lolling forth importantly, as he did his part in the job. When the expedition had passed, he was unceremoniously chased back again.

As the morning wore on, the gray clouds above were followed by great dimpled masses of snowy white, driven low and fast, and covering the sky with the sweep of their advance. Patches of blue began to appear, and then the sun shone warm and clear. Below, there was just a hint of green in the brown of the bushes that still live, south of Fourteenth Street. A truck rolled by toward Washington Square, with a swaying load of park benches, newly painted in bright green. The first flower-wagon was going slowly up the avenue, along the curb, starting and stopping as the red and white gleam of its geraniums and hyacinths brought customers hurrying out of doors and down steps to see if summer were really coming. An umbrella-mender came singsonging through the side street, and, to make assurance doubly sure, a hurdy-gurdy, manned by a swarthy attendant, was standing in front of the high building, and grinding out the "Marseillaise" with a gusto gloriously attuned to the charging clouds above. "Aux armes, citoyens!" A man walking south straightened up and walked faster—"Ah!" he breathed, and there was a new light in his eye. The drivers looked up, and the cop started as though something had come back inside of him. Under the arch in the square a twirl of color flashed and vanished, as the wind played with the memorial flag that streamed from the white pole beyond. And then a great patch of blue let down a flood of sunshine to reassure every living thing. Spring had come, in lower Fifth Avenue.

There was no doubt about this, in the mind of Uffs. His day had arrived. He capped the climax of his ecstasy when he bounded into the hallway of the high

building and, by way of self-introduction, began pawing vigorously at the long tails of the doorman's brass buttoned coat. That was his big mistake. Perhaps spring had not penetrated the carpeted aisles of this temple of propriety. Perhaps it had come only to the doorstep. Uffs did not know that. The doorman turned and shot an exasperated kick at the yellow object, then pursued it out of the door, down the steps and across the sidewalk, to the very end of the long awning. At the curb he let go another kick, that grazed the hind-quarters of the puppy, who was scampering for his life now, with tail between his legs in genuine fright.

"Damn yer—I'll teach yer ter come runnin' 'round halls!"

As the yellow fluff flashed into the street, there was a yelp of fear, and then the puppy pulled up just short of the wheels of a passing car and stood trembling, in panic-stricken uncertainty. There was a quick look from the crossing, and a quicker stride to the curb. The doorman was still glowering, when a heavy gray-gloved hand fell on his shoulder and pushed him back, back toward the steps, while a pair of blue eyes looked something not far short of bloodshed.

"There, stand up now!" The hand shook the doorman's shoulder as though the bones would rattle out. "Stand up, and fight with your fists—if yer got any!" The cop dropped his hand. "Kickin' a little dog around like that"—he gave the doorman a look of slow disgust—"you—make—me—sick! I've a good mind ter lock yer up, for cruelty ter animals. No," he reflected, "a punch in the face 'd be better for you." His fist closed, and there was the slightest approach toward drawing back his right arm. "Now leave 'im alone, d'yer hear me? It'll be healthy for yer!"

He turned and walked to where the puppy was waiting, squatted on the sidewalk and much subdued. As the crooked tail began wagging uncertainly, Kane gave the upturned head a reassuring pat. "Pretty near gotcha that time," he commented. Then he looked up quickly. A big truck was grinding through the side street. The driver was enclosed in a box-like compartment that looked like the cab of a locomotive, and the body of the truck

almost darkened the street in its immensity. Across the great side appeared the words "Mammoth Express" in gold letters against the green background. And there were two number plates, one in red for "D. C.," and the other in blue, below, for "Maryland." Kane made the middle of the street in two jumps, and held up his hand. The truck monster stopped with a grumble of resignation, and a head appeared at the cab window, with another close behind. There was a grin of recognition.

"Hello, John—thought you was off to-day."

"No, I was busy for a minute over there." The cop jerked a thumb backward at the awning. "Say, Mac, I got a job for yer—it's a queer one. Y'see that yellor mut there"—he pointed toward Uffs, watching from the curb—"Well, I gotta get the poor little devil out o' here, quick. Somebody threw him off a truck this morning, an' he's been here ever since. He nearly cashed in under a car only a minute ago. Will yer take him along an' drop him somewhere in Jersey, at some good-lookin' farmhouse, where they'll take him in?"

Kane called to the curb. "Hey, Uffs, come here!" As the puppy loped across, Kane picked him up and looked at him. "Not so bad, for a mut—"

The driver had been gazing curiously at the dog. A queer expression came over his face, and he started when Kane called to the puppy.

"That's a funny one," he said. "He made me think o' somethin', an' then you called him 'Uffs.'" He looked again, and smiled. "He's a ringer, John." The two men were silent as they grinned at the dog.

When the big truck had rumbled off, Kane walked slowly back to his post, and he was muttering to himself. "Well, it's better for him," he said. "Mac'll put 'im in a good place—an' he wouldn't last another hour here." But he felt lonely, as he had felt four years ago, when for a day the whole company had been unhappy. Above, the April sky was clouding over again; the street seemed bleak and wintry.

At the crossing Kane found the man on patrol, filling in as traffic-cop.

"Much obliged, Ed."

"All right, John."

The patrolman stood hesitating.

"What's up?" said Kane quietly.

"Maybe trouble, John—I dunno. Y' know that new special deputy the mayor just appointed? Made a lot o' money out o' the war—fancy dresser—little mustache—I forget his name."

"Rothstein?"

"That's it. He went by while you were after the dog—I was on the other corner. He puts out his head and looks around, then he tells the driver to slow up, pulls out a pencil and makes a note on a piece o' paper. Looked good an' sore. Y' know, he's stuck on bein' saluted—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Kane, disgustedly.

"They say he's in strong at City Hall—nothin' but a fad with him, but—off post, an' all that—you know. An' that dog story won't stand up. When he'd gone, I come over—might cover yer if any more come along."

Kane looked serious. "See if yer can pick up anything, Ed," he said.

The man on patrol took up his beat again, with a nonchalant swing of the club, as though there had been nothing of import in the conference. At the end of an hour he had been in communication with individuals at headquarters, at Traffic A, and the precinct station-house, and at the City Hall. Also, he had been in touch with Big Bill Baker, his best bet over in the Municipal Building, who, besides being a friend of the young cop from Traffic A, was a messenger in the service of the city government—which gave him unusual opportunities for "picking up things." These communications were neither official nor of record, nor did they interfere with police duty. But they were valuable. They were the "grape-vine."

At the end of another hour, a big-boned man, with gray eyes and heavy grayish mustache under a black slouch hat, was casually crossing the avenue at Patrolman Kane's post, on traffic.

"Hello, John," said Big Bill quietly, as he stopped for a moment. "It's bad—you're reported in for transfer." Kane's eyes kindled. "I've got a hunch, though—I'll tip yer off later. Leave it ter me."

Having passed the time of day in this routine fashion, Big Bill went on, with every appearance of unconcern. It was

better not to be seen talking long to Kane. Not that it mattered to Big Bill. He was regular and he had a leader; Tom Donovan could handle any trouble that would ever perch on his doorstep. But Kane was just a cop and a soldier, who didn't know a leader from a wooden Indian. And Kane was in trouble. The fewer people he was seen talking to on post, the better.

Kane knew that he was in trouble. The grape-vine had yielded messages from several directions. At headquarters the special deputy's demand for his transfer was being held for investigation; there were no enemies in that citadel. But special deputy police commissioners are powerful persons, and the last man to incur the displeasure of one of those irresponsible satellites had been taken out of Traffic A, and sent to patrol the sandy wastes of City Island. Kane's heart sank as he thought of that. He had just moved the wife and kids out of the flat in Charles Street and down to Staten Island, where they could all live in the country. His savings had gone into the first payment on one of the tiny, tax-exempt "bungaloes," that were beginning to dot that rural borough. He was happy, and fixed, and broke. City Island! That was half a day's journey from his new home—he would be lucky to see his family once in a month. As he glanced at the yellow wheel with the horse's head on his left sleeve, he pictured the change from the regular hours of traffic duty—nine to six-thirty, with Sundays and holidays off—to the long and short "swings" of patrol, with its night work and long stretches on reserve. But, back of all that, it was like ripping off his chevrons—and for what? Because the special deputy had lost a salute—for that he was to be disgraced!

He handled his traffic automatically, as he turned the thing over and over in his mind, but as the afternoon grew late, his face hardened. Patrolman Kane was as ordinary a commuting husband and father as any other bundle carrier on the cross-bay circuit. Under his brass buttons and blue the same sort of human heart registered the same job lot of virtues and faults, smiles and grouches, that it registers under civilian garb. There was the added tradition of courage that inhabits New York's ten thousand cops,

that might be called different. But, by and large, he was the same as any other man, and he could not understand the kind of "justice" that was now overtaking him. Neither had he any idea what to do about it.

Big Bill was more resourceful. While Kane, on post, was shrouded in gloom, Big Bill was basking in the soft lights of a banker's parlor in Pine Street. He was talking earnestly to a well-set-up young man who had met him there by appointment. The young man listened attentively but doubtfully.

"I tell yer, he can do it," repeated the messenger. "This feller Rothstein's always skatin' on thin ice down here, an' your uncle's different—why, he could buy that feller out an' never miss the change! He only needs ter say the word, an' its done! I got enough dope on this Wall Street bunch ter know what Van Tassel & Tobey says, goes—down here, anyway. If yer put it up good an' strong—an' you're alderman, Jimmy, an' supposed ter look out fer your friends—why, I know the kind your uncle is—he's one o' them thoroughbreds that'll go the limit fer a man like Kane—he'd be glad ter do it fer him!"

"Oh, Uncle Bob's end is all right," laughed the Honorable James Van Tassel, who, for many seasons now—save for his own two years in the army—had represented the 75th Aldermanic District in the city's councils. "He knows Kane just as I do—every one who goes by that corner knows him—and he'd be only too glad to help. But I don't see why this man Rothstein should—"

A door opened, and the senior partner of Van Tassel & Tobey entered, tall, spare, and alert.

"Oh, good morning, Jimmy, what's up?"

"Good morning, Uncle Bob. This is Mr. Baker, who helps me in the district—"

"Ha, ha, politics again? Glad to meet you, Mr. Baker—sit down and be comfortable—now, fire away!"

The alderman explained his mission, with sundry interpolations from Big Bill, and one interruption from the banker of, "Oh, yes, I know him—fine-looking chap—soldier, wasn't he?" When they were through, the senior partner looked puzzled.

"Well, I could do it—" he smiled quizzically, with the tips of his fingers together before him, as he hesitated. "I'm not anxious to ask favors of that fellow—but—well, I guess there's no harm."

He turned to the telephone. "Quite a drive on Sunset Oil to-day," he soliloquized absently, his fingers drumming on the table as he waited for the call. "Rothstein caught pretty bad, they say—don't know if he'll get out." Then a secretary came with a message, and he disappeared behind a glass door. In ten minutes he returned, chuckling.

"Well, I talked to him about your precious cop, Jimmy. He seemed to have forgotten all about it, at first. Then he remembered—said he bore no ill will—it was just a disciplinary threat—whatever that is. Said he'd fix it up if he found time. And then he said some other things—about Sunset Oil. He's very busy to-day!" The banker chuckled again. "Well, perhaps we can help him a little," he added.

"Thanks awfully, uncle," said Jimmy.

"Say, Mr. Van Tassel, that's a white thing yer done," burst in Big Bill. "Yer 'll never regret it—take it from me! That's white, that is!"

He gave the banker a grip that made him wince.

"Say, he's a reg'lar feller, that uncle o' yours," he said to Jimmy, admiringly, on the way out. "Now, I gotta get busy—no tellin' what that guy'll do unless we keep after 'im—yer ain't got nothin' till yer got it."

Bill said good-by to his alderman, and went on the circuitous ways that sometimes accompany the carrying of municipal messages.

When Kane went off post at six-thirty, he had no further light on his impending punishment. Even Big Bill had not reported. As he sank wearily into a seat in the smoking-cabin of the ferry-boat, he wondered how he would tell "the wife" about it—that was the next hurdle! If he had something definite to tell, Maggie would understand; but this was different. He could wait until to-morrow—no, she'd be sure to see it in his face to-night. And then she'd begin to worry about the house. He thought of how she had hugged him when he first showed her the little home, of how the color had come

into her cheeks, and the cough had nearly gone, since they had lived there, and he fell into depths of despair.

A cop from the lower Fifth Avenue precinct, off duty and homeward bound, sat down next to him.

"How'd'yer make out, John?"

"Dunno yet."

"Big stiff. It's bad enough, the way they got the lieutenants buzzin' 'round now, without shoo-fly deputies buttin' in." Kane was silent. "Might as well spend all yer time in the trial-room, an' cut out patrolin' altogether. I'm ready to chuck the job."

"You're not married," said Kane.

They finished the trip in silence.

"Well, good luck," said the man from the precinct, as they parted at the ferry-house, and hurried off to their different cars. "Wish I could help."

On the front porch of the "bungalow" that was sixth in a closely set row of two-story frame houses, Mrs. John Kane, with a small Kane in plentifully patched breeches alongside, was waiting as her husband came up the road. As she came down the steps, there was a whoop as the patched breeches made a rush for the blue uniform.

"Johnny, be careful—baby's asleep!"

When the big man in blue let her go, she looked at him curiously—he had seemed to hold her longer than usual. Then she remembered.

"There's a message for you, John—telephone, at the drug-store—I nearly forgot. Want you to call up at eight—it's nearly that now. Here's the number."

"Say who it was?" inquired Kane, as carelessly as possible.

"No, just the number." She searched his face with her eyes. "John, there's something wrong," she said. "Is it bad?"

"No, it's all right, Mag. I'll tell yer when I'm back—I'll only be a minute." But she looked long after him as he went down the road.

In the drug-store at the corner the clerk volunteered: "He seemed awful anxious—wanted you to be sure and call him."

"All right," said Kane. "Well, here goes," he added, to himself, as he got central. The connection to the place on First Avenue, in Manhattan, was poor,



"Well, I could do it—" he smiled quizzically, with the tips of his fingers together, . . . as he hesitated. —Page 104.

but this much he managed to get: "This you, John? Well, I been waitin' for yer. Yeah, this is Bill—yer guessed right. Here's what I got. It's all fixed up. I say it's all fixed up—can yer hear me now? That's all. I tell yer it's all fixed—don'tcha believe me? How about the deputy? I called 'im off. Yeah. Well, never mind how I did it. I'll tell yer tomorrow. Yeah, it's O K—on the level. He didn't come across till late, or I'd a'

told yer—headquarters only had it an hour ago. Aw, ferget it—you know me. Ferget it. Go home an' tell the wife. I'll see yer to-morrow. S'long."

As Kane walked hazily out of the drug-store, and started to cross the turnpike toward the side road, he was still trying to grasp this sudden turn in his affairs. It was hard to believe. And yet—Big Bill knew his book. Yes, he could bank on that. Whether it was his own mental

fog, or the gathering dusk, he never knew, but he did not see the big truck that was bearing down on him from the right until he was almost under it. Nor did he hear a cryptic conversation in the locomotive-like cab.

"Is this the road?"

"Yes, this is it—I was here only Sunday week, to see the new house. Careful now, while I slow down. There, go ahead—easy now—don't hurt him. That's good." Something had gone floundering out of the cab and into the grass on the other side of the road. The gears crunched and grated, and as the truck jerked forward, the voice went on, more buoyantly, "That's one on the old sergeant, all right—that dog'll nose him out in an hour. Now we gotta make time—lost a lot comin' round this way." Then, after a moment, "But wait'll we go by him on post next time—won't we get hell?" And the driver and his helper mingled their laughter with the roar of the receding truck.

As Kane jumped for safety and came back to earth, his cop's instinct sent his first look after the number plates of the vanishing vehicle. All he could see was two swinging flashes of color, red over blue, framed in the circular glow of the tail-light, as the shadowy monster went roaring into the night. Then he turned quickly. An indistinguishable object was moving toward him, from the grass on the other side of the road. It halted warily, on the edge. There was a sudden rush—and the yellow pup was plunging headlong toward the cop, with excited barks of unrestrained joy.

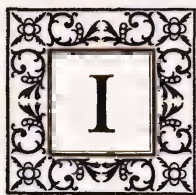
"Well, I'll be—hello, Uffs!" said Kane. He could believe anything now. As the dog put both paws up on his master's knees, with the crooked tail wagging furiously, and barked toward the head that was up there so high above the level of yellow dogs, Kane reached down and gathered the little vagrant up in his arms.

"Come on, Uffs, we'll go home now." And they went up the road together.

The Ship

BY JOHN P. MARQUAND

Author of "The Unspeakable Gentleman," etc.



LIKE to think sometimes that wherever it is we come from, each of us is given in advance exact instructions for the human rôle he is to play, down to the very lines

he is to speak; instructions which we all bear cleanly printed on our subconscious minds, which we may obey with a bad grace, but still are always constrained carefully to follow. I like to think so, and to hope that there is some one somewhere who is diverted. For, though it may be a childish theory, it answers many things. Among others I think sometimes that it explains the purpose of people like Mr. James Stephen Hill. Surely some one in some astral gallery must have been watching while he stumbled and vacillated through the lights and shadows.

It was Henderson who told me the

story. It still seems a little strange that he should have stepped from his rôle as a servant to tell it. I had never been a friend of Stephen Hill's. Indeed, as far as I know, no one had.

I had been reading a book in the smoking-room of the *Tarmania*. I had not noticed that it was past time for closing, nor that the card-players, sleepy from four days at sea, had gone to their cabins, until I perceived that the meagre figure of the smoking-room steward was standing by my elbow.

"You don't remember me, do you, sir?" he was asking.

A little startled by his question, I looked at him with a vain effort at recollection.

"My name is Henderson," he said, "I was Mr. Stephen Hill's man."

I still recall the sense of unconsidered things which his statement gave me. I wondered how many others had watched me from behind my chair who knew as

much of me as the friends with whom I dined, for I remembered. I remembered very clearly now.

Indeed, it would be hard for any one who comes from Freeport not to know about the Hills, for gossip has a way of spreading fast and clinging faster in that moribund old seaport town, and the past has a way of mingling with the present. They rest together like the brackish water and the fresh in the back eddies of that broad river that sucks and swirls beneath the sagging piles of our rotting wharfs. And sometimes in our quietest days, and in the stillest of our winter nights, the present itself seems very remote, hardly more noisome and disturbing than the muffled beating of the sea on the bar that blocks our river's mouth. The streets and houses seem to be waiting then in stolid melancholy through the quiet hours, and that same melancholy steals over those of us who are there until we, too, find ourselves waiting.

But perhaps you know it too, for there are many who know our town. If you have ever driven north from Boston along that broad ribbon of a road, the last vital relic of Freeport's grandeur, if you have followed it over the half-smoothed glacial hills and through the rock-strewn, cedar-tufted swamps, you have felt the stillness of our shaded streets and the austere dignity of that broad way where our houses stand. It is there you see the mansion of the Hills, quite alone just as you come to the turn that leads to the river.

It would be hard to find such another house outside of the old New England seaports. It is still majestic and strong, strong because it was built in a lavish way out of the early profits the Hills had made from slaves and rum, majestic because it was designed before the square-rigged ships had given way to steam, and before the age of the machine had closed Freeport forever. Time has given it a beauty of its own since then, and the stern dignity of its lines have been softened by the gentle hand of neglect.

Back in the churchyard half a square away, laid in a neat row beneath rectangular slabs of slate which have only partially yielded to the pressure of grass and frost, are the Hills who dwelt there once. On the right, as befits the founder of the line, is Captain Joshua Hill, the first to

sail from England. Then there is Henry Hill, who was scalped by the Indians at Quebec, and Lionel Hill who drank four bottles of wine each evening, and Archibald Hill, and Jeffrey Hill, who was so rich that he did not care when he lost ten of his merchantmen. They all lie there neatly in the long swaying grass, and it does not seem that they have been gone so very long, or so very far either, for the matter of that.

I looked up at the spare, polite man dressed in the uniform of a ship's steward. Yes, I remembered well enough.

I had only dined once with Stephen Hill, and that was many years ago, when matters still went equably on their way. He was living in New York then, off Fifth Avenue as befitted a Hill, in long, high-ceilinged rooms which were stiff and formal with old mahogany. The place was lighted with candles which Henderson was trimming when I entered. It was pleasant to see the high-backed armchairs and the square, stolid-faced portraits on the wall. The alchemy of age had transformed the crass magnificence of another time into a thing of romance and tradition.

Stephen Hill was standing in front of a bright soft-coal fire, and, though he was surrounded by the genial solidity and strength of three generations of wealth, none of it seemed left for him. In his own house he looked more than ever what he was, a lingering remnant of an outworn stock, protected from all the natural laws of struggle and allowed to dally on. He was a round little man, with cheeks half puffy and half flabby, with eyeglasses that kept slipping from his nose to be caught by a broad black ribbon. His mouth kept twisting into half a smile and half a frown. His eyes were of a vague China blue and always wore a staring puzzled look. His hands, which were very white and fat, kept moving nervously to smooth out his thin brown hair.

We had talked of Freeport that evening as the coal in the grate died down. He had forgotten it was a beautiful place until I told him. His glasses had dropped unnoticed from his nose, and his hands had ceased to pat at his hair.

"Well, well," he said. He had a way of speaking in a high hasty voice, dis-

fidently, as though made nervous by his own words. "I must go back some time. Yes, indeed, I must. Yes, indeed, I will—some time when my ship comes in."

Oddly enough, his voice had become quite soft when he said it, and his eyes no longer looked glassy and puzzled. There was a melancholy note in his words. So many Hills had said them, and it had been so long, so very long, since a Hill ship had crossed the bar on the tide. . . .

It was two years later that I heard of Stephen Hill again. Major Dawson and I were sitting beneath the awning of the Café de la Paix watching the different uniforms of men on leave.

"He's busted!" Dawson exclaimed, looking up from a letter he was reading. "Clean busted! Not enough to pay his board bill. He always was a damned old fool!"

And perhaps he was, yet above the sounds of that broad street I seemed to hear his high, pathetic voice, and to see his puzzled, startled face. . . .

"You don't mind my going on about him, do you, sir?" asked Henderson.

The apology in his tone gave me a twinge of contrition.

"Of course not," I replied; "I've been meaning to ask some one for a long time. I'll be more than glad if you tell me any news."

I paused, uncomfortably aware of a heartless emptiness in my words, which Henderson seemed not to notice.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "It's a good deal of a favor to ask, because it's rather a long story. Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I sat down, sir? We will be quite alone. It's my legs, sir. They aren't all they used to be."

He settled himself primly into a chair opposite mine, and sighed much as an actor might in some brief respite of the play.

"I haven't told any one else," he said, "but somehow I feel I've got to talk to-night, and you are the first I've seen who would understand."

"I've been to Freeport, you see, sir, and you've been there too."

"Freeport!" I exclaimed, for its name had joined startlingly with my thoughts. "Now, how did you ever happen to be in Freeport?"

He was silent for a moment before he

answered, and his glance was concentrated on some spot behind me.

"I went back with Mr. Stephen to the old house," he said at length. "I went without wages—without anything. It wasn't because I was devoted to him, or anything like that. Perhaps one has to have been in service to understand the reason."

He paused and smiled a little sadly.

"I went because he expected me to go. That was all, and somehow we do more for those who expect things than for those who don't. And he was helpless, helpless as a fine gentleman can only get through generations of service, and somehow we respect gentlemen like that. He could find nothing. He could lay a finger to nothing. He could do nothing, if it were not for one of us. I had to go, because some one had to. Some one had to do something. You see, he could not understand when they told him. Sometimes I think he never did understand. Some one had to sell the furniture and make out the checks.

"All he kept saying all the time was—you remember that voice of his:

"'I want to be somewhere I can think. Somewhere quiet. Take me to some place quiet, Henderson! I can't help it if I'm this way, can I?'

"You know the way his face would get when he said that, all puckered up like a child's face who has spilt the milk at table.

"'Where do you wish to go, sir?' I would ask him.

"'To Freeport,' he kept saying.

"Curious, was it not, sir, for I had never heard of him wanting to go there before. And how could I give notice then?"

He paused expectantly, but I did not answer his question. His words had set my mind to filling in the gaps of that sad anecdote. I could see the puzzled look in those blue, glassy eyes changed into a dumb, uncomprehending terror. I could picture the white hands moving aimlessly and his nervous little mouth agape with the first rude contact with the inexorable in life. I knew what he must have felt, the sick dizziness of defeat, the dull weight of discouragement. And I, too, have wanted to go to some quiet place, and one of all others has always come be-

fore my mind, where there is a river and the smell of the sea, where the sounds die away at sunset into the rustling of leaves and the low calling of birds.

"If you'd only seen him," Henderson was saying, "you'd have known why it was I stayed. I've seen lots of gentlemen in my time, sir, some of them very fine, and I am used to the way they act. I've seen them out of sorts. I've seen them ruined before this. I've seen them robbed and dying of drink, but I've never seen one take on like Mr. Stephen. Most of them walk about and try to do something, but he didn't. There were lots of things I'd have done, if I'd been him, but he did nothing at all, if you know what I mean. It seemed somehow—it must have been something about the town, something about family blood, though it isn't for me to say. . . . But you know the way he used to fidget around, nervous and quick and worried. I'd never seen him sitting quiet. Well, he stopped fidgeting when he got there, stopped it quite entirely. It gave me a turn, sir, indeed it did, right from the very first. He was walking up the street when I noticed it. It was cold and crisp, and the sun was going down. It was a curious, chilly cold. . . ."

But I had lost the thread of his words, and the Odyssey of Stephen Hill had become for the moment a matter of little consequence. It had been a long time since I had seen our river turn red in the sunset glow. I knew the feeling of that first cold of evening. It had a way of coming on the wind just as the mist began to rise smoky and tenuous from the shallows. By the gate-posts of the Hill house you could see it best—the broad, smooth sheet of water flowing smoothly toward a little golden spit of sandy beach rimmed white with the breakers of the sea. Over across that water would be the meadows and marshes, purple and hazy in the half-light, and small white farms that the mist already was beginning to hide, and nearer still Freeport itself, silent and soft in the dusk—gaunt, deserted warehouses on the water's edge, and farther back the elms and houses with the white church-spires rising above them. On such a still, cool night it is always a town of shadows, shadows moving indistinctly up and down the street, shadows by the shuttered

buildings on the shore, and reflected in the ripples of the tide it is but a small effort of fancy to see the spars of ships faint and ghostly, of ships which had once sailed over the bar but would never sail again. And the night wind would be rising soft and faint, whispering, whispering. . . .

"It was moaning about the eaves," came Henderson's voice, "and sort of hissing in the vines, and Mr. Stephen was just standing there looking. I told him it was cold and he'd better come in, but he didn't move—not even his hands moved, and he just stood looking out across the water.

"Henderson," he said, "is that a ship out there?"

"It made me jump somehow the way he said it. It gave me a turn right then, it did, because there wasn't anything at all, except just water, but the way he spoke made me feel that perhaps he was right and I was wrong, if you know what I mean.

"Lord bless you, sir," I said, "there isn't anything!"

"I tell you there is," said Mr. Stephen, looking just as cool as you are looking now, sir. "It's a ship, a large ship. She's anchored——"

"And then he stopped and looked at me. It was funny, his face, sir, very calm and white, and he was smiling in a funny, cold sort of way.

"At least there *was* a ship," he said.

"I don't know what he meant by that now. I never knew, except as I said he was different just as soon as he got there. You know how it is, sir, I suppose he was just thinking. That was all, just thinking. That was what he kept doing all the time. At first I thought he was stunned and dazed and melancholy, but he wasn't, because his face looked quite peaceful—as though he were thinking about pleasant things, pleasant shadowy sorts of things, if you know what I mean. I suppose you're laughing now. I know it seems odd as I tell it."

He paused. His eyes had grown narrow and troubled, as though he saw something clear and distinct, which he strove to gather into a frame of words and could not.

"No," I said, "I'm not laughing."

The sea was growing higher, and there began to be a noise of wind with the

splashing of the rain. The ash-tray on the table between us slid toward the edge, and Henderson mechanically pushed it back.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but when I start to talk, the things I want to say seem to go back. It's—it's like the mist out there by that river. It isn't real. Of course it isn't real, what I want to tell about. Even Mr. Stephen used to know that, but—but sometimes it is real, if you know what I mean."

It was a pretty simile, that about the river mist. How often I had seen it come out of nowhere on the wings of the dark, intangible as fancy, yet blotting out the shore—so lace-like and gentle that a puff of wind could make it nothing, yet so clinging and inscrutable that it could make the hollows in our hills seem like level ways. Perhaps even then it was weaving its way about our houses, reaching ghostlike toward our shutters, like a phantom hand of time.

"And somehow he was a little like it too," Henderson was saying. "Though I hardly mean it exactly, but perhaps you will understand it as I go on."

"He used to sit in the big side room overlooking the river, and it was a pretty place on an autumn afternoon, though in a way it was a sad room for a gentleman. It must have been a very grand room once. Wainscot was all around it up to the very ceiling, and even if it was all yellow and stained, it still had an air. There were two mirrors on the wall with chipped gilt frames, and it was pleasant to look into them, because they were dim and the room you saw did not look old and neglected. All around the wall and in the middle were chairs, most of them broken and sagging. It was queer, sir, to see those chairs. Now and then they would give me a sort of a start as I came in there, because they all seemed to be waiting, if you know what I mean, just waiting for people to sit in, some fine party of ladies and gentlemen, for they had been very fine chairs once. And the sun would come in through the dusty windows and the dust specks would float in it. You know the way they do."

I nodded without replying, as I groped beyond his words—the musty smell of old leather, the faint suspicion of mould, and the dust, fine and impalpable, stirred from the creaking floor. . . .

"He used to sit there in the afternoons," Henderson continued, "and in the evening I would bring in a candle and his meal. He used to sit there just perfectly quiet all hunched up in his armchair. At first I thought he used to be dozing off, but he wasn't. He was thinking too. His eyes would be wide open, and he would be looking ahead of him at the river, and though he could not have had much that was pleasant to think about, he never looked disturbed, never nearly as much as he did before it happened. He was hardly ever fidgety and nervous after the first week or two. I told you he was different. It did him good, somehow, I used to think."

He paused for a moment with that same look in his eyes, half intent and half puzzled.

"Are you listening, sir? Tell me when I tire you."

"Yes," I answered, "I'm listening."

"But you didn't hear what I said, sir," Henderson objected. "You were looking out of the window, just the way he used to look out of the window at the sea."

I started, though I cannot tell why.

"No, I didn't hear," I said.

"I was saying," said Henderson, "that it didn't do him any good, sir—not any good at all. Perhaps it was the food, but I think not. It was plain food, but good food, for I bought and cooked it myself. But he got thinner, and his cheeks were getting saggy. His vests were all loose and his clothes were wrinkled, and his hair seemed grayer, sir, though he seemed happy most of the time. That was why I didn't get nervous sooner. How was I to know that there was anything queer? How was I to know that he was looking for something all the time? He was quiet and didn't say anything. How was I to know that all the time he was walking out on the streets, or sitting by the window he was just looking and looking?"

"Looking!" I echoed, and for some reason I was glad to hear the sound of my own voice. "What the devil was he looking for?"

"Why, Lord bless you, sir," said Henderson, "you know—you know what he was looking for. He *had* been looking all the time!"

There came a silence after his words, as though some force which we were

powerless to combat had bade us both be still. But though we both were quiet, his words seemed still to be with us—grotesque and startling, and yet in some way strangely rational. For many and many a Hill had looked for his ship from that gaunt, deserted house, silent and intent, with his eyes on the long curve of the horizon, while the sun's last rays made our beach a thing of gold and promise. Abruptly, half against my will, another picture was coming before me, of a plump, pudgy little man with his spectacles half slipping from his nose while he kept looking straight before him. . . .

I was looking at Henderson again, and my voice as I spoke seemed slightly hoarse and unsteady.

"You mean," I asked, "that he went crazy in that house?"

Henderson shook his head in slow denial, and his reply, strange as it was, was something which I half expected.

"No, he wasn't crazy. I've seen gentlemen queer before, but he wasn't queer. He was just what I said he was—different—that was all. It seemed almost as if he was somebody else. Somebody seemed to be with him, if you follow me, and somehow—somehow it doesn't seem right when I say it."

He paused, and passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled sort of way, and when he continued his words became slow and clear.

"He was there in the room sitting in his chair, and I came in with a candle, because it was so dark that you could hardly see out of the window, and the mirrors were nothing but shadows against the wall. I recollect that the church-bells were ringing the hour. Possibly you recall the way they sound out there. First there is one bell and then another and then another until the whole air is filled with bells, and when they stop you still hear them trembling until they get as faint as faint, and you can only just remember the way they sounded first. I came into the room with the candle, and told him good evening quite as I always had. There was something I used to notice about him when I told him good evening. He used to start when I spoke to him, as though I had waked him up, but, as I said, he wasn't asleep. He was sitting up straight, and when I spoke to him

he just turned around slowly, very slowly, and it was queer the way he looked. It was as if the lines on his face had changed. They looked stronger. He looked stronger, too, and I remember thinking how much good staying there was doing him. It wasn't till he spoke that I had a turn.

"Henderson," he said, 'has any ship come in to-day?'

"Why, no, sir," I said. 'You can see there isn't any.'

"Well," he answered quick and sharp, in a way he never had before, 'when it comes in I want to know, d'you understand?'

"And some way, when he said it, it wasn't queer.

"And, Henderson," he said, 'bring another plate.'

"Another plate, sir?" I asked him, because I didn't understand.

"And I don't know why exactly, but when he said it, it didn't seem so strange. It didn't seem real, exactly, because there wasn't any one, but still there might have been.

"Don't you see," he said, 'that we have company?'

"Company, sir?" I said. 'There isn't any company.'

"He didn't answer. He just sat looking, looking at one of those empty chairs, and then I don't know why but all of a sudden I was beside him, shaking him by the shoulder.

"I want to know as soon as she anchors," he was saying, 'because I want to go out. We may be a little short of money now, but when that ship comes in—and it's coming—I'm watching. It's coming.'

"Mr. Stephen," I was saying, 'don't look that way, sir! Take a hold on yourself, I tell you!'

"Don't you worry, Henderson," he said. 'Don't you worry at all. It's going to be all right.'

Henderson paused again, and again there fell between us that same laden silence.

"You know," he continued in an altered tone, "the way a gentleman is when he's had too much. You shake him by the shoulder, and he just looks up. You shake him again, and perhaps he understands. I shook him, and all of a sudden he gave a little jump the way he always used to, and his eyes had that old funny look, and his mouth fell open.

"'Oh, good gracious!' he said. 'What the dickens are you shaking me for? What can be the matter, Henderson?'"

"And then I saw him looking frightened, all trembling and white, and he was holding on at the sleeve of my coat.

"But when he went up-stairs that night he wasn't worried any more. He stood a long while at his window, looking and looking out on the river, and I knew what he was looking for, and that things were twisted again—though the river was perfectly calm, you understand, just like the way it gets on a dark evening."

Yes, it was always light, our river, even on its blackest nights; smooth and steely. Lights from nowhere would be shining upon it, and the water would give them back, in dim, half-formed ripples. And though the clouds were like pitch, you still could see it, a light, half-formed ribbon, as though it had stored up the daylight of other times. And when the wind blew upon it the tide would go in streaky rips, like the wake behind some ship as it tacked in toward the shore. And sometimes the lights from our houses would gleam and dance upon it, broken and fitful, like the riding lights of phantom ships that would never sail again. And the surf would boom on the bar with a muffled, sullen noise, like the echoes of some distant, unknown world.

"Are you tired, sir?" Henderson was saying. "Do you want me to go on? It's almost over now."

"Go on, of course," I said.

"But you weren't listening, sir," said Henderson. "You were looking——"

"The way he did," I interrupted quickly. "But never mind, go on."

"I was just saying," said Henderson, "that I always knew there'd be an end of it, for things like that can't go on. We can't keep thinking a ship will come when there isn't any ship; but I wouldn't tell you the end, sir, unless I thought you understood, for it sounds a little odd as I tell it, though it didn't seem odd then."

He was looking at me again in a moment of puzzled thought, and I felt stealing over me a curious sense of diffidence. It all seemed to lack tangible form, though, after all, it was not so strange, when I thought of that quiet place.

"Yes," he began again, "I often

thought it was just as well, and you may not believe it, sir, but it's the way I like to think of him, for he was a very pleasant gentleman at such times, dignified and courteous, not crude and hurried the way so many gentlemen are to-day.

"In the mornings he would go and walk about by the river. I can see him now picking his way through the wet grass. Sometimes he would take a skiff and row about very slowly, and in the late afternoon and evening he would almost always be sitting there looking out the window. Of course I know as well as you that he had things twisted. But I shouldn't like to hear any one laugh about it. Indeed I shouldn't, sir.

"'Don't you worry, Henderson,' he used to say. 'She ought to be in any day now—and then it will be all right. I'm keeping a sharp eye out, Henderson. Yes, yes, I'm waiting.'

"And when he would talk that way, sir, he would be most cheerful and pleasant, like a very fine gentleman indeed, much finer than he used to be. He would be standing up quite straight, sir, with his hands locked behind him and his mouth very firm and smiling.

"'Don't you worry, Henderson,' he would say, 'she'll be along. They'll be driving her—I know—with everything set and ready. You notice the wind? It's a fair wind. They always drive them home.'

"You may not believe it, sir, because it sounds strange now, but sometimes when he was there in that room I used to think it was quite right—that there would be a ship. It's catching, a thing like that. Sometimes when he was like that, so different, the whole place would be different too, gay and pleasant and almost new when the sun was shining and the wind was brisk and clear."

Yes, it was like that sometimes. Out on the river the breeze would make dancing sparkling ripples, which would lap short and sharp against the shore, and the leaves would dance and sway until they made a noise like rhythmic voices in our streets. The air would be crisp and sharp. The sea would be blue and smooth, much bluer than the sky above it.

"Yes," Henderson was saying, "he was very gay that morning, and he kept looking out and sniffing the air. Then he went

for a walk, but in the afternoon he was back. I heard him come in. I heard him down in the big room whistling a funny tune that would go up and down, up and down. But I was busy about the house away up-stairs opening windows and looking into old rooms. I was too busy to notice how late it was getting, until I looked up and saw it was almost sunset. Down below I heard a noise. A door into the hall was opening. I looked down over the old carved banisters. Mr. Stephen was walking toward the front door very quickly. He jerked hard at the handle and slammed the door behind him. It did not seem odd then. Quite often lately he would walk out at sundown.

"But I don't know how it was. After he left I seemed very lonely in that house. Though I had been there often, I had never felt that way before. The wind was making creaking noises, quite the way it does in a swaying boat. I could hear a door squeaking on its hinges. I could hear the old warped boards on the stairs give, and rustling noises in the hall. It kept reminding me of clothes and people's steps. I don't know why it was, but it made me restless. It made me feel as though something was happening that I couldn't understand.

"And then—I don't know why—I was looking out of a window at the river. The sun was going down in the clouds, making them all purple and red, the way the sun does in autumn, and the river was red too and quite smooth, for the wind was slackening. But it wasn't the sunset I was

looking at. Out by the bar quite near where the waves were breaking I saw a little boat that was bobbing and dancing up and down, and a man in it was rowing very fast out toward the open sea. It was Mr. Stephen in that boat, sir—and I know why he was there, and—you know why."

He paused and for a moment I thought he was finished, but he began to speak again, watching me wide-eyed with that half-puzzled look.

"And you know that sometimes I think he was right and all the rest of us were wrong, for, as I said, he was not queer, but different. I sometimes think he saw his ship, really saw it. You won't laugh at it, will you, sir? You understand?"

Though he had stopped, I could still hear the appeal in his last words. As I gazed at him across the table, it seemed to me that he was older than I had thought and sadder and more wistful. It gave me a desire to please him, and I knew what would please him most.

"Henderson," I said, "bring me a glass of port."

I raised the thin glass until it sparkled in the light, and the rays went through it, ruddy like the setting sun. I know what I did seems absurd as I tell it. I felt it then, just as Henderson felt the absurdity of his story. Yet I continued, possibly with some idea of tribute to something I could not grasp, or perhaps because I was sleepy and the hour was very late.

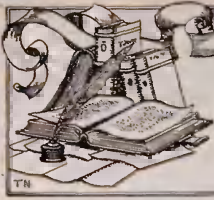
"To the Ship, Henderson," I said, and Henderson nodded very slowly.

Retrospect

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE

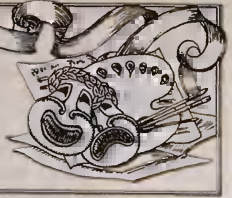
LIKE the whisper of wind in quiet places,
Or the scent of roses in gardens old,
The mind looks back, and memory traces
The long lost hours of gray or gold.

Fragments of joy, and of keen-edged sorrow;
Days bright with the sun, or filmed by rime—
All that the thoughts of the past may borrow,
Glimpsed through the cobwebs spun by time.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



LATELY I have been going back to Jules Verne, and reading him with the double pleasure that comes from good narrative and happy reminiscence. To read a youthful favorite after the lapse of many years is like revisiting some European scene first beheld in boyish rapture; the principal is intact, and the accumulated interest a notable addition. The delight I find to-day in the French magician is not caused by the fact that some of his dreams have come true; as a mere reader, I do not care whether his stories are possible or impossible; nor do I know whether or not I should rejoice in the practicability of the submarine, for from the human-welfare point of view it would thus far seem to be a liability rather than an asset. It is as an imaginative, not as a scientific, writer that Jules Verne appeals to me.

For this reason I find the old solemn accusations made against his scientific accuracy decidedly amusing; and once more, not because he occasionally happened to confound his adversaries by guessing right, like some charlatan who predicts the weather for the next winter, but because such attacks were and are just as valuable as solemn impeachments of the accuracy of Munchausen. I wonder how many remember "M. W. H." of the *New York Sun*, who used to write a full-page review every week of some new book, and write it with such detail that it became quite unnecessary to buy the book? His judgment in many fields of literature was sound and his criticisms penetrating; but this morning I have been reading again his portentous condemnation of Jules Verne, which he handed down from the solar chair more than forty years ago. The following paragraph gives a fair idea of the whole essay: "The astonishing vogue of these productions constitutes their chief claim to criticism, but they may also be said to challenge it by a special eminence in worthlessness. In

most works of the kind extravagant blunders are only occasional, or at worst sporadic, relieved by intervals of tolerable accuracy; but our French author's unaccuracy must be accounted chronic, since he can rarely complete a dozen pages without some perversion of fact."

I remember how I resented this attack in my boyhood; the author denounced for "inaccuracy" was my friend, who by his magic had taken me to the centre of the earth, twenty thousand leagues under the seas, around the world in eighty days, to the moon, and given me a delightful round trip to the planets and back, on a luxurious comet. I then vaguely resented Mr. Hazeltine's animadversions; now they seem funny enough, a greater curiosity than anything to be found in the Frenchman's romances.

Nor was Jules Verne received with much favor by French critics, in spite of what Mr. Hazeltine said to the contrary; they did not take him seriously as an author until millions of foreign children learned to love France and Frenchmen through him. One winter day in 1903, being in Amiens to see the cathedral, I called at his house to tell him of the happiness he had added to my childhood; the housemaid said he was out walking near the great church, and as we drew near to the façade, we met him. He was a white-bearded old gentleman, with an expression of peculiar benevolence, as though he carried in his dear old face some reflection of the adoring gratitude of all the children in the world. We talked a few moments, and he went on his way. A few years later, when I revisited Amiens, he had departed on an adventure which I hope was more thrilling than anything he had imagined in his books; we found not him, but his statue. And it is pleasant to remember that the statue had been dedicated with tributes from members of the French Academy.

To-day his stories have lost none of

their thrill; and to those who have neither the time nor the money for extensive travel, I recommend a journey to the Mysterious Island.

The most important announcement of any new book this season is the news of a second volume of poems from Alfred E. Housman, the author of "A Shropshire Lad." That collection of original and beautiful lyrics was published in 1896; my wonder at their extraordinary perfection is equalled only by my wonder at the succeeding twenty-five years of silence. How could a man sing in so pure and clear a tone as to keep us all in hushed expectation of the next note, and leave us in that attitude? I should think it would be as difficult for a poet to maintain silence as for a bird; but nothing has come from him in all these years. To every lover of poetry the announcement of a second volume from Professor Housman is the real news of the world; I can hardly wait for it to appear.

Among American books of verse in 1922, I have seen nothing better than "The Black Panther," by John Hall Wheelock. This is not only notable in itself but marks a distinct advance on his previous work. He seems to be steadily progressing in his art. One fleck that I should like to see eliminated is the word "beseeched," which, although Mrs. Humphry Ward used it, is not now good English. It is clear that in this particular stanza the correct form of the verb would have been inharmonious; but better take a synonym than resort to "beseeched."

A genuine American poet who has been quiet too long is Anna Hempstead Branch. She has been giving her days and nights to promoting the cause of poetry through the interesting and effective method of the Unbound Anthology. But it is not necessary that such work, important as it is, should be done by a creative artist. She is one of the most distinguished of all living poets; and I begrudge any less valuable employment of her time. One of her richest sources of inspiration is the Bible; last year she read the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, through in a few days, to discover for herself whether it was or was not a unique Book, with a Divine Revelation; her silent and steady

communion with its pages convinced her that it is in truth the Word of God.

It takes some courage to stand up for Alfred Noyes. But as I never allow mob opinion to influence my views on either politics or poetry, I wish to call attention to his latest and most ambitious undertaking, "The Torch-Bearers," of which the first volume, "The Watchers of the Sky," has already appeared. He was inspired to write this work by the largest telescope in the world, the one-hundred-inch reflector on the top of Mount Wilson in California. "The Watchers" is a biographical history of the progress of astronomy, written in a poetical style worthy of the subject. Alfred Noyes was the first of the remarkable group of English poets of the twentieth century to attract general attention; the almost universal praise with which his earlier poems were received gave way to detraction and abuse; so that the large number of reviewers who merely follow the prevailing literary stock quotations know perfectly well that just now it is not at all "the thing" to betray any admiration for his poems. In spite of his excess baggage, which all poets except Milton have carried, I think he will survive many writers whom it is in 1922 fashionable to salute.

Speaking of Milton, I have already received from a correspondent one candidate for the Ignoble Prize; the conditions for competition were given in the November issue. My friend, a man of wide reading and good taste, cannot apparently endure "Paradise Lost." For my part, I not only admire the majesty and sublimity of that epic, I find it steadily *interesting*. More people ought to read Milton for pleasure—the pleasure is in his consummate art. Stevenson, in his essay on Walt Whitman, which still remains the best I know, said that he would not disinherit a son who could not admire the Camden sage; but that he could not keep the peace with any one who failed to appreciate the choruses in "Samson Agonistes."

Can anything be done to prevent dramatic critics from printing in detail the plot of every new play? I "take in" five daily New York newspapers, partly in order to read first-night impressions from trained and honest observers. I am

interested to know whether they think the new piece is, or is not, worth seeing; whether or not it will, in their judgment, achieve popular success; whether or not it is original or thoughtful or important; but at the fateful paragraph beginning, "The story of the play is as follows," I skip, and often find that I have to skip the bulk of the so-called "criticism." The one thing about a new play that I emphatically do not want to know is the plot; to know that in advance is to be robbed of much of the pleasure in seeing it. So true is this, that every playbill of "The Bat" requested persons in the audience not to give away the *dénouement*. Why on earth do critics spell it all out for us? If their object is to lessen the number of spectators, I congratulate them on the success of their method. But I suspect that the real reason is, that not having enough ideas to fill the requisite space for criticism, they resort to retelling the story, which entails no mental effort, and makes the "criticism" look well to those who do not read it. I never like to see this space-filling process even in a book review; in an account of a new play it is unpardonable. I think, too, that every dramatic critic should tell us whether the piece is decent or not; for there are many who wish to go if it is, and others who wish to go if it is not, and both classes ought to know this fact in advance.

Bad manners in literary criticism have become quite common, and are as a rule resorted to by those reviewers and critics who cannot manage subtler methods of annihilation. The bludgeon and the brickbat have taken the place of the rapier. Not only is this true but many readers look forward with delight to these exhibitions of buffoonery and abuse, their idea of wit being horse-play and their notion of disapproval being on the level of a kick. This constantly growing method of "literary criticism" seems to have been borrowed from the political arena; it is analogous to what used to be called Tillmanism. Some of the more aged readers of these pages may remember the time when that aristocratic, courageous, and cultivated gentleman, Wade Hampton, represented South Carolina in the United States Senate; he really represented her, being typical of the finest

type of breeding and manners we associate with the Old South. He was succeeded by a man with a pitchfork, who at first shocked but ultimately delighted thousands of Americans by an exhibition of language and manners quite otherwise than traditional. At first he seemed out of place; but soon his picturesque habits of speech amused the groundlings to such an extent that Tillman became a decidedly popular man, not only in the Senate but throughout the country, and a whole school of imitators sprang up who had all of his grotesqueness with none of his sincerity. Coarseness was taken for virility.

Much of the same change has taken place in what passes for literary criticism; readers demand that it be "snappy," highly spiced, and as brutal as possible. I cannot think that this new method is any more effective than the old, either in politics or in English composition. Let me illustrate. A United States Congressman, who has since gone to his ultimate reward, was making a speech on the tariff, in a campaigning tour, when he was interrupted by a question from the audience; looking contemptuously at the individual who had ventured to heckle him, he shouted, "Go wash your neck!" which was thought to be very funny by the crowd. Not long after that a man running for the highest office in our country was similarly interrupted by a questioner, and he roared: "You are the kind of man who works exclusively with his mouth." Leaving out entirely the question of good manners, let us see if either of these replies seems as effective as the one made by John Morley in an English general election. At the conclusion of his speech he asked for the support of his hearers, when one excited individual leaped up and screamed: "I would rather vote for the devil!" Mr. Morley, in a quiet and courteous voice, replied: "Quite so; but in case your friend declines to run, may I not then count on your support?"

Perhaps the best retort I have ever heard of occurred when Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was opposed by Edward Cardwell. The two competitors happened to meet in the course of the campaign, and after a friendly discussion, Thackeray said it would be a good fight, "and may the best

man win." "Oh, I hope not!" said his rival.

The Gentleman ought not to become obsolete. John Galsworthy, in his fine drama "The Skin Game," has emphasized the real danger of fighting. The danger is that in a skin-for-skin contest, gentility will prove to be worth nothing; for it will be sacrificed in the desire for victory. Or, in other words, if the enemy cheats, we must cheat too. During the recent war the worst possible argument for reprisals always seemed to me to be one constantly urged; namely, that we must treat the enemy as they treat us. In other words, we must allow our foes to determine our own moral standards, and imitate them in the very things that gave us the reason for fighting them. Here is where we can take a lesson in manners from Julius Cæsar. In that interesting little volume "The Marginal Notes of Lord Macaulay," being extracts from the comments he jotted down on the margins of the books he read, Sir George Otto Trevelyan quotes the following. Cicero had written Cæsar a letter expressing his grateful appreciation for the clemency shown by the latter to his captured foes, and Cæsar replied to this epistle in words which contained, so Macaulay used to say, the finest sentence ever written: "I triumph and rejoice that my action should have obtained your approval. Nor am I disturbed when I hear it said that those, whom I have sent off alive and free, will again bear arms against me; for there is nothing which I so much covet as that I should be like myself and they like themselves." And on the margin of the book by that sentence, Macaulay wrote: "Noble fellow!"

Even if the literary glory of the American Augustans should fade, their personal characters ought to form an imperishable model for men of letters and for all sorts and conditions of men. I have been reading two excellent books: "Memories of a Hostess," compiled from the diaries of Mrs. Fields, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and "Glimpses of Authors," by Caroline Ticknor. I heartily recommend both these volumes to all who are interested in the literary history of our country, and to all who love to know more intimately those who are best worth knowing. En-

tirely apart from the question of creative genius, I do not believe there has ever been in any country a finer group of men than the leading American writers of 1840-1880. Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell—every man a gentleman of the finest type, sincere, considerate, affectionate, loyal, truthful, and clean. When these intimate friends met one another at the house of Mrs. Fields, they met as peers; that any one of them could be guilty of treachery, disloyalty, meanness, or vulgarity simply never occurred to their minds. Their native wit in conversation was heightened by their personal charm. How strange it is that this is the group of men who are now accused of hypocrisy, and insincerity, and cowardice; when it is impossible to discover an occasion when any of them uttered what he did not in his heart believe to be the truth. Is there any single person in literary or public life to-day who can surpass Emerson in honesty and sincerity? Is there a man anywhere who is more truthful and courageous in the expression of political opinion than Hawthorne? His views at the time of the Civil War seemed to his most intimate friends to be not only false but sacrilegious; yet they had such respect for the nobility and integrity of his character that no blur disfigured the shining surface of their friendship. Mrs. Fields detested the political attitude of Hawthorne, and yet this is what she wrote in her diary: "He will dedicate the volume to Franklin Pierce, the Democrat—a most unpopular thing just now, but friendship of the purest stimulates him, and the ruin in prospect for his book because of this resolve does not move him from his purpose. Such adherence is indeed noble. Hawthorne requires all that popularity can give him in a pecuniary way for the support of his family."

Emerson, like his other friends, cut out the dedication from his copy of the book, for even some of those who support the government in time of war may also be sincere.

In both of these volumes of literary reminiscences Dickens plays a large part; and much new light is thrown on his last visit to America and on his personality and character. Dickens hated a pencil,

and wrote even brief notes and memoranda in ink. He always used a quill, and had discovered a blue ink which needed no blotting-paper, a method of drying that he especially disliked. If Dickens were alive to-day, it would not be necessary for him to use blue ink; I could tell him of an ink that writes jet-black, and that dries instantly. I do not like colored inks, and I hate with intense fervor the kind of ink commonly used in fountain-pens. It writes a pale blue, and turns black some time after your death. A pale-blue ink always seems to me to indicate a spineless personality. And I hate with equal intensity the kind of ink that sticks up on the written page like shrimp's eyes, or letters for the blind; and dries after the lapse of hours. A blotter never absorbs it, and it resists every attack except time.

I suppose no month passes without the appearance of some new book on Dickens; one of the latest is that by Mr. Alexander Woollcott, the distinguished dramatic critic of the New York *Herald*, "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play." Dickens, as every one knows, could have been a great actor. I recommend a pilgrimage to Sessler's bookshop, in Philadelphia, where the visitor will be shown a folio by Ben Jonson, containing on the fly-leaf, the date of the memorable performance of "Every Man in his Humour," 21 September, 1845, with the autographs of every one of the actors; Dickens as *Bobadil*, Forster as *Kiely*, Jerrold as *Master Stephen*, Lemon as *Brainworm*, Leech as *Master Matthew*.

And as the novels and characters of Dickens are proof against time, so his final words on leaving America in 1868 would seem not impertinent to-day. "Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be, between the two great peoples. . . . I do believe that from the great majority of honest minds on both sides, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox or bear, than that it should present the spectacle of those two great nations, each one of whom has, in its own way and hour, striven so hard and so successfully

for freedom, ever again being arrayed the one against the other."

The year 1922 has been memorable for the number of excellent biographies and autobiographies. Mrs. Stirling's "William De Morgan and his Wife" is a permanent memorial to a man of genius and a brilliant woman, and is filled with thought-stirring anecdotes and irresistible stories; Burton Hendrick's "Life of Walter H. Page" is so important that I shall discuss it with some detail in a later number; I am also reserving for special comment the autobiographies of those admirable Americans, Augustus Thomas and John Drew, whose names are an honor both to the stage and to citizenship. Let me earnestly recommend again Maurice Baring's "The Puppet Show of Memory," a book to be shipwrecked with, for its characters and meditations would enliven the most complete physical solitude; and in addition to introspective autobiographies, like Mr. Lewisohn's "Up Stream," no one should overlook the more humble but thrilling personal history of Arthur Mason, called "Ocean Echoes." This is his second attempt as an author, and is fully equal to his delightful "Flying Bo'sun." Mason ran away from home, and his actual experiences make an ordinary romance seem tame.

It is my guess that H. G. Wells is the author of "Number 87," but the publishers refuse to tell me whether my conjecture is correct or not. Although Wells is a prophet, a theologian, and a social reformer, of all his works the one that I shall most gladly read again is "The Wheels of Chance." Some visitor borrowed my copy, and paid it the compliment of keeping it. I confidently recommend "The Wheels of Chance" to those who love a good story. It is one of the best I know, as "The Soul of a Bishop" is one of the worst.

I never neglect a new book by Ben Ames Williams, a born narrator. The latest, "Black Pawl," is filled with stirring fights and perilous adventures, and the hero is original. What is perhaps even more original is that the finest person in his novel is a Christian missionary. (I used to wonder whether all novels ridiculed missionaries, or only those I happened to read; just as I wonder whether

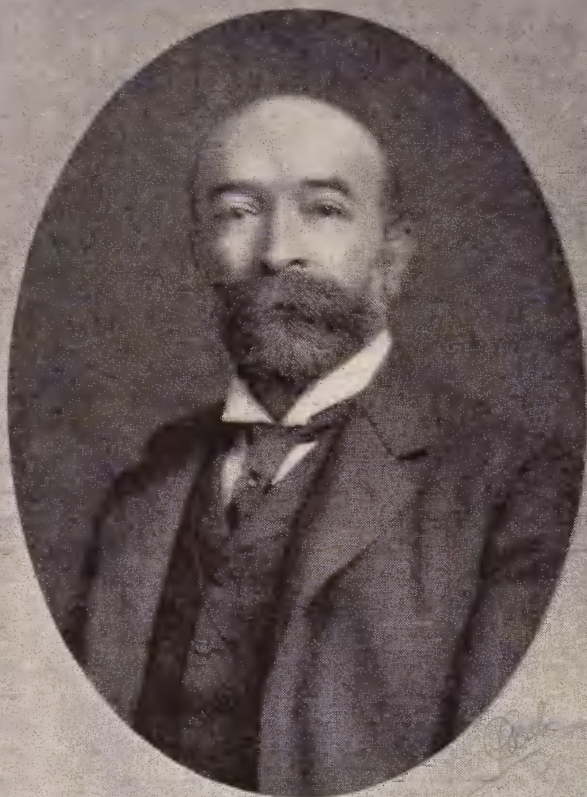
all trains are late, or only those I take.) It is rather curious that foreign missionaries, those bold soldiers of God, who give up home, congenial society, intimate friends, and the luxuries of civilization, should be so often presented by comfort-hunting novelists as weak, namby-pamby, insincere, and absurd. They fight not only with the prince of the powers of the air, they fight against poverty, disease, and sickness; it would be interesting if the brown, yellow, and black people whom they save from pain and death could know that these men and women are receiving in their own countries a continual backfire of abuse and ridicule. But the soldiers of science and the soldiers of religion, who sacrifice themselves in the effort to save human life, have never seemed to the stay-at-homes particularly heroic. Ben Williams's missionary is the best one I have met with in fiction since the wonderful old man in Lavedan's play, "Le Duel."

Prejudice plays far too large a part in our opinions and in our conversation. I

think it would be well if every one, on rising in the morning, made a silent but determined declaration of individual independence, the only independence worth anything. Let us talk less about democracy, and become more democratic; let us talk less about truth, and speak it more frequently; let us talk less about freedom, and become free. One of the great moments in "Les Misérables" is that following the impassioned harangue by Marius, the idolater of Napoleon. Marius has worked himself up to a grand climax. "To make the French Empire the successor of the Roman Empire, to be the Grand Nation and bring forth the Grand Army, to send your legions flying over the whole earth as a mountain sends its eagles on all sides, to vanquish, to rule, to strike with thunder, to be in Europe a kind of golden people through constant glory, to sound through history a Titan trumpet-call, to conquer the world twice, by conquest and by splendor, this is sublime, and what could be more grand?"

"To be free," said Combeferre.





EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME
EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1896-1914

Edward Livermore Burlingame

1848-1922

EDWARD LIVERMORE BURLINGAME, who died on November 15, had been connected with this publishing house since 1879. When the plan for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was formulated in 1886 he became its first editor, and he held that position for twenty-eight years; and those volumes of the MAGAZINE show the taste, the personality, and the wide interests that adapted him so well for his position.

The contacts of his formative years gave him an unusual equipment for editorial work. His early surroundings were Boston and Cambridge, and he naturally went to Harvard. His father was Anson Burlingame, the congressman from Massachusetts distinguished as an orator and for his vigorous resentment of the assault on Charles Sumner by Preston Brooks. Lincoln made Anson Burlingame minister to China in 1861. His son left Harvard College early in his course to become his father's secretary there, and followed him when Anson Burlingame was made ambassador extraordinary of China to negotiate treaties with the United States and the European powers. This gave him the abundant opportunity of studying in Paris, Heidelberg (where he took the degree of Ph.D. in 1869), Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Not only did he become acquainted with the language and literature of France and Germany, but his father's position brought him in contact with important personages. His natural aptitude and taste for letters thus had just the right nourishment for youth and ambition. His view of literature was thoroughly cosmopolitan.

In the prospectus of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the founders expressed the belief that there was a distinct field for "a magazine of good literature in the widest sense—a magazine for the intelligent and entertaining reading of those things which they believe most interest a very large part of the American people."

Looking back at the end of twenty-five years Mr. Burlingame wrote that the endeavor of the management had been to make it "a mine of reminiscences and autobiography of important and interesting men and women; to print in it thoughtful and serious, but practical and not academic, discussion of public and social questions by men whose opinions were real contributions to their subjects; to make it interpret the great working life and practical achievement of the country by the articles of actual experts; to maintain on its artistic side a really artistic standard, with the aid of the foremost artists and the best modern means of interpreting their work."

The things that he sought in carrying out this broad programme brought him many warm and lasting literary friendships; notable among them were: Stevenson, Meredith, Barrie, Page, Hopkinson Smith, Brander Matthews, Edith Wharton, Robert Grant, F. J. Stimson, Bunner, E. S. Martin, Henry van Dyke, and many others whose names have become familiar to our readers. Many, in the newer generation of the early years of the MAGAZINE, owe their first recognition to the keen discernment of Mr. Burlingame. For him the discovery of a real poet or the writer of short stories in a new and unusual field was a great delight. His judgment in these matters was severe, and, to use one of his favorite expressions, his "geese were not all swans." To his patient suggestion and encouragement young writers have often paid tribute. His discernment was amply justified by the enduring fame of the authors whose work first appeared in these pages.

His own taste in short stories was revealed in two standard collections which he edited—one, "Stories by American Authors," made before the founding of the MAGAZINE; the other, "Stories from Scribner's," compiled after many years.

Mr. Burlingame continued until his death to be a literary adviser of this house and a member of its board of directors. For forty-three years he was intimately concerned in its publishing projects. His taste, wide knowledge of men and affairs, and the severity of his standards are stamped on many important volumes and collections. His colleagues, old and young, consulted him with assurance of receiving well-balanced and well-informed opinions. He stood for what was fine and permanent in literature. In this house, where that right feeling expressed itself, his daily presence and counsel will be long missed and his friendship long remembered.



THE POINT OF VIEW



NOT long ago there appeared in an American magazine a noteworthy article which carried the title "The Deserted Temple." Its theme was a lament over the fact that the mighty cathedral of literature now has few worshippers.

Gambols in the Temple

This prose elegy was a noble one, and it merited solitary eminence; yet I, having a similar lament, intend not to permit this voice crying in the wilderness to be a lone voice. My song of grief has for its theme the extraordinary approach of modern youth to the great shrine in question, and the unseemliness of its behavior before it. To me it appears that the temple is less deserted than it is desecrated.

Let us say that one gorgeous oriel in the dim cathedral is the shrine of Milton; and before it now is grouped a class of American schoolboys or college boys—half a hundred gay, attractive, ruddy-faced, obvious-minded young moderns. They should come here to worship, or at least to show some spirit of reverence for the Great Tradition; but they seem unaware of the fact that they are in the presence of austere majesty. And their ideas about Milton's work and about the meaning of his poems are—. But they are speaking for themselves.

"L'Allegro loved jollies," one youth exudes with solemn finality; and, "This character hated droll nights," another assures his comrades with great earnestness. It must, in passing, be admitted that the phrase "droll nights" has its possibilities. "Cassiopea was a colored lady" is Young America's conception of "that starred Ethiop queen." Commentators on the genius of Milton should hereafter not fail to give him credit for the dexterity which this description makes so clear: "The poet introduces Vesta by bringing her in by her golden hair." For those to whom the true meaning of *masque* may remain a little obscure, this definition will prove quite satisfactory: "'Comus' is a masque; that is, a paretorical play." We also learn this:

"'Goshen,' to which the poet refers in 'Paradise Lost,' is a strong exclamation—the antique plural of *gosh*. It is most emphatic." Finally we have this grand summary of the whole business: "Milton was a very great poet; nevertheless, he had his good points."

Leaving this interesting group, we approach a second, gathered before the shrine of Shakespeare. Here, perhaps, the talk is not a whit less startling. "Shakespeare was born to his father and mother" is the first daring bit of iconoclasm to reach us and to move us. "Ann Hathaway was eight years his superior" is a method of description which will delight the heart of every feminist—and possibly every wife. Jealous lovers of Shakespeare's fame will be somewhat dismayed to learn this: "The man who, probably more than any other, collaborated with Shakespeare in the writing of these great plays was Homer." It is likewise interesting to know that "Shakespeare used Robinson Caruso in one of his epics." As we turn away we overhear: "None of these plays, of course, ought to be called poetry; they are too sensible for that."

The Temple, therefore, is not really deserted; but there are in it many profaners. Some of these are unconscious of any sacrilege; others show no reverence here because they have never sensed it anywhere. Here and there in the noble edifice will be seen a genuine pilgrim. But most of "those present" are hasty tourists into literature; and, now that they see it, they understand of it only those meagre phases which they understand of life. They are sometimes honestly curious to fathom the mystery; but, as Johnson said of Garrick and Goldsmith, who had been discussing foreordination: "They could make nothing of it. O noble pair!"

Gambols, especially of the mental variety, are permissible, I suppose, especially in private. But in public and in a temple they are dangerous; for such capers tempt those who really come to pray to remain to scoff—at the caperers.



Little Arkansas River. By Birger Sandzén.

American Lithographs of To-day

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Author of "How to Appreciate Prints," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LITHOGRAPHS IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AND KNOEDLER GALLERY

ARTISTIC lithography, or, better said, lithography for the artist, has begun to have a living present in this country. Ten years ago one was almost limited to the consideration of past performances. Then, the use of the process by American artists was sporadic and rare. Lithography played the rôle of a stepchild beside etching. It emitted but a feeble peep in the chorus of our art. To-day, to continue the use of the metaphor, it is heard in a voice rich, varied, sometimes subtle, not always discriminating, and fairly voluminous.

We are getting away from the idea that because for many years lithography has been preponderatingly used for commercial

ends, it is something beneath the artist's notice. They did not think so in the early days of the art, in France. In fact, the very manysidedness and suppleness of this process, which made it so useful an aid to commerce, makes it equally and pre-eminently a means by which the artist can express his individuality and mood. The process is autographic, reproducing the drawing as the artist makes it. You might well say, it is the drawing itself.

There is in lithography, as in etching, the facile practitioner. Rajon's dictum *le lithographe est facile* may appropriately be paraphrased: "It is so easy, so very easy, to make a lithograph, and so hard, so very hard, to make a

good one." It is easy enough to make a drawing on stone or transfer-paper, have it printed from, and delight in the dignity of an edition and the possibility of sales. More than one of us has been hoping, praying, working, writing, agitating for a revival of

may scrape out lights from washes or rub in tones with stump or rags, he may apply spatter-work or stipple. Lines may be drawn in the incisiveness of pen and ink, or the broad, quivering strokes of the crayon, or the sweep of the brush. Delicacy and

vigor, tenderness or brilliancy are at command. The evanescent, palpitating lines of Whistler, the imposing stroke of Daumier, the apparently careless yet nervously searching dashes of Toulouse-Lautrec are but a few of the possibilities already illustrated in the records of the art. The keyboard of tones on the stone ranges from grays of the delicacy of silver-point to blacks of the richness and depth of mezzotint or dry-point. Furthermore, the stone offers possibilities of color-printing to those who prefer that to black and white. And if desired the drawing may be made on paper and transferred to the stone.

Yet with all this remarkable range of possibilities, lithography has a character of its own which must be understood and respected. Differences



Rouen—near St. Maclou. By Howard Leigh.

lithography. Now that it seems to be really under way, one need not be discouraged if not all of the results are what one would have liked. The best will inevitably float to the top eventually, the rest will subside to the sediment of the deservedly forgotten.

"Lithography," says Joseph Pennell, "is the simplest and most abused of all the graphic arts, and is the most wonderful." It offers a sensitive response to the artist's touch. Its resources are marvellously rich. The artist may use crayon, pen, or brush, he

in handling the process run from the live to the dead. Where one shows a loving, sympathetic, searching study of the nature of the medium, another will produce dry statements, drawings that might as well be in pencil, that give you the feeling that they were not done in lithography because the artist liked that form of art and found that it responded to his temperament or temporary mood, but because it offered a quick and easy method of reproducing his design for the market.

When working in this medium, as in any medium, the artist must understand it, respect it, love it. The activity in poster design engendered by the various "drives" during the late war brought it home forcibly to more than one of our artists that you have to understand a process in order to employ it. So they learned to go into the lithographic printing shop, take off their coats, work with the printer and learn of his needs and difficulties. Simply to paint a poster or other design which has to be done over by a lithographic artist will not prove satisfactory, least of all to the original designer.

The war, it seems, gave a certain impetus to the use of lithography by our artists. At all events the process served a number of them to depict figures, scenes, and activities in the great conflict. Pershing and others were portrayed by Leo Mielziner, the forward struggle of the Allied armies was observed and recorded in its more intimate aspect, more from the standpoint of the individual soldier, by Kerr Eby and Captain Harry Townsend. The ravages of war at Rheims, Verdun, and elsewhere, were shown by Howard Leigh. Incitement to effort was furnished in dramatic compositions—cartoons they may be called, for purpose of classification—by George Bellows. The gigantic work at home, in munition-plants and shipyards, was set down picturesquely by Joseph Pennell, Vernon Howe Bailey, Herbert Pullinger, and Thornton Oakley.

Many contemporary American lithographs have already been seen, both in one-

man shows and in collective exhibitions such as the one held at the New York Public Library in 1920 and in the gallery of the Natural Arts Club, New York. The work already produced runs an interesting scale of possibilities in handling, in tech-



The Cards. By Albert Sterner.

nique, and discloses a pleasing and promising variety of temperaments and minds, to which these technical privileges have afforded richly adequate means of expression. Here is the utmost delicacy of pearly grays, as in the picture of haze-enveloped nymphs by the water-side, in which Bolton Brown, with subtlety in printing, repeats the evanescence of the shimmering, eye-confusing colors of his paintings. And not far off—if you happen to run down the alphabetical list of artists—is the massive force of Bel-



The Old Mill. By George Elmer Browne.

lows's broad, heavy crayon strokes and resounding array of darks and lights. Here is straight realism, as that of Adolph Treidler, and an imaginative quality that is quite of to-day. And that though it may be in touch with the past, as in the case of Rockwell Kent, with a certain kinship to Blake. Again there is plain, straightforward study of nature, as in the tree forms which Sears Gallagher gives with the effect of a crayon or pencil sketch, and the large drawings by Birger Sandzén, in which rugose and swirling lines bind trees and clouds into a big decorative pattern that recalls the convolutions of a finger-print, and that somehow, again, breathes the free, clear spirit of the West.

Still pursuing the always alluring sport of contrasting temperaments and methods, one may place side by side city scenes and buildings by certain artists who have found strong interest in these. Hassam, with sureness of eye and light definiteness of touch, has here, as in his etchings, explained his outlook on things through air and sunlight. George Elmer Browne, in such a piece as "The Old Mill," produces a colorful painter-quality in statement vigorous and sane. Ernest Haskell, avid pursuer of processes, has a Whistler-like lightness in his "Ruined Pier, Staten Island." Howard Leigh in his

drawings of cathedrals and other monumental structures gives not so much architectural renderings or decorative detail as massive impressions of massive constructions, the building imbued with a dramatic element born of its picturesque qualities. Vernon Howe Bailey brings to his task the important equipment, not too common, of sure draftsmanship. Before the skyscraper of New York, at the docks among great vessels, in huge and busy plants and at sight of towering smoke-stacks, everywhere the same clear view and presentation, the suave swing of line, the matter-of-course yet subtle sweep of composition. A natural manner that makes the selection of the right view-point so apparently inevitable that you take it for granted. And somehow, sometimes, your thoughts go to Pennell at sight of this.

Joseph Pennell was in the game with Whistler, running down the gamut from the crisp lightness of his "Spanish Series" to the resounding deep notes of his "Rouen Cathedral" and those alluring experimental studies of roadside views. He is still at work to-day, telling in his lithographs of the "Wonder of Work" and the beauty and activity of the life around us, and agitating for a better understanding of this medium. He bridges earlier days and the present, that live, hus-

ting, eager, inquisitive, impressionable and somewhat unrestrainedly and unthinkingly individualistic present, in which the latest achievement to record is that of Arthur B. Davies. A dozen or more years ago this insatiable trier of processes made a number

of experiments in lithography, delightful in their spirit of adventurous discovery, no two alike in method of production. It was like a sensitive prelude performance, a running over the keys, a testing of the various stops of this instrument of rare possibilities. Then, quite recently, he exhibited in New York a lot of lithographs in color which were, in their way, a revelation, not only of Davies, but of lithography. Whistler, Toulouse-Lautrec, Ibels, Lunois, are some of the names that rise to memory at the thought of color-lithography for artists. They represent so many different

methods of combinations of the stone, colored inks, and the artist. Davies has added another. This tireless experimenter, ever alert to try out the new idea or process, who will pull different proofs of the same lithograph in different color combinations, is, of course, attracted by the medium for what it will yield in expression of himself. His figures live in a world of their own, an exemplification of beauty for beauty's sake.

From these imaginings one turns naturally to other figure pieces. Rockwell Kent's symbolical presentation of man in terms of typical experience. Albert Sterner's studies, of a reserved richness, always within the medium and always individual, running from the reality of "The Cards" to the

daintily imagined "Amour Mort." His portraits include the characteristic one of Martin Birnbaum, which leads to a field in which W. Oberhardt has shown facile observation of salient traits, as in the heads of Pennell, John Gelert, and Edward Borein.



Morning. By Bolton Brown.
Courtesy of Knoedler Gallery.

S. J. Woolf's study of Mark Twain, W. J. Duncan's full length of Robert C. Holliday of the "Walking-Stick Papers," the late F. Walter Taylor's head of Joseph Pennell are illustrations of the sporadic or more or less habitual practice of portraiture. And, stepping backward a bit, one can add to this record the rather unusual poster portraits of Mrs. Fiske, by Ernest Haskell, flung on the stone with a nervous pertness which strikes a note of that actress's characteristic utterance. And there is—or isn't—that portrait of Ernest Lawson, by W. J. Glackens, so unfindable that it is becoming semimythical.

The prize-fight scenes and other pieces by George Bellows at times go beyond the

author's engrossment with problems of chiaroscuro, and his attitude of sympathetically and smilingly observant aloofness, into a spirit of satire reservedly expressed. It is a humorously tolerant comment on his fellow man that appears in the street scenes by John Sloan, of whom W. B. McCormick said that he was neither up in the clouds nor down in the gutter, but on the sidewalk. His brotherly interest in humanity does not show the bitterness of the overzealous reformer. Sloan, moreover, modern in spirit and outlook, yet builds solidly on the firm foundation of tradition in the matter of technique. Jerome Myers has once, at least, put down on stone his types of New York's East Side.

From such thoughtfully amused observers of their fellow men the transition is easy to notice of the fact that crayon has in recent years crowded out the pen in the hands of political cartoonists such as Boardman Robinson, Cesare, John Cassel, Rollin

Kirby. Over much of this the spirit of Daumier hovers as a strong source of inspiration. While these drawings were reproduced by "process," they have a lithographic "feel," and Robinson and Cesare, in fact, have worked directly in lithography.

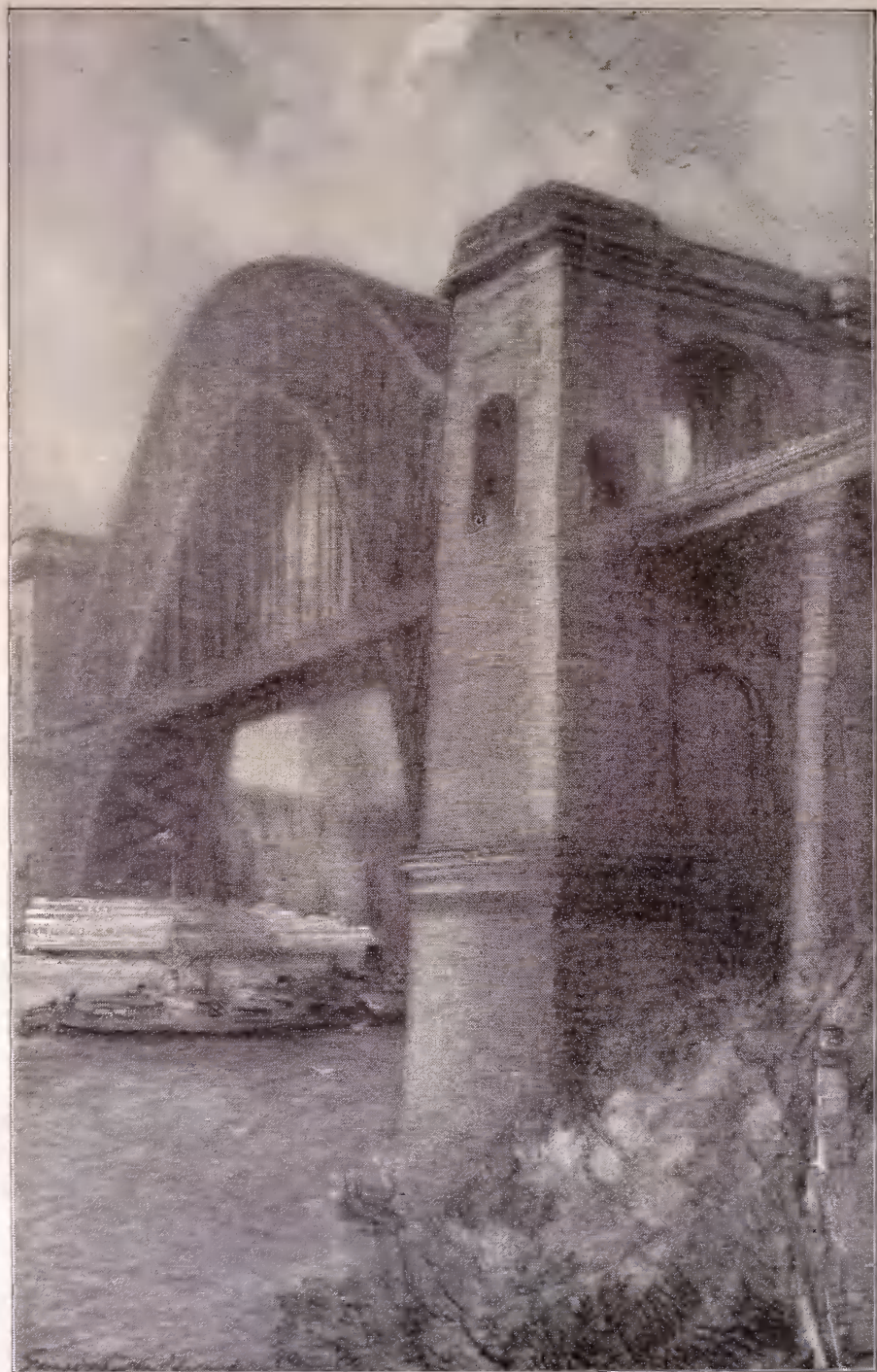
At the end one is reduced, by very breathlessness through accumulation of citations in evidence, to the simple repetition of the fact that this most pliable and adaptable instrument may be played upon in as many ways as there are personalities worth while to take it up. Delicacy or vigor, realism or imagination, whatever the demand of subject or temperament, lithography stands ready to serve with a chameleon-like change of manner in adaptation to the need of the moment.

And here in our country, too, the use of this flexible medium has shown a wide diversity of styles and temperaments and moods.



Tenement Roofs. By John Sloan.





From a drawing by George Wharton Edwards.

THE HELL GATE BRIDGE.

—"Bridges of Manhattan," page 145.

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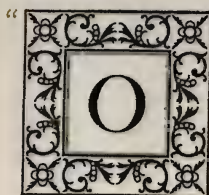
NO. 2

Selby Abbey and the Washingtons

BY CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

Formerly Lieutenant, Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



"ONCE upon a time," begins the old monkish chronicle, a strictly regulation beginning for such chronicles, "a young monk of Auxerre, in France, lay at night in his lonely cell." Drowsy, he was about to fall into a restful sleep when there appeared before him a beatific vision of St. Germain, patron saint of the monastery, telling him that his ardent prayers for a great mission in life had been heard in Heaven and had received Divine benediction.

Naturally, there was no more rest for the monk that night, for the Saint commanded him to go forth and in the name of the Saviour and St. Germain, whose aid and protection should accompany him, to seek a place in England called Selebei—the home of the seals—and there to build to the glory of God a house of prayer and praise. And, affirms the chronicle, as an indication to the trembling monk of his saintly interest, St. Germain promised, as the *objet irrésistible* of the enterprise, the jealously guarded relic of his little finger that lay upon the altar of Auxerre.

Young Benedict, the monk, awed by this ghostly nocturnal visitation with its soul-stirring message, confided in his superior, who, with his brother monks, discounted the vision and exhorted Benedict to remain. The vision, however, was thrice repeated, whereupon Benedict felt that he could stay no longer. So, in the dead of night, this time without con-

fiding in his superior, knowing it to be a sacrilege, but feeling he had more than sufficient warrant for the deed, he stole the precious finger, fled from the monastery, and, ere day had dawned, was far on his way from Auxerre.

Thus we have the motive for the founding of Selby Abbey in Yorkshire, England. There had to be some extraordinary reason for building such a beautiful edifice as the Abbey on such a miserable site, for in Benedict's day there were practically no natural advantages for such an undertaking within a long radius. And, further, to the credit of its early inhabitants, it is evident that the town of Selby was the outcome of the Abbey and not the Abbey of the town. Certainly the eleventh-century peasantry of Yorkshire, stiff-necked and hard-headed as they were, would never have been enticed by anything less than an Abbey endowed with a saintly digit to settle down in such a pock-marked and frowzy section of England as the neighborhood of what is now Selby on the Ouse.

Howbeit, there stands Selby Abbey, and if venerable age, romantic history, and intrinsic beauty entitle a building to be regarded more as the property of a nation than of a single parish, Selby Abbey may indeed be truly considered a national treasure. Nay more, the lovely Abbey is an international treasure, for in the south wall of the choir-clearstory, where all who wish may see, is a window emblazoned with the arms of the Washington family. This window, in all its brilliance of ancient coloring, "argent" and "gules," is the



From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

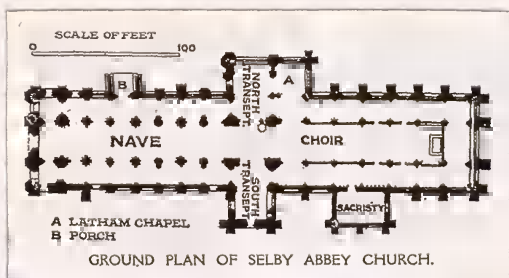
From the southeast one obtains a fine view of the east end of the Abbey, together with the flamboyant tracery of the east window, the sacristy, tower, and south transept.

The window to the right in the clearstory contains the Washington family arms.

relic-in-chief of the Washingtons. It antedates by centuries the Washington relics at Sulgrave Manor and Great and Little Brington down Warwick way.

It is a foregone conclusion that Selby will become another British mecca for American antiquarians, historians, genealogists, and students, not to mention tourists, when the facts regarding this window are more generally known in this country. More especially will Americans seek this abbey-enshrined window at Selby when it is understood that the little Nottinghamshire village of Scrooby lies but a short distance southward near Bawtry on the Great North Road from London. From Scrooby, three hundred years and more ago, went those Pilgrim Fathers who, with others, embarked in the *Mayflower* from Plymouth in 1620. So, too, in this same "Pilgrim Fathers' Country," and hard by Scrooby, is Austerfield, where in 1589 was born William Bradford, the Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, son of a yeoman family long resident in the still-existing manor-house.

Concerning the founding of Selby, because of the Washington window and its historical associations there enshrined, Benedict's further adventures have a unique interest; inasmuch as the old chronicle gives an insight into the early history of the Abbey and the surrounding region, and possibly thus may shed some



light upon the remote ancestry of our own George Washington.

Like many fugitives and pilgrims of later times, Benedict got all mixed up by the similarity of names in England, for our finger-snatching monk, upon reaching the shores of the "tight little Isle," found

his way to Salisbury, thinking that to be the place where he should found his church. Salisbury's Old Sarum, ancient Anglo-Saxon castle, filled at that time with rough Norman soldiers and hardly the safest place in England for a fugitive from France, did not appeal to Benedict; while St. Germain, according to his promise and with an eye on the finger, again appeared and told Benedict unmistakably the name of the place appointed, and in still another vision, for the monk's better guidance, showed him the very spot.

Heartened anew, Benedict once more set out upon his holy quest. After a perilous cross-country journey he made his way to the seaport of Lymington at the mouth of the Lymington River, which flows through New Forest into the Solent—a long, long way by water from Selby on the Ouse. Repeatedly delayed by contrary winds, the monk was at last able, with a little band of converts he had gathered around him, to set sail on a small ship bound York-wards.

No sooner, according to the chronicle, had Benedict set foot on board, carrying his wooden cross and his precious amulet, than the breeze miraculously changed its direction, and with a fair wind the little vessel scudded on its way to the North. In due time Benedict and his worthy companions reached the mouth of the Ouse, which, by the way, empties into the broad reaches of the Humber; and as the barque was breasting the river there suddenly appeared before the startled but gladdened eyes of Benedict the holy site that St. Germain in ghostly guise had shown him while he tarried at Salisbury.

Landing forthwith, Benedict planted his wooden cross, and, prostrating himself before it and the saintly finger, dedicated the site to the Saviour and St. Germain. "Thus on the daisy-begemmed greensward by the river's brim," poetically runs the chronicle, "was the Abbey of Selby founded, and ere long unaccustomed chaunt and lowly orison mingled with the songs of the wild birds."

Having crossed the Ouse by ferry at Goole, just below Selby, I can readily understand Benedict's alacrity in landing where he did, and his insistence that this was the long-sought site of his visions; for

the Ouse, which by its character at this point should be spelled Ooze, runs with a mighty current at ebb-tide, discouraging further up-stream travel. Selby is, in fact, the end of navigation from Hull up the Humber and Ouse for anything but small boats.

Centuries before Benedict founded his



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Washington family coat of arms from choir-clerestory window of Selby Abbey.

This relic of the Washingtons is probably the oldest in existence.

Abbey, Yorkshire had been Christianized, but the Danes had come and, like pestilential fiends, with fire and sword had swept across the land, wiping out of existence the religious communities of their day, the very names of which together with their memory had long since faded from the minds of the inhabitants of the country. Selby was a virgin enterprise.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the simple peasantry of the valley gazed with wonderment upon Benedict of the Black Robe and his little band of devoted followers, or that Hugh, powerful Norman Baron of the region, coming down the river, was startled at the sight of the



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

The ambries and sedilia, mostly late decorative in style, have added much to the beauty of the interior of Selby Abbey.

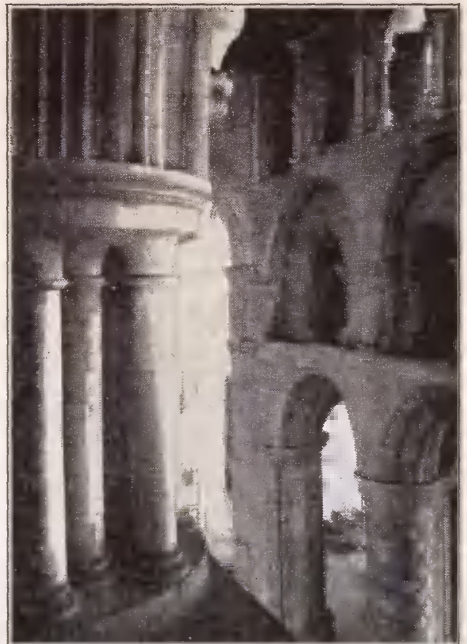
wooden cross and landed to see what this strange symbol might betoken. Hugh found the monk and his band living in a primitive wooden moss-lined hut set up under the shelter of a giant oak. The monk's heaven-sent mission, not to forget the sacred relic, impressed the Baron, who at once gave patronage to the project, sending workmen to build a more substantial dwelling on the site, and interesting the Conqueror in Benedict's behalf.

William the Conqueror had landed in England only three years before Benedict founded Selby in 1069, and among other efforts toward welding his newly acquired kingdom into a unified and contented domain he exhibited, about that time, a pious desire to foster the growth of religious houses. Consequently he listened with willing ears to Baron Hugh's story of the monk of Auxerre and the purloined finger; and under the auspices of the King, with Hugh's generous assistance, Benedict's project soon took on the aspect of pros-

perity which lasted until Henry VIII began his depredations against Romanism in England.

Under the Conqueror's patronage, necessary financial aid was always forthcoming, many large estates were added to the Abbey holdings by royal gift, there was a total exemption from taxation, while the nobles of the indigenous countryside, following the example of the King, showered the Abbey with gifts of money, produce, and free labor. The climax of royal favor came when William and his queen, Matilda, stopping at the Abbey on a visit to the North of England, stayed long enough for the queen to give birth to William's son, Henry Beauclerc, who lived to become Henry I of England.

After this event William's bounty made it possible for a more stately temple to be built at Selby,—a work however which Benedict, by that time full of years and bowed by excessive labors, felt necessary to turn over to younger hands. So, after governing the com-



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

The lights and shadows of the interior contrast strongly from the vantage afforded by the ambulatory of the north triforium.

munity which he founded for twenty-seven years, Benedict, later elevated to sainthood, handed over the reins of office to Abbot Hugh, builder of the present Abbey. Alterations and repairs, of course, have been made to the Abbey from time to time, but the original plan has been carefully followed, the proportions unchanged, and most of the walls are as Abbot Hugh left them.

Hugh lived long enough to see his work



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Probably the best example of the transitional Norman period in ecclesiastical architecture is found in the west porch and entrance to Selby Abbey.

The five receding orders and the perfect specimen of Norman carving in the recessed arch are particularly interesting features of the ancient edifice.

completed, whereupon he also turned his command over to other and younger leaders and, retiring to a near-by farm, peacefully passed away in sight of the beautiful edifice he had reared. The monks of Selby affectionately and tenderly brought his remains into the Abbey and laid them to rest beneath the roof his zeal had made possible, but the spot where he is buried is forgotten, not a single trace of evidence remains, no shrine, no epitaph perpetu-



From a photograph by Kingsway.

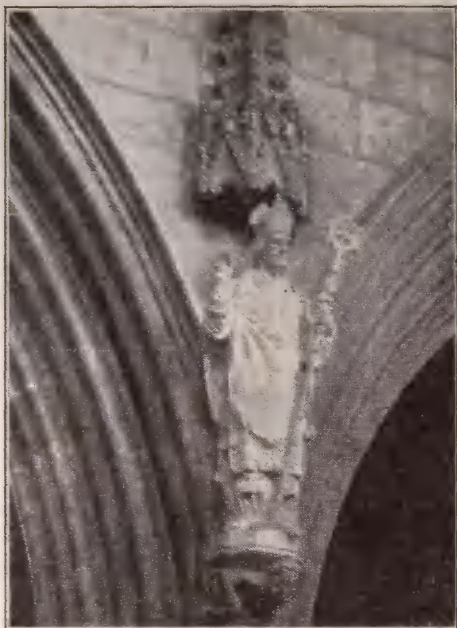
A seven-hundred-year-old porch and doorway admit one to the north aisle of the Abbey nave.

Considering the wear and tear of so many centuries, the condition of this porch is remarkable.

ates his memory—the magnificent building itself is his monument.

For five hundred years, it is related, through good report and ill, the community founded by St. Benedict held together. The monk of Auxerre himself was of a somewhat dual character, and before he became a monk had almost decided to be a soldier, which accounts for his ability as an organizer and his success in enlisting the aid of the war lords of his day and age. Hugh, who immediately succeeded him, was able and good; and of the line of twenty-five Abbots who followed Hugh some were also good, or at least well intentioned, some indifferent, and one or two were anything but models of propriety. Yet some of these men were as complex in character as Benedict, as adaptable and sagacious, else the five hundred years of dominant Abbey life would have been materially lessened.

To state a fact, the immense wealth the Abbey had acquired proved its undoing. a state of affairs by no means peculiar to



From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

Here is Saint Germain himself, to whom, jointly with the Virgin, Selby Abbey is dedicated.

This statue is of exquisite workmanship. It will be noted that the sculptor of this figure gave Saint Germain a full set of fingers on each hand.

the Benedictine Abbey of Selby. By the end of the fifteenth century the revenue of the monastery had grown so that there was an annual income that would have sufficed to give each monk over five hundred pounds a year—more than eight thousand dollars in current British money at the present rate of exchange! With no apparent reason for industry, the monks became lazy, idle, vicious, until at intervals they were aroused to better things by having placed at their head a man of pure ideals. Such was the shrine at which the founders of the Washington family worshipped.

Robert Selby was the last Abbot. He seems to have been a man of no small tact, and, when the ill-timed "Pilgrimage of Grace" was organized by Robert Aske, cleverly kept out of the movement. He managed things so well that, while sundry Abbots swung together as tragic object-lessons of a king's displeasure, and the gibbet, with

its fearsome victim, was a common sight throughout the North, Robert Selby stood so well at court that he secured handsome pensions for himself and his monks, and was allowed to go to France carrying with him much Abbey treasure.

Throughout this time, not always consistently, it is true, but each effort having a cumulative result, the Abbey church continued to grow, until at last it became the perfect building it was intended to be. Then came the dissolution of the monasteries, Selby's conventional buildings were destroyed, and the inhabitants of the town were left as a royal legacy a beautiful church without the wherewithal to keep it in repair. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the neglected fabric fell into decay, or that without a moment's warning, in 1690, the central Norman Tower came down with a crash, involving the south transept in the ruin.

Thus the Abbey remained until 1906, when a great fire swept through the building and threatened to demolish



From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

This figure of the Virgin shares with Saint Germain the dedicatory honors of the Abbey.



From a photograph by Kingsway.

The south side of the nave, looking west.

The enormous round column is known as Abbot Hugh's column. The great builder is said to have fashioned this column with his own hands, for he worked on the building like all the monks of Selby, accepting the same daily pay as the lowliest novice, and with the money thus earned he dispensed charity to the poor of the town.

completely the whole structure. Subsequent events proved, however, that the near-calamity was a blessing in disguise: for, to complete those parts which escaped the fire, funds were donated which restored the Abbey to its original appearance. And this included new foundations, a new south transept, and another tower to replace the one which fell so many years before. While much of the heritage of

centuries had been destroyed forever, the nave was not seriously damaged, and the windows, including the great east window, had been little injured; happily, the memory of the Abbey's former glory proved an inspiration to the restorers, and thus out of the fire, like gold refined, has come a beautiful creation, a shrine most worthy to hand on to future generations.

Among those windows saved from de-



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Examples of early carving, such as this finial in the choir-clearstory, are worthy of careful study.

struction, the Washington window stands out as an example of conventional mediæval glasswork; in all respects it is a typical memorial of the day and age when the artisan wrought with as much loving care as skill and experience. Who was the donor this window memorialized? What generation of the Washington family did he represent? The answer to these questions I tried to ascertain, and, while my information is traditional and local, I give it for what it is worth.

Dating back, evidently, to the early part of the twelfth century, the local great men of the country gave abundantly toward the rich embellishment of the Abbey. In the later years of the same century, it appears that these benefactors were recognized by the Abbots in charge as having contributed sufficient material wealth, at the same time possessing the requisite religious zeal, to entitle them to memorials, which took the form of windows piercing the choir-clearstory. Among these donors was a Washington, possibly more than one, hence the window with the Wash-

ington arms. From this it would appear that the Washingtons were men of wealth and authority as early as 1125, that they stood in royal favor, were natives or at least residents of the locality, and were prominent in the affairs of Mother Church.

This does not controvert the historians who claim that the Washington family came from Lancashire to Sulgrave Manor by way of Northampton. The Northampton Washingtons were Protestants, to be sure, while the Selby benefactors were Catholics. But inasmuch as four centuries intervene between the erection of the Selby memorial window and the purchase by Lawrence Washington, wool merchant and Mayor of Northampton, of the Sulgrave Manor lands from the Priory of St. Andrew of Northampton, which had just been taken from the Church by Henry VIII, there was ample time for the shift in religious allegiance; in all probability, the Washingtons being attachés of the reigning house, a religious change was a necessity.



From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

Curious conceits of the mediæval monkish stone-cutter are evident in the carved capitals throughout the interior of the Abbey.

On the other hand, it is not at all improbable that descendants of the family of Washingtons who came under the influence of Selby remained in that section of England, and, being of the intelligentsia of the day, imbibed the teachings of the Reformation which produced the zealots of the Pilgrim Fathers' Country, on the

Field, saw the death of Richard III of the House of York, and the crowning of Henry VII, the first of the Tudors, and it may well be that the fortunes of the Washingtons depended on joining the ranks of the victor. Lawrence Washington's immediate forebears must have been adherents of this first Tudor prince.



From a photograph by Hutchison, Selby.

The richness of the choir stalls depends upon the carving by which the quartered oak is made to give a texture of deeply mellow lights with amber tones in the high-relief figures.

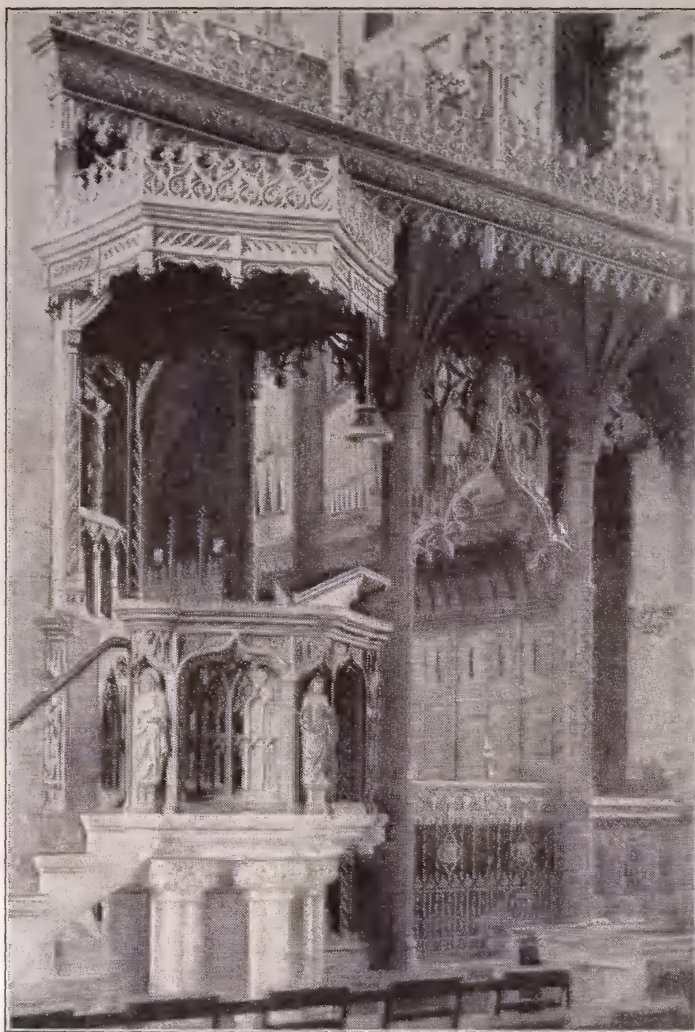
Thus the wood and stone melt into a color blend of exquisite shadings and tone values which the radiance of the great window enhances.

edge of which both Selby and Northampton are situated. That would account for the Protestantism of Lawrence Washington and his immediate ancestors, if political considerations are to be discounted.

How to account for the Washingtons of Lancashire is not, perhaps, difficult when one remembers that Lancashire and Yorkshire adjoin, and that we also have the four centuries for the family to split up or move in accordance with their advancing or waning fortunes. At all events, the early Yorkshire emblazonment agrees in design and color with the Lancashire and Sulgrave Manor rendering of the Washington arms. This should prove the relationship of Lawrence Washington with the faithful knight of Selby Abbey. The War of the Roses between the crown claimants, ending at Bosworth

else the wealthy Lawrence would have lost the family riches. He would never have been Mayor of Northampton nor the purchaser of Sulgrave Manor under Henry VIII, under any other conditions; that much is certain.

While my duties in connection with the ill-fated airship, ZR-2, stationed at Howden, Yorkshire, only seven miles from Selby, brought me to that town often, they permitted me but little leisure, so I had to content myself with five short visits to the Abbey and I could not run the threads of these Washington traditions to earth; but I am confident that sufficient records exist to follow our First President's ancestry back to the donor of the Abbey, in whose honor and to whose memory the beautiful bit of medieval glasswork owes its origin.



The rood-screen and pulpit of the Abbey are among the richest examples of carving in all Europe.

In my conversations with the good-humored verger of Selby Abbey, I gained enough insight into the early intercourse between the monks and the inhabitants of that part of Yorkshire contiguous to Selby, to appreciate that the Washington window would never have been placed so prominently in the Abbey unless the person or persons memorialized had been of great importance and of unusually strong character, in that day and generation when the very foundations of

England's present greatness were in the making.

As for the Abbey itself, aside from its historical associations, students of its architecture will find a wealth of interest; and to those who are not particularly well acquainted with the characteristics of the different styles which denote the various periods of English ecclesiastical design, much pleasure will be derived from the noble proportions of the *ensemble* and the exquisite carving and glasswork with-



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

This gorgeous modern reredos, illustrating the crucifix, is the work of Peter Rendl, who, previous to Anton Lang, won fame as the Christus in the Oberammergau Decennial Passion Play.

in. The Abbey shows all the architectural modes in vogue from the days of William the Conqueror: Norman, Transitional, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular.

Giving entrance to the west end of the building is a delightful example of a Transitional Norman porch. The five receding orders of the doorway are rich in carving typical of the period, crisp as the day they were finished. The north porch is another example of the same

period, even if it has but four receding orders. These two doorways with their protecting porches are undoubtedly the finest of their kind in England.

Once inside, especially if entrance is gained by the west door directly into the nave, one is at once struck by a note of solemn beauty which signalizes this Abbey above all other church buildings in a land of churches; and, while the interior also combines the various periods of English Gothic, there are unity of appearance

and a certain delectable balance of proportions which mark perfect architectural effect. The massive arches, proclaiming the work of Norman builders, are so sturdily placed that they have survived the stress and shock of more than eight hundred years. The superimposed Early English and Norman portions of the triforium match well with the massiveness of the Norman masonry below, yet they are so beautifully proportioned that one gets that sense of lightness and strength in combination which bespeaks the master draftsman. The ambulatory screens and clearstory treatment are not a whit less satisfactory: the whole interior is a delight.

Some of the pillars are exquisitely grouped, and one may follow the architecture from floor to roof counting in turn the evidences of the time that elapsed in the building, as style follows style, and yet not a feature jars, nothing is out of tune. Quaint conceits, curiously carved, peep out at one here and there, revealing in the monkish workmen a proclivity for humor not wholly suppressed by the donning of cassock and cowl.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful feature of the Abbey is the splendid choir. It is mainly in the Decorated style, and its proportions and embellishment are beyond praise. Lacy carvings of surpassing delicacy lead to the choir screen, which is in itself a thing most exquisite, and the altar and reredos are no less notable in conception and beauty. The delicate carving of the reredos illustrates

the crucifix; the workmanship is superb; it is a worthy shrine in a building of extraordinary merit from the artist's view-point and of hallowed significance to the religious votary. An altar-screen demanding one's attention, because of its magnificence, divides the chancel from the Lady Chapel.

Monuments there are a-plenty in the Abbey; and let no one leave its confines without studying the loveliness of its windows. The colorful east window is surpassed by few such windows in all Europe, for it is a combined Jesse and Doom window, depicting the genealogy of the Saviour and the Last Judgment, two subjects which had an especial appeal to mediæval designers. The perpendicular west window, dating from about the end of the fifteenth century, has yet to be restored, while the south transept contains a window illustrating incidents in the history of the



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Worn and weathered by the storms of centuries, the turrets and pinnacles of Selby Abbey viewed close at hand have lost some of their original crispness of outline, but nevertheless enough remains to show the daring skill of the stone-carver and the vigorous treatment of the mediæval designer.

Abbey. The purpose of the clearstory glazing has already been dwelt upon; elaborately emblazoned with heraldic devices, those ancient panes tell their own story.

The setting of the Abbey in the rambling old town is admirable. It stands in a park at the east end of the great market-place where its splendor is shown to the best advantage possible. Buttresses, walls, carved mullions, gables, turrets, pinnacles, tower, all have their special appeal; the recessed doorways, the ancient porches, the quaint carvings, the roselike tracery, the very texture of the



From a photograph by Kingsway.

From the park one may obtain a view of the Abbey which gives expression to its great length—306 feet—and here, too, the beautiful tower rears its tall turrets and pinnacles against the background of the sky.



From a photograph by Kingsway.

For eight and one-quarter centuries the old Abbey has watched over this market-place. And for centuries fairs such as this shown in the photograph have been an annual event in the life of Selby.

hoary stone, all give their share of beauty and interest and dignity to that noble pile—it is of incalculable value to a nation to possess shrinelike lessons in stone such as this Abbey.

Selby is not a town one would care to spend much time in were it not for the glorious Abbey. Yet it is a county town, and boasts an oil-works, several flax-scutching mills, and two or three boat-building yards. It lies on the right bank of the muddy Ouse and, as tide serves, is reached by fairly large steamers from the Humber. Selby is on the main line of the Great Northern Railway from London to Edinburgh, and on the main line from Hull to Leeds and Liverpool.

The most enjoyable method of reaching Selby from London is, of course, by motor-car; the ride through the eastern part of England, beautiful in itself, and filled with history of intimate charac-

ter to Americans, is difficult to duplicate and is only surpassed by the return trip by way of Sheffield, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Sulgrave Manor, and Oxford.

Selby is not isolated—not by any manner of means. York, wonderful city, is only twelve or fourteen miles north of Selby; Hull, the Liverpool of the east coast, is about forty miles down river to the eastward; Doncaster, scene of the great Derby, is eighteen miles south; while Sheffield is only thirty-five miles distant—the little, dull, lazy town is in the centre of a delightful and interesting countryside, and while its neighboring cities and towns of larger size and more commercial spirit laugh it to scorn, it has a tremendous advantage to Americans after all, for it contains the regional architectural masterpiece and the Washington relic-in-chief, Selby Abbey.

New Gods

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

Youth will be served; the gods we reared
In faith upon our altar-stone
Now keep their vigil unrevered
In dusty corners, all unknown.
New idols rise at new demands
Above our crumbling overthrow,
They pick and choose with ruthless hands—
As we did, in the long ago.

Youth will be served; we live to see
Our dearest deeds another's boast,
A butt for laughed ribaldry
The dreams for which we suffered most.
They see no print of bleeding feet,
The heights we won on footsteps slow
They mount, unwitting of defeat—
As we did, in the long ago.

Youth must be served; one harvest's gain
The seed from which new harvest springs,
The fuller yield of golden grain
From our forgotten harrowings.
Their hands shall turn fresh furrow-soil,
The bread we eat, they too shall know,
May they find gods to sweeten toil—
As we did, in the long ago.



Plate I
(Frontispiece)

The Hell Gate Bridge. Started July 1, 1912; completed March 1, 1917. The longest steel arch in the world, 1017 feet.

Plate II

The Brooklyn Bridge. Started January 3, 1870; completed May 24, 1883. Considered the world's greatest achievement in construction as a Suspension Bridge.

Plate III

The Williamsburg Bridge. Started November 7, 1890; completed December 19, 1903. Combined Suspension and Cantilever. 135 feet above water.

Plate IV

The Blackwell's Island or Queensboro Bridge. Started July, 1901; completed March 30, 1909. 7449 feet long. Great Cantilever structure of steel.

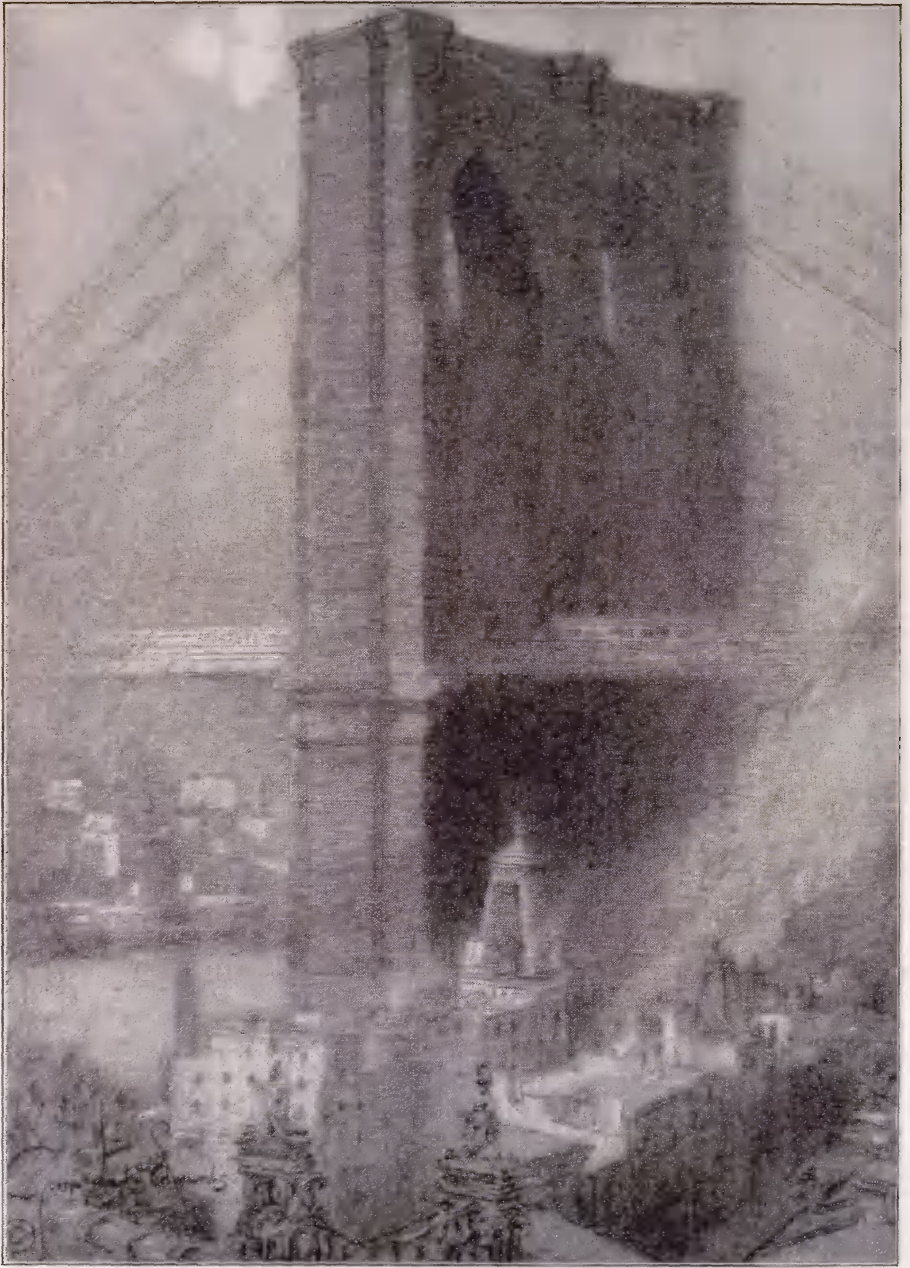


Plate II.

The Brooklyn Bridge.



Plate III.

The Williamsburg Bridge.



Plate IV.

The Blackwell's Island or Queensboro Bridge.

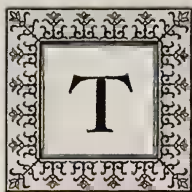
A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCES ROGERS

BOOK II

X



HE war was three months old—three centuries.

By virtue of some gift of adaptation which seemed forever to discredit human sensibility, people were already beginning to live into the monstrous idea of it, acquire its ways, speak its language, regard it as a thinkable, endurable, arrangeable fact; to eat it by day, and sleep on it—yes, and soundly—at night.

The war went on; life went on; Paris went on. She had had her great hour of resistance, when, alone, exposed and defenseless, she had held back the enemy and broken his strength. She had had, afterward, her hour of triumph, the hour of the Marne; then her hour of passionate and prayerful hope, when it seemed to the watching nations that the enemy was not only held back but thrust back, and victory finally in reach. That hour had passed in its turn, giving way to the grey reality of the trenches. A new speech was growing up in this new world. There were trenches now, there was a "Front"—people were beginning to talk of their sons at the front.

The first time John Campton heard the phrase it sent a shudder through him. Winter was coming on, and he was haunted by the vision of the youths out there, boys of George's age, thousands and thousands of them, exposed by day in reeking wet ditches and sleeping at night under rain and snow. People were talking calmly of victory in the spring—the spring that was still six long months away! And meanwhile, what cold and wet, what blood and agony, what shattered bodies out on that hideous front, what shattered homes in all the lands it guarded!

Campton could bear to think of these things now. His son was not at the front—was safe, thank God, and likely to remain so!

During the first awful weeks of silence and uncertainty, when every morning brought news of a fresh disaster, when no letters came from the army and no private messages could reach it—during those weeks, while Campton, like other fathers, was without news of his son, the war had been to him simply a huge featureless mass crushing him earthward, blinding him, letting him neither think nor move nor breathe.

But at last he had got permission to go to Chalons, whither Fortin, who chanced to have begun his career as a surgeon, had been hastily transferred. The physician, called from his incessant labours in a roughly-improvised operating-room, to which Campton was led between rows of stretchers laden with livid blood-splashed men, had said kindly, but with a shade of impatience, that he had not forgotten, had done what he could; that George's health did not warrant his being discharged from the army, but that he was temporarily on a staff-job at the rear, and would probably be kept there if such and such influences were brought to bear. Then, calling for hot water and fresh towels, the surgeon vanished and Campton made his way back with lowered eyes between the stretchers.

The "influences" in question were brought to bear—not without Anderson Brant's assistance—and now that George was fairly certain to be kept at clerical work a good many miles from the danger-zone Campton felt less like an ant under a landslide, and was able for the first time to think of the war as he might have thought of any other war objectively, intellectually, almost dispassionately, as of history in the making.

It was not that he had any doubt as to

the rights and wrongs of the case. The painfully preserved equilibrium of the neutrals made a pitiful show now that the monstrous facts of the first weeks were known: Germany's diplomatic perfidy, her savagery in the field, her premeditated and systematized terrorizing of the civil populations. Nothing could efface what had been done in Belgium and Luxembourg, the burning of Louvain, the bombardment of Rheims. These successive outrages had roused in Campton the same incredulous wrath as in the rest of mankind; but being of a speculative mind—and fairly sure now that George would never lie in the mud and snow with the others—he had begun to consider the landslide in its universal relations, as well as in its effects on his private ant-heap.

His son's situation, however, was still his central thought. That this lad, who was meant to have been born three thousand miles away in his own safe warless country, and who was regarded by the government of that country as having been born there, as subject to her laws and entitled to her protection—that this lad, by the most idiotic of blunders, a blunder perpetrated before he was born, should have been dragged into a conflict in which he was totally unconcerned, should become temporarily and arbitrarily the subject of a foreign state exposed to whatever catastrophes that state might draw upon itself, this fact still seemed to Campton as unjust as when it first dawned on him that his boy's very life might hang on some tortuous secret negotiation between the cabinets of Europe.

He still refused to admit that France had any claim on George, any right to his time, to his suffering or to his life. He had argued it out a hundred times with Adele Anthony. "You say Julia and I were to blame for not going home before the boy was born—and God knows I agree with you! But suppose we'd meant to go? Suppose we'd made every arrangement, taken every precaution, got to Havre or Cherbourg, say, and been told the steamer had broken her screw—or been prevented ourselves, at the last moment, by illness or accident, or any sudden grab of the Hand of God? You'll admit we shouldn't have been to blame for that; yet the law would have recognized no

difference. George would still have found himself a French soldier on the second of last August. And I say that's enough to prove it's an iniquitous law, a travesty of justice. Nobody's going to convince me that, because a steamer may happen to break a flange of her screw at the wrong time, France has the right to force an American boy to go and rot in the trenches!"

"In the trenches—is George in the trenches?" Adele Anthony asked, raising her pale eyebrows.

"No!" Campton thundered, his clenched fist crashing down among her tea-things; "and all your word-juggling isn't going to convince me that he ought to be there." He paused and stared furiously about the little lady-like drawing-room into which Miss Anthony's sharp angles were so incongruously squeezed. She made no answer, and he went on: "George looks at the thing exactly as I do."

"Has he told you so?" Miss Anthony enquired, rescuing his tea-cup and putting sugar into her own.

"He has told me nothing to the contrary. You don't seem to be aware that military correspondence is censored, and that a soldier can't always blurt out everything he thinks."

Miss Anthony followed his glance about the room, and her eyes paused with his on her own portrait, now in the place of honour over the mantelpiece, where it hung incongruously above a menagerie of china animals and a collection of trophies from the Marne.

"I dropped in at the Luxembourg yesterday," she said. "Do you know whom I saw there? Anderson Brant. He was looking at George's portrait, and turned as red as a beet. You ought to do him a sketch of George some day—after this."

Campton's face darkened. He knew it was partly through Brant's influence that George had been detached from his regiment and given a staff-job in the Argonne; but Miss Anthony's reminder annoyed him. The Brants had acted through sheer selfish cowardice, the desire to safeguard something which belonged to them, something they valued as they valued their pictures and tapestries, though of course in a greater degree; whereas he,

Campton, was sustained by a principle which he could openly avow, and was ready to discuss with anyone who had the leisure to listen.

He had explained all this so often to Miss Anthony that the words rose again to his lips without an effort. "If it had been a national issue I should have wanted him to be among the first: such as our having to fight Mexico, for instance—"

"Yes; or the moon! For my part, I understand Julia and Anderson better. They don't care a fig for national issues; they're just animals defending their cub."

"*Their*—thank you!" Campton exclaimed.

"Well, poor Anderson really *was* a dry-nurse to the boy. Who else was there to look after him? You were painting Spanish beauties at the time." She frowned. "Life's a puzzle. I see perfectly that if you'd let everything else go to keep George, you'd never have become the great John Campton: the *real* John Campton you were meant to be. And it wouldn't have been half as satisfactory for you—or for George either. Only, in the meanwhile, somebody had to blow the child's nose, and pay his dentist and doctor; and you ought to be grateful to Anderson for doing it. Aren't there bees or ants, or something, that are kept for such purposes?"

Campton's lips were opened to reply when her face changed, and he saw that he had ceased to exist for her. He knew the reason. That look came over everybody's face nowadays at the hour when the evening paper came in. The old maid servant brought it in, and lingered to hear the *communiqué*. At that hour, everywhere over the globe, business and labour and pleasure (if it still existed) were suspended for a moment while the hearts of all men gathered themselves up in a question and a prayer.

Miss Anthony sought for her *lorgnon* and failed to find it. With a shaking hand she passed the newspaper over to Campton.

"Violent enemy attacks in the region of Dixmude, Ypres, Armentières, Arras, in the Argonne, and on the advanced slopes of the Grand Couronné de Nancy, have been successfully repulsed. We

have taken back the village of Soupir, near Vailly (Aisne); we have taken Maucourt and Mogeville, to the north-east of Verdun. Progress has been made in the region of Vermelles (Pas-de-Calais) and south of Aix Noullette. Enemy attacks in the Hauts-de-Meuse and south-east of Saint-Mihiel have also been repulsed.

"In Poland the Austrian retreat is becoming general. The Russians are still advancing in the direction of Kielce-Sandomir and have progressed beyond the San in Galicia. Mława has been reoccupied, and the whole railway system of Poland is now controlled by the Russian forces."

A good day—oh, decidedly a good day! At this rate, what became of the gloomy forecasts of the people who talked of a winter in the trenches, to be followed by a spring campaign? True, the Serbian army was still retreating before superior Austrian forces—but there too the scales would soon be turned if the Russians continued to progress. That day there was hope everywhere: the old maid servant went away smiling, and Miss Anthony poured out another cup of tea.

Campton had not lifted his eyes from the paper. Suddenly they lit on a short paragraph: "Fallen on the Field of Honour." One had got used to that with the rest; used even to the pang of reading names one knew, evoking familiar features, young faces blotted out in blood, young limbs convulsed in the fires of that hell called "the Front." But this time Campton turned pale and the paper fell to his knee.

"Fortin-Lescluze; Jean-Jacques-Marie, lieutenant of Chasseurs à Pied, gloriously fallen for France. . ." There followed a ringing citation.

Fortin's son, his only son, was dead!

Campton saw before him the honest *bourgeois* dining-room, so strangely out of keeping with the rest of the establishment; he saw the late August sun slanting in on the group about the table, on the ambitious and unscrupulous great man, the two quiet women hidden under his illustrious roof, and the youth who had held together these three dissimilar people, making an invisible home in the heart of all that publicity. Campton remembered his brief exchange of words with Fortin on

the threshold, and the father's uncontrollable outburst: "For his mother and myself it's not a trifle—having our only son in the war."

Campton shut his eyes and leaned back, sick with the memory. This man had had a share in saving George; but his own son he could not save.

"What's the matter?" Miss Anthony asked, her hand on his arm.

Campton could not bring the name to his lips. "Nothing—nothing. Only this room's rather hot—and I must be off anyhow." He got up, escaping from her solicitude, and made his way out. He must go at once to Fortin's. The physician was still at Chalons; but there would surely be some one at the house, and Campton could at least leave a message and ask where to write.

Dusk had fallen. His eyes usually feasted on the beauty of the new Paris, the secret mysterious Paris of veiled lights and deserted streets; but to-night he was blind to it. He could see nothing but Fortin's face, hear nothing but his voice when he said: "Our only son in the war."

He groped along the pitch-black street for the remembered outline of the house (since no house-numbers were visible), and rang several times without result. He was just turning away when a big mud-splashed motor drove up. He noticed a soldier at the steering-wheel, then three people got out stiffly: two women smothered in crape and a haggard man in a dirty uniform. Campton stopped, and Fortin-Lescluze recognized him by the light of the motor-lamp. The four stood and looked at each other. The old mother, under her crape, appeared no bigger than a child.

"Ah—you know?" the doctor said. Campton nodded.

The father spoke in a firm voice. "It happened three days ago—at Suippes. You've seen his citation? They brought him in to me at Chalons without a warning—and too late. I took off both legs, but gangrene had set in. Ah—if I could have got hold of one of our big surgeons! ... Yes, we're just back from the funeral... My mother and my wife... they had that comfort..."

The two women stood beside him, like shrouded statues. Suddenly Mme. For-

tin's deep voice came through the crape: "You saw him, Monsieur, that last day ... the day you came about your own son, I think?"

"I ... yes ..." Campton stammered in anguish.

The physician intervened. "And now, *ma bonne mère*, you're not to be kept standing. You're to go straight in and take your *tisane* and go to bed." He kissed his mother and pushed her into his wife's arms. "Good-bye, my dear. Take care of her."

The women vanished under the portecochère and Fortin turned to the painter.

"Thank you for coming. I can't ask you in—I must go back immediately."

"Back?"

"To my work. Thank God. If it were not for that——!"

He jumped into the motor, called out "*En route!*" and was absorbed into the blackness of the night.

XI

CAMPTON went home to his studio.

He still lived there, shiftlessly and uncomfortably—for Mariette had never come back from Lille. She had not come back, and there was no news of her. Lille had become a part of the "occupied provinces," from which there was no escape; and people were beginning to find out what that living burial meant.

Adele Anthony had urged Campton to go back to the hotel, but he obstinately refused. What business had he to be living in expensive hotels when, for the Lord knew how long, his means of earning a livelihood were gone, and when it was his duty to save up for George—George, who was safe, who was definitely out of danger, and whom he longed more than ever, when the war was over, to withdraw from the stifling atmosphere of his stepfather's millions?

He had been so near to having the boy to himself when the war broke out! He had almost had in sight the proud day when he should be able to say: "Look here: this is your own bank-account. Now you're independent—for God's sake stop and consider what you want to do with your life."

The war had put an end to that—but



Drawn by Frances Rogers.

A good day—oh, decidedly a good day!—Page 151.

only for a time. If victory came before long, Campton's reputation would survive the eclipse, his chances of money-making would be as great as ever, and the new George, the George matured and disciplined by war, would come back with a finer sense of values, and a soul steeled against the vulgar opportunities of wealth.

Meanwhile, it behoved his father to save every penny. And the simplest way of saving was to go on camping in the studio, taking his meals at the nearest wine-shop, and entrusting his bed-making and dusting to old Mme. Lebel. In that way he could live for a long time without appreciably reducing his savings.

Mme. Lebel's daughter-in-law, Mme. Jules, who was in the Ardennes with the little girl when the war broke out, was to have replaced Mariette. But, like Mariette, Mme. Jules never arrived, and no word came from her or the child. They too were in an occupied province. So Campton jogged on without a servant. It was very uncomfortable, even for his lax standards; but the dread of letting a stranger loose in the studio made him prefer to put up with Mme. Lebel's intermittent services.

So far she had borne up bravely. Her two orphan grandsons were at the front (how that word had insinuated itself into the language!) but she continued to have fairly frequent reassuring news of them. The *Chasseur Alpin*, slightly wounded in Alsace, was safe in hospital; and the other was well, and wrote cheerfully. Her son Jules, the cabinetmaker, was guarding a bridge at St. Cloud, and came in regularly to see her; but Campton noticed that it was about him that she seemed most concerned.

He was a silent industrious man, who had worked hard to support his orphaned nephews and his mother, and had married in middle age, only four or five years before the war, when the lads could shift for themselves, and his own situation was secure enough to permit the luxury of a wife and baby.

Mme. Jules had waited patiently for him, though she had other chances; and finally they had married and the baby had been born, and blossomed into one of those finished little Frenchwomen who, at

four or five, seem already to be musing on the great central problems of love and thrift. The parents used to bring the child to see Campton, and he had made a celebrated sketch of her, in her Sunday bonnet, with little earrings and a wise smile. And these two, mother and child, had disappeared on the second of August as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

As Campton entered he glanced at the old woman's den, saw that it was empty, and said to himself: "She's at St. Cloud again." For he knew that she seized every chance of being with her eldest.

He unlocked his door and felt his way into the dark studio. Mme. Lebel might at least have made up the fire! Campton lit the lamp, found some wood, and knelt down stiffly by the stove. Really, life was getting too uncomfortable. . .

He was still trying to coax a flame when the door opened and he heard Mme. Lebel.

"Really, you know—" he turned to rebuke her; but the words died on his lips. She stood before him, taking no notice; then her shapeless black figure doubled up, and she sank down into his own arm-chair. Mme. Lebel, who, even when he offered her a seat, never did more than rest respectful knuckles on its back!

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" he exclaimed.

She lifted her aged face. "Monsieur, I came about your fire; but I am too unhappy. I have more than I can bear." She fumbled vainly for a handkerchief, and wiped away her tears with the back of her old laborious hand.

"Jules has enlisted, Monsieur; enlisted in the infantry. He has left for the front without telling me."

"Good Lord. Enlisted? At his age—is he crazy?"

"No, Monsieur. But the little girl—she's had news—"

She waited to steady her voice, and then fishing in another slit of her multiple skirts, pulled out a letter. "I got that at midday. I hurried to St. Cloud—but he left yesterday."

The letter was grim reading. The poor father had accidentally run across an escaped prisoner who had regained the French lines near the village where Mme.

Jules and the child were staying. The man, who knew the wife's family, had been charged by them with a message to the effect that Mme. Jules, who was a proud woman, had got into trouble with the authorities, and been sent off to a German prison on the charge of spying. The poor little girl had cried and clung to her mother, and had been so savagely pushed aside by the officer who made the arrest that she had fallen on the stone steps of the "Kommandantur" and fractured her skull. The fugitive reported her as still alive, but unconscious, and dying.

Jules Lebel had received this news the previous day; and within twenty-four hours he was at the front. Guard a bridge at St. Cloud after that? All he asked was to kill and be killed. He knew the name and the regiment of the officer who had denounced his wife. "If I live long enough I shall run the swine down," he wrote. "If not, I'll kill as many of his kind as God lets me."

Mme. Lebel sat silent, her head bowed on her hands; and Campton stood and watched her. Presently she got up, passed the back of her hand across her eyes, and said: "The room is cold. I'll fetch some coal."

Campton protested. "No, no, Mme. Lebel. Don't worry about me. Make yourself something warm to drink, and try to sleep—"

"Oh, Monsieur, thank God for the work! If it were not for that—" she said, in the same words as the physician.

She hobbled away, and presently he heard her bumping up again with the coal.

When his fire was started, and the curtains drawn, and she had left him, the painter sat down and looked about the studio. Bare and untidy as it was, he did not find the sight unpleasant: he was used to it, and being used to things seemed to him the first requisite of comfort. But to-night his thoughts were elsewhere: he saw neither the tattered tapestries with their huge heroes and kings, nor the blotched walls hung with pictures, nor the canvases stacked against the chair-legs, nor the long littered table at which he wrote and ate and mixed his colours. At one moment he was with For-

tin-Lescluze, speeding through the night toward fresh scenes of death; at another, in the *loge* down-stairs, where Mme. Lebel, her day's work done, would no doubt sit down as usual by her smoky lamp and go on with her sewing. "Thank God for the work—" they had both said.

And here Campton sat with idle hands, and did nothing—

It was not exactly his fault. What was there for a portrait-painter to do? He was not a portrait-painter only, and on his brief trip to Chalons some of the scenes by the way—gaunt unshorn faces of territorials at railway bridges, soldiers grouped about a provision-lorry, a mud-splashed company returning to the rear, a long grey train of "seventy-fives" ploughing forward through the rain—at these sights the old graphic instinct had stirred in him. But the approaches of the front were sternly forbidden to civilians, and especially to neutrals (Campton was beginning to wince at the word); he himself, who had been taken to Chalons by a high official of the Army Medical Board, had been given only time enough for his interview with Fortin, and brought back to Paris the same night. If ever there came a time for art to interpret the war, as Raffet, for instance, had interpreted Napoleon's campaigns, the day was not yet; the world in which men lived at present was one in which the word "art" had lost its meaning.

And what was Campton, what had he ever been, but an artist? . . . A father; yes, he had waked up to the practice of that other art, he was learning to be a father. And now, at a stroke, his only two reasons for living were gone: since the second of August he had had no portraits to paint, no son to guide and to companion.

Other people, he knew, had found jobs: most of his friends had been drawn into some form of war-work. Dastrey, after vain attempts to enlist, thwarted by an untimely sciatica, had found a post near the front, on the staff of a Red Cross Ambulance. Adele Anthony was working eight or nine hours a day in a Depot which distributed food and clothing to refugees from the invaded provinces; and Mrs. Brant's name figured on the committees of most of the newly-organ-

ized war charities. Among Campton's other friends many had accepted humbler tasks. Some devoted their time to listing and packing hospital supplies, keeping accounts in ambulance offices, sorting out refugees at the railway-stations, and telling them where to go for food and help; still others spent their days, and sometimes their nights, at the bitter-cold suburban sidings where the long train-loads of wounded stopped on the way to the hospitals of the interior. There was enough misery and confusion at the rear for every civilian volunteer to find his task.

Among them all, Campton could not see his place. His lameness put him at a disadvantage, since taxicabs were few, and it was difficult for him to travel in the crowded métro. He had no head for figures, and would have thrown the best-kept accounts into confusion; he could not climb steep stairs to seek out refugees, nor should he have known what to say to them when he reached their attics. And so it would have been at the railway canteens; he choked with rage and commiseration at all the suffering about him, but found no word to cheer the sufferers.

Secretly, too, he feared the demands that would be made on him if he once let himself be drawn into the network of war charities. Tiresome women would come and beg for money, or for pictures for bazaars: they were already getting up bazaars.

Money he could not spare, since it was his duty to save it for George; and as for pictures—why, there were a few sketches he might give, but here again he was checked by his fear of establishing a precedent. He had seen in the papers that the English painters were already giving blank canvases to be sold by auction to millionaires in quest of a portrait. But that form of philanthropy would lead to his having to paint all the unpaintable people who had been trying to bribe a picture out of him since his sudden celebrity. No artist had a right to cheapen his art in that way: it could only result in his turning out work that would injure his reputation and reduce his sales after the war.

So far, Campton had not been troubled by many appeals for help; but that was probably because he had kept out of sight,

and thrown into the fire the letters of the few ladies who had begged a sketch for their sales, or his name for their committees.

One appeal, however, he had not been able to avoid. About two months earlier he had had a visit from George's friend Boylston, the youth he had met at Dastrey's dinner the night before war was declared. In the interval he had entirely forgotten Boylston; but as soon as he saw the fat brown young man with a twinkle in his eyes and his hair, Campton recalled him, and held out a cordial hand. Had not George said that Boylston was the best fellow he knew?

Boylston seemed much impressed by the honour of waiting on the great man. In spite of his cool twinkling air he was evidently full of reverence for the things and people he esteemed, and Campton's welcome sent the blood up to the edge of his tight curls. It also gave him courage to explain his visit.

He had come to beg Campton to accept the chairmanship of the American Committee of "The Friends of French Art," an international group of painters who proposed to raise funds for the families of mobilized artists. The American group would naturally be the most active, since Americans had, in larger numbers than any other foreigners, sought artistic training in France; and all the members agreed that Campton's name must figure at their head. But Campton was known to be inaccessible, and the committee, aware that Boylston was a friend of George's, had asked him to transmit their request.

"You see, sir, nobody else represents. . ."

Campton thought as seldom as possible of what followed: he hated the part he had played. But, after all, what else could he have done? Everything in him recoiled from what acceptance would bring with it: publicity, committee meetings, speechifying, writing letters, seeing troublesome visitors, hearing harrowing stories, asking people for money—above all, having to give his own; a great deal of his own.

He stood before the young man, abject, irresolute, chinking a bunch of keys in his trouser-pockets, and remembering after-

ward that the chink must have sounded as if they were full of money. He remembered too, oddly enough, that as his own embarrassment increased Boylston's vanished. It was as though the modest youth, taking his host's measure, had reluctantly found him wanting, and from that moment had felt less in awe of his genius. Illogical, of course, and unfair—but there it was.

The talk had ended by Campton's refusing the chairmanship, but agreeing to let his name figure on the list of honorary members, where he hoped it would be overshadowed by rival glories. And, having reached this conclusion, he had limped to his desk, produced a handful of notes, and after a moment's hesitation held out two hundred francs with the stereotyped: "Sorry I can't make it more. . ."

He had meant it to be two hundred and fifty; but, with his usual luck, all his fumbling had failed to produce a fifty-franc note; and he could hardly ask Boylston to "make the change."

On the threshold the young man paused to ask for the last news of George; and on Campton's assuring him that it was excellent, added, with evident sincerity: "Still hung up on that beastly staff-job? I do call that hard luck—." And now, of all the unpleasant memories of the visit, that phrase kept the sharpest sting.

Was it in fact hard luck? And did George himself think so? There was nothing in his letters to show it. He seemed to have undergone no change of view as to his own relation to the war; he had shown no desire to "be in it," as that mad young Upsher said.

For the first time since he had seen George's train pull out of the Gare de l'Est Campton found himself wondering at the perfection of his son's moral balance. So many things had happened since; war had turned out to be so immeasurably more hideous and abominable than those who most abhorred war had dreamed it could be; the issues at stake had become so glaringly plain, right and wrong, honour and dishonour, humanity and savagery faced each other so squarely across the trenches, that it seemed strange to Campton that his boy, so eager, so im-

pressionable, so quick on the uptake, should not have felt some such burst of wrath as had driven even poor Jules Lebel into the conflict.

The comparison, of course, was absurd. Lebel had been parted from his dearest, his wife dragged to prison, his child virtually murdered: any man, in his place, must have felt the blind impulse to kill. But what was Lebel's private plight but a symbol of the larger wrong? This war could no longer be compared to other wars: Germany was conducting it on methods that civilization had made men forget. The occupation of Luxembourg; the systematic destruction of Belgium; the savage treatment of the people of the invaded regions; the outrages of Louvain and Rheims and Ypres; the voice with which these offences cried to heaven had waked the indignation of humanity. Yet George, in daily contact with all this woe and ruin, seemed as unmoved as though he had been behind a desk in the New York office of Bullard and Brant.

If there were any change in his letters it was rather that they were more indifferent. His reports of himself became drier, more stereotyped, his comments on the situation fewer: he seemed to have subdued to the hideous business he worked in. It was true that his letters had never been expressive: his individuality seemed to dry up in contact with pen and paper. It was true also that letters from the front were severely censored, and that it would have been foolish to put in them anything likely to prevent their delivery. But George had managed to send several notes by hand, and these were as colourless as the others; and so were his letters to his mother, which Mrs. Brant always sent to Miss Anthony, who privately passed them on to Campton.

Besides, there were other means of comparison. People with sons at the front were beginning to hand about copies of their letters; a few passages, strangely moving and beautiful, had found their way into the papers. George, God be praised, was not at the front; but he was in the war zone, far nearer the sights and sounds of death than his father, and he had comrades and friends in the trenches. Strange that what he wrote was still so cold to the touch. . .

"It's the scientific mind, I suppose," Campton reflected. "These youngsters are all rather like beautifully made machines..." Yet it had never before struck him that his son was like a beautifully made machine.

He remembered that he had not dined, and got up wearily. As he passed out he noticed on a pile of letters and papers a brand-new card: he could always tell the new cards by their whiteness, which twenty-four hours of studio-dust turned to grey.

Campton held the card to the light. It was large and glossy, a beautiful thick pre-war card; and on it was engraved:

HARVEY MAYHEW

Délégué des Etats Unis au Congrès de la Paix

with a pen-stroke through the lower line. Beneath was written an imperative "p.t.o."; and reversing the card, Campton read, in an agitated hand: "Must see you at once. Call up Nouveau Luxe"; and, lower down: "Excuse ridiculous card. Impossible get others under six weeks."

So Mayhew had turned up! Well, it was a good thing: perhaps he might have news of that mad Benny Upsher whose doings had caused Campton so much trouble in the early days that he could never recall the boy's obstinate rosy face without a stir of irritation.

"I want to be *in* this thing—" Well, young Upsher had apparently been in it with a vengeance; but what he had cost Campton in cables to his distracted family, and in weary pilgrimages to the War Office, the American Embassy, the Consulate, the Prefecture of Police, and divers other supposed sources of information, the painter meant some day to tell his young relative in no measured terms. That is, if the chance ever presented itself; for, since he had left the studio that morning four months ago, Benny had so completely vanished that Campton sometimes wondered, with a little shiver, if they were ever likely to exchange words again in this world.

"Mayhew will know; he wants to tell me about the boy, I suppose," he mused.

Harvey Mayhew—Harvey Mayhew with a pen-stroke through the title which, so short a time since, it had been his chief

ambition to display on his cards! No wonder it embarrassed him now. But where on earth had he been all this time? As Campton pondered on the card a memory flashed out. Mayhew? Mayhew? Why, wasn't it Mayhew who had waylaid him in the Crillon a few hours before war was declared, to ask his advice about the safest way of travelling to the Hague? And hadn't he, Campton, in all good faith, counselled him to go by Luxembourg "in order to be out of the way of trouble"?

The remembrance swept away the painter's sombre thoughts, and he burst into a laugh that woke the echoes of the studio.

XII

NOT having it in his power to call up his cousin on the telephone, Campton went the next morning to the Nouveau Luxe.

It was the first time that he had entered the famous hotel since the beginning of the war; and at sight of the long hall his heart sank as it used to whenever some untoward necessity forced him to run its deadly blockade.

But the hall was empty when he entered, empty not only of the brilliant beings who filled his soul with such dismay, but also of the porters, footmen and lift-boys who, even in its unfrequented hours, lent it the lustre of their liveries.

A tired concierge sat at the desk, and near the door a boy scout, coiling his bare legs about a high stool, raised his head languidly from his book. But for these two, the world of the Nouveau Luxe had disappeared.

As the lift was not running there was nothing to disturb their meditations; and when Campton had learned that Mr. Mayhew would receive him he started alone up the deserted stairs.

Only a few dusty trunks remained in the corridors where luggage used to be piled as high as in the passages of the great liners on sailing-day; and instead of the murmur of ladies'-maids' skirts, and explosions of laughter behind glazed service-doors, the swish of a charwoman's mop alone broke the oppressive silence.

"After all," Campton thought, "if war didn't kill people how much pleasanter it might make the world!"

This was evidently not the opinion of Mr. Harvey Mayhew, whom he found agitatedly pacing a large room hung in shrimp-pink brocade, which opened on a vista of turquoise tiling and porcelain tub.

Mr. Mayhew's round countenance, composed of the same simple curves as his nephew's, had undergone a remarkable change. He was still round, but he was ravaged. His fringe of hair had grown greyer, and there were crow's-feet about his blue eyes, and wrathful corrugations in his benignant forehead.

He seized Campton's hands and glared at him through indignant eye-glasses.

"My dear fellow, I looked you up as soon as I arrived. I need you—we all need you—we need your powerful influence and your world-wide celebrity. Campton, the day for words has gone by. We must *act*!"

Campton let himself down into an arm-chair. No verb in the language terrified him as much as that which his cousin had flung at him. He gazed at the ex-Delegate with dismay. "I didn't know you were here. Where have you come from?" he asked.

Mr. Mayhew, resting a manicured hand on the edge of a gilt table, looked down awfully on him.

"I come," he said, "from a German prison."

"Good Lord—you?" Campton gasped.

He continued to gaze at his cousin with terror, but of a new kind. Here at last was someone who had actually been in the jaws of the monster, who had seen, heard, suffered—a witness who could speak of that which he knew! No wonder Mr. Mayhew took himself seriously—at last he had something to be serious about! Campton stared at him as if he had risen from the dead.

Mr. Mayhew cleared his throat and went on: "You may remember our meeting at the Crillon—on the 31st of last July it was—and my asking you the best way of getting to the Hague, in view of impending events. At that time" (his voice took a note of irony) "I was a Delegate to the Peace Congress at the Hague, and conceived it to be my duty to carry out my mandate at whatever personal risk. You advised me—as you may also remember—in order to be out

of the way of trouble, to travel by Luxembourg," (Campton stirred uneasily). "I followed your advice; and, not being able to go by train, I managed, with considerable difficulty, to get permission to travel by motor. I reached Luxembourg as the German army entered it—the next day I was in a German prison."

The next day! Then this pink and white man who stood there with his rimless eye-glasses and neatly trimmed hair, and his shining nails reflected in the plate glass of the table-top, this perfectly typical, usual sort of harmless rich American, had been for four months in the depths of the abyss that men were beginning to sound with fearful hearts!

"It is a simple miracle," said Mr. Mayhew, "that I was not shot as a spy."

Campton's voice choked in his throat. "Where were you imprisoned?"

"The first night, in the Police commissariat, with common thieves and vagabonds—with—" Mr. Mayhew lowered his voice and his eyes: "With prostitutes, Campton. . ."

He waited for this to take effect, and continued: "The next day, in consequence of the energetic intervention of our consul—who behaved extremely well, as I have taken care to let them know in Washington—I was sent back to my hotel on parole, and kept there, kept there, Campton—I, the official representative of a friendly country—under strict police surveillance, like . . . like an unfortunate woman . . . for eight days: a week and one day over!"

Mr. Mayhew sank into a chair and passed a scented handkerchief across his forehead. "When I was finally released I was without money, without luggage, without my motor or my wretched chauffeur—a Frenchman, who had been instantly carried off to Germany. In this state of destitution, and without an apology, I was shipped to Rotterdam and put on a steamer sailing for America." He wiped his forehead again, and the corners of his agitated lips. "Peace, Campton—Peace? When I think that I believed in a thing called Peace! That I left Utica—always a difficult undertaking for me—because I deemed it my duty, in the interests of *Peace*," (the word became a hiss) "to travel to the other side of the

world, and use the weight of my influence and my experience in such a cause!"

He clenched his fist and shook it in the face of an invisible foe.

"My influence, if I have any; my experience—ha, I *have* had experience now, Campton! And, my God, sir, they shall both be used till my last breath to show up these people, to proclaim to the world what they really are, to rouse public opinion in America against a nation of savages who ought to be hunted off the face of the globe like vermin—like the vermin in their own prison cells! Campton—if I may say so without profanity—I come to bring not Peace but a Sword!"

It was some time before the flood of Mr. Mayhew's wrath subsided, or before there floated up from its agitated depths some fragments of his subsequent history and present intentions. Eventually, however, Campton gathered that after a short sojourn in America, where he found opinion too lukewarm for him, he had come back to Europe to collect the experiences of other victims of German savagery. Mr. Mayhew, in short, meant to devote himself to Atrocities; and he had sought out Campton to ask his help, and especially to be put in contact with persons engaged in refugee-work, and likely to have come across flagrant offences against the law of nations.

It was easy to comply with the latter request. Campton scribbled a message to Adele Anthony at her refugee Depot; and he undertook also to find out from what officials Mr. Mayhew might obtain leave to visit the front.

"I know it's difficult—" he began; but Mr. Mayhew laughed. "I am here to surmount difficulties—after what I've been through."

It was not until then that Mr. Mayhew found time to answer an enquiry about his nephew.

"Benny Upsher? Ha—I'm proud of Benny! He's a hero, that nephew of mine—he was always my favourite."

He went on to say that the youth, having failed to enlist in the French army, had managed to get back to England, and there, passing himself off as a Canadian ("Born at Murray Bay, sir—wasn't it lucky?") had joined an English regiment, and, after three months' training, was

now on his way to the front. His parents had made a great outcry—moved heaven and earth for news of him—but the boy had covered up his tracks so cleverly that they had had no word till he was starting for Boulogne with his draft. Rather high-handed—and poor Madeline had nearly gone out of her mind; but Mr. Mayhew confessed that he had no patience with such feminine weakness. "Benny's a man, and must act as a man. That boy, Campton, saw things as they were from the first."

Campton took leave dazed and crushed by the conversation. It was all one to him if Harvey Mayhew chose to call on America to avenge his wrongs; Campton himself was beginning to wish that his country would wake up to what was going on in the world; but that he, Campton, should be drawn into the affair, should have to write letters, accompany the ex-Delegate to Embassies and Red Crosses, languish with him in ministerial antechambers, and be deafened with appeals to his own celebrity and efficiency; that he should have ascribed to himself that mysterious gift of "knowing the ropes" in which his whole blundering career had proved him to be cruelly lacking: this was so dreadful to him as to obscure every other question.

"Thank the Lord," he muttered, "I haven't got the telephone anyhow!"

He glanced cautiously down the wide stairs of the hotel to assure himself of a safe retreat; but in the hall an appealing voice detained him.

"Dear Master! Dear great Master! I've been lying in wait for you!"

A Red Cross nurse advanced: not the majestic figure of the Crimean legend, but the new version evolved in the rue de la Paix: short skirts, long ankles, pearls and curls. The face under the coif was young, wistful, haggard with the perpetual hurry of the aimless. Where had he seen those tragic eyes, so full of questions and so invariably uninterested in the answers?

"I'm Madge Talkett—I saw you at—I saw you the day war was declared," the young lady corrected herself. Campton remembered their meeting at Mrs. Brant's, and was grateful for her evident embarrassment. So few of the new generation

seemed aware that there were any privacies left to respect! He looked at Mrs. Talkett more kindly.

"You *must* come," she continued, laying her hand on his arm (her imperatives were always in italics). "Just a step from here—to my hospital. There's someone asking for you."

"For me? Someone wounded?" What if it were Benny Upsher? A cold fear broke over Campton.

"Someone dying," Mrs. Talkett said. "Oh, nobody you know—a poor young French soldier. He was brought here two days ago . . . and he keeps on repeating your name. . ."

"My name? Why my name?"

"We don't know. We don't think he knows you . . . but he's shot to pieces and half delirious. He's a painter, and he's seen pictures of yours, and keeps talking about them, and saying he wants you to look at his. . . You *will* come? It's just next door, you know."

He did not know—having carefully avoided all knowledge of hospitals in his dread of being drawn into war-work, and his horror of coming as a mere spectator to gaze on agony he could neither comfort nor relieve. Hospitals were for surgeons and women; if he had been rich he would have given big sums to aid them; being unable to do even that, he preferred to keep aloof.

He followed Mrs. Talkett out of the hotel and around the corner. The door of another hotel, with a big Red Cross above it, admitted them to a marble vestibule full of the cold smell of disinfectants. An orderly sat reading a newspaper behind the desk, and nurses whisked backward and forward with trays and pails. A lady with a bunch of flowers came down the stairs drying her eyes.

Campton's whole being recoiled from what awaited him. Since the poor youth was delirious, what was the use of seeing him? But women took a morbid pleasure in making one do things that were useless!

On an upper floor they paused at a door where there was a moment's muffled parleying.

"Come," Mrs. Talkett said; "he's a little better."

The room contained two beds. In one

lay a haggard elderly man with closed eyes and lips drawn back from his clenched teeth. His legs stirred restlessly, and one of his arms was in a lifted sling attached to a horrible kind of gallows above the bed. It reminded Campton of Juan de Borgosa's pictures of the Inquisition, in the Prado.

"Oh, *he's* all right; he'll get well. It's the other. . ."

The other lay quietly in his bed. No gallows overhung him, no visible bandaging showed his wound. There was a flush on his young cheeks and his eyes looked out, large and steady, from their hollow brows. But he was the one who would not get well.

Mrs. Talkett bent over him: her voice was sweet when it was lowered.

"I've kept my promise. Here he is."

The eyes turned in the lad's immovable head, and he and Campton looked at each other. The painter had never seen the face before him: a sharp irregular face, prematurely hollowed by pain, with thick chestnut hair tumbled above the forehead.

"It's you, Master!" the boy said.

Campton sat down beside him. "How did you know? Have you seen me before?"

"Once—at one of your exhibitions." He paused and drew a hard breath. "But the first thing was the portrait at the Luxembourg . . . your son. . ."

"Ah, you look like him!" Campton broke out.

The eyes of the young soldier lit up. "Do I? . . . Someone told me he was your son. I went home from seeing that and began to paint. After the war, would you let me come and work with you? My things . . . wait . . . I'll show you my things first." He tried to raise himself. Mrs. Talkett slipped her arm under his shoulders, and resting against her he lifted his hand and pointed to the bare wall facing him.

"There—there; you see? Look for yourself. The brushwork . . . not too bad, eh? I was . . . getting it. . . There, that head of my grandfather, eh? And my lame sister. . . Oh, I'm young. . ." he smiled . . . "never had any models. . . But after the war you'll see. . ."

Mrs. Talkett let him down again, and

feverishly, vehemently, he began to describe, one by one, and over and over again, the pictures he saw on the naked wall in front of him.

A nurse had slipped in, and Mrs. Talkett signed to Campton to follow her out. The boy seemed aware that the painter was going, and interrupted his enumeration to say: "As soon as the war's over you'll let me come?"

"Of course I will," Campton promised.

In the passage he asked: "Can nothing save him? Has everything possible been done?"

"Everything. We're all so fond of him—the biggest surgeons have seen him. It seems he has great talent—but he never could afford models, so he has painted his family over and over again." Mrs. Talkett looked at Campton with a good deal of feeling in her changing eyes. "You see, it *did* help, your coming. I know you thought it tiresome of me to insist." She led him down-stairs and into the office, where a lame officer with the Croix de Guerre sat at the desk. The officer wrote out the young soldier's name—René Davril—and his family's address.

"They're quite destitute, Monsieur. An old infirm grandfather, a lame sister who taught music, a widowed mother and several younger children. . ."

"I'll come back, I'll come back," Campton again promised, as he parted from Mrs. Talkett.

He had not thought it possible that he would ever feel so kindly toward her as at that moment. And then, a second later, she nearly spoiled it by saying: "Dear Master—you see the penalty of greatness!"

The name of René Davril was with Campton all day. The boy had believed in him—his eyes had been opened by the sight of George's portrait! And now, in a day or two more, he would be filling a three-by-six ditch in a crowded graveyard. At twenty—and with eyes like George's.

What could Campton do? No one was less visited by happy inspirations; the "little acts of kindness" recommended to his pious infancy had always seemed to him far harder to think of than to perform. But now some instinct carried him

straight to the corner of his studio where he remembered having shoved out of sight a half-finished study for George's portrait. He found it, examined it critically, scribbled his signature in one corner, and set out with it for the hospital. On the way he had to stop at the Ministry of War on Mayhew's tiresome business, and was delayed there till too late to proceed with his errand before luncheon. But in the afternoon he passed in again through the revolving plate glass, and sent up his name. Mrs. Talkett was not there, but a nurse came down, to whom, with embarrassment, he explained himself.

"Poor little Davril? Yes—he's still alive. Will you come up? His family are with him."

Campton shook his head and held out the parcel. "It's a picture he wanted—"

The nurse promised it should be given. She looked at Campton with a vague benevolence, having evidently never heard his name; and the painter turned away with a cowardly sense that he ought to have taken the picture up himself. But to see the death-change on a face so like his son's, and its look reflected in other anguished faces, was more than he could endure. He turned away.

The next morning Mrs. Talkett wrote that René Davril was better, that the fever had dropped, and that he was lying quietly looking at the sketch. "The only thing that troubles him is that he realizes now that you have not seen his pictures. But he is very happy, and blesses you for your goodness."

His goodness! Campton, staring at the letter, could only curse himself for his stupidity. He saw now that the one thing which might have comforted the poor lad would have been to have his own pictures seen and judged; and that one thing, he, Campton, so many years vainly athirst for the approbation of the men he revered—that one thing he had never thought of doing! The only way of atoning for his negligence was instantly to go out to the suburb where the Davril family lived. Campton, without a scruple, abandoned Mr. Mayhew, with whom he had an appointment at the Embassy and another at the War Office, and devoted the rest of the day to the expedition. It was

after six when he reached the hospital again; and when Mrs. Talkett came down he went up to her impetuously.

"Well—I've seen them; I've seen his pictures, and he's right. They're astonishing! Awkward, still, and hesitating; but with such a sense of air and mass. He'll do things— May I go up and tell him?"

He broke off and looked at her.

"He died an hour ago. If you'd only seen them yesterday!" she said.

XIII

THE killing of René Davril seemed to Campton one of the most senseless crimes the war had yet perpetrated. It brought home to him, far more vividly than the distant death of poor Jean Fortin, what an incalculable sum of gifts and virtues went to make up the monster's daily meal.

"Ah, you want genius, do you? Mere youth's not enough . . . and health and gaiety and courage; you want brains in the bud, imagination and poetry, ideas all folded up in their sheath! It takes that, does it, to tempt your jaded appetite?" He was reminded of the rich vulgarians who will eat only things out of season. "That's what war is like," he muttered savagely to himself.

The next morning he went to the funeral with Mrs. Talkett—between whom and himself the tragic episode had created a sort of improvised intimacy—walking at her side through the November rain, behind the poor hearse with the tricolour over it.

At the church, while the few mourners shivered in a damp side chapel, he had time to study the family: a poor sobbing mother, two anæmic little girls, and the lame sister who was musical—a piteous group, smelling of poverty and tears. Behind them, to his surprise, he saw the curly brown head and short-sighted eyes of Boylston. Campton wondered at the latter's presence; then he remembered "The Friends of French Art," and concluded that the association had probably been interested in poor Davril.

With some difficulty he escaped from the thanks of the mother and sisters, and picked up a taxi to take Mrs. Talkett home.

"No—back to the hospital," she said. "A lot of bad cases have come in, and I'm on duty again all day." She spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world; and he shuddered at the serenity with which women endure the unendurable.

At the hospital he followed her in. The Davril family, she told him, had insisted that they had no claim on his picture, and that it must be returned to him. Mrs. Talkett went up to fetch it; and Campton waited in one of the drawing-rooms. A step sounded behind him, and another nurse came in—but was it a nurse, or some haloed nun from a Umbrian triptych, her pure oval framed in white, her long fingers clasping a book and lily?

"Mme. de Dolmetsch!" he cried; and thought: "A new face again—what an artist!"

She seized his hands.

"I heard from dear Madge Talkett that you were here, and I've asked her to leave us together." She looked at him with ravaged eyes, as if just risen from a penitential vigil.

"Come, please, into my little office: you didn't know that I was the *Infirmière-Major*? My dear friend, what upheavals, what cataclysms! I see no one now: all my days and nights are given to my soldiers."

She glided ahead on noiseless sandals to a little room where a bowl of jade filled with gardenias, and a tortoise-shell box of gold-tipped cigarettes, stood on a desk among torn and discoloured *livrets militaires*. The room was empty, and Mme. de Dolmetsch, closing the door, drew Campton to a seat at her side. So close to her, he saw that the perfect lines of her face were flawed by marks of suffering. "The woman really has a heart," he thought, "or the war couldn't have made her so much handsomer."

Mme. de Dolmetsch leaned closer: a breath of incense floated from her conventual draperies.

"I know why you came," she continued; "you were good to that poor little Davril." She clutched Campton suddenly with a blue-veined hand. "My dear friend, can anything justify such horrors? Isn't it abominable that boys

like that should be murdered? That some senile old beast of a diplomatist should decree, after a good dinner, that all we love best must be offered up?" She caught his hands again, her liturgical scent enveloping him. "Campton, I know you feel as I do." She paused, pressing his fingers hard, her beautiful mouth trembling. "For God's sake tell me," she implored, "how you've managed to keep your son from the front!"

Campton drew away, red and inarticulate. "I—my son? Those things depend on the authorities. My boy's health..." he stammered.

"Yes, yes; I know. Your George is delicate. But so is Ladislas—dreadfully. The lungs too. I've trembled for him for so long; and now, at any moment..." Two tears gathered on her long lashes and rolled down... "at any moment he may be taken from the War Office, where he's doing invaluable work, and forced into all that blood and horror; he may be brought back to me like those poor creatures upstairs, who are hardly men any longer... mere vivisected animals, without eyes, without faces." She lowered her voice and drew her lids together, so that her very eyes seemed to be whispering. "Ladislas has enemies who are jealous of him (I could give you their names); at this moment someone who ought to be at the front is intriguing to turn him out and get his place. Oh, Campton, you've known this terror—you know what one's nights are like! Have pity—tell me how you managed!"

He had no idea of what he answered, or how he finally got away. Everything that was dearest to him, the thought of George, the vision of the lad dying upstairs, was defiled by this monstrous coupling of their names with that of the supple middle-aged adventurer safe in his spotless uniform at the War Office. And beneath the boiling-up of Campton's disgust a new fear lifted its head. How did Mme. de Dolmetsch know about George? And what did she know? Evidently there had been foolish talk somewhere. Perhaps it was Mrs. Brant—or perhaps Fortin himself. All these great doctors forgot the professional secret with some one woman, if not with many. Had not Fortin revealed to his own wife the reason of

Campton's precipitate visit? The painter escaped from Mme. de Dolmetsch's scented lair, and from the sights and sounds of the hospital, in a state of such perturbation that for a while he stood in the street wondering where he had meant to go next.

He had his own reasons for agreeing to the Davrils' suggestion that the picture should be returned to him; and presently these reasons came back. "They'd never dare to sell it themselves; but why shouldn't I sell it for them?" he had thought, remembering their denuded rooms, and the rusty smell of the women's mourning. It cost him a pang to part with a study of his boy; but he was in a superstitious and expiatory mood, and eager to act on it.

He remembered having been told by Boylston that "The Friends of French Art" had their office in the Palais Royal, and he made his way through the deserted arcades to the door of a once-famous restaurant.

Behind the plate-glass windows young women with rolled-up sleeves and straw in their hair were delving in packing-cases, while, divided from them by an improvised partition, another group were busy piling on the cloak-room shelves garments such as had never before dishonoured them.

Campton stood fascinated by the sight of the things these young women were sorting; pink silk combinations, sporting ulsters in glaring black and white checks, straw hats wreathed with last summer's sunburnt flowers, high-heeled satin shoes split on the instep, and fringed and bugled garments that suggested obsolete names like "dolman" and "mantle," and looked like the costumes dug out of a country-house attic by amateurs preparing to play "Caste." Was it possible that "The Friends of French Art" proposed to clothe the families of fallen artists in these prehistoric properties?

Boylston appeared, flushed and delighted (and with straw in his hair also), and led his visitor up a cork-screw stair. They passed a room where a row of people in shabby mourning like that of the Davril family sat on restaurant chairs before a *caissière's* desk; and at the desk Campton saw Miss Anthony, her veil pushed

back and a card-catalogue at her elbow, listening to a young woman who was dramatically stating her case.

Boylston saw Campton's surprise, and said: "Yes, we're desperately short-handed, and Miss Anthony has deserted her refugees for a day or two to help me to straighten things out."

His own office was in a faded *cabinet particulier* where the dinner-table had been turned into a desk, and the weak-springed divan was weighed down under suits of ready-made clothes bearing the label of a wholesale clothier.

"These are the things we really give them; but they cost a lot of money to buy," Boylston explained. On the divan sat a handsomely dressed elderly lady with a long emaciated face and red eyes, who rose as they entered. Boylston spoke to her in an undertone and led her into another *cabinet*, where Campton saw her tragic figure sink down on the sofa, under a glass scrawled with amorous couplets.

"That was Mme. Beausite... You didn't recognize her? Poor thing! Her youngest boy is blind: his eyes were put out by a shell. She is very unhappy, and she comes here and helps now and then. Beausite? Oh no, we never see *him*. He's only our Honorary President."

Boylston obviously spoke without afterthought; but Campton felt the sting. He too was on the honorary committee.

"Poor woman! What? The young fellow who did Cubist things? I hadn't heard..." He remembered the cruel rumour that Beausite, when his glory began to wane, had encouraged his three sons in three different lines of art, so that there might always be a Beausite in the fashion... "You must have to listen to pretty ghastly stories here," he said.

The young man nodded, and Campton, with less embarrassment than he had expected, set forth his errand. In that atmosphere it seemed natural to be planning ways of relieving misery, and Boylston at once put him at his ease by looking pleased but not surprised.

"You mean to sell the sketch, sir? That will put the Davrils out of anxiety for a long time; and they're in a bad way, as you saw." Boylston undid the parcel, with a respectful: "May I?" and put the canvas on a chair. He gazed at it for

a few moments, the blood rising sensitively over his face till it reached his tight ridge of hair. Campton remembered what George had said of his friend's silent admirations; he was glad the young man did not speak.

When he did, it was to say with a businesslike accent: "We're trying to get up an auction of pictures and sketches—and if we could lead off with this..."

It was Campton's turn to redden. The possibility was one he had not thought of. If the picture were sold at auction, Anderson Brant would be sure to buy it! But he could not say this to Boylston. He hesitated, and the other, who seemed quick at feeling his way, added at once: "But perhaps you'd rather sell it privately? In that case we should get the money sooner."

It was just the right thing to say: and Campton thanked him and picked up his sketch. But at the door he hesitated, feeling that it became a member of the honorary committee to add something more.

"How are you getting on? Getting all the help you need?"

Boylston smiled. "We need such a lot. People have been very generous: we've had several big sums. But look at those ridiculous clothes down-stairs—we get boxes and boxes of such rubbish! And there are so many applicants, and such hard cases. Take those poor Davrils, for instance. The lame Davril girl has a talent for music: plays the violin. Well, what good does it do her now? The artists are having an awful time. If this war goes on much longer, it won't be only at the front that they'll die."

"Ah—" said Campton. "Well, I'll take this to a dealer—"

On the way down he turned in to greet Miss Anthony. She looked up in surprise, her tired face haloed in tumbling hairpins; but she was too busy to do more than nod across the group about her desk.

At his offer to take her home she shook her head. "I'm here till after seven. Mr. Boylston and I are nearly snowed under. We've got to go down presently and help unpack; and after that I'm due at my refugee canteen at the Nord. It's my night shift."

Campton, on the way back to Mont-

martre, fell to wondering if such excesses of altruism were necessary, or a mere vain overflow of energy. He was terrified by his first close glimpse of the ravages of war; and the efforts of the little band struggling to heal them seemed pitifully ineffectual. No doubt they did good here and there, made a few lives less intolerable; but how the insatiable monster must laugh at them as he spread his red havoc wider!

On reaching home, he forgot everything at sight of a letter from George. He had not had one for two weeks, and this interruption, just as the military mails were growing more regular, had made him anxious. But it was the usual letter: brief, cheerful, inexpressive. Apparently there was no change in George's situation, nor any wish on his part that there should be. He grumbled humorously at the dullness of his work and the monotony of life in the war-zone town; and wondered whether, if this sort of thing went on, there might not soon be some talk of leave. And just at the end of his affectionate and unsatisfactory two pages, Campton lit on a name that roused him.

"I saw a fellow who'd seen Benny Upsher yesterday on his way to the English front. The young lunatic looked very fit. You know he volunteered in the English

army when he found he couldn't get into the French. He's likely to get all the fighting he wants." It was a relief to know that someone had seen Benny Upsher lately. The letter was but four days old, and he was then on his way to the front. Probably he was not yet in the fighting he wanted, and one could, without remorse, call up an unmutated face and clear blue eyes.

Campton, re-reading the postscript, was struck by a small thing. George had originally written "I saw Benny Upsher yesterday," and had then altered the phrase to: "I saw a fellow who'd seen Benny Upsher." There was nothing out of the way in that: it simply showed that he had written in haste and revised the sentence. But he added: "The young lunatic looked very fit." Well: that too was natural. It was "the fellow" who reported Benny as looking fit; the phrase was rather elliptic, but Campton could hardly have said why it gave him the impression that it was George himself who had seen Upsher. The idea was manifestly absurd, since there was the length of the front between George's staff-town and the fiery pit yawning for his cousin. Campton laid aside the letter with the distinct wish that his son had not called Benny Upsher a young lunatic.

(To be continued.)

Recent Trends in Protestantism

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ONSIGNOR BICKERSTAFFE-DREW, head of the Allied chaplains in the Great War and also chaplain of the late pope, had been telling fascinating tales of the way in which, during the strenuous war days, all faiths worshipped together under the same roof and vied with each other in acts of kindly service. With evident ap-

proval, he had told of the Jewish rabbi who, in the absence of a priest, had administered the last sacrament to a Roman Catholic soldier, and how he himself had knelt down in the trenches and prayed with a dying Scotch Presbyterian. The moment seemed opportune, and so, over the tea-cups, I asked him what he thought of the possibility of Christian unity.

With a captivating smile he replied: "I am going to be saucy! I have heard

that once certain sects withdrew from the church. Judging by the way things are going in these sects, the time is not far distant when they will ask to come back into the church. When they do, we shall be very glad to receive them."

The reply was as frank as it was illuminating. Its implications were even more thought-provoking. To picture union between the Church of Rome, which externally at least represents an unbroken front three hundred million strong, and the many hundred varieties of Protestantism requires a vivid imagination. It must also be admitted in these days when we are throwing all sham aside that things have not been going altogether well with "the sects." In the frank facing of the facts lies the hope for the future. At the same time it is clear that any general statements regarding such a many-sided growth as Protestantism must necessarily be subject to many exceptions.

Sooner or later every great religion develops its prophetic and its priestly tendencies. Its founders and spiritual and ethical leaders are prophets; its priests aim, through ritual and worship, to interpret the great truths proclaimed by the prophets in language which the people can readily understand.

In its origin and genius Protestantism represents the prophetic tendencies in Christianity. Its founders were fired by the divine enthusiasm and zeal of the prophets. The very name Protestant suggests the belligerent attitude and the fierce invectives of an Amos or a John the Baptist. A majority of the Protestant denominations during their early history spurned the ritual and symbolism of the priests. Protestantism has found its chief inspiration in the prophetic sections of the Old and the New Testaments. It has held tenaciously to the right of independent thought, and has usually been open to the reception of new truth.

These prophetic characteristics are the strength and weakness of Protestantism. The recognition of the right of independent thought and the authority of the living prophet go far to explain the rise of the sects and the many divisions which to-day separate and weaken it. As in ancient Israel and Greece, divisions and the resulting weakness have been the

price paid for intellectual and religious freedom. Major or minor prophets, with a great or a little truth, have made the dismemberment of Protestantism complete.

In this age of co-ordination and co-operation, the fatal effects of these sectarian divisions are becoming ever more glaringly apparent. Confronted by the new and complex problems of rural and village communities, divided Protestantism, with its starved, competing sectarian churches, has thus far signally failed to meet its responsibility. In the foreign-mission fields it has in recent days been compelled to admit its inability to cope with the situation. As a result, plans for united missionary effort are being inaugurated which represent a long stride toward real Christian unity.

In more than forty towns in the staid New England State of Vermont, through the wise policy of denominational leaders, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches have blended their resources. The result is the establishment in each town of one strong local church that elicits the co-operation rather than the criticism of the natural leaders of the community. The pastors are free to divide their work according to their natural ability or training. The religious education and the recreative life of the youth receive due attention. The entire religious and moral atmosphere of the community is being transformed. It is not strange that this movement is spreading like the leaven of early Christianity.

Significant, because it is largely due to the initiative of laymen, is the community church movement. Twenty years ago the name was scarcely known. Now there are between eight and nine hundred well-organized community churches in America. Seven new community churches are being launched each month.

While still crude and germinal, this movement has far-reaching possibilities, for it accords closely with the ideal of the Founder of Christianity, and especially with the needs of our village, suburban, and rural life. Its momentum and nationwide extension are evidence that it is not a mere flash in the pan. Already sectional conferences are bringing together its leaders and unifying the movement.

It promises soon to become one of the most significant trends in Protestantism, and may furnish a satisfactory solution of the rural problem.

Within the Protestant denominations themselves there are also many forces working for Christian unity. The fusion of the four Protestant denominations of Canada and of other denominational bodies in the United States and the utterances at conferences of church leaders reveal this tendency. The work of the Council of Church Boards of Education, which brings into co-operative relation the educational resources of twenty leading Protestant denominations, is a potent constructive force, for it works through the educational institutions which are training the church leaders of the future. The desire for Christian union is increasingly strong in the minds of the youth who must soon assume responsibility. Protestant unity is surely coming. Already the focal question is: What is the practical basis for such a union?

Protestantism still has its strong centrifugal, as well as centripetal, forces. Suddenly, like a volcanic eruption, the Fundamentalist movement has burst forth. It threatens not only to disrupt certain denominations, like the Baptist and the Presbyterian, but to divide the Protestant forces at home and abroad. Its leaders claim practically all the members of the Lutheran and of the lesser denominations and a majority in the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches. Their claim regarding the last two denominations may be seriously questioned; but in any case the movement is significant.

It includes in its ranks thousands of earnest Christians who, like our Roman Catholic friends, feel the need of fixed authority in religion and regard with alarm any departure from the doctrines of their forefathers. They are dissatisfied with the fruits of our so-called Christian civilization. It is also fair to assume that, deeper still, they crave a more spiritual and a more satisfying religious life.

To many the ways in which these cravings are expressed seem strange in this twentieth century. Fundamentalism starts with the assumption that all parts

of the Bible are equally and infallibly authoritative, whether it be in the field of science or religion. Genealogical tables, tales of craft and deception, imprecatory psalms, and even Ecclesiastes, with its pessimistic philosophy, are regarded "as verbally inspired of God and inerrant" in their teaching as the Sermon on the Mount. Hence evolution and the conclusions of modern science are rejected, for they do not agree with a literalistic interpretation of the opening chapters of Genesis.

On the basis of this mechanical theory of inspiration the dogmas selected as fundamental seem to follow like a mathematical demonstration. In the opening chapters of Joshua the Hebrews were directed to kill all the people of Jericho—women and children, as well as men—as an offering to Jehovah. In the same way, David and the Israelites hung up the innocent sons of Saul to placate an offended God. Even so the Fundamentalists hold that the blood of our Lord was shed in a substitutionary death to appease an alienated Deity, and that "all that believe on Him are justified on the ground of His shed blood."

A literalistic interpretation of many references in the New Testament to the second coming of the Lord leads them to believe in his "personal, premillennial, and imminent return."

Unfortunately the Fundamentalists fail to perceive the ghastly implications of their primary assumption that every word of Scripture is verbally inspired by God. At once a long list of discarded institutions—slavery, polygamy, the divine right of conquest, and the obligation to slay those holding heretical beliefs—are restored to the seat of authority. The Fundamentalists seem to forget, too, that the Master declared that He came to complete the law and the prophets, thus quietly assuming the incompleteness of the older Scriptures. Repeatedly He questions the authority of even the most sacred sections of the ancient law: "They said unto you . . . but I say unto you." The failure to appreciate the divine principle of growth—"First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear"—would seem to be the fatal error that lies at the root of Fundamentalism.

Its leaders also assume the right to single out certain dogmas regarding which devout Christians have long differed and about which even the biblical testimony varies, and declare them to be the fundamentals to which every Christian must subscribe. Thus they assert, in the terms of seventeenth-century theology, that "Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man," all human beings are born with a sinful nature, just and unjust shall experience a bodily resurrection, and "the lost shall suffer everlasting, conscious punishment."

What is the explanation of this strange trend in the twentieth century? Every period of world upheaval has witnessed a resurgence of a belief in the physical second coming of the Lord, and the present outburst is proportionate to the greatness of the cataclysm; but this explanation does not alone suffice. Thousands have been swept into the Fundamentalist ranks whose primary interest is not in Jesus' physical reappearance. The phenomenon calls for deeper diagnosis.

Fundamentalism apparently cherishes a grievance especially against the higher critics, the scientists, and the higher institutions of learning. Is there any real cause for this feeling, and if so, can the complex, by frank and searching analysis, be resolved?

In the larger perspective we are just beginning to appreciate the great constructive values of the critical study which has been given to the Bible during the past fifty years; but, unfortunately, the negative results of this study were first heralded to the rank and file of the church in ways that were often offensive. The critical study of the Bible is almost purely intellectual, and therefore cold rather than spiritually inspired. When to this chilling process is added the din and conflict inevitably incidental to a period of transition, it is not strange that the majority, who could not appreciate the divine meaning of the process as a whole, felt that the authority of the Scriptures was being undermined and that their religious teachers were giving them a stone instead of a loaf.

It is profitable for Fundamentalist and Evangelical alike to recognize that we

have all been passing through a strenuous period of readjustment. Together we can rejoice that it is over and that an era of reconstruction has begun. Already a new spirit is stirring in the hearts of religious teachers, as they turn to subjects, if not more important at least spiritually more inspiring. The real problem now is to satisfy the deep spiritual craving that has inspired the present movement.

Too, it must be recognized that during the pre-war period a material, mechanistic interpretation of the universe, that left no place for God and spiritual forces, gained currency in certain departments of science and to a limited extent in our universities and colleges. Science has learned much since 1914. This materialistic philosophy has largely disappeared; and yet, if the protagonists of Fundamentalism had made it, and not evolution and biology, and science in general, the object of their attack, they would have met with almost universal approval inside and outside the universities.

The future of Fundamentalism is problematical. Fortunately its leaders have not formed a new sect. Also the genius of Protestantism is liberty of thought. Certainly the Evangelicals will not relieve the tense situation by calling the Fundamentalists reactionaries born three centuries too late. Nor will the Fundamentalists help the cause in which they are so deeply interested by calling their evangelical friends radicals and rationalists. The spirit of intolerance, which so easily passes over into active persecution, is as disastrous as it is unchristian. A very different spirit is expressed in a recent letter from a prominent Fundamentalist leader:

"I have no sympathy at being at personal odds with men whose theology I cannot accept. I expect if I were your neighbor, I should love you personally, and scrap with you constantly theologically, and so I sign myself, in all sincerity,
Fraternally yours."

Herein lies the solution of what is undoubtedly the gravest problem confronting Protestantism to-day. It is for representatives of the different Protestant movements to know each other person-

ally, to understand each other's point of view, and to appreciate the reasons for the convictions which each holds so strongly. It is said that in war men never shoot when they are near enough to see the whites of each other's eyes. It is sincerely to be hoped that at the coming Fundamentalist World Conference the stress will not be placed on differences, but that full opportunity will be given for frank discussion between representative Fundamentalists and Evangelicals of the vital beliefs and aims and tasks which they all share together as the followers of a common Lord and Master.

Both must face squarely three facts. First, that the Author of their faith placed the entire stress not on declarations but on demonstrations, on life and deeds, not on creeds. Second, that the youth of today must live in the twentieth century and that their faith and their development should be the first concern of the church. Scolding and prodding will not compel the twentieth century to go back into the shell of the eighteenth, even could that shell be restored. Third, Protestantism, as the great prophetic movement of Christianity, is to-day confronted by stupendous tasks and responsibilities which can only be met with united front and in the spirit of Him who found his life by losing it. His many-sided teachings contain the fundamentals on which all his followers can safely and securely take their stand, content to differ regarding the debatable questions of intellectual belief.

Protestantism is undergoing a silent but fundamental transformation in its church life. This change is revealed, not in the majority of the churches, but, like the first rich tints that here and there foretell the coming of autumn, it is discernible in those under riper, more progressive leadership.

The constantly dwindling Sunday morning and evening audiences, the conspicuous absence of youth, and the silent protest of many who faithfully attend, indicate unmistakably that in a majority of the Protestant churches, where everything else is made secondary to the sermon, all is not well. Doctor Francis E. Clark, in a significant article in the October, 1922, *Yale Review* on "The Menace

of the Sermon," has courageously diagnosed this twentieth-century peril in Protestantism. He points out that too often the pastor is called to a church not because of his ability as a practical spiritual leader but because of his reputation as a preacher; that the tragedy of many a pastor's life is the obligation and his own inability to produce each year fifty or a hundred memorable sermons; and that this sermonolatry develops sermon-tasters rather than active, efficient Christians.

This emphasis on the sermon is another of Protestantism's prophetic inheritances. In the days of John Knox or the Wesleys or George Fox or Alexander Campbell, the people were conscious of listening to the voice of a prophet. Through the contemporary prophet God spoke again, as he did through an Isaiah or a John the Baptist. Our early American forefathers lived largely in the atmosphere of the Old Testament, and the men of God who preached to them frankly assumed the manner and rôle of the old Hebrew prophets. From time to time in later years men like Beecher and Phillips Brooks, with a conspicuous prophetic gift, have inspired with divine truth and love intently listening thousands.

This high appreciation of the living prophet is one of the glories of Protestantism; but when the church expects every preacher to be a prophet forty or fifty Sundays in the year, it is building on a false assumption and is in danger of a tragic awakening. To many churches that awakening is now coming, and the problem of readjustment to facts is insistent.

Moreover, it is well to remember that Paul, in his burning letter to the Corinthian Christians, urges each to serve the beloved community according to his special ability. Not for a moment does he assume that prophecy or preaching is the only gift essential to the spiritual life of the church. May it not be that this assumption has misled Protestantism? It may be the devoted mother or the enthusiastic settlement worker or the invalid saint or the faithful physician or youth with glowing vision or old men dreaming dreams, who have a message that will set cold hearts aflame and send young and old alike out into paths of joy-

ous service. The modern community church is seeking ways in which these messages may find normal and effective expression.

Protestantism is also awakening to the need of a differentiated ministry. It is no new discovery. In the little Christian community that Paul established at Corinth there were prophets, apostles, teachers, and healers. The vanguard of the army of trained religious teachers or directors of religious education, as they are called, has already entered the service. Directors of the social and recreational life of the church are in training. In certain individual churches gifted leaders of the musical activities in the church and community have demonstrated how indispensable are their services.

With this working staff, the pastor is able to become a shepherd of souls and to organize and direct the spiritual life and work of the church as a whole. When practical Christian unity makes it possible for each local church to become a community church and to minister alike to ignorant and learned, rich and poor, saints and sinners, the prophetic function of Protestantism will begin to be fully realized.

The stress that is being laid on the teaching ministry of the church marks another unmistakable trend in progressive Protestantism. It is in accord with the method of the Founder of Christianity, for he was not primarily a preacher but a teacher. The so-called "Sermon on the Mount" is not in the form of a sermon but is in reality an informal talk on the hillside. In the light of the vivid record we can in imagination see the great Teacher seated on one of the black basaltic rocks that are scattered so profusely on the hillsides to the north and northwest of Capernaum, while his followers sit close about him. Christianity from the first was a teaching religion. In the Corinthian church teachers were regarded as important as the prophets or apostles. Throughout Protestantism the vicious theory that youth must first be allowed to go wrong in order later to experience a catastrophic conversion is fast being abandoned. At last the words of the ancient Jewish sage are being fully accepted:

"Train up a child in the way he should go;
And when he is old he will not depart from it."

Underlying the religious-education movement that is rapidly transforming the life and the architecture of many Protestant churches are the accepted principles of modern psychology and education. The rediscovered Bible, interpreted into the terms of modern life, is its chief text-book. This movement is fast putting the youth and the leaders of Protestantism into intelligent touch with the vital principles revealed in the past experience of the race and with the active forces in our present civilization. In this direct way it is equipping them for the work of moral and religious reconstruction that must be done by the prophetic forces in Christendom.

Another trend in Protestantism is not yet strongly marked, but there are indications that the tide is strongly setting in. A typical illustration—one of many—may be cited. In one of our American cities the gifted and devoted rector suddenly died. A young curate—modest, likable, and with excellent organizing ability—was asked to take the helm until a successor could be secured. He did so on condition that all the members of the church share the responsibilities with him. From the first a new life and atmosphere pervaded the staid old church. Old and young found their special task and joy in doing it; and enlarged budgets to meet the needs of the rapidly growing membership and the extended community work were taken care of as by magic.

Soon the people discovered that none of the candidates appealed to them. The leaders recognized that the real reason was that no one wished to restore the old type of church. The young curate (whom every one called by his first name) was asked to become their rector. To-day this church, made up of active, working Christians, is fast becoming the most potent religious force in one of the larger of our American cities.

The explanation of this rebirth of a church is simple. Psychologists tell us that we are interested in that to which we are able personally to contribute and in nothing else. The Master Teacher knew well this simple but vastly important principle. He saved the men and women

who pressed about him, first by believing in them and then by giving them a task which each could perform. The very essence of the Christianity of Jesus is individual loyalty to the fraternal community expressed in service. Protestantism is gradually grasping this ideal of universal enlistment, and as a result new life is coming back to many dying churches.

The principle of distributed responsibility applies to the religious services as well. Men never lose their boyish love of "doing something." If the preacher and a highly paid chorus assume all responsibility for the service, the men, as a rule, seek more active occupation elsewhere, and the country club becomes a strong rival of the church.

It is a frequent subject of wonderment that when Quakers, with their complete absence of ritual, change their church affiliations, they usually join the Episcopal Church. The same bond binds these two faiths very closely together: their democracy in worship, their stout insistence that the individual worshipper shall have a large part in the service.

Finally, Protestantism, to do its unique work in the world and to satisfy the needs of men, must give them a more vivid sense of the presence of God. Has it here something to learn from the priest? Most of the world's prophets have been men of the out-of-doors. They have lived so close to God that they needed no ritual nor symbolism. To-day the majority of men live in great congested centres, out of touch with nature. There is need, therefore, that the church supply that lack, even though it be through imperfect symbolism. With true insight the mediæval church met this need. It built the naves of its great cathedrals so that they represented the branching trees. As the light of the sun came through the richly colored windows it suggested the green of springtime, the gorgeous tints of autumn, and the resplendent glory of the sunset. The rich tones of the great organ recalled the still richer melodies of nature. Here the dwellers in hovels and palaces forgot their unnatural and distracting daily life and felt themselves in the pres-

ence of God. Familiar prayer, solemn chant, and words of prophet and psalmist aided in realizing that presence.

Sermonolatry and the old reaction against all forms of religious symbolism have given Protestantism many an architectural monstrosity that is a barrier rather than an aid to true worship. And yet a hopeful trend is even here discernible. To imitate the mediæval cathedrals would be false to its traditions. Progressive Protestantism is building, in keeping with the ideals of its prophetic Founder, church homes fitted to the needs of the fraternal community. Here children in the church-school find a fitting habitat. Here the various communal activities centre. Here the voices of the prophets can be heard. Here, amidst symbolism that suggests the presence of the God of beauty and of love, men may learn the joy of worship. In this new type of "meeting-house" all classes in the community may meet with their common Father for communion and co-operative service.

"The sects" undoubtedly have their serious problems. They are still a dissonant babel of voices and have found as yet no common basis for united action; but they are seeking it. In the language of yesterday, many of them need the experience of a sound conversion that will lead them to forget their bickering, their man-made creeds, their petty rivalries, their pathetic trust in mere organization, and inspire them to try the bold experiment of finding their life by losing it in the service of mankind. Too often they have followed wrong impulses or clung too tenaciously to institutions long outgrown; but they are usually ready to learn from their mistakes. They are still responsive to the voice of the real prophet and, therefore, ever open to new truth. They are, as a rule, in close touch with the world's thought and life. They are eager to satisfy men's deepest religious needs. There are unmistakable indications that they are passing through a great transitional period out of which will emerge a more unified, a more spiritual, and a more truly prophetic Protestantism.

Luck

BY JAMES BOYD

Author of "Elms and Fair Oaks," "The Sound of a Voice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD



THE old, smoke-blackened fence along the freight-yard made a good shelter from the daybreak autumn wind. Cowan sat in its lee, tying a string around the waist of his rusty overcoat while he waited for the tin can of soup to get hot over the swaying fire of chips. His bold, restless face puckered as his stiff fingers fumbled at the knot; his mouth, small and precise, tightened in methodical preoccupation. A film of vapor rose from the soup in harried spirals. He curled his red hands around the can, raised his daring eyes, and drank.

Setting it down, he drew a knuckled wrist across his mouth and rolled a cigarette with gloomy accuracy. Autumn, shrivelled and foreboding, bore on him heavily. All the world, from the distant, blue, cold hills to the clutter of drab houses by the tracks, looked pinched and sterile. He shrunk within himself before the lifeless morning chill and knew that he was growing pinched and sterile, too. Pretty soon he would be no good; it would be too late. He was getting on, almost done for. He'd had many jobs and never one he liked; always he kept moving on, a hobo, looking for something that beckoned and vanished like that shifting engine's nodding steam plume. But if the right thing came, he'd know and never quit it.

Making up the fire, he stretched out his oily sea-boots and smoked. The warmth on his soles gave him more heart.

The old jobs had all been good in a way. They had all been chancy, nothing soft. He thought of them; of the night-shift in the foundry when they had stood naked, gilded with sweat, as the blinding, red-hot flux crawled from the bottom of

the cone. Then there had been the powder-mill; trundling the black dust in a push-cart, like a sleeping baby ogre, treading lightly in rubber shoes for fear of waking it. He thought of the time when he was out of Gloucester before the mast; fog-bound dories hobbling off the banks, listening in the ghost silence for the swish of a liner's tall, gray bow. He looked at his boots; they were the same ones he wore, the last race to market, when the skipper cracked on canvas till she lay down under galloping seas and groaned.

All had been chancy, there was that good about them. But it had been blind chance, chance where a good man might get knocked off as quick as a bad; quicker, it sometimes seemed. However careful a man was in the powder-mill, any minute some dub might clink a spark from metal and blow him to blazes. On the banks the ablest seaman was just as likely to be cut down by the big ships. He wanted risk; nothing was fun without it, but he wanted risk of his own making, not some one else's. He was willing to play the game for big stakes, but he didn't want to play stud poker, he wanted to play chess.

If only life would be like chess he'd have no kick; like chess for a million dollars a side. He fished in the breast of his overcoat and drew out a pigskin wallet, varnished with age. Unfolded, it was a small chess-board with painted ivory slips for men. He spread a scrap of crumpled newspaper on his knee. "Black to checkmate with the castle in seven moves," he murmured, reading aloud. He placed the men on the board according to the newspaper diagram and studied them.

The thump and crash of shunted cars and the high squeak of flanges came over the fence on the gusty wind. To Cowan, hunched over the board, these sounds

grew faint and far away. His mouth was a short straight line. He moved a piece—no that wouldn't do it. He ground a fist into his cheek and thought. There must be a right answer, there always was in chess; if you didn't get it, it was your own fault. In life there might be a dozen answers, all wrong, or none at all. If only chess had some risk to give it an edge.

He stared at the problem on the board; hanged if he could solve it. The white knight always got in the way. He never liked the knight's move anyhow; it wasn't regular; no sense to it. He'd have to give up. That was the trouble with playing for fun; a man couldn't do his best except for big stakes. Putting the pieces neatly back in their place, he shoved the board into his breast pocket and lit another cigarette. He turned his face to the black fence and stared through it into space. Behind him he heard the rattle of grocery carts on the cobbles, the caller calling a freight crew, the cackling of draggled, town-bred chickens; dull, flat morning noises of a stale, dirty world. He was sick of it. If only something would come along to get him started. But what that would be he didn't know.

He saw, beyond the end of the fence, a corner of the yards and the roundhouse. Behind it, four big, steel-latticed stilts stuck aimlessly in air. A tall boom stood up beside them, its tackle jerking in the wind-bursts. Some kind of erecting job. With his square toe he raked black dirt on the fire and strolled over.

A minute figure in jumpers squatted at the base of the tall, meagre monstrosity. The smoke-veiled distance obscured its features, features which themselves seemed preternaturally obscure. Cowan wrinkled his blunt nose in a squint. Yes, by golly, it was little Whitey, the White Knight kid.

"What you doing, White?"

The kid advanced with cur-dog effusiveness and deprecation.

"Hullo, Cowan, where'd you come from? I'm on this job here—partner hasn't showed up—saw a girl down street. Expect he won't, either—he's got two quarts. But I'm making my time, see?" He undertook a labored wink indicative of worldly knowledge.

Cowan scowled. "I'll rig and rivet for you to-day. Show me what's laid out."

They spent the morning on the ground, riveting the short sections of the main collar together, two by two. Cowan worked the pneumatic and the kid, casual and ineffective, entered the red hot rivets and held against him. The tall, accurate man never spoke except for an occasional "Put your weight against it," or, "Take it out; it's cold."

"Gee whiz," the kid would mumble. "What's the difference? They're plenty more, ain't there?"

Whitey produced sausages for dinner, and Cowan led him to the shelter of the fence.

"So you haven't played since you left the mill?" Cowan said as they leaned back to smoke. "Well, here's a chance to practice." He drew out the leather board and showed the kid the newspaper problem.

"Aw, Cowan, I can't play. It's all luck with me."

"Can't miss if you use your bean. Go ahead."

"Aw, Cowan."

Whitey shifted the pieces irresolutely, with anxious glances at his tyrant. Cowan watched him, then stared grimly into space. Why didn't the boy sit still and figure instead of pushing the chessmen brainlessly around? That was just the way he used to act back at the powder-mill when Cowan had taught him to play. He glared at Whitey's pale, vacant face and looked away again. He used to give the kid a rook and three opening moves and play him for ten dollars a game. The boy should have won every time. But he'd always lose his head and play blindly. Sometimes he won, but win or lose, the young fool acted as if it was a game of luck, as if he thought the answer would come from the sky, from God. Cowan spat. Not a chance. He'd heard about God from the preachers and there wasn't half as much sense to him as there was to chess. Every man ought to stand on his own feet. The less he had to do with God the better.

"Look, Cowan—I got it."

"Well, I'm—how'd you do it?"



Drawn by L. F. Wilford.

Cowan sat in its lee, tying a string around the waist of his rusty overcoat. — Page 175.

"I don't know, just a kind of hunch. Don't even know what I did do now."

Patiently Cowan traced back the moves, ironically he showed him what plays he had made. The kid was indifferent.

"Say, don't you want to get this? You could use it in a game."

"What's the use, Cowan? It was just a hunch. I couldn't remember it, and anyhow if I get a hunch, I don't need it. It's just luck the way I play."

"You make me sick. No wonder you don't get anywhere."

"Don't you worry about me, Cowan, my luck's turned since the first of the year. Everything I do comes out right, just like this." He pointed at the chess-board.

"Keep thinking that and see how long you hold your job. There's no luck in erecting steel towers. You do it right or you don't. That's what I like about it. Been thinking about it all morning. I like this job better than anything I've ever struck. If a man makes a mistake he gets it in the neck, if he don't he's O. K. I'd kind of like to go into this business."

"It's all right," said the kid loftily, "only that's not the way I look at it. When a man's time comes, he goes, that's all there is to it. And until it does come he's as safe as a church, no matter what he does."

Cowan shut the board with a snap.

"That's what every muttonhead thinks that hasn't the gimp to figure things out for himself. Some call it luck and some call it trusting God. Let's go back to work."

As Cowan, spare and resolute, and the blurred, insignificant kid made their way across the cinders, they passed a ladder which one of the ice-boys for the refrigerator-cars had leaned against the fence. Cowan went underneath it with a grin.

"You oughtn't to do that, Cowan. It's unlucky."

"Is it? Well, it's unluckier to be the bum mechanic you are."

"That's all right, but you want to be careful up on the tower this afternoon. That's all."

They hoisted the sections up and riveted them. It was almost dark by the time the last one swung into place, so they

pegged it with wooden pegs to hold it over night. The kid went down to gather up the tools.

Cowan sat on the big steel ring, gazing across the fading valley. He fingered a rivet in the joint beside him. It was as tight as you could make it and so were all the others. It had been a good day's work. The tower-building game was all right; risk but no chance to it. Nothing could happen as long as your work was right; nothing could touch you but your own mistakes; not even God. He rubbed his tired arms beneath his blue flannel shirt. It was great, sitting here, safe and firm on your own work, high in air.

In the west the edges of dark clouds had been gnawed to tatters by an angry, sinking sun. Swinging his sea-boots, Cowan looked at the dull, red disk with a grin. He twisted his small tight mouth. He was a good man and he knew it. On work like this where everything was fair he could take care of himself. That malignant eye in the west didn't trouble him. He kicked his heels; it vanished with a sullen afterglow.

He climbed to his feet, his hobnails ringing on the girder. Behind him, down the valley, the lights of a city began to wink up through the dusk by twos and threes. Moving softly and smoothly, balancing on the beam, he walked around to get a better view.

The kid's feeble, piping voice came up to him:

"Come on down, Cowan, before your luck turns."

Luck! There was luck in some jobs, whatever luck was. But here he stood on his own work. It was fair enough. He'd stick to it and have no kick. Those lights were pretty. It must be a big town. Ought to be some chess-players there. He moved along.

He heard a tiny crackle. The section sagged down with swift quietness. He turned to dive back to safety, slipped, and caught the hanging steel beam as he fell.

He hung there. His fault. The wood-pegged section.

He tried to raise himself, but there was no grip for his fingers on the steel, he only just had purchase to hang on. He saw the kid's pinched, white face below him and heard his quavering voice:



Drawn by L. E. Whiford.

"Can't miss if you use your bean. Go ahead." Page 174.

"I knew it—God—I knew it."

The pasty rat!

"Swing the tackle to me, you fool," he said in a hard-bitten whisper. He dared not shout for fear of jarring his tenuous grip.

He saw the kid scuttling. If only the boy kept his head down there. His hands had gone numb. He couldn't hold out long. Well, it was his own fault. Fair enough. But, oh, God, make that kid hurry! His arms were dead now, too.

He heard the creak of the boom and a pulley whirring. It stopped. Faint and far off he heard the plaintive voice, "Hang on, Cowan, the block's jammed." His eyes were blind with sweat, a palsy crept down his rigid body. He could feel nothing, but he knew he was slipping.

"So long, Kid," he called softly. He felt himself falling, turning. The world swung in a crazy arc, tower and sky and all, and a little figure cringing with its face in its hands.



In a Greek Garden

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

WE have known it all before, in some far dream,
These lines of fountain-water, willow trees
Bending over a myriad tulips shining,
And the white walls alight in the evening sun,
And stillness, but for the water falling shattered.
There was a time beyond full memory
When standing here, where we never have stood before,
We knew it ours, as we know it again to-day.
So in return the wonder all comes back
Familiarly, from the dream to the suddenly real.

We have intruded on a sacred place
Not meant for mortal sight. Oh, long ago
We had forsaken it for fear of the gods;
But now we would claim it from them back again,
To behold it to-day in wonder and delight.

Even these shadows wove patterns in times before
On this pale grass, and over swaying tulips;
And we have seen the evening sunlight slant
Through willows trailing.

If to see it again
May be but the late return of an old dream
Long since grown dim, oh, then remember well
How we stood breathless underneath these willows,
When we had entered through the amazing gates;
And made our ancient challenge to things unreal,
Through senses when the senses seem to fail:
*"This thing may vanish; therefore hold it now;
Even for this one instant hold it close—
Fill ears and eyes with it—drink up its air—
Gather its fragrance—bend before its light—
Then, let it vanish!"* But it does not vanish.
So we have proved with the old test of sense,
And found no dream. Oh then let us put off
Strangeness, and doubts from the doubting age we know,
And let them slip like garments down from us;
And feel the ageless wonder of this place
Sweep over us like tides of moving air—
Sun-filled blue air, that drowns us with its coming.

These are the skies of Greece, and Artemis
Poised here in marble, with her fair disdain,
Looks out into the West, whence gods must come
In the high splendor of their loveliness.
She waits some great event, who takes no pleasure
In gardens of the gods, or the slow passing
Of long, uncounted hours. She with her bow,

Artemis, comes not from her wildwood groves
Nor pauses here in shadow of marble walls
But for some strange portent that the gods must know.

These are the skies of Greece, and the day-moon, faint
Like a high-blown feather, shows the depth of them
Unclouded to the tops of distant trees. . . .
Though we are mortal, in these formal ways
Let us move stately and slow, as if we too were gods.
Oh well we know these ways are not our own!
Why you are not half so tall as the fountain-water!
I could lose you behind the drooping ends of the willows,
And you are as nothing in this portico—
This pillared circular temple, with its rim
Of whitest marble high above your head,
That frames a round blue roof that is the sky;
You are as nothing here, but yet move slowly,
Being a god for a while. At least your eyes
May see this place as the heavenly ones must see it. . . .

Or break from stately ways and run as a nymph—
Put off your close black dress, and move in the air!
You are a stranger from a foreign land,
And have forgot that it is summer time!
Do you think the pool that laughs below your feet
Can mirror you in black? The marble fish
And the marble crab upon the sand-rayed floor
Would laugh at you, breaking out of their stone
To move in mirth along the floor of their sea!
Was ever a nymph in black in summer time?
Put off your little shoes and run in the grass;
And if a god should see you, do not mind it.
Artemis of the wilds would understand,
As she watches there, from the ever-deepening shadows.

Shadows—shadows—shadows. . . . The late round sun
Falls to the darkening West, and so is gone,
And twilight hangs in the warm haze of evening.
Now the wisteria along the wall
Looks whiter than blown foam, and tulips brim
In the half light with colors new and rare,
And violet shadows fall behind each leaf—
Dark leaf for green, against the marble wall.

To have seen this place after so many days
Is a coming back to an old forsaken dream.
We walk these paths now, and familiarly
Lean here against the columns, and look out
Over the valley below, and the pale river
Curving around the West past misty hills;
And even the ominous dark comes on as before.

There was a night in our lost familiar garden
When we stood watching the moon grow white, and knew
That Artemis must waken from her marble—
That all the gods must soon be coming together.
Almost we heard them passing, but did not see them;
And Artemis stood unchanged. And soon we felt

The time had not yet come; as standing to-night
Watching in silence while the dark comes in,
We know it is not the time. . . . But listen again,
And tell me that you can almost hear them passing
Beside us over the steps, with robes aflutter
And light feet pressing soft on the yielding grass.

We have intruded on a mystery
That soon must fall and fade and be no more;
But now while the hour lasts, stand quietly here
And see the moon and the ageless stars of summer
Caught in the circle of marble over this temple,—
All the blue darkness and height and brilliance of heaven.

Now are the edges of marble whitened with moonlight;
Pillars shine out, and shadows fall behind them,
While the high roof of stars turns slowly to Westward.

Artemis! Artemis there in your marble niche!
Come alive and see a strange thing brought to pass!
Come alive and flee away—come alive and escape
Out of this place unholy! There is a sign
Must fill your eyes with dismay: look up and see it—
Here on this night at the highest point of heaven
Silently flash the long fires of the North;
Coldly Aurora shines athwart the moon
With shafts of light that waver and break and fade,
And rise again. O Artemis, be afraid!
What shall avail your long and disdainful waiting
Here in the North? Proud Artemis, be afraid!

Darker these skies than ever the skies of Greece;
More strangely cold and high and ominous.
Now is the new light shaken over the walls
In purpling colors, and red of the far North,
Unseen by the ancient gods. Here Artemis
Must stand all moveless in the unholy place,
With broken moonlight colored over the walls.

Oh, far is the moon, whose long light out of the West
Slants to this garden, faintly. She must pass,
Leaving the sky to shafted Aurora fires—
Silently moving lines of changing light.
Soon the moon must pass, and Artemis
Be wrapped in shadow, alone and proud and forsaken,
Under cold skies, in this garden of the North.

Come, let us close our eyes, and pass from the dream.
We have intruded on a mystery
More strange than any we knew in any dreaming.
Now with the wonder upon us, let us go—
Let us slip out through the gate in the slanting moonlight
That soon must fall and fade and be no more.





Moss Rose studied his people and came to know them better than they knew themselves.—Page 185.

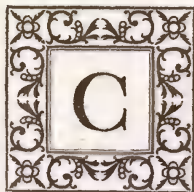
The Magic Pipe

A STORY OF CAP'N MOSS

BY BURRIS JENKINS

Author of "Princess Salome," "The Bracegirdle," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE



AP'N MOSS ROSE, nearing sixty years of age, had retired as a well-to-do planter, but could not stay retired. He had made by years of toil and attention to business what is,

for the Black Belt, a comfortable fortune, had sold his farm and removed to the city of Seminole; but, one year of idleness proving insupportable, he had rented two farms, one north and one east, and gone to work again.

"Moss Rose" sounds like a highly sentimental name, but is really quite matter-of-fact. "Rose" is the family cognomen;

and "Moss" is that of certain highly respected relatives. The South has a way of using the last names of those it delights to honor as the first names of its children. For example, Moss had a brother named "Beauregard," shortened frequently to "Beau"; and another, "Stonewall Jackson," always called "Jackson" and "Jack."

As for the title which Moss Rose wore, he was never captain of anything or anybody but his negroes. They dubbed him "cap'n," and "cap'n" he remained for them. He had a way with them that won respect and affection, sometimes wholesomely mingled with fear; and this way of his rendered him rich and them

comfortable. While other farmers studied their soil, their cotton, their corn, Moss Rose also studied his negroes, the most important part of his machinery in his opinion, and found his study profitable as well as diverting.

Moss had lived a bachelor until he reached forty-two, and he had nine reasons for doing so; two of them were brothers and seven of them sisters. He early determined, at the death of his father, soon followed by that of his mother, that Beauregard, the oldest son, should marry and perpetuate the family, while he, the second, should care for all the rest. There seemed to him no sane reason why Stonewall Jackson, when he came of age, should remain single, as one pair of shoulders was sufficient to carry the load of supporting and educating the seven Rose sisters. Having once "figgered" it out for himself, no adding-machine or no system of integral calculus could produce any other convincing result. So *must* it be. The others bowed to his will.

For years his brothers were his partners in running the big old plantation at "Egypt Gate," share and share alike. Although they had families and he none, the treasury of the firm remained common. They took out of it what was needed to support themselves and theirs; while he took out what would satisfy his slender wants. They prospered, by some subtle secret, above the planters, their neighbors; until eventually Beauregard bought into the Seminole National Bank, removed from the firing line to the base in the town, and became president of the concern. Stonewall Jackson got the oil craze, and, gathering all together, went into the far country of Oklahoma. The seven sisters duly entered and were graduated from Madame Mirabeau's Young Ladies' Seminary at New Orleans, and dropped into matrimony with the sequence and precision of a row of dominoes tumbling over on a table.

At the wedding of the youngest, Cap'n Moss appeared with a new cut to his beard. Hitherto he had allowed it to grow almost as it pleased, and had paid little or no attention to the fact that it was becoming streaked with gray. Now he had shaved his cheeks, leaving a grace-

ful sandy imperial and a long, drooping mustache. His big, gentle blue eyes danced at the wedding as gaily as his feet; and many a young woman, long marriageable, caught her breath as if stung by the splendor of a sudden thought. And if to conceive an act were the same as to perform it, Moss was married that very night; for his eyes lit most upon Dolly LeStrange, and remained there longest, while in them slumbered soft fires suggestive of home and hearthstone.

Dolly was winsome, and Dolly was not overly young. Perhaps she, too, had been waiting, knowing Moss Rose and his desire better than he himself knew. Women have a way of knowing things better than their men; that is why the men are theirs. Dolly's eyes, too, danced that night, and burned black with a vivacity that suggested the province of Brittany from which her fathers derived, by way of New Orleans. Dolly's feet, moreover, were light as those of Goldsmith Maid, who held the turf record at the time, and far prettier, in their black pumps and white silk stockings, laced over her plump but tapering ankles with black ribbon. And Dolly's heart! How it leaped as Cap'n Moss appeared at the door of the big "parlor," in that new cut of beard, so suggestive of Napoleon the Third, which announced to her as plainly as if he had shouted it: "The time has come! The time has come!" It was a year later, however, before Dolly came as a bride to live in the old Rose "mansion" at Egypt Gate; for Moss was nothing if not deliberate.

Let it not be supposed, nevertheless, that during the score of years from his majority to his marriage, Cap'n Moss lived as a St. Anthony or an anchorite. He could scarcely pose as a Jacob toiling for his Rachel. Neither was he a prematurely old young man. On the contrary, while thoughtful, industrious, and unremitting, there coursed through his veins the blood of the old cavalier South, and he had his boon companions and his seasons of harmless recreation—comparatively harmless, and well-nigh innocent. One of these seasons brought him the magic pipe and developed the incident connected with it.

Moss Rose had been to New Orleans on

a week's leave, to dispose of the cotton crop, a goodly number of bales. Business done, he had passed a never-to-be-forgotten four days with some hail-fellows-well-met, playing the ponies in a mild fashion, and playing other games as well

something bucolic for Moss Rose, befitting his occupation, and they found it in the rooster that perched inside the rim of the magic pipe; for though when you drew on the stem nothing happened out of the ordinary, yet when you blew



He knew too much to have dealings with a negro in wrath.—Page 135.

up and down Canal Street, and in the old French restaurants in the evenings, until, when he came to depart, the hail-fellows-well-met regretted his departure with a great regret.

They cast about for some token of their esteem, and hit upon a beautiful French brier pipe, with a bowl as big as a baby's fist, and a stem which, as it left the bowl, was as large round as a man's little finger, but tapered down to the regulation amber mouthpiece. The pipe was unusual to look upon; but the most remarkable thing slumbered within it. The boys wanted

through it, into the bowl, out popped a game-cock amid the clouds of your smoke, ready to peck you in the eye. It startled you unless you were prepared for it, and even then, unless you understood the mechanism of bulb and tube that worked the magic. Moss was proud of his pipe, and thought tenderly of the donors.

Upon his return to the plantation the days took on the usual complexion, which was brunette only in the fact that his dealings were mostly with "the darkies." Taken for all in all, Moss loved the days because they contained a never-ending

interest, diversion, and success. He studied the psychology of his people and came to know them better than they knew themselves. He understood the simple kindness of their natures, even the generosity. He knew, he had always

believed to be a matter of generations of training and discipline, so he scarcely hoped to see it developed much in any individual negro of the stage of growth as yet reached by those around him. He did not, therefore, expect too much of this



"You won't tell 'im, cap'n?"—Page 187.

known, their intense emotionalism, which took form in sentimentalism, superstition, voodooism, religious revivalism, and sometimes in hot and baseless anger. He knew too much to have dealings with a negro in wrath. He simply walked away and left the emotional creature an hour or a day to cool off. Most serious crimes of the negro—aside from petty thievery—he knew to be unpremeditated, the result of sudden and uncontrollable passion; and he deemed it wise to offer no provocation, no temptation, no opportunity. Control of primal passions he

people in adolescence. On the contrary, in moments of ebullition, he rocked the cradle or got out of the way until the paroxysm spent itself.

Now in those days there fussed in his chicken-yard a Rhode Island Red hen, which Moss Rose was intent upon brooding. The hen was even more intent; and Moss provided her with a carefully selected setting of twenty eggs, of the purest preparation; and could see in his mind's eye the little, fuzzy balls which were to grow into such excellent specimens of slender, shapely pullets and young roos-

ters for the chicken-yards of General Elgin, at Seminole. The general had long desired to inaugurate a line of these Rhode Island Reds, and nobody but Moss in all the Black Belt could furnish the point of departure. So, rather than send to Indiana, or Illinois, the general offered to pay Moss freightage and general ex-

"How 'bout you, Sandy?"
 "No suh, not me! No suh!"
 "You, Jake?"
 "Numph, numph!" grunted Jake in negative.

This was only by way of establishing the record in the case; for Cap'n Moss knew full well that no confession could



His face took on the color of dead charcoal.—Page 187.

pense above the catalogue price. Moss was anxious to close with the offer.

The very first night the whole setting of eggs disappeared, and Moss scratched his head. No "varmint" tracks appeared leading up to his coops, nothing but the usual human footprints about the place. Moss set the hen again; and again the eggs were gone in the morning.

When the hands lined up in the dawn that day, before going to the fields for work, Cap'n Moss began at the beginning and asked each one:

"Did you steal my eggs, Lije?"

"No suh, no indeedy!"

"Did you, Giles?"

"I suttinly did not, suh!"

thus be extorted. Next he drew out a crisp five-dollar bill and walked down the line, flaunting it in the faces of the fifteen big "bucks" and tempting them as follows:

"Whoever finds out who took my eggs and tells me about it, gets this five dollahs."

That afternoon, as Moss Rose sat in the shade on the north porch, dozing a little after dinner, he heard a soft footfall coming round the corner of the house. Looking up, he beheld Jake tiptoeing toward the porch and glancing uneasily over his shoulder.

"What y' want, Jake?" inquired Cap'n Moss sleepily.

"Well, cap'n, dat five-dollah bill you flashed in my face dis mawnin'—hit look pow'ful good to me. An' I know who took dem eggs; but he's a pow'ful big niggah, and he kill me, ef he know I tole you——"

"He'll never know it, Jake."

"Hones' to Gawd, Cap'n Moss?"

"Hones' to Gawd, Jake."

"Well suh, hit was Giles."

"Umph umph!" exclaimed Moss Rose. "I kind o' thought so. Well, here's your money, Benedict Arnold."

"What, suh, who's dat!"

"Never mind, I'll tell you a story about Benedict Arnold some day, but not now. You better clear out o' here, now, niggah, befo' Giles sees you."

"You won't tell 'im, cap'n?"

"Haven't I told you? Now clear out."

Next morning Moss Rose again lined up the fifteen. He ranged them according to size on benches against the big barn, with Giles, the tallest, at the head of the line. Then he delivered them an oration. It was on eggs, the drama and the tragedy of eggs, the plots and counter-plots, the intricacies and the mazes of eggs. It concluded with a peroration upon hell, and the lake of fire, the smell of sulphur and brimstone, and the everlasting punishment of those who embezzle eggs. When Moss conceived that the proper psychological groundwork had been laid, he drew out the magic pipe, and announced that he intended to ascertain, by an infallible test, who stole his eggs.

"When the guilty one pulls on this pipe, won't nothin' happen; but when he blows on this pipe, a rooster will come out and look him in the eye. This pipe has been blessed by the pope, and it suah is magic! It's called the pope's pipe. Now ev'y man-jack of you's got to blow in this pipe, beginnin' with the biggest and goin' on down. That's the way the test's got to be made, or it spoils the magic. Here, Giles, you blow on the pipe!"

"Not me, cap'n! Begin wid somebody else! Not me! No, suh!"

"You the biggest! Blow on that pipe!"

Giles protested, but Moss was adamant. At last the great, overgrown child took the marvellous pipe tremblingly into his hands, and drew in on it, tentatively, gingerly, barely moving his thick, leathery lips. His face took on the color of dead charcoal.

"Blow on that pipe, niggah!" shouted Cap'n Moss. "Blow on it!"

"O Lawdy!" groaned Giles, while his huge black face grew yet more ashen.

"Blow, I tell you, niggah, blow!" exhorted Moss, almost animatedly.

Groaning again, and summoning what little courage remained under his crawling skin and had not oozed out with the perspiration that now stood upon his brow, Giles exclaimed once more, "O Lawdy!" and blew. Up jumped the little game rooster, and up jumped Giles. Dropping the pipe as he did so, and leaping away from the barn, he tumbled headlong over the fence, and spreading his ganglionic legs in long strides, he burnt the ground away into the woods pasture and the cane-brake beyond.

That evening, as the night shades began to draw down over Seminole County, and as the Rhode Island Red hen contentedly brooded for the thirteenth hour over a new setting of eggs, Cap'n Moss Rose sat under the live-oaks and the Spanish moss in the front yard of his home, puffing his old corn-cob pipe, when Giles rustled up to his chair, woe-begone, weary, hungry, and gaunt, and began, almost eagerly:

"Cap'n Moss, I done took yo' aigs, took 'em twice; but I ain't never goin' to eat no mo' stole aigs, nary one, never no mo'! I'se gwine to be a good niggah, and y'aint never goin' to have to use dat hoodoo pipe on me no mo'! I'se gwine to be a good niggah."

All that was many years ago, and Giles is a good negro to this day. Jake, also, heard and pondered the story of Benedict Arnold, and profited by it immeasurably.



The Aspirations and Inspirations of a Ranchwoman

BY L. M. WESTON

Author of "A Day with a Ranchwoman" and "A Ranchwoman's Guests"



FROM my childhood I had had aspirations to be an authoress, which reconciled me to moving from town to the ranch, as I thought the country must be an ideal place

for literary work.

Far from neighbors and friends, my studies and meditations would not be interrupted by callers, parties, card clubs, lectures, concerts, or shows. I could spend hours of solitude in writing; and in fancy I already saw the Great American Novel signed with my name.

Having had many experiences in divers places, and known a number of odd characters, there was no lack of material to make me a famous writer; I simply had not found time to chronicle my ideas and adventures. In the country there would be nothing but time—I was unacquainted then with rural life.

Getting settled in my new home kept me busy for a couple of weeks; then, one fine spring day, when the men were ploughing, so not likely to disturb me, I sat down before the typewriter.

In those days I believed in the spontaneous creation of literary masterpieces, and the necessity of frequent and painstaking revision did not enter into my scheme of writing for publication.

I typed out, laboriously, a title that seemed to be "fetching," and was about in the middle of my first sentence when a noise on the front porch made me pause. A scuffling sound, interspersed with menacing growls and sharp yaps, told me at once that Buster, the collie, and Mike, the Boston terrier, were having a fight. They were as unequally matched as Dempsey and Carpentier, and I knew if they were not separated, Mike, who had been our pet for years, would be killed. I opened the front door and saw a con-

glomeration of long, curly tawny hair, short, smooth black hair, and white hair of both kinds struggling, straining, snarling, growling, and rolling around the porch. At my sharp command, Buster loosened his hold, but Mike took advantage of this respite to make another savage lunge at his opponent, ever striving to get his deadly grip on the big dog's throat, and succeeding only in getting a mouthful of long white hair. Mike was a game little fighter, and in his youth was never licked; but, like some human beings, he could not realize he was growing old.

Again I spoke, and again Buster let Mike go, and again the terrier renewed the attack, only to be contemptuously flung off by the big collie. Still I feared Buster might lose patience at last and, notwithstanding my presence, put an end forever to the little pest who so frequently tormented him.

My son always stopped a scrap between the two dogs by following up his command to Buster with a vigorous kick, then picking up Mike in his arms; but my feet were not adapted to football methods so the one-sided fight went on. Knowing the men would not be home for a couple of hours, I was in despair; then I had an inspiration. In my pantry was a bottle of ammonia. I rushed to get it, poured out a liberal dose on a rag tied to the broom, and poked it before the noses of the combatants. The fight stopped very suddenly; no dog on earth can feel belligerent after a whiff of strong ammonia has taken away his breath. Neither animal realized what had happened, and while they were both trying to breathe again, I managed to get Mike into the house.

The whole affair did not last five minutes, would have been over in one had the ammonia been used in the beginning of it; but, after the fracas, I was in no condition to continue writing a Best Seller. Trembling with excitement, and on the verge

of a good old-fashioned fit of hysterics, my fine fancies vanished. Perhaps tranquillity would return to me in the afternoon, when lunch was over and the men had gone back to the field.

But at meal-time my husband announced that he had broken his plough, and was going to the post-office to send for a new part. He asked me to accompany him and I went—instead of pounding the typewriter.

The next day was stormy, so the men were in and out of the house every hour. I did not even attempt to write, as, like ex-President Wilson, I cannot express my thoughts on paper with any one else in the room. Even the prospect of an intruder will scare Pegasus with me on his back. So it was two days before I had a chance to continue the story interrupted by the dog-fight. Still, my zeal had increased with the delay, and I wrote almost all the morning. Then I counted the number of words I had written and subtracted them from a hundred thousand—the usual length of a novel. The result was discouraging and made me decide it would be wiser to write short stories, at least until I could typewrite faster. Then, too, extra money was needed immediately in my purse, and waiting the time necessary to get a check from a serial would interfere seriously with my plans. On reaching this conclusion, I looked out of the window and was horrified to see my husband and son, with their horses, approaching the barn. *Noon!*—and I hadn't even washed the breakfast dishes!

I hustled into the kitchen, and, twenty minutes later, the men sat down to a meal of boiled eggs, potatoes left over from last night's supper, canned peaches, bought ginger-snaps, and tea. They were not enthusiastic over the repast and asked me what was the matter.

I confessed my vaulting ambition.

They laughed derisively, and counselled me, à la Wolsey, "to fling it away," and hoped, at least, I wouldn't have another inspiration when it was likely to interfere with their meals. Then they laughed again, mockingly, heartlessly, until in bitterness of soul I resolved to keep my literary aspirations—and my checks—to myself.

However, between housework, care of

the fowls, four-footed pets, and other duties, I did not have any too much time for literature, and it took me several days to write even a short story. Once, in the midst of a most telling scene, I heard a great hubbub in the hen-house. I knew at once something had scared the feathered folk, and rushed out with visions of weasels, snakes, coyotes, porcupines, and other creatures tormenting my poor fowls.

I found—a three-months-old calf lying down and chewing his cud with an air of great contentment. Probably he had been attracted by the fresh, clean straw put in that day, but not, as he undoubtedly thought, for his benefit.

The hens evidently considered him an intruder, and were holding a noisy indignation meeting, each one apparently trying to outsquawk her neighbor.

I prodded the poor little calf with a stick, and was driving him through the door when a vociferous peeping assailed my ears. Glancing in the direction of the sound, I saw a week-old chick had fallen into the drinking-can. The water was shallow; still, if rescue had been delayed very long, it would have been all over with one of my potential broilers. I took the wet, frightened, bedraggled little thing out of the dish and carried it to the house, then wrapped cotton-wool around the tiny shivering body, and put it into an empty shredded-wheat-biscuit box.

I can conscientiously recommend empty shredded-wheat-biscuit boxes to any one raising poultry. I do not know what I should do without them when my hens are hatching. They are just about the right size to serve as chick hospitals, carriers, and nurseries, and, costing nothing, can be burned by the most economical housewife as soon as they get dirty.

After making the chick comfortable, I went back to my writing. Fortunately, my story was nearly finished, as the minute my patient began to recover from its chill and fright, it began to shriek for its mother, brothers, and sisters. I was nearly deafened by its continuous, shrill "peep—peep—peep" as I addressed a big envelope to the editor of my favorite magazine. With the sublime assurance of the literary tyro who, usually, expects to fly

before he can creep, I put it in the post-office, and—with a promptitude that did credit to the United States Mail Service—it came back.

Of course I was disappointed and surprised, but being already engaged on another *chef-d'œuvre*, wasted no time in vain regrets; just sent the rejected screed to another editor, thinking I had been unfortunate in my first choice.

Like dope, the writing habit grew on me, and so much of my time was spent at the typewriter that my family suffered—or said they did. I neglected my housework and even my four-footed friends to get more time to write. Occasionally, but not often, I felt guilty. One time conscience pricked me when I saw my son trying to find a clean spoon in the holder. My dishes had been given a lick and a promise that day, as I was in the midst of a story that should make my name immortal.

That night my husband had barely retired when I heard a muttered imprecation, saw him rise in righteous wrath, pull all the sheets and blankets off his bed, then carefully replace them.

Again the still small voice of conscience spoke as I remembered how hastily I had slicked up the twin beds that morning, having been obliged, while doing the housework, to leave my hero suspended over a precipice with the villain just ready to cut the rope. My own bed was far from comfortable, and, before the night ended, I regretted not following the example of my irate spouse and remaking it. The upper sheet, not being tucked in properly, came up from the bottom, so the rough, woollen blanket rasped my skin. The under-sheet got rucky beneath me, and the quilt slipped off onto the floor, so I was cold in the night. Altogether, I resolved then and there to leave my hero hanging in future until I had taken time to make the beds.

And the food I wasted in those days would have made the members of the Commission to Feed Starving Russians hold up their hands in condemnatory ire. I never saw or heard of bread, potatoes, and pies burning up as easily and quickly as mine did at that period. I fried most of the meat. The hands of the clock seemed to whirl around when I

was wrestling with new ideas, and sometimes I had to step pretty lively to remove the charred remains and clear the house of smoke before the men-folk came in.

A year passed—spring came again, and my manuscripts had multiplied so that I was scarcely able to find house-room for them.

I had garnered a large number of rejection slips, but—no checks.

One day my son came home from the post-office, and throwing down several returned manuscripts on the table, remarked irritably: "I wish you wouldn't mail the things here, anyway. If you sent them from the city, they couldn't keep tab on you so easy."

"They" meant the postmaster and his numerous family. He also kept the store, which with the railroad-station, two elevators, a water-tank, and two more houses constituted our home town.

"What do you care?" I queried calmly. "All authors get lots of rejection slips at first. It is a sort of initiation into the Ancient Order of Scribes. Would you have me give up the struggle on account of country gossip?"

"Yes," he snapped; "I would give up if I had been writing a year and had had all my manuscripts fired back at me. If you ever had an acceptance, I wouldn't care," he continued, with brutal frankness, "but I do hate to take those bulky envelopes out of the mail-box, knowing every one is laughing at my mother and calling her a fool."

So saying he went out, slamming the door to emphasize his outraged feelings.

His blunt speech angered me, but, after due consideration, I concluded it contained some common sense. Perhaps I was a fool. I had always prided myself on my perseverance, but what merit was there in the persistency of people who kept walking around and around in a circle; their dogged determination under such circumstances was foolishness. Indomitable resolution must be combined with intelligent effort to amount to anything. My literary wares were not salable—why? I had better find out before wasting any more money on postage-stamps.

I was too sensible to take any stock in the silly twaddle about editors playing

favorites and looking only at the names signed to the manuscripts. Magazines to succeed must be run on a sound business basis, which is always to get the worth of your money. Doubtless, editors bought largely from well-known writers, as merchants stocked up on the goods of reliable manufacturers, but editors or merchants would buy anywhere they could find what suited them.

Why didn't editors want my manuscripts? was the question to be answered.

They were as well written as the papers that won commendation from my fellow members at the Woman's Club. But—I did not read fiction at the club. I remembered the ladies were, usually, the most interested when listening to descriptions of my European trips. Most of them had never crossed the ocean, and liked to hear about places, people, and things that were strange to them. "Something new, something different," I thought scornfully; "people of to-day are worse than the ancient Athenians, spending time running after novelties. If an author should take a trip to Mars, he couldn't supply the editors' demands."

My thoughts took another twist. Mars—an unknown world. I couldn't go to Mars, but—the ranch was an unknown world to most city people. A cluster of unknown worlds, in fact, comprising as it did the animal and vegetable kingdoms, not to mention the feathered folk.

I had thoroughly explored the world of domestic animals, and loved and was beloved by its inhabitants, who were always chary about admitting strangers. Love, alone, could find the way into it; education was powerless to penetrate its fastnesses or interpret its language.

In fact, graduates from Eastern places of learning were noted in our vicinity for their cruelty to horses. There was not a farm boy in our neighborhood who would be willing to let an Eastern "school-marm" ride his saddle-horse. "They ride 'em to death" was the unanimous verdict; "go lickety-split all the time; no horse could stand it."

It was the truth; still, it is incredible that those sweet girl graduates from the East, who come to Montana so sure of their superiority over Western rough-

necks, would injure a horse except through ignorance. What a pity a course on "Kindness to Animals" does not find a place in the curriculum of every school and college.

It is so easy to interest children in dumb brutes. My young nephews and nieces always listened breathlessly to tales about my four-footed friends; in fact, all my city relatives liked to hear about my ranch life. I remembered how the tears had stood in the eyes of my undemonstrative mother as I described Spot's death. I had gone into the barn to get some alfalfa-leaves for the chickens, and found the cow lying stretched out on the floor, evidently dying.

I bent over and spoke to her, and a slight movement told me she heard. I looked around to see if there was anything I could do to make her more comfortable, but everything had been done. My husband was always kind and considerate to his stock, so if there is any truth in the legend that the dumb brutes you have befriended will be waiting to help you at the River Styx, he will have no difficulty in crossing.

Still, I fancied the sick cow liked me near her, liked the feel of my hand as I stroked her head lovingly, liked to hear my voice as I murmured: "Poor Spot; I am so sorry you are going to leave us."

I stayed and petted her as long as possible, then went up to the hay-loft for the alfalfa. When I came down, she was gone. We had had her so long, I mourned her sincerely, but was comforted by the thought that the last thing she felt on earth was a caress.

How interested my sister's children were in hearing about the trouble we had to raise Spot's motherless little calf. How they laughed at the description of two steers having a friendly bout in a coolie; and, at the sound of their clashing horns and scuffling feet, fifteen or twenty more rushed over the bench, for all the world like small boys running to a fight.

Then there was Pickles. The little ones never tired of hearing about our four-year-old colt who was always ready to share his hay and oats with his mother and sister, and would actually take his head out of the manger to give his two-year-old sister the biggest share of the grain.

As these recollections crowded into my mind, I was busy with my housework—sweeping, dusting, cooking, and washing dishes—but my brain worked faster than my hands.

Everything in life was represented in the Ranch World—comedy and tragedy and soul-stirring excitement. Only the day before, I had watched my son coming home from field work, expecting every minute to see him killed. He was standing up in an empty hay-rack, driving four horses down the bench opposite the house. They were running as fast as they could go; something had scared them, and the rattle of the rack momentarily increased their fears. There was no brake on the vehicle, and only four strips of leather to control nearly six thousand pounds of horse-flesh mad with fright. If one of them fell in their headlong career—if the boy lost his nerve—if a rein should break—I waited what seemed to me an eternity until they reached the barn in safety. I learned later that a neighbor who had borrowed the rack brought it back as far as the field where my son was drilling, and he agreed to bring it the rest of the way home, as he was leaving his drill on the land to be seeded.

Those who call country life dull must have "eyes that see not, and ears that hear not," and a self-centred callousness that makes them insensible to the appeal of "the green things growing," not to mention man's four-footed friends.

After the midday meal, just as I was about to write down a few facts instead of romances, my son rushed into the house saying: "We have found Babe. She is in a coolie, not a half mile from the house, standing by her dead colt. We tried to drive her home, but she didn't want to come, so we stopped bothering her; but she must have been without a drink for over twenty-four hours."

Babe was my big black Percheron mare, who had been missing from the bunch of horses for nearly two days.

The jitney was in front of the door, and I jumped in, without hat or wrap, and asked my son to drive me to Babe. He took me to the bench overlooking the coolie he had mentioned, where I left the machine and walked down the hill.

The tears filled my eyes at the sight of Babe standing over her dead colt; her beautiful black head drooping so low it almost touched the still little body.

I spoke to her. She looked up, recognized me, and whinnied.

I had wandered so long and so often in the animal world that I had begun to understand the silent language of those who dwelt there.

Babe thought that I could put life into her dead, and was entreating me to do it. To beasts and birds, human beings are gods (when they are not demons) with omnipotent power.

Babe had never before asked my help in vain, but—I must fail her now.

I put my arms around her neck and talked to her as though she were a young woman who had lost her first-born, and gently tried to draw her away from the little one. Not having a halter with me, I took off my apron, wound it into a kind of rope, put it around her neck, held both ends in my hand and tried to lead her toward home. Gradually, I coaxed her to move a few steps, then a few more. She would stop frequently and look around for the colt, but I kept talking to and petting her until, with my voice in her ear, and my hand smoothing her glossy black coat, she slowly left the coolie.

On the bench we were joined by our other horses, who seemed aware of Babe's affliction, and expressed their sympathy with the mute eloquence of dumb animals. They followed close behind as Babe and I walked home over the fresh, green pasture studded with wild flowers. It was all so beautiful; the green, blossom-bedecked earth under the deep blue of the overarching sky, where the white feathery clouds veiled at times the dazzling brightness of the sun, that often seems so cruelly harsh to mourning hearts. The stillness of the soft spring morning was broken only by the measured tread of the unshod horses. Even the youngest colt adopted the slow, solemn pace set by the bereaved mother, who evidently was highly respected and honored by her companions. At the corral gate the procession halted; Babe and I went through to the barn, while the other horses stood around, respectfully, but made no attempt to accompany us. They waited

there a few minutes, then returned to the pasture, as though they knew that Babe would have grain to eat, and remain in seclusion for a time. Fortunately, tragedies are soon forgotten on the range, so it was not long before the big Percheron resumed her duties and pleasures.

In a few days I wrote a plain, unvarnished description of the Ranch World and its four-footed denizens, to whose inartic-

ulate language my ears were so well attuned that I knew their joys and troubles as well as my own. I sent it to a New York editor, thinking a breath from the vast wheat-fields and limitless pastures in the Land of the Shining Mountains might refresh him in his city sky-scraper, above the welter of crowded humanity.

I guess it did, as he sent me a check instead of a rejection slip.

Again Fiesole!

BY MARIE E. RICHARD

FIESOLE!—The Stadium, the blue sky
Above me, as it was that Sabbath year
We spent beside the Arno.—You were by
The days I lingered here!

From here we saw the orchards blooming white,
The almond blushing, and the vines in bands
Clasping the slim young tree boles left and right,
As if they held their hands.

The gray old olive-trees that heaving fill
The rough and stony hollows by the road,
Stooped to the quarry underneath the hill,
Where oxen felt the goad.

'Round the blue hills we let our vision run,
Vagrant our speech, as wandering minstrels roam;
So, oft we lingered till the setting sun
Touched the cathedral's dome.

We watched the curled river in the dusk,
Saw lights spring out like jewels on its brim;
Before we wandered down, we breathed the musk
Of pale primroses dim.

Fiesole!—From here we saw the beam
Of Fif's candles that she set to say
Their homely tale of fruit and cakes and cream
That waited by the way.

Our little room close by the river's marge!
What held it not of learned things and sweet?—
So little! clasping close a love so large
It scarce seemed meet!

To-day the little room is desolate.—
Straining my heart, these shadowy memories pass;
No little room, no lighted candles wait,—
"Man is as grass."

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VI. STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS



LONG-CONTINUED struggle with no let-up will wreck a feeble constitution. It produces in a strong and healthy constitution a tuning-up of continuously rising pitch under the tension of which even the strongest constitution may snap in two. My struggle had been going on for nine years when I was returning to Europe on my way to Idvor, hence my pitch was very high. Nervous tension resulting in a lack of poise was the diagnosis of my ailment, according to my English friend in Lucerne, who urged me to abandon the exploration of the beauties of the Alps and seek the solitude of my native village; otherwise, he said, not even all the guardian angels in heaven could prevent me from breaking my neck. A two months' vacation in the soporific atmosphere of Idvor was a blessing; my pitch was lowered through several octaves, and I did not vibrate violently in response to every impulse that came along. I recognized, for instance, that the Serbs of the Voyvodina could wait a little longer for their political salvation, which I confidently expected from their adoption of the American point of view. I also recognized that a knowledge of the modern theories of physics was not indispensable to the happiness of many human beings. There was not a single person in Idvor who cared two straws about these things, and, yet most of these good people were happy, as, for instance, Gabriel, who was to be married on St. Michael day. Gabriel did not know much, I said to myself, but the little knowledge he had was very definite. He knew that he loved the girl he was about to marry, and he also knew that his life, following in the footsteps of his peasant

ancestors, had a definite object in view which, as everybody in his village knew, was easily attainable. I knew more than Gabriel did, but my knowledge was not as definite as his. My aim in life was, I thought, much higher than his; but was it attainable? And, if attainable, was it worth the struggle? Two months earlier such a question could not have occurred to me even in a dream. But Gabriel's melody and the dreamy atmosphere of Idvor suggested it.

My mother observed that a change had occurred, but she was not alarmed. I spoke less often of my future plans, and was less anxious about my departure for Cambridge. The wedding celebrations in my native Banat were already ushered in by the gay autumn season, and the beautiful kolo dancers, whirling around the merry bagpipes, engaged my interest much more than when I came to Idvor two months before. One evening my mother recalled an incident which happened in my early boyhood days and which I remembered well. She said something like this:

"Do you remember when Bukovala's mill with its high conical roof was re-thatched?" I said, "Yes," and she continued: "You were then a little shaver, but you certainly remember still the shining tin star which the workmen had planted upon the top of the conical roof after they had finished their work of thatching. The children of Idvor thought that it was a real star from heaven; it looked so bright when the sunlight was shining upon it. One day the tin star disappeared and everybody wondered how anybody could have climbed up that smooth and steep roof and taken the star away. Old Lyubomir, who loved you so dearly and delighted in making sheepskin coats for you, was sure that it was you,

and he suggested that special prayers of thanksgiving be read in church for your miraculous escape. Old Lyubomir was right, as you know, and I always believed that God had saved you for a mission in life much higher than that of young Gabriel, whose happy lot you seem to envy. Blessed America has taught you how to climb a roof much steeper than that of Bukovala's mill, and on its top and all the way up to it you will find many a real star from heaven. You are not far from the top and you cannot stop nor turn back now any more than you could when you saw the peak of Titlis in the distance, but felt too fatigued to finish your climb. Gabriel's magic flute and his mellow *sefidalia*, song of sighs, have turned your thoughts to things which are now in everybody's mind: to wedding-feasts and kolo dancing, and to other diversions which fill the hearts of Idvor's youth during this merry autumn season. You are dreaming now some of the idle dreams of youth, but when you return to Cambridge you will wake up again and see that all this was a pleasant dream only, which you saw in your restful hours in drowsy Idvor. The real things are waiting for you at Cambridge."

I confessed my weakness and pleaded extenuating circumstances. I tried to persuade her that her tender affection and watchful ministering to what she insisted should be my pleasures and comforts during that summer had transformed a hardy youth into a soft and pampered pet. She answered: "The blacksmith softens his steel before he forges it into a chain; you are just right for the blacksmiths of Cambridge."

When I returned to Cambridge from drowsy little Idvor things looked different from what I saw on my former visit two months before. Things which, in my feverish haste, I scarcely noticed then filled me now with awe. The ancient college buildings inspired a feeling of wonder and of veneration. I saw in them just so many monumental records of the ancient traditions of English learning. I began to understand, I thought, how it happened that a little nation on a little island in the northern Atlantic became the leader in the world's empire of intellect, and the cradle

of a great civilization. This first impression made upon me by these ancient monuments was greatly amplified as soon as I caught even the first glimpses of the daily activity of Cambridge. The forenoons appeared serious and sombre to an outside observer; everybody wore a black cap and gown and everybody did apparently the same thing, going somewhere in search of sources of learning and inspiration. The intellect of Cambridge seemed to be in full action during the forenoons, and hence the solemn seriousness of the university town during the early half of the day. But the scene changed as if by magic when the midday had passed. The black caps and gowns disappeared, and in their places white flannel trousers and gaily colored blazers and caps adorned the college youths and many college dons. The same youths who in the forenoon, like sombre monks, were making a pilgrimage to some miracle-working fountains of wisdom joined in a gay procession in the afternoon, hastening to the sparkling fountains of athletic recreation. The intellectual activity of the forenoon was succeeded by the physical activity of Cambridge in the afternoon. To a stranger, like myself, who knew practically nothing of the famous university town, the change of scene between morning and afternoon was bewildering. It looked to me as if I saw a monastic-looking procession of serious and thoughtful men suddenly changed into gay groups of lively youths whose only thoughts were on the games which awaited them. By counting the different colors of blazers and caps and the coats of arms which adorned the athletic youths one could easily count the number of different colleges in the old university. These colors and coats of arms had a meaning, I thought, and I asked myself whether they did not, like the ancient college buildings, record the ancient traditions of the venerable seat of learning. They certainly did; they were a part of the symbolic language which told the story of the university's customs and traditions. It was clear to me that while at Cambridge my work was to be done in the morning and evening, and my playing in the afternoon, in accordance with the local customs. I stayed at a hotel for several days and watched

these external pictures of Cambridge life before I called on Mr. Niven of Trinity and on Mr. Oscar Browning of King's. I wished to get some picture of the daily activities at Cambridge before I presented myself to these learned men, and I got it.

Niven was expecting me and was ready with a programme of work which he had promised me in June, and I gladly accepted it. Both Niven and Browning assured me that at that late date lodgings in any college were out of the question, and that I must get lodgings in the town for one academic year at least. It did not matter, because very many students resided outside of the college buildings. I really preferred it, because I did not come to Cambridge to seek the opportunities offered by its college life; I came to study physics and find out how Maxwell answered the question "What is Light?" That was the only definite point in the programme which I brought to Cambridge; the rest was hazy and reminded me often of a Serbian proverb which speaks of a goose groping around in a fog to find its way. But I groped like a goose in a fog when I landed at Castle Garden and finally found my way. The saying, "Where there is a will there is a way," comforted me much.

My residence in lodgings outside of the college precincts had one great advantage. It gave me an opportunity to study English life from what I considered a somewhat novel point of view. It is the point of view which discloses to the foreigner English domestic life through the unique personality of the English landlady. During my eighteen months' stay at the University of Cambridge, I had an opportunity to study her wonderful ways, not only in Cambridge, but also in London, Hastings, Brighton, and Folkestone, where I used to spend my Easter and Christmas vacations. She was the same everywhere: dignified, reticent, punctual, and square; neat and clean in all her ways; willing and anxious to render service, but not a servant; possessing a perfect understanding of her own business which she minded scrupulously, but avoided carefully minding anybody else's business.

At Mr. Browning's request a Mr. Ling, the leading tenor of King's College choir, took me around to look for lodgings. He

belonged to the town and not to the gown, and was quite anxious to impress me with the many virtues of the town. He transformed our trip into an elaborate inspection tour of the student lodgings, because he was proud of them and considered them a very essential part of the great university. At that time I thought that he, a very enthusiastic townsman, was perhaps exaggerating the importance of this subsidiary instrumentality of the university. But when I got to know the Cambridge landlady and to understand her importance, I became convinced that Mr. Ling was right. I had not been in Cambridge more than a week before I learned the fundamentals of English domestic life, and I admired its wholesome simplicity. My landlady taught me these fundamentals, and in her wonderfully tactful ways she enforced their operation without my being aware that I was led around by her intelligent and forceful hand. I take off my hat to the English landlady, who, in her humble and unostentatious ways, is one of the eloquent interpreters of Anglo-Saxon civilization. She was one of my trusty guides and sympathetic assistants during my strenuous eighteen months at the University of Cambridge.

I started my work at Cambridge unattached to any college. But later I made up my mind to attach myself to King's College, yielding to repeated suggestions from my friend, Mr. Oscar Browning. But I did not change my lodgings. King's had less than a hundred students and many dons. Not one of them was a star in physics, and therefore the college had no attractions for me on account of the learning of its dons. But it had a beautiful chapel and a famous choir. The stained-glass windows of King's College chapel were famous as far back as Cromwell's time and they are still so. Every time I attended service in this glorious chapel I went away feeling spiritually uplifted. I attended regularly, although, as a member of the Orthodox faith, I was excused from all religious services. What the other students, belonging to the established church, considered as a stern duty I considered as a rare privilege. The chapel gave me a spiritual tonic whenever I needed one, and I needed it often.

I also yielded to Mr. Browning's suggestions to try for a place in the college boat, which I did and succeeded. Rowing was the only exercise which I took at Cambridge after I had become attached to King's, but before that I took long walks, of the students at Cambridge was a matter of daily routine, regulated by customs and traditions. But these regulators were different for different groups of students. The student studying for honors arranged his work differently from the



By courtesy of the Columbia University Library.

James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879).

First Director of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University.

usually with one of the younger dons or with a student who was engaged in the same book work in which I was engaged. They helped me to make myself familiar with the history of Cambridge and of the surrounding country. Everybody in Cambridge took his daily exercise just as regularly as he took his daily bath and food. I followed the universal custom; it suited me well and, besides, that was the best way to get along in Cambridge.

Physical as well as intellectual activity

arrangement which suited the needs of a Poll student, that is the ordinary student who did not aspire to academic honors. Their previous training was also different. The students who aspired to academic honors in mathematics were quite numerous, more numerous than the students in any other honor class. Cambridge, ever since the time of Newton, had become the nursery of the mathematical sciences in the British Empire. There were about five of these honor groups at Cambridge.

in those days. Niven advised me to join the honor group in mathematics, the so-called mathematical tripos group, and he picked out a coach for me. Just as one straight line, only, can be drawn through two points, so the line of the student's intellectual activity at Cambridge was fixed when he had picked out the honor class and the tutor or coach to train him for the examinations prescribed for that honor class. To join the honor class in mathematics meant to work alongside of students who expected to become Cambridge *wranglers*. To understand the meaning of this it suffices to point out that no greater honor was in store for the ambitious youths in the university than to be a *senior wrangler* or to stroke a victorious varsity boat. The preparations for these glorious honors were just as careful as the preparations of a Grecian youth for participation in the Olympian games. I had no ambition to become a Cambridge wrangler, but Niven pointed out that a prospective physicist who wishes to master some day Maxwell's New Electrical Theory must first master a good part of the mathematical work prescribed for students preparing for the Cambridge mathematical tripos examinations.

"Doctor Routh could fix you up in quicker time than anybody," said Niven with a smile, and then he added cautiously, "that is, if Routh consents to your joining his private classes, and if you can manage to keep up the pace of the youngsters who are under his training." Three months before, when I first called on Niven, and when my pitch was very high, I would have resented this; but Idvor had lowered my pitch several octaves and I swallowed Niven's bitter pill without the slightest sign of mental distress. My humility pleased him, because it probably relieved him of some anxiety in connection with the question of managing me.

John Edward Routh, fellow of Peterhouse College, was the most famous mathematical coach that Cambridge University had ever seen. In his lifetime he had coached several hundred wranglers, and for twenty-two consecutive years he had coached the senior wrangler of each year. This is really equivalent to saying that a certain jockey had ridden the Derby winner for twenty-two consecutive years.

He was a senior wrangler himself in 1854, when great James Clerk Maxwell was second wrangler, and he divided with Maxwell the famous Smith's prize in mathematics. To be admitted by Routh into his private classes was flattering, according to Niven, but to be able to keep up with them was a most encouraging sign. Niven was anxiously waiting for that sign. Routh accepted me, but gave me to understand that my mathematical preparation was much below the standard of the boys who come to Cambridge with a view of preparing for the mathematical tripos examinations, and that I would have to do considerable extra reading. He also cautioned me that all this meant very stiff work for a good part of the academic year. I went to Cambridge to study physics and not mathematics, but, according to Niven and Routh, my real desire, as far as they could make it out, was to study mathematical physics, and they assured me that my training with Routh, if I could keep the pace, would soon lay a good foundation for that. Lord Rayleigh lectured on mathematical physics and so did famous Professor Stokes (later Sir George Gabriel Stokes), but according to Routh and Niven I was not prepared to attend any of these lectures, and much less to read Maxwell's famous mathematical treatise on his new electrical theory. Niven reminded me once of my first visit to Cambridge when I insisted that Cambridge without Maxwell had no attractions for me, and he asked me, jokingly, whether Lord Rayleigh's lectures were good enough for me. I answered that they certainly were, but that, unfortunately, I was not good enough for the lectures. "Next year you will be," said Niven, consoling me, and I, unable to suppress my feeling of disappointment, answered: "Let us pray that the starving jackass does not drop dead until the grass is green again." "What's that?" asked Niven, somewhat puzzled. "That is a free translation of a Serbian proverb, and I am the jackass," said I, and refused to furnish any further explanations. But Niven figured it out correctly in the course of the evening and laughed then heartily. He confessed that Serbo-American humor was somewhat involved and required considerable analysis.

The Cambridge colleges, some nineteen in number, resembled our American colleges in many ways. The career of the Cambridge Poll men was essentially the same as that of our American college boys. But our American colleges had no class of students corresponding to the Cambridge honor men. Referring particularly to the honor men who prepared for the so-called mathematical tripos, they came to Cambridge after graduating at some college outside of Cambridge. For instance, Maxwell came to Cambridge from the University of Edinburgh, and Routh came there from the University College, London. Both of them migrated to Cambridge, because their teachers in mathematics, like illustrious De Morgan, the first mathematical teacher of Routh, were mathematicians of distinction, and discovering in their young pupils extraordinary mathematical talents they developed them as far as they could, and then sent them to Cambridge for further development under the training of famous coaches who prepared them for the mathematical tripos. These teachers were usually former Cambridge wranglers, apostles of the Cambridge mathematical school, and they were always on the lookout for a fresh supply of mathematical genius for the nursery which regarded great Newton as its founder. This was the type of boys which I met in Routh's classes. They did not seem to know as much of Greek and Latin, of history and economics, of literature and physical sciences, as I did, but their training in mathematics was far superior to mine. They were candidates for the mathematical tripos, and no American college of those days had a curriculum which could turn out candidates with the preliminary mathematical training which those boys brought to Cambridge.

Routh had warned me that stiff work was before me for a good part of a whole academic year, if I was to keep up with the young mathematical athletes whom he was training, and he was right. I experienced many moments of despondency and even despair, and I needed all the tonic which King's College chapel could give me; I needed it very often, and I got it. Routh was a splendid drill-master even for those students who, like myself,

had no tripos aspirations. He certainly was a wonder, and everything he did was done with ease and grace and in such an offhand manner that I often thought that he considered even the stiffest mathematical problems as mere amusing tricks. Problems over which I had puzzled in vain for many hours he would resolve in several seconds. He was a virtuoso in the mathematical technique, and he prepared virtuosos; he was the great master who trained future senior wranglers. I never felt so small and so humble as I did during the early period of my training with Routh. Vanity and false pride had no place in my heart when I watched Routh demolish one intricate dynamical problem after another with marvelous ease. I felt as a commonplace artist feels when he listens to a Paderewski or to a Fritz Kreisler.

Long before the end of the academic year I finished Routh's preliminary tripos course in dynamics and much of the auxiliary mathematics demanded by it, and became quite skilled in solving dynamical problems. I had much difficulty in keeping pace with Routh's classes, but I succeeded and Niven was pleased. But I was not pleased; I did not think that I found there what I expected to find. In the course of time I discovered that I was not alone in my opinion; many distinguished Cambridge men failed to find in tripos drills the stimulating elements of that scientific spirit which leads to original research. I was a goose which groped around in a fog when I came to Cambridge; but, if I had come from an English college as a promising tripos candidate with my work cut out for me by my superiors and in accordance with old customs and traditions of Cambridge, I would not have discovered that there was in Cambridge at that time an epoch-making movement, the significance of which cannot be overestimated. I shall return to this point later.

Many a time during my early experiences in Routh's drill school I thought of my mother's words which described the steep and slippery climb which awaited me and which was leading, as she expressed it, to real stars from heaven. I felt the steepness of the climb, but I saw no star ahead of me. Routh was a great

master of the mathematical technique, but he was not a creative genius; he was a virtuoso but not a composer. His principal concern was to drill his students in the art of solving those conventional problems which usually formed part of tripos examinations. The poetical element of dynamics, which thrills and enthruses, was absent from his businesslike drills. The only star, I thought, which his students saw ahead of them was a high place in the tripos examinations, and that star did not attract me; recalling my mother's story I called it a tin star. I loved Routh and admired him much, but I did not admire the Cambridge tripos method of laying a foundation for mathematical physics. When Niven discovered my state of mind he sympathized, and he gave me a little book called "Matter and Motion" by Maxwell, a very small book written by a very great author. "You are not up to the mathematics of Maxwell's great electrical treatise," said Niven, as he handed me the little book, "but you will find no difficulties of that kind in this little book, which covers a very great subject." It was first published in America in the *Van Nostrand Magazine*. No magazine ever performed a greater educational service. There was not only much poetical beauty and philosophical depth in this tiny and apparently most elementary book on dynamics, but there were also many illustrations of the close connection between this fundamental science and other departments of physical science. Maxwell's presentation roused, and it also stimulated, the spirit of inquiry. Routh's elaborate system of clever tripos problems in dynamics appeared to me for the first time as little parts, only, of a complex and endless art which had grown out of a simple and beautiful science, the science of dynamics, which first saw the light of day at Trinity College, Cambridge. The exquisite art as practised by Routh and the subtle science as described by Maxwell, the two leading Cambridge wranglers of 1854, disclosed to me the real meaning of Newton, the greatest among the great Cambridge men, the creator of the science of dynamics. I knew then that I had seen one of the real stars of heaven of which my mother spoke.

But without the light of Maxwell I would not have seen the light of Newton. It will be seen further below that Maxwell and Routh, Cambridge wranglers of 1854, were the representatives of different mental attitudes in Cambridge: Maxwell was the apostle of the new and Routh of the old spirit of Cambridge. Niven was very fond of reminding me of my first visit when I told him that Cambridge without Maxwell had no attraction for me. After reading Maxwell's little classic I told Niven that my opinion was, after all, not as funny and strange as he represented it.

A short digression is timely now. I went to Trinity College occasionally to spend a Sunday evening with Mr. Niven. One Sunday evening I walked around the historical Trinity quadrangle, waiting until Mr. Niven returned to his rooms from the evening service in the college chapel. The mysterious-looking light streaming through the stained-glass windows of the chapel and the heavenly music radiating from the invisible choir and organ commanded my attention. I stood motionless like a solitary spectre in the middle of the deserted and sombre quadrangle, and gazed, and listened, and dreamed. Yes, I dreamed of great Newton, the greatest of all Trinity dons, and I saw how, two centuries before, he was treading over the same spot where I was standing whenever he was returning from a Sunday evening service in the very chapel at which I was gazing. I also dreamed of Maxwell, another great Trinity don, and remembered that, five years before, the very same choir and organ to which I was listening paid their last tribute to this great Cambridge man, when his earthly remains left the grief-stricken university on their last pilgrimage to Maxwell's native Scotland. But I knew that his spirit had remained at Cambridge to inspire forever the coming generations of ambitious students.

I dreamed of other great Trinity College men whose spirits seemed to hover about the sombre quadrangle rejoicing in the heavenly light and sound which radiated from the historical chapel where Newton and Maxwell worshipped in days gone by. I longed for the day when my alma mater, Columbia College, and other

colleges in America could offer such an inspiring scene to its students, and I wondered how soon that day would come. Niven told me the following story which, he thought, might answer this question:

A don of Magdalen College, Oxford,

which held me chained to Cambridge in spite of the fact that I did not believe that the Cambridge tripos method of laying a foundation in mathematical physics was fitting my particular case.

Students shift from university to uni-



Henry Augustus Rowland (1848-1901).

First Director of the Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University.

was asked by an American friend how long it would take to raise, in America, a lawn like the famous lawn of Magdalen College. "I do not know," said the don, "but it took us over two centuries to do it here in Oxford." Niven implied, of course, that it will take much more than two centuries to create at any American college that atmosphere which surrounded me at the Trinity College quadrangle on that memorable Sunday evening. It was the mysterious charm of that atmosphere

versity in continental Europe, migrating to places where they are attracted by the reputations of teachers who happen to be there. I went to Cambridge because I thought that Maxwell was there. But at Cambridge, and at Oxford too, it was not only the teacher who was there but also the teachers who had lived there during generations long past which determined the choice made by ambitious students. The great teachers in the mathematical sciences when I was there were Lord

Rayleigh, the successor of Maxwell; John Crouch Adams, who, with Leverrier in France, shared in the great distinction of calculating from the perturbations in the orbit of Uranus the position of the still unknown planet Neptune; George Gabriel Stokes, the greatest mathematical physicist in Europe at that time, and the occupant of the professorial chair once held by great Newton. But that which brought the students in mathematical sciences to Cambridge was not only the lustre of the reputations of these great professors, but also the existence at Cambridge of a historical educational policy in the development of which many great Cambridge mathematicians of generations long past had made lasting contributions. The mathematical tripos was the most concrete expression of this traditional policy.

It can be inferred from what I have already said that this traditional policy did not suit me. I do not think that it would have suited any American student of those days who had a taste for physics. I said once to a Cambridge friend that my landlady, Routh, and rowing shaped the daily events of my life. He saw my point and admitted that each one of them represented a powerful determining factor in the life of a Cambridge student who was preparing for the mathematical tripos examinations. Each one of them had its deep roots in ancient traditions from which it was difficult to deviate. Routh was a rare product and a loyal apostle of the tradition called the Mathematical Tripos. It was perhaps the most powerful of all Cambridge traditions and stood as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar; its great strength was the fact that it had produced many distinguished men of science. But nevertheless some of the greatest living Cambridge physicists of those days felt that it had defects and called for remedies. It was claimed that its method, having no direct connection with the nascent problems of scientific research, was artificial and unproductive.

Sir William Thomson, known later as Lord Kelvin, was among the first who called for speedy remedies. He was the second wrangler in 1845 and Stephen Parkinson was the senior wrangler. Thomson left Cambridge and went to

Paris to get from the famous physicist Regnault what he could not get at Cambridge. After a year, when only twenty-two years old, he accepted a professorship in physics and directorship in physical research at the University of Glasgow. The long-headed Scotch were fully thirty years ahead of Cambridge in establishing a research laboratory in physics. Here Thomson worked out the scientific elements of the first Atlantic cable, and invented the instruments necessary for its operation. When I was in Cambridge the name of Thomson was attached to most measuring instruments employed in the electrical industries at that time, and he was also one of the leaders of abstract scientific thought. He represented in the popular mind the new spirit of Cambridge. Stephen Parkinson, Thomson's superior in the tripos test of 1845, was still in Cambridge when I was there and he had to his credit a text-book on geometrical optics, with stereotyped problems, suitable for tripos examinations. He was not among those who called for a change in the traditional mathematical tripos examinations at Cambridge. Maxwell, undoubtedly inspired by Thomson, was one of the earliest leaders of the Cambridge movement which demanded a modification of the mathematical tripos, favoring more the spirit of research and less the art of solving cleverly formulated mathematical problems. The Cavendish Physics Laboratory, organized by Maxwell and first opened in 1874, was, according to Niven, a concrete expression of this movement.

A similar movement was taking place in the United States in those days. Among its leaders were President Barnard of Columbia College, and Joseph Henry, the first and the most distinguished secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The date of the foundation of Johns Hopkins University falls within the early period of this movement. Niven told me that what Maxwell had been doing in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge was also being done by Maxwell's friend, Professor Rowland, at Johns Hopkins, founded in Baltimore in 1876. Maxwell thought very highly of his young American friend, and undoubtedly recommended him strongly to the physics professorship at Johns

Hopkins. Just as the establishment of the Cavendish Physics Laboratory in Cambridge marks the beginning of a great epoch in the development of physics in Cambridge and in Great Britain, so the organization of the physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins by Rowland marks a new and most fruitful era of scientific research in the United States. Rowland's influence had not yet been felt at Columbia College when I was a student there, nor at many other American colleges of those days. But the forward movement soon commenced, and the people of this country do not understand yet as fully as they ought to how much they owe to the late Henry Augustus Rowland, whom I had the honor of knowing personally and whose friendship I enjoyed for several years. One of the aims of this simple narrative is to throw more light upon some obscure spots of this kind which need more illumination, and particularly upon the work of men like "Rowland of Troy, the doughty knight," as Maxwell referred to him in his verses.

Another historical fact must be mentioned here which is very characteristic of the state of the science of physics in those days, and which is closely connected with the progress of this science as it appeared to me in the course of the last forty years. I mention now another great American physicist whose name, like that of Rowland, I first heard mentioned at Cambridge at that time, and that was Professor Josiah Willard Gibbs, of Yale. I know that many of my young colleagues will find it strange that I never had heard of Lord Rayleigh, of England, before I graduated at Columbia. What will they say when they hear that at that time I never had heard of famous Willard Gibbs, of Yale, New Haven, U. S. A.? Will they charge me with extraordinary ignorance for which Columbia of those days was to blame? That would be unjust, as the following story will prove. One evening, after dinner, I was enjoying at the University Club, New York, the company of some twelve Yale graduates, and one of them was the learned Professor William Welch, dean of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. He was then president of the National Academy of Sciences. Most of my Yale friends present were of

about my age or even older. I offered to wager that the majority of them would fail to give the name of the scientist who, in Doctor Welch's opinion and in mine, was the greatest scientist that Yale had ever graduated. Not one of them mentioned Willard Gibbs. When I mentioned his name they frankly confessed that they had never heard of him before. Neither they nor Yale College of those days were to blame. Did my fellow students at Cambridge, who were training for the mathematical tripos, ever hear of him before they came to Cambridge? If they did, it was by accident, just as I heard of it by accident. Such was the spirit of the times in those days; and it was against this spirit that President Barnard of Columbia took up arms. He considered its existence a national calamity. But I shall return to this point later.

I will now describe the accident just mentioned, because it is closely connected with the main thread of my narrative. In the beginning of the Easter term, the third term of my training under Routh, I had caught up with my class and had spare time for outside reading. Niven was greatly impressed by my enthusiastic eulogies of Maxwell's little book, "Matter and Motion," and he suggested that I take up the reading of another of Maxwell's little classics, "Theory of Heat." It was written with the same elegant simplicity as his "Matter and Motion." This little text-book on heat was the first to give me a living physical picture of the mode of operation by which heat is transformed into mechanical work, an operation which I watched so often in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room. I watched it, but I never dreamed that the operation could be described as Maxwell described it. According to him it may be considered as the resultant action of non-co-ordinated activities of an immense number of busy little molecules, each of which, as far as human observers can tell, moves about lustily according to its own sweet will. But, behold the miracle: the average activity of the countless crowd obeys with mathematical accuracy the fundamental law for heat transformations, the so-called second law of thermodynamics discovered by Sadi Carnot, the great

French engineer. It was Maxwell's little classic which also informed me that in all cases of very large numbers of individuals, whether they be active molecules or busy human beings, exhibiting as far as an observer can tell non-co-ordinated activities, we must apply the so-called statistical method of inquiry, that is the method which statisticians employ in recording the activity of a nation. Newton's dynamics, which at that time had been the food of Cambridge for two centuries, said nothing about that. It was a new idea in the heads of new men, who, under the leadership of Maxwell, were creating a new and far-reaching science. Up to that time Tyndall's poetical description of "Heat as a Mode of Motion" was my gospel regarding thermal phenomena, but Maxwell's plain and modest text-book, intended to stimulate the imagination of the inquisitive mind of the young student, was the first to assist me in forming my own judgment on the doctrines described by Tyndall and illustrated by beautiful experiments. Routh's training-table of tripos athletes offered no such morsels of stimulating food, because these athletes were training for tripos examinations and not for research in physics. I will say now that it was in Maxwell's theory of heat where I first saw the name of Willard Gibbs, and I heard from Niven that Maxwell held Gibbs in very high esteem. I must also say that Gibbs was the first in this country to write a splendid treatise on statistical mechanics.

When the Easter term approached its end in May I began to think of my summer vacation. I needed one. Seven months of steady drilling under Routh, supplemented by extra reading prescribed by him, and also by the reading of Maxwell's inspiring books, had produced results with which I was satisfied, and so was Mr. Niven, my Trinity College mentor. I certainly did not feel any more like a goose wandering in a fog; I saw much light ahead and felt much more confident that I saw the goal for which I was steering. But my pitch was very high and I needed de-tuning. I finally decided to visit some little place in France and selected Pornic, on the French Atlantic coast, in the department called Loire

Inférieure. I knew nothing about it except what I read in Baedeker, but it looked to me like a quiet little place where in addition to complete change of scene I should have a good chance to learn French. The names of Laplace, La Grange, and Ampère were mentioned so often and with so much veneration by Maxwell, that I felt ashamed of my ignorance of the language of France. Pornic was only a day's journey from Cambridge, and off I went with no other books in my bag except Campbell's "Life of Maxwell" and a French grammar.

The Pornic landlady was not up to the standard of my Cambridge landlady, but I did not complain nor make any invidious comparisons; the English were not very popular in those days on the Atlantic coast of France, where the oldest fishermen had not yet forgotten the operations of the English fleet during the Napoleonic wars. I was the only stranger in town and when it became known that I was an American who came to Pornic to study the language of France the village was mine. I engaged the village schoolmaster to give me French conversation lessons. I met him in his garden every evening and we talked to our hearts' content. He was a most entertaining little fellow, with a bald head, a red nose, and a big snuff-box to which he appealed very frequently for a fresh supply of interesting topics of conversation. He boasted among the villagers that his reputation as a French scholar had reached the United States and, *voilà*, that brought me to Pornic. I never denied it, but on the contrary I often walked through the village streets with the good old *maître d'école* and listened most attentively to his French accents as if they were the rarest pearls of wisdom.

When the villagers found out that I was not only an American but also a student of a great English university, then the stock of the little schoolmaster rose sky-high. My landlady informed me that the old curé had become quite jealous of the little man's rapid rise in the community. An old but renovated Norman castle was a part of Pornic; it stood on the very edge of the steep coast and it was inhabited in summer by a rich merchant of Nantes. The castle had a thick

grove of stately old trees, and there the nightingales revelled every night. On moonlight nights I spent many watchful hours listening to their mellow notes, accompanied by the solemn rhythm of the Atlantic waves striking gently upon the cliffs of the rocky coast, which appeared in my imagination, as I listened, like towering pipes of a giant organ. In daytime I selected lonely spots on the coast and there I spent my days from early morning till late in the afternoon memorizing my French grammar and vocabulary. Every evening I practised for an hour or so in conversation with my beloved *maitre d'école*. This advanced my knowledge of French very rapidly and before one month was over I could converse tolerably well. My circle of acquaintances expanded rapidly as my knowledge of French increased, until it took in the nightingale grove, including the family of the merchant from Nantes. Between my friends in the nightingale grove and my schoolmaster's garden my conversation in French became so fluent that it astonished the natives. They pronounced it perfect. But discounting this enthusiastic estimate by even fifty per cent I was still secure in my belief that I was enriched by a good knowledge of the language of a great civilization. A two months' visit to Pornic was originally planned; its end was very near, and my trip was a success. I bade good-by to my friends in little Pornic and arrived in Paris on the following day, the fourteenth of July, 1884.

Paris was gay, celebrating the national holiday of France, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille in 1789. This gave me a chance to see many of the striking characteristics of the gay side of Paris in a single day. The next day, while visiting the great Sorbonne and the Collège de France in the Quartier Latin, I found a great treasure in a second-hand bookshop: La Grange's great treatise, "*Mechanique Analytique*," first published under the auspices of the French Academy in 1778. La Grange, the Newton of France! There was no student of dynamics who had not heard of his name and of his great treatise. My two months' stay in Pornic enabled me to appreciate fully the beauty of the language

of this great work, and my training with Routh eliminated many difficulties of the mathematical technique. I was convinced of that in my very first attempts in Paris at deciphering some of its inspiring pages. I described this short stay in France at some length, because I wish to refer to it later for the purpose of showing how little things can exert a big influence in the shaping of human life.

I had promised my mother to visit her again during that summer and off I went, deserting without delay the gay scenes of Paris. On my journey to Idvor I wasted no time looking to the right or to the left of my speeding train; villages and towns, rivers and mountains, and the busy folks in the yellow fields who were gathering in the blessings of the harvest season appeared like so many passing pictures which did not interest me. La Grange was talking to me, and I had neither eyes nor ears for anybody or for anything else. Oh, how happy I was when I saw Idvor in the distance, where I knew I should be free for nearly two months during that summer to read and to reflect, free from all restraints of the Cambridge routine. By the end of that heavenly vacation I had mastered a good part of La Grange's classical treatise, and in addition I re-read carefully Campbell's "*Life of Maxwell*," and I understood many things which I saw in Cambridge but did not understand before. The Cambridge movement which I described above was clearly revealed to me in the course of that summer, by a careful study of Campbell's "*Life of Maxwell*."

Idvor was never rich in books nor in people who paid much attention to books. To think that a native of Idvor would ever read a La Grange in his humble peasant home seemed incredible. The natives of Idvor noticed that, during my second visit, I was much less communicative than during the first, on account of my devotion to what they considered as some strange books, which to those who saw them suggested sacred books. The company of La Grange and of Maxwell kept me a prisoner in my mother's garden. I told my mother that Maxwell and La Grange were two great saints in the world of science, and she considered my reading

during that summer as a study of the lives of saints. That made her happy, but it puzzled the good people of Idvor. Studies of this kind they associated with priests and bishops, and noticing that I paid much less attention to bagpipes and kolo dancers and to other worldly things, they began to whisper about that Misha was getting ready to enter monastic life. What a pity, they said, to gather so much knowledge in great America and then bury it in a monastery!

My mother paid no attention to these idle whisperings. She knew better. When I described to her the ancient college buildings and the beautiful chapels of Cambridge, and the religious life of the students and of the dons, she listened spellbound. When I related to her the many traditions of the old university, and informed her that one learns there, not only from the teachers who were living there at that time, but also from great teachers who had long departed, a luminous expression in her eyes told me that

she was about to reveal to me an original thought. "I go to church, my son," she said, "not so much because I expect the priest to reveal to me some new divine truth, but because I wish to look at the icons of saints. That reminds me of their saintly work, and through the contemplation of their work I communicate with God. Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the *eternal truth*; it is filled with icons of the great saints of science. The contemplation of their saintly work will enable you to communicate with the spirit of *eternal truth*."

With this thought in her mind my mother was most happy when I bade her good-by and, repeating her own words, told her that I must go back to "Cambridge, the great temple which is consecrated to the *eternal truth*." "Go back, my son," she said, "and may God be praised forever for the blessings which you have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy in your life among the saints of Cambridge."

(To be continued.)

The Night Path

BY FLORENCE HINES BUNTEN

I CANNOT wait the coming of the spring
Nor plant my garden, for the high gods say
That I must close my house and bolt the door
And take a journey—and I do not know the way.

I know that I shall not return again
When they shall take the key and bid me go.
They do not pity me, nor understand
Why I should love my house and miss it so.

Some say there is a mansion where I go,
A palace in my little house's stead;
Some say the pathway ends in soundless night;
What matter?—I can only bend my head.

I go into the terror of the dark.
No friend shall walk beside me, for none may,
Though he should sob his heart out. So alone
I take a journey—and I do not know the way.

When It's in the Heart

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

Author of "Hoarded Assets," "The Ripe Peach," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT MATZKE



HE leading hardware store in Mosstown carried a line of guns, rifles, and side-arms. The proprietor was Jim Malden, whose business constancy was such that from

the day he inherited the store from his father to the twentieth year of his trade, he had not missed a full week's time at a stretch. He would go into the woods three or four days, deer-hunting, in the autumn; he would fish for a day or two during the trout season; and occasionally he would steal away on snowshoes to dog rabbits.

Because he had a gasoline-pump on the curb and a line of automobile accessories, including tires, he was as hard-working on Sunday as on any other day. He was married, and had three children, two boys and one girl. So far as any one knew, he was a happy, contented, and successful man. He had no record laid up against him by the hook-beaked gossips.

The gossip of the outdoor world rang in his ears. He heard of the flocks of quail, of jack-rabbits, of coyotes, and of deer, bear, moose, and wild fowl. More than these things, he met the interesting people who come to a gun store—always to some certain gun store in every community.

Talking about entertaining angels unawares! Who could be more interesting than those who come walking or rolling up to a hardware store, some with one eye looking over the shoulder, some with camping-outfits, some to buy 22s for target practice, and some to buy 30-30s, or 45s, for business? There were men everybody knew, and men nobody knew.

Jim Malden leaned against his counter till 10.10 o'clock one night. Two men who had gone to school with him twenty-five years before were with him; there was

a stranger who walked in after dark, and stood with his face in a shadow for an hour, leaning against the counter, but taking no part in the conversation, except as a listener.

This stranger was a tall, slender man, smooth-shaven, with hard, weather-darkened face, with eyes whose brightness sparkled under the brim of his floppy hat, and he wore clothes that fitted him comfortably—bagged knees, uncreased legs, an old, unnoticeable coat, rather dusty, and some kind of a negligée shirt. The two friends, Bill Gays and Rob Michael, remembered that the stranger seemed to be a cowboy, or at least gave the impression of being a man of the far range of prairies, or something like that. They remembered that, just a few minutes before the store closed, this stranger leaned over the counter and said something to Jim, as the storekeeper noted the cash-register figures and rolled up the bills which represented the day's business in cash, gross receipts. Malden went to the cartridge shelves and took down a box, but whether 44s, or 38s, or what caliber, they could not remember, for they had looked without seeing.

The stranger strolled away; the three friends stood a moment on the store-step and sidewalk, looking at the sky, wondering if the trout wouldn't be biting good at grizzly kings or yellow sallies the next day, for this was in middle May, when the streams were just beginning to warm up, and the trout were liable any day to begin to jump good.

Bill and Rob turned down the street, toward their homes; Jim turned off the gas-pump light, locked in the hose, and—vanished.

That is all there was to it. Jim Malden disappeared from the face of Mosstown and all that vicinity. No one knew what had become of him. His wife tried to call up the store about 1 o'clock in the

morning. She called up police headquarters at 3 o'clock; by 8 o'clock the following morning every one in Mosstown knew that Jim Malden, genial, steady, good-natured, without any bad habits, and one of the best fellows in the country, had gone.

"He must have had several hundred dollars," the investigation revealed. His cash-register, when examined by an expert, disclosed the fact that during that day \$345.67 had been taken in; when this fact became known a cold chill crept through the backs of Malden's friends.

"Who was that man who leaned against the counter and saw him take his money?" Bill Gays and Rob Michael asked.

The police sent out an alarm for the arrest of "the unknown." They couldn't take a chance on letting the murderer of Jim Malden escape. They found a clew. One of the city boys who was just coming home from visiting a girl remembered seeing Malden walking along East Agate Street with a tall, slender stranger, who wore a broad-brimmed hat and whose eyes sparkled distinctly. Agate Street was beyond Gresham Street, where Malden lived. The end of Agate Street was a stone quarry, beyond which was a rough, second-growth timber ridge.

With aching hearts the friends of Jim Malden went up into that cut-over and ransacked the brush, searched every nook and cranny, and viewed with suspicion every footprint in the soft ground and every scrape on the rocks. They found nothing to explain the disappearance of the man.

Jim's wife was a fine, competent woman. She immediately took charge of the store. Her oldest son, Tom, eighteen years of age, returned from college and took his place behind the counter, where he had long served an apprenticeship in salescraft. Business went on as usual. There was no break in it, and the commercial travellers coming through discovered that the boy and mother, between them, knew very nearly what the trade wanted, and that they bought to advantage.

An inventory of the store revealed a fine stock; the books balanced, except for the several hundred missing dollars. The

business paid a profit of several thousand dollars a year, and the frugal and competent mind of Jim Malden had provided fully for his family.

"I can't imagine why he should go," Mrs. Malden said. "He must have been—something must have happened."

But no trace of violence could be found. The hunters of the region who knew Jim ransacked the hiding-places. They searched up and down for miles. They decided that, whatever had happened, it must have been an automobile that carried the victim away—whether willingly or not none could know for certain.

Bill Gays and Rob Michael argued the matter between them. Once assured there was no local crime discoverable, the two friends split on the subject of what had happened. Jim might have gone crazy. He might have been hit on the head and gone away, a victim of aphasia. He might have done any one of many things.

"He was always talking—you know that!" Bill said morosely.

Jim Malden, sitting in his store or leaning against his counter, had ranged the earth for information. He had read hundreds of books and took a dozen hunting, trapping, fishing, and travel magazines. He was the best-posted man anywhere around those parts. He even knew where certain English pheasants flocked, and where certain gray squirrels ranged, and none knew better than he did where to fish to find certain big, cunning, and scrupulous trout swinging in eddies on quivering fins. Moreover, he was unselfish; he told every one the best of his information.

"I tell you, something's wrong with that man!" Rob declared.

"Oh, sure!" Bill assented. "Something had to be wrong, for him to pass out like that!"

The description of Jim Malden said he was 5 feet 11 inches tall, dark complexion, brownish-gray eyes, dark hair slightly streaked with gray, and that he weighed 230 pounds. Sitting and lounging in his store for years, with rare intervals of exercise, he had grown fat and sluggish of physical manner, but he had given no sign of any mental aberration.

Two years had gone by, to a week.



They remembered that . . . this stranger leaned over the counter and said something to Jim.—Page 207.

Tom Malden, the son, was sitting with Rob, Bill, and two other local sportsmen in the store, which had lost none of its prestige as a centre, once it was learned that Tom welcomed them and that Mrs. Malden did not mind tobacco smoke nor an occasional cuss-word. Mrs. Malden seldom remained late, often not coming to the store at all after supper. This night she happened to be in the store.

A stranger strolled in. He was tall and slender, dressed unnoticeably, and with his hat drawn down over his eyes. He was soon leaning against the counter with his back to the light and listening to the talk, that was running to fishing, for this was the fishing season again, when trout would be jumping on the rifts.

Suddenly Bill Gays started slightly and glanced at Rob Michael. Then Bill glanced at the calendar. This was Wednesday night. It was the second week in May. Two years previous Jim Malden had disappeared. Mrs. Malden, perhaps noticing the interchange of glances, perhaps feeling the current of their thoughts, glanced at the calendar, too. She caught her hand against her bosom, bit her lip, and turned her eyes from the light. Tom, her son, noted the sudden emotion and divined the cause.

"I can't see what became of him!" Mrs. Malden suddenly cried out in the agony of her spirit. "Two years—and no word!"

"It's beyond everybody—" Bill shook his head. "Jim Malden was the finest man that ever lived. Who'd hurt him—who'd want to hurt him? Well! I'd like to lay hands on that man who was here that night. That's what I'd like to do."

"What's the idea?" the stranger asked. "I don't catch the drift——"

"Jim Malden, who used to keep this store, disappeared two years ago to-night. He just walked up the street there, and nobody has seen him since. There was a stranger in the store that night—fellow saw him take about \$350 out of the cash-register. Jim was seen with him out on Agate Street by young Nelson. That's the last anybody's seen or heard of him."

"He disappeared that night?" the stranger exclaimed. "Was that the night we were talking here about trout-jump-

ing? I bought a box of 22s for an automatic pistol——"

"What! Are you that man?" Bill rose, and Rob stood to back him.

"If that's the night he disappeared," the stranger replied, "I came through then, same as I am to-night. I was just in from the Rockies, where I'd had a trap line, but cut loose as soon as I could get over the roads. I went down East, to fish salt water, commercially, during the summer. He disappeared that night?"

"Yes, sir. What did you know about it—talk about that night?" Bill asked.

"Let's see. I was up on the corner. He came and joined me. I told him I was camped over at the stone quarry, and he walked over with me. We sat down in my tent; smoked a pipeful or two. He wanted to know about the roads, and I told him I was touring up and down, and living trapping, fishing, and swapping some.

"He wanted to know how much it cost to travel in a jitney, and what a fellow could do to earn a living on the road. I told him all I knew. We talked, probably, about an hour or two. Then he said good-night. It was a nice warm night. I remember that, for it'd been cold all along till about that time—cold and wet. I stepped out and looked at the skies. We talked a minute or two, nothing special. I never forgot, though—he said he was sick of living the way he was, never running around any, not to speak of, and when he walked away he turned down the path toward the main road, instead of going back on the street, toward where he said he lived."

The people who had known Jim Malden looked at one another. The stranger had thrown his hat back. He had shown his face squarely and honestly; his eyes were clear and gem-brilliant; his face was the kind that any man can trust. For two years the memory of the shaded face and the silence had made a suspicion of this man, but when he told his story the suspicions vanished. They closed the store, and they all walked out to the stone quarry. There was the automobile and the tent of the stranger.

They walked down the cross-path to the main road. In two years they had added two hundred yards to the distance

they had been able to track the missing man. But they had added something else.

Mrs. Malden, as the vision grew clearer with the few words the stranger had said, turned to her husband's two most intimate friends.

"Boys," she asked, "don't you suppose Jim just couldn't stand it any more? He couldn't stay in the house any longer. You know how he loved the outdoors! Perhaps—it may be——"

"I bet—probably he did blow up, Mrs. Malden!" Rob Michael said.

"Looks like it to me!" Bill Gays exclaimed.

"Then why—then why——" Mrs. Malden asked.

"Well—probably he—you know the kind of a man he is! He'd be ashamed of it—not being able to help breaking loose, the way he did!"

They all returned to the store. They could not let the matter rest there. They could not wait till morning, or for some other time. The friends and family of Jim Malden sat down to consider the matter. Just to know that he was probably alive was something. Where he was they could only guess.

For an hour, for two hours, they called back the life of Jim Malden. Through their memories ran, with increasing vision, the stories that Jim had told, the things that he knew so much about. With this new discovery of Malden's mind, they reconstructed his whole life. They all knew his patient, his steady, his plodding business in the store. Now they pieced together the other part of him.

He had talked about moose-hunting in Canada, about muskrat-trapping down the Atlantic Coast marshes, about bird-shooting in the great migration routes, all with enthusiasm. By his discourse he revealed the mind that longed with increasing desire for the far and the wild places. Yet which far land would call him most?

"He dreamed about the desert," Mrs. Malden said thoughtfully. "I don't know how many times he would start up in his sleep, saying that he was terribly thirsty, that he was lost in the waste of sand—that kind of dreams. Of course, he used to say he'd like to see the desert, but nobody would really like that kind

of a place. Still, he might—perhaps he might have gone there——"

Thus they patched out of what they knew a sort of crazy-quilt pattern which showed what they hadn't suspected about Jim Malden. For days they studied the problem. The stranger, who was Ed Douglas, originally of Michigan, remained over three or four days. He was in no hurry; he didn't have to hurry; no devil of time could pursue the likes of him.

"Tom," Mrs. Malden said a week later, "I think perhaps you'd better go find your father, don't you?"

"I was just thinking that," Tom said. "I can go to the desert, and ask around!"

He took the store-delivery car, rigged a bunk for a bed, and took on an outfit. He started for the desert. He knew it was somewhere west of the Rockies; he understood the desert was in Utah; this was the Great Salt Lake Desert. He was a little puzzled, however, by the memory that Death Valley, a desert, was in California. He didn't stop to straighten out this bit of detail. He had been going a week before he began to revise any of his ideas. When he stopped in the beautiful tourists' camp ground at Omaha, he sat on a big timber, listening to a man who was telling about coming out of San Diego by the Imperial Valley, Yuma, and angling up across Arizona and New Mexico, into the Arkansas River valley.

When Tom Malden had rolled more than two thousand miles and saw the Rockies rising before him, he saw the sage and alkali stretching into the limitlessness of piedmontaine prairies. He had listened to a score of tourists who had made the transcontinental; the desert was often on their lips.

Not till he was beyond the Rockies did he suspect the truth; then, by chance, his travel-quickenened ears caught the phrase, "the deserts of Colorado."

"Deserts?" he repeated. "How many are there?"

"Well," the proud tourist in a dusty car from Oregon replied, "let's see—Carson Sink, Great Salt Lake, Mohave—that's down on the Santa Fe trail—Blue Valley, and all those valleys in western Colorado that don't have any particular names, but are deserts, and Death Valley, and western Arizona, and the Colorado

Desert, but you might say it's mostly one desert right after another, counting the Idaho lava beds, and the same in Arizona, New Mexico, and the Bad Lands, up in the Dakotas——"

"And—and they're big?" Tom Malden asked.

"Oh, yes! Take it out of Salt Lake, now, and you're in about three hundred miles of Salt Lake Desert proper; that's across, and if you go south, then you hit southern Utah, and there are some deserts down there, one desert, if you count it that way. Probably there are fifty or a hundred deserts, not counting the little ones, and separate valleys."

Tom Malden went to his cabin-car and sat in the seat, the stunning fact at last plain in his mind. Not one desert, but scores; and he had come looking for his wandering father where, as he spread the map, he now realized there were a million square miles of land, bare, beautiful, and cut up into glorious valleys by vast mountain ranges. How could he find any man in that land, especially a man hiding out?

He despaired, but he did not quit. Instead, he tried to rise to the magnitude of his task. He now knew things about his country no geography ever impressed on any pupil. He came down into ranches and, stopping, asked the men if they had seen a man like this one whose picture he showed? He left handbills giving descriptions of his father at these places, and in the scattered county-seats, each of which had a weekly newspaper if not a thriving daily.

When he swung south from Ely into Bakersfield he met tourists, and he told them, in the camps at night, about his quest. He skirted the edges of the great agriculture regions of California, dipping into the orange groves and grape vineyards, but swinging out again down the Coachella, down the Salton Sink, and into the southern Colorado desert, where they have turned a patch of gyp lands into Imperial Valley.

He drove north into western Washington, he cut back into Oregon; he traversed Idaho and, before advancing winter, retreated into the edge of the Mexican deserts and down the Big Bend country of Texas. He heard of men, strangers, and circled forth or back to catch sight of

them. Twice fugitives pulled down on him with their guns, and backed away to escape what they thought was the detective service—and men threw up their hands to surrender to him, thinking he had them covered.

A desert hobo came into his camp just out of Amboy, in the Mohave, and when he told this man his story the grizzled old fellow wiped a gyp-cut hand across a sun-withered face.

"My boy," he said, "I'm not your father—but I'm—I'm somebody's father. Probably my children feel about me the way you do—and no man's a right to make his flesh and blood think so—worry so—and they can thank you. I'm going home!"

Tom Malden ransacked the deserts till he had seen a thousand valleys. He knew that any day he might find his father. But he might search for ten years and not have that good fortune. He might never find him, or discover trace of him. He was glad to think that he could do this much, though it was but a flower laid on the memory of a man he would always love. He knew now what had come through the books, through the stories, through the maps to his father, fascinating him. The desert was a wonderful and a fascinating place. Not all the sufferings it gave a stranger, from the stinging of cactus spines to the deadly thirst, but were welcome if one could but see the mirage, the sunrise, the sunset, the pitilessly beautiful glare of midday sun—things which once seen are never to be forgotten.

It was not always easy to send mail home from those back places. The mood to write a letter, for one thing, grew less frequent. Tom Malden hated to send word that he had no news. He would stop to trade a little, or to work a little, or to speculate a little. He had a trader's abilities, and thus he grew self-supporting, and he had less need of the letters from home, speaking financially. He sometimes forgot to send an address ahead, or he sent an address but took another trail. He sometimes forgot where he had said he would go.

Before he realized it he was an automobo, an automobile hobo, gathering up abandoned tires for the rubber and car-

rying other junk to town to sell, and going into the far places, with jack-knives and trinkets to trade or sell. He picked up furs and pelts; he found a pocket of beautiful agates, and, recognizing their beauty, he gathered up what he could and sold them to a jeweller, to be made into curio trinkets—a hundred dollars' worth.

Always, though, he left handbills here and there, as he could. This he did, not only at the ranches and desert towns, but he would post them on rocks at the corners in the desert, at the springs, and at the mountain passes. He followed the main highways till he had been over them all; then he turned from the famous trails to go out to blind-canyon trails, which ended at ranches or mountain-settlement mines. He took his old machine over faint wagon roads, having grown expert in dragging himself out of holes and washes by using blocks-and-tackle.

He excused himself for thus becoming a vagrant by saying that he was looking for his father. In his heart he knew that this was merely an excuse for doing what he wanted to do. He cringed before the accusation of his conscience. He wrote, two or three times, asking his mother if he hadn't better come home and go to work in the store. But he never went to the addresses he gave her, for fear she would tell him to come.

He ranged from Milk River to San Diego; he ranged from El Paso and Brownsville to eastern Washington. A thousand times he confronted the perils of desolation and the extravagances of arid lands. Thus he rolled one day out of nowhere in particular toward everywhere in general, and camped for the night at Fish Spring, in the Salton Sink. East of him the vanishing sea heaved like dull lead before a faint wind. Mesquite grew luxuriantly where the water was sweet to its roots. The ancient water-line of a forgotten ocean led level along the sides of the mountains to the westward. A coyote howled mournfully in the gathering darkness.

It was one of a thousand camps, and yet it thrilled the wanderer as none of all his other desert camps had done. He loved this waste of arid land, this plenitude of color and thirst, the carelessness and forgetfulness, the fact of utter lack

of responsibility—his conscience soothed by the thought that tacking up the notices which asked his father to come home, or for information which would lead him to find his father, was enough.

He went to the tall reeds around the deep, bitter-salt pool of water, Fish Spring, and tasted it. The stuff was undrinkable. He returned to his can of much less salt water to take a real drink. He sat on his running-board, listening to the things that emphasized the desert quiet.

He heard shuffling footsteps. Coming across the waste of rising slope from the west, where rose the water-marked mountains, the Sierra Madre, he heard a human stumbling. Then he heard a low voice. Out of the glow of night a man emerged.

"Howdy," Tom greeted him.

"Howdy!" the other answered. "Any water, stranger?"

"Yes, sir! Lots of it!"

When the visitor had swallowed a quart without pausing, he asked another question.

"Any grub?"

"Lots of it!" Tom replied, and brought forth of his sustenance to feed the ragged, unkempt desert hobo.

This service done, the hobo sat cross-legged, leaning against a tree. He did not speak for a time, apparently digesting and absorbing his stomachful. Tom, too, well-fed, was in no mood to talk. He watched the stranger narrowly, however, for he knew the temptation an automobile and outfit would be to a fugitive, or a lawless, desperate tramp.

"Where going?" the visitor inquired, "if it's any of my business."

"Down the line—Yuma," Tom replied.

"Where from?"

"Reno and up north—those parts."

"Reno? There myse'f a while back. Cross by Eureka, Austin—all around there. Great country! Carson Sink—hell in hot weather! Nice season, now."

"How long you been out?"

"Oh—quite a while—don't remember—five-six years. And you? How long you been out?"

"Three years."

"Anything special? None of my business, understand."

"Oh, yes! Mother sent me looking for her man—my father."

"Sho-o—" the tramp exclaimed.

For a long time the tramp said no word. Then he grunted, drew himself up with his chin on his knees, like a coyote, lying on his side, and soon he was asleep. In the morning the tramp begged more water and something to eat. He was a shaggy, lank, and faded man, his hair bleached by sun, his whiskers bedraggled and long.

Tom fed him and gave him a drink. He looked, by the brightening light of approaching sunrise, at the old hobo. The searcher suddenly caught his breath.

"Pardner," he asked, "tain't none of my business, probably, but what's your name?"

The man drew up and back resentfully. He glared at the younger man. Yet with that quick, straight look Tom saw eyes that he knew, a face that he remembered above the straggling whiskers and mustache.

"Hello, dad!" he greeted him. "How are you?"

"Tom!" the man exclaimed. "You here—what doing?"

"Looking for you, that's all."

The old man came over and sat down on the running-board. He was twisting his hands. He essayed to speak two or three times, but it was much time before he could say the question that was trembling on his lips:

"How are the folks?"

"Fine!"

"When—when'd you hear, Tom?"

"Why, just the other—um-m—" Tom turned to look away, and at last said in a low voice, "Why, a year ago this winter, dad! Just a little while ago!"

"A year ago?" the man asked. "I s'pose they—they got all through with me now."

"Mother's waited every day—twenty-four hours a day, dad. She's waited ever since. We just heard from that man you talked to—that tourist out to the quarry."

"I just blew up, Tom! I just *knew*—I just knew I'd never get to go, if I didn't just run away. So I did it. I be'n hiding out, but seein' those reward notices everywhere!"

"I'm— Well, dad, I ain't sorry. It give me a chance, too—to sort of run around. Better start back, hadn't we?"

"All right, Tom. Yes, we'd better. I'll miss the deserts—but—but I've had my share. You think mother—you think she'll really—"

"Sure she will! Kept me out here, looking for you, dad! Now we can go back!"

They packed up the camp outfit. They sat on the front seat of the rattling old light-delivery truck. They struck up north to the corner of the National Old Trails and turned to the right. They rocked and rolled across the Mohave, through the northern part of Arizona, and all the way they argued.

"Better write and tell maw?" Tom would ask.

"All right—to-morrow," the father would say.

They wrote nothing. They kept driving farther and farther each day. They climbed up over Raton pass, coasted off into the prairies of the headwaters of the Arkansas, and as the season waned they hit into the bottoms of the Missouri.

The roads were beautiful, dry, hard, and smooth, so that the old bus could do its best. The last few days they were gain-speeding, and when a tire blew they put on a new one, and kept going. They rolled into Mosstown at the end of a four-hundred mile drive.

They had shaved, they had bathed, they had stopped here and there along, to put on clothes that they bought. Yet in spite of the best they could do, they were weather-beaten, sun-dried, lank desert hoboos, who now shivered in the clammy chill of eastern autumnal weather.

They found the store closed; they went up to the house and there stopped at the curb, whisperless, even. The windows were bright with light within. A phonograph was playing. A tall young woman was sitting reading; a handsome son was holding up a map, looking at it. A woman, the mother, was rocking back and forth in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, as she stared at nothing in particular.

"Go on, dad," Tom urged.

"You go first." Jim Malden hung back.

"We'll go in together," Tom said, and they held each other by the arm, walked up the step, and hesitated. They did not



"Pardner," he asked, "'tain't none of my business, probably, but what's your name?"—Page 214.

know whether to ring the bell or walk right into the house.

The mother, however, heard footsteps. She came to look out onto the front porch. As the sitting-room light streamed out upon the two vagabonds, she gave a cry:

"Oh, you've come! At last! At last!"

They didn't deserve that welcome, and they knew it. They were culprits, and they were there not for any rights, but for what in the charity and love of the home folks they might receive. Slowly, in the past thousand miles, they had been coming to their senses. They had grown more and more doubtful of their welcome. They nearly broke down when they found

that they had not really forfeited their claim on home and family.

"Why did you do it?" Mrs. Malden sobbed on her husband's shoulder, and he replied:

"I couldn't stand it—I just blew up—if I didn't I knew I'd never see the—the deserts, or anything. Then—then I didn't dare to come back. I didn't suppose—you see——"

"And what of me?" Mrs. Malden asked. "Oh, Jim—why couldn't you have taken me, when you went? All my life—always—always—I've wanted to see the deserts, too!"

Then she broke down.

"The Westward Tide of Peoples"

(A REPLY TO MR. FREDERIC C. HOWE)

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH

U. S. Navy



R. HOWE'S careful article in SCRIBNER'S for September, 1922, is the most complete and painstaking statement of the case against restricted immigration which

has as yet appeared. Not only are the circumstances meticulously observed and set forth, but Mr. Howe's conclusions are marshalled in orderly sequence and presented logically; so logically, in fact, that the careful reader pauses to wonder why the same studious process was not applied to the conclusions themselves. As one reads these conclusions and carefully analyzes them, one discovers the same old puppets dangling from the same time-worn strings. There is nothing underlying Mr. Howe's points but the age-old wail of the short-sighted manufacturer or operator who is unable or unwilling to keep step with the times. His six points are the arguments once advanced against every working reform in the history of the

world. They are only slightly changed to fit the particular case. They are the arguments of the politician, not the statesman; of the "sweater," not the far-sighted producer. To entertain these conclusions, one must take account of surface conditions only, without effort to translate them into causes and effects. The past is ignored and the future discounted. To avoid discomfort *now*, Mr. Howe and others of his way of thinking are willing to pass our greatest problem on to our children, many times multiplied. This is the state of mind which when manifested by prominent men causes thinking patriots to be apprehensive for the future of our America. It is not the American state of mind. We are traditionally inclined to solve our problems as we meet them, in preference to postponing decision until our generation has passed on. We must not allow our institutions to degenerate during our period of responsibility. We must not force our sons to accept a meaner heritage than we received.

Summed up, Mr. Howe's arguments against restriction are these:

1. It will halt the rapid increase of our population.

2. It will insure us an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race.

3. It will make servants hard to find.

4. It will abolish unskilled and cheap labor.

5. It will so improve the lower limit of education, self-respect, and technical skill in America that "wops" will be non-existent.

6. It *may* (though how this conclusion is reached is not clearly evident) cause increased emigration of our farmers and food-producers.

Conclusions 1 and 6 seem to be two sides of the same shield. We will not gain in population; we may lose in population. Conclusions 3, 4, and 5 are identical, though stated differently. They are the voice of the "stand-patter," the man who regrets the "good old days when labor knew its place." As for conclusion 2, I cannot imagine any great apprehension arising in the American breast if it proved to be literally true—which it is not, as we shall see.

Before taking up Mr. Howe's Six Articles, one thing should be mentioned. The present writer is neither a Socialist nor a dreamer. He is a business man in spite of, or rather *because* of, his uniform and his naval title. He is one of the men intrusted with the spending of the quarter-billion of dollars of taxpayers' money annually appropriated by Congress. The fact that Congress is annually and completely satisfied with the audit and the purpose of these expenditures is proof that our business methods are sound. Our entire career is a matter of business economics, and in every phase of it we are in contact with labor—either the long-term, enlisted, contract labor or the short-term, civilian, navy-yard labor of exactly the same caliber employed by any other progressive manufacturer. The only difference between the navy business man and any other is that because he is a naval officer he is perhaps a bit more thoughtful about the American ideals and American institutions which he is supposed to protect. If any of the arguments of this article sound like dreams,

then they are dreams very close to the heart of the American people—dreams embodied right in the Constitution of the United States. Remember the phrase, "a more perfect Union." It is technically incorrect English, but it is a hoping, insistent plan for constant growth, constant betterment of all American citizens. It is a confession of faith in a living, dynamic United States.

First: "It means that immigration has come to a positive end." Why the word "end" was employed is not apparent. This restrictive law means simply and solely what it says. It means that immigration is positively limited in volume. "That it has come to an end" is an obvious misstatement of fact. In 1920 there were 430,001 persons admitted to the United States. Mr. Howe's own figures show the departures during that year as 288,000, or a net gain of 142,001. This net gain is greater than the total admissions of any year prior to 1845, greater than the totals of 1862, 1877, and 1878. It is nearly 35,000 more than the total admissions of 1918. Mr. Howe himself notes that the departures are falling off. Any one who takes the trouble to consider the inevitable effect of restricted immigration over a period of several years will be forced to the conclusion that departures will steadily decrease until they amount to little more than periodical visits to relatives in the old country. A careful survey of 1920 shows that in that year a large percentage of departures was due to just that cause. People wanted to see how their friends and relatives had stood the devastation of the war. They flocked "home on a visit" in unusual numbers. Most of them are now hurrying back.

However, let us disregard the evident unsoundness of this first conclusion, and accept it as true. What are the disadvantages to America which will follow this condition?

In the old days the special attraction of the United States to the immigrant was its personal opportunity. A man with a trade and a man with a desire to work had no trouble in locating in this country and prospering after location. We particularly held out our hands to farmers, and our first immigrants were farmers

skilled in wringing a livelihood out of tiny patches of overworked soil. There was plenty of room in America and the soil was virgin. We needed those farmers as badly as they needed our land.

Mr. Howe laments the fact that our arable land now costs money. This may not be an unmixed curse. A farmer from Europe with savings or credit enough to buy would be a rather desirable immigrant; but aside from that minor point, are we now getting the farmer type of immigrant? Can any one who has read the yearly almost tearful appeal of the Western farmer for help doubt that our farms are undermanned? Is it asking too much of the immigrant we say we need for cheap, unskilled labor in industry to hope that he will be satisfied to work on a farm at four, six, perhaps ten, dollars a day until he can save enough to set himself up in business? The dismal fact remains that it has been a long time since any great number of foreign farmers have applied for admission, and the number is not naturally increasing. The war temporarily more than doubled the percentage of farmers among our immigrants by making farming an impossible profession in many European districts; yet in 1920 farmers composed only $2\frac{8}{10}$ per cent of the total immigration. The farmer has taken himself out of the immigration problem, and the average immigrant of these days will prefer unemployment in a city to employment on a farm. There has never been a period of unemployment in the fall of the year in the history of this country when room for at least half of the unemployed could not have been found on the farms, if they would come and occupy it. This farm employment would have been to a great extent temporary, but so was the unemployment period temporary. Moreover, our present population is 40 per cent farmer. Even with the annual shortage of farm labor, which immigration has not relieved and will not relieve, this 40 per cent are furnishing us with food and exporting a comfortable balance. The growth of our farmer population for some years has had to depend upon the birth-rate. There is no reason why it should not continue to do so. This first point then resolves itself into a matter of increase in the industrial and

professional population. It is another restatement of points 3, 4, and 5.

Second: "We have definitely determined that America is to have an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race." We have done no such thing. We have definitely decided that America shall have an American race. We are now endeavoring to exclude the immigrants who will not or cannot become Americans without longer training than wide-open doors permit us to give them,—the kind of foreigner who flees from the old country rather than migrates; the kind who crowds our slums and damns the government because gold is not to be had for the asking, as he had hoped; the kind that throws bombs and derails trains and attempts to seize the government of cities such as Seattle. We are shutting out the sort of workman against whom Mr. Gompers and Mr. Lewis have warned organized labor time and time again, the "borer from within," sent to America with a rotten purpose.

But are we an "Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race"? It has been a byword that we are, and some of us used to make speeches about it. The idea has been too much stressed by those in favor of restricted immigration, and it has weakened their case, for it contains no American appeal. It is to be presumed that Mr. Howe includes Norwegians and Swedes as "Germanic," although the racial stock is quite different. But census figures are easy to obtain and a *World Almanac* costs but fifty cents. Mr. Howe's attention is invited to our element of Irish, Italian, and Hebrew peoples in the existing population, without considering the French and French-Canadians, the Mexican-Spanish, the Poles, Croats, Bohemians, Slavs, Rumanians, and Syrians. During the war regiment after regiment sailed for France without 5 per cent of Anglo-Saxon-German names on the muster-roll. I know, for some of them took passage in the transport to which I was attached. They were all Americans.

Our selection goes deeper than what is usually called "race." The American race which we seek to perpetuate is not named after any particular country, but has furnished the pushing brains and the progress of every white man's country since history began—the Nordic, long-

skulled, enterprising race. Nowhere outside of Nordic culture has respect for law ever been found in a white man's country. Nowhere outside of Nordic institutions has the idea of continuous betterment for *every* citizen been entertained. War's death-toll falls heaviest upon the Nordics, for they are the first to go, the volunteers who see their duty almost before the other and more individualist races realize that war is impending. We alone survived the war with a preponderating Nordic population and we mean to keep it preponderant. We exclude wholesale immigration not for the purpose of keeping out Spaniards or Italians or Jugoslavs. We are setting up the barriers against an invasion of round-skulled individualists who are inclined to consider any stability of government as an oppression and to disregard totally their duties as citizens. I am reliably informed that, while they entered this country as citizens of different European countries, the huge majority of our new arrivals in 1920, 1921, and 1922 are Jews. To call a man English or Czech means very little, racially speaking. It is merely a convenient national handle to his name.

Mr. Howe speaks of the superior birth-rate of the people of southern Europe with a low standard of living. Exactly. Why continue to admit lower standards of living until we have raised a little those already with us? The phenomenon he mentions is not confined to southern Europe, but is confined to the class of people now seeking admission. Large families are found only at the bottom of the ladder, as a rule. The reason is not far to seek, and is admirably set forth by Doctor Fetter, as follows:

"Volitional control (of the birth-rate) is effective in very different degrees in different families and industrial classes. The possession of property is both a sign of forethought and an incentive to it. Concern for the welfare of the children is one of the most powerful motives. . . . Among the classes with property, the provision for the children depends not only on the amount of wealth, but upon the number among whom it is to be divided.

"Among the poorer classes very different motives operate. After the first few years of the children's lives the parents'

income is increased by the earnings of the children, both on the farm and in factory districts where the laws do not prohibit child labor. Moreover, when the children are grown, their income will depend on the general labor market, not on the number of their brothers and sisters." ("Principles of Economics," pp. 416-417.)

Any naval officer who has had to answer indignant letters from parents of enlisted men can contribute still another motive to Doctor Fetter's second paragraph above—the fact that grown children can, if properly induced or threatened, support their parents altogether, relieving them of the disagreeable necessity of saving for old age and enabling them to stop work altogether.

Mr. Howe himself admits that this propagating tendency of cheap labor will partly, at least, nullify his fear of an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race.

Third: "In a few years' time we will be faced by a shortage of servants." We are now. We were in 1907, when nearly 1,300,000 aliens entered our gates. We will continue to be faced by such a shortage until we apply the obvious remedy and make the conditions under which our wives are forced to work decent enough to appeal to a self-respecting woman. I live in a "modern" apartment-house, and the only modern things in the kitchen are running water and gas in the range. Neither my cook, when I have one, nor my wife, when I haven't, is forced to carry water from the well or chop wood from the wood-pile. She has literally no other advantage over her own great-great-grandmother in the matter of cooking and washing up. It is less than three years since some manufacturer made the amazing discovery that it hurts to stoop over a sink, and began to advertise as a novelty a sink at which a woman may stand upright. No man with the ambition of a mouse would consider a job which calls for the useless overexpenditure of energy which our average kitchen demands from our women. We try to keep abreast of the times in the navy. We peel our potatoes with a very adequate and silent machine which not only does a good job but eliminates waste in peeling as well. A small edition of such a machine for home use would be simple, but practically no

"modern" kitchen has one. Fireless cookers may be obtained, but there is no place in the apartment-dweller's kitchen to put one. As for the real *bête noir* of the house servant—dish-washing—the best aid yet devised is the clumsy, dish-destroying affair that the navy uses. It is the embryo of a dish-washing machine, and it is noisy enough to drown out a city block of phonographs. The attention of inventors is invited to this circumstance. Every civilized kitchen in the world is waiting for a quiet, efficient, cheap dish-washer.

Immigration has very little to do with the servant problem as it exists to-day. It is the conditions of service that have caused shortage and will continue to do so, but the signs of betterment are hopeful. Already in many of our larger cities the newspapers are advertising "servant-less houses," and while the electric labor-saving apparatus is still crude, it has started on its way. When builders of homes for renting purposes try to make a girl's work clean and easy and when they allow her a decent room in which to live, with adequate toilet facilities, we shall have very little stigma attached to the term "hired girl." It now implies a lack of taste and sensibility. No really intelligent girl can be expected to embrace domestic service when there is any alternative profession, as long as we offer her nothing better to work with and to live in than we furnish at present.

The fourth point is brief, and so expressive that it must be quoted in its entirety:

"There will be a vacuum in the labor field when industry revives. It will be especially noticeable in the unskilled trades. There will be a shortage of men in the iron and steel mills, in the mines, in the fields, in all those industries *where mere physical power is needed.*" (The italics are mine.)

This is a plain, flat statement that our civilization and our progress depend upon brainless muscle at the bottom, preferably brutish muscle, satisfied with a brute's fare and housing. This paragraph gives the lie to all our hopes of anything like equality of opportunity. It says that in order to live we needs must keep on hand a comfortable number of men upon whose necks we may plant our feet. It means

that all the bitter things said about the industrial revolution must be true—that any improvement in method is accompanied by the slavery of some of us. If this is true, then God help the world!

I do not pretend to deny that a sudden shortage of unskilled labor would be very embarrassing right now in many lines of industry. I do state, and have no fear of being challenged, that *every industrial improvement that the world has ever seen has been forced upon an unwilling world by just such embarrassment.* Any American industry to-day which can be classified as one in which "mere physical power is needed" has no proper place in our American scheme of things. Power can be obtained much more economically and efficiently by machinery than it can by men; and machinery breeds no children of its own, "accustomed to a low standard of living" in tuberculous surroundings. As for intelligent application of non-human power "in the fields," it is suggested that Mr. Howe visit the Naval Academy Dairy Farm. This farm makes a profit on a larger-than-average acreage, and when I last saw it, nine years ago, every employee was a college graduate and proud of his job.

In the mines and the mills no one will deny that the field for improvement in methods and working conditions is vast and as yet barely entered. Under the wide-open immigration of 1907, we could cover our inefficiency by hiring starving, dazed peasants to whom any work was welcome every time more labor was needed, and "tying the can to them" when hard times came along. These bewildered and unassimilated foreigners, thrown out of employment without knowing why, drifted to the great cities, and their children inherited their righteous anger against the disappointing land of promise. Their children are our gunmen and rum-runners.

As long as we lazily cling to methods of brute strength, we shall never solve our problems. As long as we permit the free importation of sheer brute strength without brains, we will continue to be lazy. Moreover, our growing labor disorganization will not be bettered as long as we bring in "wops" to take the place of Americans who object to being exploited

uselessly. Yes, "uselessly" is the word I mean. We saw during the war what improvements we can make in methods and processes when we have to make them. I believe that nine-tenths of the odium attached to unskilled manual labor is due to a dim realization that we consider the laborer brainless, and we do so consider him and so he is, if he remains a manual laborer of the kind who needs nothing but "mere physical power" to succeed. The fact that we now need his kind is one of our greatest economic hindrances and reproaches. However, the matter is at present more one of redistribution than of immediate shortage. By the time a real shortage develops we shall have had time to set our house in order; willingly on the part of the more alert and progressive producers. The producer who is unwilling to learn how to get ahead without an un-American, uneducated, brute type of workman must be forced to learn how, if our doctrine of "equal opportunity" is anything but silly gush.

One feature that makes for cowardice on the part of producers is the present temper of labor. They claim that if we shut out the low-priced substitutes for American unionized laborers, we permit them to get a strangle-hold upon us. The logical continuation of their plea ends in the thing they fear. We should continue, with each new influx of cheap substitutes, to add to the ranks of disgruntled union labor the total of the last importation of cheap substitutes. We should be continually strengthening the belligerent class the producers fear.

Just now there seems to be no real basis of disagreement between Management and Men (let us forget those rancid words "Capital" and "Labor") except that they dislike each other. Each has good cause to dislike the other. Both in their sober moments will admit the truth of that statement. A pendulum will always swing. For a long time management kept the screws on men. Now men are gouging the management. All that is necessary for peace is a getting together, a realization that the century-old fight has no real basis and hurts both sides. The only possible way to get together is to stop evading the issue; to stop the importation of cheap muscle to work for the

producer this year and to strike for the walking delegate next year. Faced with a shortage of "wop" labor, management will make work economical and attractive. Faced with attractive working conditions, with the humiliating, senseless lost motion eliminated by science, labor will abandon its truculence. This is no wild imagining of a socialistic dreamer. The record is open, for all to read, of the Philadelphia Traction Company, of Wilson & Company, of the Celluloid Company, of Black & Decker, of any of the scores of great American houses that have, figuratively, realized the importance of "letting the help sit down with the family." Not only are these companies the leaders in their fields, but it takes almost unprecedented trouble to cause even the thought of striking among their men. If these gentlemen can afford to dispense with "wops" and employ only trained men, treated squarely, so can the rest of us. So *must* the rest of us.

Fifth: "A decrease in the production of wealth will follow restriction, because in ten years no one will be willing to work with his hands." Let us put this statement plainly. Say, rather, "A decrease in the production of wealth will follow when every one works with his brains." Worded this way, is the statement still credible? A man has a right to refuse to dig ditches with a pick when he knows that on the next street a skilled and well-paid mechanic is digging the same kind of ditch with a steam-shovel or a tractor-and-plough. He has a very solidly founded feeling that an employer who will waste man-power by putting him on such a job will also beat him down as low as possible on his wages. When we learn to do without "mere physical force" in production, wealth will not diminish. Its production will rise tremendously. It will have to, and no one will see that so clearly as the educated mechanic. There must be more production, in order to furnish jobs to the newly educated ex-wop. If any one doubts that food production can eventually be made independent of the brainless hand-worker, let him contemplate the successful farm of to-day in comparison with the best farm of our grandfathers. Reaping and binding, threshing, stacking hay, ploughing, har-

rowing, even milking and feeding stock, are becoming more and more independent of unskilled human agency. There never has been and never will be any objection to manual labor which requires skill and education. A jeweller works with his hands and so does a cabinetmaker or an optician. There is no reason why all other trades cannot be developed just as far, cannot become professions just as proud.

How far toward increasing our production of wealth will the kind of people now seeking admission contribute? What sort of people are they? I shall let the bald official figures answer, without comment. Note where the increases and decreases occur.

Occupation of immigrants	Number	Percentage of total	
	1920	1920	1910-1914
Professional.....	12,442	2.9	1.2
Skilled.....	69,967	16.3	14.5
Farm laborers.....	15,257	3.5	24.3
Farmers.....	12,192	2.8	1.1
Laborers.....	81,732	19.0	18.4
Servants.....	37,197	8.7	11.7
Other occupations.....	28,081	6.4	2.7
No occupation at all.....	173,133	40.3	26.2
Total.....	430,001	99.9	100.1

Sixth: "It may cause emigration of our food-producers." Considerable stress is laid upon the steady emigration of Americans to Canada, where they are taking up unoccupied farm lands. Mr. Howe himself comments on the lack of free land in the United States. I believe that he hopes to compensate for this annual exodus by immigration, though this part of his article is not definite. Now, of course, lack of free land has something to do with this movement; but it is difficult to see how immigration can cure it; for we are not getting many more farmer-immigrants, and those who do trickle through

cannot buy until after they have been in this country for several years. However, in large degree, immigration has been a *cause* of this exodus of Americans. There are many townsmen still living in the Connecticut Valley who can remember when practically every farmhouse in that fertile tract of land contained a family of old New England stock. To-day one can ride mile after mile without hearing a word of any language other than Polish. The immigrants came not merely in families but in communities. The Americans moved out and left them alone. What has become of the American farmers of a great part of northern New Jersey? They have vanished before the influx of Italian market-gardeners. Whole counties of the grain belt are now peopled by Bohemians, Czechs, and Letts. The Americans have gone. I do not decry the new occupants of the soil. They are making better use of it than the old ones did, or they could not have crowded them out; but the fact remains that without wholesale immigration the Americans would not have been crowded out.

In conclusion, Mr. Howe envisages an American migration of wise and skilled workmen to the old countries to help them to their feet again. The idea is altruistic, slightly quaint, when one considers the present overcrowding in Europe; but under wide-open immigration it would be totally impossible. We have not enough skilled workmen here to be making the progress we demand. The lamentable events of the summer just past clearly show that even our best labor is not yet wise enough. We can never hope to acquire a sufficiency of either, let alone an excess, as long as we continue to put cheap men in their places as soon as they have become wise and skilled enough to think for themselves, and by so doing drive them into the hands of professional labor-leaders.



His

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



LYSSES HOWLETT stood in the arch between the back parlor and dining-room and beckoned the intimate funeral guests toward the mid-afternoon dinner. His was an

hospitable arm, but on it the sleeve of his black Sunday coat twisted crazily. Mr. Howlett's face was long and pallid; his mouth, indicated by an unkempt mustache, was weak; his mild, blue eyes were expressionless, except when he remembered to summon to them what he imagined was a sad expression when he reminded himself that it was, after all, a sad occasion. Howlett was so fond of company, vain of his establishment and of the vigorous country abundance and country cooking, that even the funeral of a daughter could not destroy the pleasure he found in going around, rubbing his palms together, and inquiring about the welfare of his many county acquaintances crowding the house and yard.

By urging diffident elder farmers and far-come cousins and aunts not to hang back but to fill up the table, he had managed to clear the back parlor and was sweeping relatives and close friends in the front room toward the feast, which overflowed the dining-room and found space on the side-porch and under the apple-tree in the back yard.

Mrs. Howlett, relieved as chief mourner of her place in her own kitchen, sat in the front parlor where she could be found by the relatives and friends, her face fixed in an expression intended to mean resignation. Neighbors of the proper rank were in possession of the kitchen, pantry, and dining-room. For the day she was "Poor, dear Mrs. Howlett."

Humped on a haircloth chair beside her was her bereaved son-in-law, Anthony. He leaned forward with his eyes on the

roses in the carpet and his hands clinched between his knees. Once he had leaned back, only to feel a carved ornament between his shoulders. He cast a wild glance around the room, studied the clock a moment, and then resumed his scrutiny of the carpet while Mrs. Howlett droned on in the heat. She was droning about the baby. She wanted to know what on earth they were going to do about the baby.

Mrs. Howlett was one of those women who are referred to as wonderful housekeepers, but who are so disquieting to have around. Her personality could neither be ignored nor endured without suffering. Yet with her fair plumpness, her white hair, her absolute composure, and her light eyes behind their round glasses, nobody dared charge her with any qualities not admirable. Her appearance was her refuge and strength; behind it she lived her life. Nothing about her except, perhaps, her pursed lips, suggested thought; forty years of the toil of a farmer's wife had left hardly a mark on her. She was fifty-eight years old but more substantial in the flesh than any of her children; and more than their mental equal.

Long ago, Anthony Ash had decided that his mother-in-law was an unusual woman. Since his arrival yesterday from Cleveland with his wife's body he had heard a number of times that Mrs. Howlett was one of the dearest women in the world. He observed that she was a lover of order and he had heard of her devotion to the church at the Corners, where they had just been to lay Francine to rest. She was not a reader, he knew; but for that matter, readers were rare among the farmers' wives. Several things she had said made him think she was almost illiterate. But she seemed to recognize no superior; hardly even an equal. Ash felt that she did not even see him when she looked at him.

Anthony was twenty-eight, looking anything but a widower, anything but a father. He had a high, thin forehead, close, light-brown hair, with a suggestion of a wave that had been fought down with a brush. His hands were long, white, and

something about his mother-in-law did not hold, transfix him.

Well, let her talk. To-morrow he would be gone, back to Cleveland to do something about the house there and something about his job. That was all he could achieve in constructive thought. He would stay in the house here to-night; that would be decent. Somebody, Helena Crane perhaps, would look after the baby; and to-morrow he would go. He decided he would not even think about picking up the threads of his life until he was back in Cleveland. To sit and endure time was better than to try to organize his thoughts.

He let his eyes wander again, this time to where his father-in-law was watching over the guests. Mrs. Howlett, he realized, was at it again. She was asking him for the hundredth time what he expected to do with the baby.

"Have you decided yet about the baby, Anthony?"

"No; I have to think it over."

Mother Howlett went on rocking.

"You won't keep the house, will you? They say it's a good time to sell in the cities."

"I haven't thought about that yet. Just now I keep thinking of Francine. I want to think about Francine."

"You'd have a hard time finding a good housekeeper; one that'd take good care o' the baby. If you rented the house to some nice, genteel family you could keep a room there. That is, if you stay in Cleveland. Do you expect to stay in Cleveland?"

Straightening and throwing his hands apart in a gesture half appealing, Anthony rose. Anything was better than this.

"I think I'll walk around a little and look at the place. I want to smoke. You excuse me, Mother Howlett."

He walked out into the hall, glanced up the stairs, hesitated a moment, and then chose the outdoors. He went down the



It was, after all, a sad occasion.—Page 223.

thin, and he had the nose and mouth that should go with a sensitive nature but seldom do. His clothes had the informality of an undergraduate. He had felt during the day that the country people thought he was not dressed right for a funeral, especially his wife's. He had not thought of dressing for the ceremonies.

He wondered suddenly why he was sitting there, why he was not gone, now that the funeral was over; or at least, why he was not up-stairs with the baby. He wanted to see if he could really look at the baby and think consecutively of what he might do with her. Finding that he could not move after slumping into the parlor chair was a surprise; he wondered if

red-brick walk to the dusty roadway. Mrs. Howlett kept on rocking.

Neighbors came and went. Some of the women stopped to speak, pat a hand, then passed quickly out toward the yard. The people were beginning to start home. Many of them had come for miles to the funeral, and those whose Fords were not too dependable were eager to be off. Engines began to sputter in the barnyard. Looking through the window Mrs. Howlett remembered how full it had been of buggies when her husband's old mother was buried.

In the kitchen dishes were rattling. Somebody was sweeping the dining-room. In a little while the house was almost quiet.

Mrs. Howlett was just making up her mind to go up-stairs and take off her black silk dress when Helena stopped in front of her, a nursing-bottle in her hand.

"I can't get her to take anything, mother, and she won't stop crying," Helena said. Mrs. Howlett looked up at her daughter; she was Mrs. Cummins Crane in the village, a tall, bony, faded woman who had once been blonde. She looked very incompetent to her mother as she stood there in her mussed and ill-fitting brown foulard, her stringy hair in damp wisps about her face, and her forehead knotted over her unfamiliar task. Helena Crane had never had a child.

"Put some sugar in it," said her mother in an even tone. "Or take a little rag, soak it in warm milk, and sprinkle some sugar on that. It isn't what they'd call scientific but—never mind. Give me the bottle. I'll go up in a minute and see what I can do. Have you talked to Cummins? What'd he say?"

"He's not overly anxious but I think he'll do it all right. He's not used to babies, and Francine's has done nothing but cry since she came."

Mrs. Howlett smoothed the black silk over her knee.

"A child would help hold him. It always does." She did not look up at her daughter this time. Helena stood helplessly, the filled bottle dangling.

"Maybe it would," she said. "But sometimes I don't know whether I want

to hold him or not. Especially since the last time I had with him—over that cashier in the store, that young girl. It seemed too bad for her, and too hard for me to try any longer."

She turned away toward the kitchen.



Her appearance was her refuge and strength; behind it she lived her life.—Page 223.

"Give me that bottle, Helena," snapped her mother, with the sudden sharpness she was capable of bringing into use. "I'll get the baby quiet and dress her clean and maybe she'll go to sleep. Then we'll take Cummins and let him look at her. He hasn't seen her in a way to appreciate her and she's a real pretty baby, too. You talk to Cummins some more."

"Where's Anthony?" asked Helena, sinking into her mother's chair and fanning herself with her apron.

"Oh, that Anthony! He's so unsatisfactory. I can't get a word out of him one way or the other. He's gone off for a walk somewhere. But I'll venture to say he'll come around. The thing I'm worrying about is Cummins. I'd like to hear him say he's willing to try it with you again. The baby would make such a difference. If you two had only had some children."

"Well, mother, I've told you time and again it wasn't my fault. I was willing."

"I know," replied her mother absently, with that manner of not having heard. "Well, you see Cummins. I'll go and 'tend to the baby."

As she passed through the dining-room Cummins came in from the side-porch.

"I'm goin' up to feed our ittie bitsie baby, Cummins, and after while oo tan see her," she piped at him, waving the nursing-bottle. It was curious that Cummins Crane was the only one of her connection that Mrs. Howlett courted.

Cummins only grunted and went on into the parlor.

In 1900 Cummins Crane had been the fastest young man in Fayette County. Coming home late from the Spanish War, in which he had seen, unwillingly, some action, he had tried earnestly to have the good time which he felt he had earned. He had lost his father just as the old century slipped away and became the nominal head of the Cummins and Crane dry-goods store in Brownsville, the Cummins member having gone on before. But the new village magnate could have been found at almost any hour of this period at the end of the Monongahela House bar nearer the private entrance, stirring whiskey and ginger ale and ruling a court of small-town loafers.

He kept the daintiest buggy horse and lightest runabout in the county; took the prettiest girls driving in the summer evenings; hunted with the most expensive shotguns and beagles; wore the broadest padded shoulders and the longest fawn raglan in the town. He was a heavy, florid youth and became a heavier man, the unnatural redness of his face taking a purplish tinge and his knowing, flashing black eyes misting considerably by the time he was thirty-five. He had taken his place in the store, but retained his habits of the country town roué, slowed somewhat by nature's insistence on her toll.

Crane had married Helena Howlett after a series of adventures with county girls, taking her off the biggest and best farm in the region. He took her to live in a brick veneer house that he had built in preparation for his marriage, a contractor-built affair on the site of the

house in Brownsville where Lafayette had slept. There was nothing to stop him from razing the Lafayette house, and Cummins never gave the matter a thought.

The new house had stiff lace curtains at the parlor windows and shiny birch mahogany furniture down-stairs. Above was a den, done in the mission furniture that was the rage then, and college pen-nants, where Cummins was supposed to take his ease and mingle with his intimates. He had hardly entered the room now in fourteen years; the majority of his intimates had been tacitly forbidden the house by Helena's greetings after their first or second calls. Helena had never supposed that men did openly in their own houses the things in which Cummins and his friends seemed to revel.

In the fourteen years Cummins, the small-town sport—that was the word in vogue then—and Helena Howlett had torn the fabric of life to shreds. He, at least, was ready to toss the rag aside.

It was then, after fourteen years, that the death of Francine, Helena's baby sister, the wife of Anthony Ash, had stirred Mother Howlett to action. A child, she saw, was what Cummins needed, what Helena needed for the retention of that precious prestige that came with the name of Crane.

As Cummins approached Helena in the parlor she looked up at him pathetically, aware of her ugliness. He avoided her eyes, as he had done for five years.

"I was looking for you," he said, in a flat, husky voice. "It's time to start in town."

"Don't you think we ought to stay a while longer, Cummins, on mother's account? It's hardly decent to go yet; and she wants to see if we can't do something about the baby. Anthony will be going away and she wants to see if something can't be arranged."

She ended weakly, conscious of having repeated her plea to one who was not even listening.

"Well, I'll go along," Cummins threw back, half-way to the door. "You 'tend to everything. Whatever you decide is all right with me. I'll be driving in; have to see about things at the store. I'll come and get you to-morrow. I'll call you up."

He was in the hall. Helena, desperate, called to him.

"You know I told you mother wants us to take the baby, Cummins."

"That's all right with me. Whatever you say. I don't care."

The door slammed. He was gone.

Helena sat and fanned herself with her apron. She heard Cummins swearing at something about the car. Presently he started it and was off with a great deal of noise. Cummins liked the noise of his car.

Sounds from up-stairs told of Mrs. Howlett's preparations to show the baby to Cummins. Helena wondered how angry she would be when she learned he had gone to town. Presently she wandered outside and sat down on the edge of the little front porch, staring across at the hillside on which the ironweed was beginning to appear in purple patches. Only yesterday, it seemed to her, she had taken little Francine across there to gather Queen Anne's lace; and now Francine was gone and in her place another little girl to lead and guard. Helena sat on in the heat.

A mile away Ash was standing on the summit of Clark's Hill. He was resting in the only way he had found to rest in the Howlett neighborhood. Far below was the river, making a deep bend cut across with the white foam of the dam. Across the valley Washington County lay, sleepy, remote in the final full sunlight of the passing day, with green folds of rolling pastureland, white farmhouses, and lines of trees that marked rambling roads, all quiet, all peaceful. Ash never came to this spot without feeling his cares slipping away in unimportance. Off there to the left was the town. He knew it was ugly; from this height and distance it had an old-world picture quality.

Here he could think of Francine a little differently; not as he remembered her in theasket or as she had died, but as she was in the plaster cottage he had succeeded in finishing for her in Cleveland in time for their baby to be born in their own home. He wondered how anybody of the Howlett strain or in the line that came down through her mother could care as Francine cared, genuinely and tenderly, for a picture, a book, the grace-

ful turning of a chair or the line of a house's eaves. Francine had been delicate, tender, sensitive, utterly fastidious in mind and person, utterly honorable and true. In nothing was she in any wise kin to the hard prominences of Helena. They were sisters; but it was almost unbelievable.

Yet he knew Helena was not wholly or even in large measure unkind. That look of surprise she wore as a habit was related to helplessness and inability to comprehend, he had always thought.

The baby occurred to him in connection with Helena. The important things for a child in infancy were the physical needs. Helena and her mother could and probably would supply those needs bountifully, if only out of personal pride. Later he could claim the girl—he had not thought of her as his daughter. Things did not look so bad from up here. He sat on a field stone and found that he really could rest at last. He stayed there until the sun dropped below Krepps' Knob, across the river, signalling him to start back.

Footing it along the dusty road, buff in the declining sun, Ash looked like a student hurrying to a class. He had his coat over his arm, his hat off; and as he passed a cottage where the decrepit inmate knew him for the mourning husband, the crone pointed and gesticulated to her companion at the door-step. Ash did not see them. He was magnifying to himself the advantages the baby would have in a good country home, the advantage to himself of having such a home assured for the baby for years, without planning or manoeuvring on his part. This, he thought, was the way things worked out; bereft young fathers were relieved and freed to go on; old people were given something to cheer their age. He had been ungrateful to be irritated by Mrs. Howlett's unceasing reiterations. She meant well, kindly. To her it was a simple matter of providing for her own.

In Cleveland, housekeepers and nurses would be uncertain and expensive. They would have to live in Francine's house, handle Francine's things, care for Francine's child. They would be wasteful, probably insolent, at best tawdry, perhaps slatternly. He would have to inter-

view, engage, dismiss them. He admitted he had no will for that task. He could leave the baby safe here, on the farm. Already Helena and her mother had disposed of it somewhere—were feeding it. He had not seen the baby since he came. As he walked up to the gate he felt cleared of his burden. He could talk about the future.

Helena rose from the step as he came up to the door. She found she felt taller, straighter, and cleaner whenever she talked to Anthony alone, and she shivered with a curious delight when she found herself stepping forward to meet him. She desired to be understood by Anthony; that was it. In a moment before she spoke she had a vision of that understanding. It would enable her to endure a century of Cummins.

It had all seemed quite clear to her as she saw Anthony coming down the road. She could atone in one sentence for her failure in life by telling him to take his baby and go, that she would not remain quiet, watching him being enveloped by her mother's scheme. She felt clean and peaceful.

"Anthony," she began, tremulously, smiling a little, groping for the words.

"I know," broke in Anthony with his friendly smile. "I've figured it all out. You want my baby, to keep for a while,

and I'm going to let you have her. I didn't like the idea at first but it's all right now. You keep her a little while and love her. It will do you good and be a great help to me. Then I'll come and

get her when she is older; when I am able."

Down the road a motor roared.

"But, Anthony, I don't want you to misunderstand. You must get it right. Mother——"

"That's all right, sister. Let's go and find your mother and fix it all up. I'm sorry I seemed cross with her. I think I'll be leaving the first thing in the morning. We'd better see her now."

He passed a friendly arm through hers and drew her toward the door. But she drew back.

"Anthony, I want you to hear me. Mother wants the baby—Oh, here's Cummins back."

She stopped in confusion, and both turned to greet the dusty figure at the gate. When Helena saw the lumbering, un-

couth man who was her husband, she felt her resolution freeze.

"Well, Cummins," she began, with a painful effort to appear unconcerned.

"Seen anything of a flivver see-dan?" blurted out the other, wiping the back of his neck with a soiled silk handkerchief.

"A fellow looking for me," he went on.



"Seen anything of a flivver see-dan?"

"They told me in town, so I come right back out again. He's got a case o' good liquor for me, and a fellow can't take a chance of missing them these days. I didn't waste any time getting back, I'll tell you. Give you a quart to take back, Ant'ny."

Ash shook his head. He looked at the wife, standing there, twisting her apron; then at the husband. He was conscious of his earlier feeling, that sense of wonder at why he was there.

"Excuse me," he muttered. "I want to see Mother Howlett."

At the supper-table Anthony found that his spirit of the afternoon had departed definitely. They surrounded the kitchen table covered with food left from the company dinner. "Just heated up," Helena had explained as she put down the teapot and took her seat. The food, she observed, would not keep in this weather and must not be wasted.

Anthony nodded absently. Howlett was giving the list of those who had attended the obsequies; he was very statistical. Large numbers, distances travelled, representation from all districts, such things pleased him. The Everetts had driven over from across Dunlap's Creek; the Nixons from the Krepps' Knob farm. A remote and almost forgotten cousin had appeared. Howlett retailed the history of the Salt-

lick township Howletts, alluding smirkingly to backwoods clothing and timid ways.

Mrs. Howlett took up the thread when her husband paused to dive at some dish,

throwing in corrective or explanatory sentences, her hand playing with the top of the heavy blue Staffordshire sugar-bowl. She was not eating. Neither was Anthony nor Helena. Cummins, who had attended to his stealthy business with the liquor-carrier, ate greedily, matching Howlett's relish. A number of festival sweets and preserves were there to "finish up." Helena went back and forth between table and stove; a great quantity of tea seemed to be required.

Anthony looked from Mrs. Howlett to Helena, trying to find an answer to the problem that had seemed so simple to him a little while ago on the hilltop.

After all, these were Francine's people; good country folk; substantial. They had nourished Fran-

cine. They would keep the baby well, safe, fed, until he could make a home for her. A few years—four or five—would pass quickly. Then he could claim her for surroundings more becoming a delicately made child of Francine. If he took her now, what could he do? There was the possibility of doing worse than Helena and her mother might.



"I can't get her to take anything, mother, and she won't stop crying."—Page 225.

He pushed back his chair. He had made his decision.

"I think I shall leave the baby with you, Mother Howlett," he said. "I shall take the early morning train. Cummins will drive me in. You have all been very good and I know you will feel comforted by having Francine's little girl for a while. So keep her."

He stood, trying to bring the family together with an inclusive smile.

Mrs. Howlett picked at the cloth.

"Well, now, just as you think best. You're the father and it's for you to say. Of course——"

Suddenly Ash did not want to listen. He felt choked, wondering why he was there. He lifted a hand, then dropped it helplessly. Mrs. Howlett was going on, justifying herself, and his decision. Her husband and Cummins were busy with pie.

"You couldn't really take care of her right, you know. Now, Helena——"

"Mother——" It was Helena, trying to break in.

"Helena can devote herself to the baby," her mother finished, turning and looking at Helena with a peculiar expression of quiet anger that Ash, on the other side, could not see.

Mrs. Howlett rose heavily and pushed her chair back. Anthony, longing for escape, was saved from the necessity of further speech by a ring at the front-door bell. Helena mechanically pulled at the knot in her apron-string and began to push back loose wisps of hair. Ash vaguely understood Mrs. Howlett was ushering visitors into the front parlor, so he stepped out of the kitchen door and made his way to the seat under the apple-tree. There were mild stars and a sweet air was coming up over the hay-fields. He would smoke until he felt he could go up and sleep.

Lights were being made in the parlor. The Howletts clung to oil-lamps there—wonderfully painted shades. Anthony could see Mrs. Howlett moving about. Presently Crane came stumbling through the yard and found Anthony under the tree.

"The old lady wants to see you in there." He pointed toward the lighted windows. "Something about the baby."

Ash knocked the coal from his pipe and went wearily inside.

A man was fumbling papers on the marble-topped table under the lamp. Another stood by the mantel, turning in his hands Mrs. Howlett's souvenir of Niagara Falls. Ash knew neither of them, but Crane introduced them awkwardly with the local formula.

"Mr. Ash, meet Mr. Futter; Mr. Futter, Mr. Ash. Mr. Struble——"

The man by the table was Struble. Mr. Futter bobbed his head and grinned. Mrs. Howlett came in from the hall. Helena, over by the parlor-organ, was in shadow.

Mr. Struble was a little old man of seventy, but his youth's suit, evidently one of the local clothier's "snappy" styles, made him look like a boy suddenly and terribly grizzled and shrunk. He put out a disagreeable hand.

"Pleased to meet you. Heard a lot about you. I got everything ready here, and Mr. Futter come along fer a witness. I always aim to do everything right. If you'll step out here by the light I'll show you where to sign."

Howlett appeared out of the shadows with the family ink-bottle and an old pen.

Anthony moved forward and picked up the paper. He was puzzled and must have showed it, for Mrs. Howlett cleared her throat and spoke:

"It's th' papers for the adoption, Anthony. Mr. Struble's our lawyer. I thought you would finally decide to let us have the baby, so I asked him to drop in to-night an' fix everything up legal."

"Adoption?"

Anthony turned and faced her, then turned sharply again, for in the doorway Howlett was laughing and mumbling something.

"Ma thought a baby'd make a better family man outa Cummins here, and as you didn't have nobody to take care o' Francine's, she thought she'd get you to make it over to Helena and Cummins."

"She thought!" Ash turned furiously, first to Mrs. Howlett, then to Helena.

"You knew this to-day when I was talking to you?"

"I tried to tell you not to leave the baby here; you know that," Helena spoke thickly. She felt she could not make herself heard. She finished by wiping her eyes with her apron.



St. James's

He tore the legal papers to bits and scattered them on the floor.—Page 232.

"Mrs. Howlett told me everything was fixed," said Struble, as if to justify himself to Ash, who stood by the table trembling.

"Too bad you couldn't keep quiet, Lys," said Mrs. Howlett. Her furious eyes were on her daughter, not on her husband. "Still, I guess Anthony don't understand. Let me——"

"Let me understand this." Anthony's voice was full of cold fury. "Did you intend to sacrifice Francine's baby to try to hold that man in your family? Yes or no?"

"Well——"

"Yes or no!"

"Sure she did," rumbled Cummins, out of the gloom. "To hell with 'em all, Ash. What's the use of foolin' with 'em? You don't belong here. To hell with 'em. Get your baby and let's get outa here. My car's outside."

"Your car?" Anthony pulled out his watch. "I won't ride in your car. You knew about this. But I'll get out of here, all right."

He tore the legal papers to bits and scattered them on the floor. In a moment he was bounding up the stairs. From below came a tirade of abuse, Mrs. Howlett to her husband.

Ash pushed open the door of the musty little eave bedroom and stepped in. The heat was terrific. Over in a corner, as far as possible from the single window, was an old crib and in it a huddle of bed-clothes. He found the lamp and lit it; then put it out. The moonlight was enough. On the floor

beside the crib was a saucepan half full of water, and in that a nursing-bottle, almost full. He looked down into the crib.

Under the smother of old quilts the baby stirred unhappily and cried faintly. Ash went down on his knees, straightening and smoothing the covering. His knee struck the saucepan and upset it, and in a fever of anger he rose and threw pan and bottle out the window.

He came back suddenly quieted. He knelt by the crib and gazed at the baby. Below, a door banged and a window was pulled down. It was growing late. But still he knelt there, and the baby slept on in the heat.

The long whistle of a distant train brought Ash to his feet and sent him hurrying to his own room, where he replaced the few articles he had removed from his travelling-case. Then he went back to the little room under the eaves. He took up the child and wrapped around her a piece of old blanket. In a moment he was down-stairs, had unfastened the night-barred country door, and stood out under the stars.

As he stood there, gazing upward, there swept back through him the same glad sensation of the afternoon hilltop, the realization of solution. He recognized it, smiled, and paused to wonder. Then he looked down at the face of the sleeping baby, and, picking up his bag, went down the country road into the night.



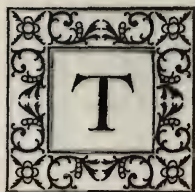
As he stood, gazing upward, there swept through him the realization of solution.

Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

II. WHO HURTS OUR FEELINGS?



THE plant manager was talking:

"After long and fairly sad experience we have learned always to find from the men threatening trouble how we hap-

pened to *hurt their feelings*. After we have squared that up, the settlement of the wage or other dispute is easy."

"Sure!" adds the labor leader. "Many's the time we've kept arguing and demanding for hours, when ten minutes of friendly talk would have finished it—all because the boys had been made sore, and so had to have the satisfaction of 'rubbing it in' as far as it would go."

Of one thing we may be sure: the superintendent whom we left rushing up to quell the sudden walk-out of his tool-makers, with his list of instincts in his hand, is bound to find his men acting less on the promptings of their logical reasonings as workers than of their feelings as just plain human beings. Few if any of them have failed to bring along with them into the factory their own individual portion of such complications as the "super" may have noticed in the morning paper.

Of course, the boss may become still further convinced than before that his obstreperous strikers are expressing their inborn wish or instinct for acquisition and ownership as a first step toward the luxurious satisfactions pictured in some advertisements in a near-by column.

But surely he will get farther if he sees at the bottom of his incipient revolt some universal root desire that lies back not only of the frivolous vanities of current fashion or the love of home and family, but also of men's wish everywhere to think well of themselves.

It is exactly such a wish that I have found running beneath all those lines of thought and feeling, by which each of the various groups called "Capital" or "Labor," "Bourgeois" or "Bolshie," contrives to make its belligerent view-

point and programme appear to *itself* entirely reasonable and justifiable. It is exactly this, also, which furnishes that common denominator the superintendent needs, before he can determine whether his machinists' apparently overactive instinct for acquisition may somehow be offset by a reawakened interest in, say, workmanship. It is this universal master wish that requires some definition that will not, like "Gregariousness" or "Emulation," merely set it off from the others such as Fear or Anger, Curiosity or Submission; but will tie all these up together—in addition to explaining why the primitive compulsions of saving our physical skin now affect our feelings less than do the modern necessities of saving our social "face." Such a definition would go like this:

In organized society to-day the "wheels" of each of us are turned, for better or for worse, by our mainspring desire to enjoy the feeling of our worth as a person among other persons,—that individual feeling requiring always for its fullest satisfaction the surest possible substantiation at the hands of some particular group whose approval happens, at the moment, to appear especially pertinent and desirable.

Working our way to Europe on the cattle-boat, we college boys found the "fo'castle's" food so thoroughly uneatable that every afternoon we lined up, below decks, around a stealthy steward and his plate of leavings stolen from the captain's table. For us all it was a moment of fierce ordeal. Hunger urged to greedy unfairness. Honor—our standing with the other hungry seven—pleaded for moderation. The existence of society to-day indicates that honor has usually won. And we make victory in similar circumstances constantly easier by furnishing some measure of food and shelter to practically every one. But while we thus relieve the pressure of the bodily wants, the number of those who confess their spiritual and social defeat in suicide mounts into the thousands, and the cloud of those who

unite with their neighbors to make war upon their fellow citizens for what they believe their honor, rises into millions.

The material nature that abhors a vacuum—whether it be ethereal space or empty stomach—is to-day less trouble-

approvals and disapprovals of our chosen "set," and of the multitude of other less pertinent and more distant sets around us.

"Why, if I were a policeman," so my youngster, at the age of five, explained the latest shift of his life's ambition, "then peo-



ZOSIA COME HOME

BABY WANTS YOU

Baby Tressa is crying for her mother. Unless you come home immediately baby will have to be sent to hospital; refuses to eat. If you are sick, let me know. If you are not, come home now. If you are afraid to come, write and I will straighten things out.

Peter Pashkowsky
6205 Thackeray Ave. Cent. 1597 W.

Such complications as the "super" may have noticed in the morning paper.—Page 233.

some in its requirements than is the "human nature" of our organized society, by virtue of which we abhor the spiritual cipher—the one who in reality does not count one. To each of us the most important thing in all the living of our lives is the message of the metre which registers the distance we have achieved away from the hateful zero of insignificance among our fellows. If that were all, then selfishness might have its way. But just because this distance is so supremely vital to our happiness, we dare not trust the reading of the dial to our own individual eyes: somehow, somewhere, in the eyes of the few or of the many, our findings must secure the backing of a body of less prejudiced witnesses.

The moment we come to hanker for the substantiation of one kind or group of witnesses rather than another, that moment we start toward establishing the precise direction and orbit of our planetary career in the social universe about us.

To understand the doings or misdoings of our fellows—or to exert any leadership upon them—that is to see in them merely the sequence of the interplay of these two forces; the thrust of this master wish for individual worth, working its way out through the spaces of our present-day social firmament, according to the restrictive pushes or the compelling pulls of the

ple would ask me where to go, and I would tell them—and they would go there."

Apparently the chief obstacle to his sense of progress into the satisfactions of personality had been the necessity of requiring the services of a traffic cop—in the presence of the wondrous eight-year-olds who crossed without assistance!

"Well, you see, I could sit in the engineer's seat," so he explained a later direction of the same underlying wish; "and when I pulled the throttle—ever so little—like this—then the whole train would move and leave all the passengers' friends on the platform."

Later he may wish to be the maker of a speech which furnishes a new moral objective to a nation, or the pusher of the executive button which establishes a wider economic margin in the families of thousands of employees; but for the present the wires of such successions are too hidden for his fancy. Quite certainly he will shortly find himself in such contact with the general American public that he will be tempted to accept, as final for him, the measurement of the particular tape-line which that public happens to employ. That will mean the pursuit of one thing—wealth. For, at the present moment at least, the dollar furnishes the yardstick by which the great body of our fellow citizens habitually endeavors to

determine the exact degree of any member's accomplishment. That yardstick's application is so beautifully simple; so patently is the possessor of one million dollars demonstrated by it to be just ten times as much of a man as the possessor of only one hundred thousand dollars! All that being so, the pulpit, the editor's chair, the city school, or the college quadrangle will be passed by because they furnish the approval of too small—and too discriminating—a body of "substantiators." The same choice of the approval of the most numerous rather than the most careful judges will also require him to refuse all thought of the life of self-sacrifice, in, say, foreign missions; because that would necessitate his dependence upon the approbation of what is sure to seem too slight and intangible a group—namely, the One Supreme Person.

But it is not at all certain that here in America the majority will always exercise upon the choices of its members the colossal pressure which follows from its use of money as a measure of excellence. For nations copy us individuals in changing their yardsticks from time to time.

"Sorry, Dick, I'd like awfully to try the new speedster to-night, but—er—well—you see, Jim—Lieutenant Jim—is in town." In such ways our daughters, back in the summer of '17, announced to their friends that our traditional and world-famous "speeddollarter" had suddenly given over its pre-eminence as the metre of achievement to the chevrons, bars, and eagles which denoted the distance travelled by their wearers from the comparative insignificance of the "rookie."

To-day, in South America, the civilized majority uses the money measure with what strikes us as extreme carelessness. The business man takes days of leisurely lunching and dining with the aggressive young salesman from North America not because time or money is of no value but in order to make sure that the final business dealings will be between gentlemen. Pecuniary profit, that is, counts less in the reading of the South American gentleman's public honor-rating than does the maintenance of his inherited social pre-eminence as a person of outstanding birth and established culture. The visiting salesman's problem is merely to make it evident that under his guidance there need

be no conflict between the two. (Incidentally, the heads of certain New York bond houses report that exactly the same is already true in the case of many possessors of inherited wealth and culture in Boston, Philadelphia, and other of our older cities.)

The same preference for the concrete mile-stones of established status instead of the shifting sand-piles of current financial acquisition, tends to bind the South American for life to the social level into which he was born. So the man who would get a convincing measure of popular approval for a larger sense of his personal worth than his birth may happen to afford, finds two doors open—and only two. In the church he may become an adviser to presidents or prime ministers—provided only that his brains are equal to the task. Or in the army he may become the savior of his country—if his valor serves sufficiently. Thus, by the mere denial of one majority measurement and the permission of another, our Southern neighbors arrange for the two orbits which distinguish their political and social skies—the power of the clergy and the predominance of politics and revolutions.

Even with us money has slight attractiveness in itself: the important thing is the amount of distinction and social position it can give its possessor as compared with others in his own or near-by circles. As assistant to a college president and later in handling the financial side of federated social work in Cleveland, the big discovery was that the philanthropic spirit has less to do with finance than with feeling. A man is as rich, and so as generous, as he happens to *feel*—or as poor. How he feels depends mainly upon his standing, not with those who may happen to live in his own square but with those who move in his particular circle.

"My good man, I can't think of it!"—so Russell Sage is reported to have responded when "pan-handled" for a dime. "Why, sir, I have a million dollars lying in the bank that's not earning a penny toward family expenses. Come around some day when I am making money!"

"'Lefty Louie' Loses Temper," so the head-lines told how, a few days before his electrocution, the murderer was suffering from hurt feelings. As in the case of all of us, these had come from a sudden threat against his sense of worth as a per-

son among the others of the group with which he had—consciously or unconsciously—cast in his lot. A false friend had charged him with the one crime which for every self-respecting murderer or thief constitutes—and must always constitute—the cardinal sin: “snitching on his pals!”

“Thanks for a cigarette, eh, mate?” a half-drunken woman inquired of me from among the crowd of customers in a New-castle (England) public house, adding: “Yes, I’ve just done twenty-one days for bein’ drunk and assaultin’ the bloody officer. I can kick a man pretty precise when I tries, y’ understand? . . . Why, ’ello, ’usband Jack, back again! . . . I call ’im ’usband because the court makes ’im pay me a pound a week for my baby. . . . *No, thanks, if I smoked it now, everybody ’round ’ere would talk!*”

Our choices are not hers—unless her crowd comes to be ours. But for us as well as for her, the choice of our crowd—whether it be thieves or thinkers, financiers or philosophers—serves inevitably to set the “Stop” or “Go” for restricting or releasing all our powers of soul and body.

The passionate necktie, cane, or spats of our colored fellow citizen say something about his love of finery. But in that he is not greatly different from us all. The real difference comes from the fact that his clothes are about the only way in which he can let money talk about his success, seeing that the rest of us restrain him from, for instance, the fine residence by which we are apt to “tell the world” the story of our own attainments. For the same reason he is likely to seek membership in those societies where the blackest of the black can enjoy the thrill of having his acquaintances make up in intensity of recognition what they lack in range as they kowtow to him as the “Supreme Grand Guardian of the Exalted Shrine of the Holy Universe.”

In the same way, the Chosen People have come to set what the rest of us are prone to consider an overvaluation upon financial acquisition, not so much because this instinct exerts a stronger pull upon them as because Gentile short-sightedness established the Pale. By so doing we forced into one single area all that wish for worth which under more permissive conditions would have spread itself with a more agreeable thinness over a wider field.

In the same manner, also, poverty tends to force into the sector beyond the grave the enjoyment of the social recognitions so deeply desired but so generally denied in the daily lives of our least fortunate fellows. It is the vast tragedy of our times that millions of insurance policies are expended down to their last penny—and expended gladly—on an outstandingly successful social function arranged by the neighborhood’s most expert society engineer—the undertaker! Others of us who are apparently condemned to a life of healthful but eventless and unnoticeable health, are not infrequently made secretly happy by the kindly offices of some catastrophe which brings the pre-eminence of a bandage, a pair of crutches, or perhaps a helpless invalidism. Few mischances in life are worse than a modest good fortune which seems merely to “send us to Coventry!”

“He is one of the few”—so a wit has said of Chauncey Depew—“who have lived beyond eighty without exchanging their emotions for symptoms.”

“Say, Sarge, for heaven’s sake,” appealed a lonesome doughboy; “read out my name for a letter to-morrow! I’ll know there ain’t none, but gee, I can’t stand it to be the only guy that’s never called out!”

Something of the same appeal for that group substantiation without which all is misery because all is uncertainty, undoubtedly explains, three times out of four, the person we mark—and shun—as an egotist. Like the rest of us, his feelings have been most hurt where he is most sensitive; and, like the rest of us, he is most sensitive at exactly the point of his greatest desire—where the very intensity of his wish makes all but the most convincing of confirmations appear inadequate and disappointing. So, not because he believes most in himself but because he *doubts* most, he whistles to keep his courage up—and offends us by using the spurious or genuine assurances he has elsewhere obtained as bait upon the hook of his desperate hope for a “Well done” from us.

Germany rattled her sabre only when she found that the master wish for world leadership, developed by her newly acquired and therefore doubtful nationality, failed to get the hoped-for, the indis-

pensable, world-wide corroboration even after an amazing commercial expansion had been added to the victories of 1870. In the same way, a generation ago, Europe was constantly making us unhappy by giving us her approbation in general but withholding it at exactly our tenderest spot—the spot, namely, where the intensity of our wish for the acknowledged stability of our social and political culture was equalled only by our uncertainty as to its fulfilment.

It is out of the dangerous delicacies of these meeting-points of wish and fear in the hearts of peoples as well as persons, that the hurts arise which lead first to the severance of relations and then to the declaration of war.

So, too, it is not so much the absence as the abnormal delicacy of this tender spot that, according to the experts, distinguishes the insane. This, rather than the "meaningless and inscrutable medley" we wrongly attribute to their thoughts, is likely to prompt their cutting across lots into abnormal methods for securing the hoped-for confirmations. So we fear the insane just as we do the real egotist—because they will not be guided by the halter of our approvals into the established paths of acknowledged social safety. But the mind of either of them is only slightly more distant from our own than is the mind of one of our political or industrial factions from that of another. "To the Conservative the amazing thing about the Liberal is his incapacity to see reason," as W. Trotter puts it.

"Judge L—— is probably still unable to understand why the American Bar Association regarded his conduct with 'unqualified condemnation' "—so runs an editorial—"and why bills prohibiting federal judges from accepting private emoluments have been introduced in Congress. . . . Thus, even in the best of men there may be a certain obtuseness of taste, a queer little anæsthetic zone."

It is the twilight of this zone, wherein the lamp of logic is darkened by the thin but effective film of the heart's-bottom wish for self-certainty, that explains so many of the misdoings of all of us, whether judge or criminal or in-between sane or insane. For most of our transgressions are our mistaken and unsocial, albeit practically automatic, short-cuts at the protec-

tion of our self-respect, when it has been threatened beyond the possibility of any less extreme measures of defense. We are entirely too quick to ascribe to the criminal a lack of desire to count among his fellows. In many cases his "anæsthetic zone" is caused by a mentality too low to care for our guidance in the choice of his methods of achievement; in others he perhaps feels himself the victim of some affront too deep to be atoned for by any of the accepted measures. "Law or no law, I notice that the man who argues with his fists is always respected," says "Moleskin Joe." In still others the chief desire is the same as that of the nurse who confessed to wrecking trains "in order to get a few thrills."

"At all these fires we noticed a boy who appeared extremely proud of his having been 'the first one here,' " reports a detective. "Finally, we paced off the distances and found that even by running, the lad could not have arrived so early unless he had gone to bed dressed and ready. He proved to be the 'bug.' "

"I felt sat upon," or "as if he thought I was no good," "as if I had been caught with the goods on"—these, according to R. F. Richardson, are the most general descriptions of the rise of the anger which all too often shuts off the thought of consequences. Thus, for the safety of our spiritual "face" do we utilize an ancient tool that now finds comparatively little exercise in guarding the security of our physical flesh.

Whether the threat against the citadel of our thought about ourselves comes from hateful factors in our spiritual or in our physical surroundings, the effort toward preservation of our faith in ourselves is equally pronounced and equally automatic and inevitable. It is this effort that underlies the outrageous conversational goulash of blasphemy, sex-perversion, and filth which I have found so revolting in the "fo'castle" of the cattle-boat, the checker-chambers of the steel plant, or the mess-table of the strike-breaker. It is the soul's effort to ward off the thrusts of manifestly bad conditions by wrapping its hurts in the imposing garments supposed to register acknowledged manliness—with the help of a smoke screen of God-and-man-insulting indifference—like the child's tearful and

over-vehement "I don't care if you *do* take my toys away! I don't *want* to play!" For tired men on the twelve-hour shifts, for instance, such language has the further advantage of laying a whip upon exhausted muscles by steam-heating their talk. Thus such workers first find profanity and filth a friendly oil for saving soul and body from the wear and tear of their "fell clutch of circumstance"; then, standards having been created, every loyal or ambitious member of the crowd is required either to hold his own or to go the others one better—if his courage and imagination can stand the pace!

"Drink was the badge of manhood. . . . So I drank with them, drink by drink, raw and straight, though the damned stuff couldn't compare with a stick of chewing taffy or a delectable 'Cannonball.'" So Jack London tells how the bottle is used by men who feel themselves cut off from the enjoyment of the hoped-for certainty of manliness in less delusive fields.

"You see, the drunker ye be"—so explained my hobo friend just in from one of the least improved of the Northwest's lumber-camps—"the less ye're a-mindin' of the flies and the bugs. And when ye sober up, ye're used to 'em!"

When sober, old Uncle Zeke knew that his best days were over—because the boss was constantly giving him easier, and therefore less important, jobs. But in the saloon, half-drunk, it was a delight to hear him boast of the wonderful days of his prowess as a "tongs-wrestler" in the steel plant. In his answer to my question he named the source of the thirst of millions:

"Oh, I just like to get drunk enough—well, enough to get the feelin' of me old job back, like, you know."

If no witness can be heard to utter, in the unmistakable voice of sober actuality, the longed-for confirmation and assurance against the noisy testimony of manifestly disgraceful surroundings or experience, then few of us but will crave, with all the intensity of our souls, the saving congratulations of the still, small voice of an inebriated fancy.

No, it is not enough to see in vice the overwhelming of the spirit's powers by the body's passions; rather does it repre-

sent the combination of them all in a final assault upon the weakest spot in the line that stands to restrict and circumscribe their normal outlet and satisfaction.

Vicious men have not lost their wish for worth: they are merely making a last desperate effort *to save it*. The result is known as vice or crime, because such victory at the weakest part of the line is always not only dangerous to others but sure to prove delusive and degrading for the victor. In such men the mainspring is not lacking: on the contrary, it may be too strong, and its owner willing to pay too great a price for its up-keep. The trouble is not with the mainspring but with its indispensable escapement. Listen to Mulvaney of "Soldiers Three":

"Me hide's wore off in patches; sinthry-go has disconceited me, an' I'm a married man, tu. But I've had my day, I've had my day, an' nothin' can take away the taste av that! Oh, me time past, whin I put me fut through ivry livin' wan av the Tin Commandmints between revelly and lights out! . . . Ivry woman that was not a witch was worth the runnin' afther in those days, an' ivry man was my dearest frind or—I had stripped to him an' we knew which was the better av the tu."

Whether rich or poor, sane or insane, sober or intoxicated, virtuous or vicious—to be a person is to wish for the same fundamental satisfaction—to count one among other persons—to *have life and have it more abundantly*.

The part our bodies play both in satisfying the hankerings of the spirit and in fashioning the feelings by which our spirits, from day to day and moment to moment, ceaselessly concern themselves to measure our worth as humans among humans—this is what we have somehow contrived largely to overlook. For in this constant reckoning of our value to others and ourselves, these feelings have no choice but to accept the testimony of muscle as well as mind, of sinew as well as spirit.

"Ninety-eight per cent of all the huge and costly strikes which we were called upon to settle finally simmered down to nothing but a difficulty between one foreman and one man," reports a member of the War Labor Board. From observation I would hazard that the majority of this

98 per cent occurred when one of the two persons was suffering from that "t. n't." of "tiredness and temper" which fairly yearns for the opportunity to explode. Such a let-go relieves that emotional pressure which follows when either the body's weariness or illness or the soul's "hurt that honor feels," brings about a lessening of the certainty of our self-worth, and so, automatically although unconsciously, calls out to our defense the reserves of increased sensitiveness.

Domestic felicity as well as industrial peace would undoubtedly increase if only it were some one's business to raise a red flag whenever one of any two of us is thus in the mood that itches to camouflage our doubt about ourselves by an impressive, and therefore reassuring, show of force against the slightest imaginable threat. Such a flag with its "Danger! High Explosive About!" would be far from enough when both of any two of us thus became "pressure-poisoned" at the same time; four would be better, for the danger has much more than doubled!

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—thus women have for ages made a highly practical, though undoubtedly one-sided, improvement upon the theologians who have pictured soul and body as a sort of innocent canary and hungry cat perpetually eying each other through the bars of self-control.

"The war-brides, brought back from 'the tight little isle' by our soldier-boys," so a writer counsels, "will do well to remember that unless care is taken love will fly out of the window when English cooking comes in at the door."

"'We made a huge mistake; we were not meant to marry,' so I told my husband shortly after our marriage," reports a friend. "'No, my feelings have not been hurt,' I told him. 'In fact, I have never thought anything through so logically in all my life as during this night of wakefulness. The conclusion is inescapable; my bag is packed!'"

"Luckily, Dick had noticed the way our bodies are constantly walking into the very centre of our thinkings through our feelings. He saved the day—or rather all these past years—for both of us. He shook his finger at me with his, 'You know, Anne, I warned you at dinner last night not to eat that salad!'"

And we've been living happily ever after."

Perhaps the judges of the criminal as well as of the divorce courts might wisely warn us against such gastronomic dangers. Who has not encountered in these perplexing days more than a few salads that stop little short of murder!

Vast enough—and far-reaching—surely, is the open door of our feelings through which the hankerings, the poisons, and the appetites of our bodies join in with the hopes, the hurts, and the passions of our spirits in measuring the distances and directions we have travelled—or wish still to travel—from the hateful Nirvana of personal and social nothingness. But it is made still vaster by this far-reaching fact:

The feelings which follow from this ceaseless compounding of our current sensation, sentiment, and sense affect our attitudes, and so our actions, less in accordance with time than with intensity.

"Many's the time I have seen a lion, trained by a whole life of careful handling," testifies an expert, "driven back to the jungle spirit—perhaps never to return—by so little as five minutes of cruel treatment."

"He luv'd him like a vera brither: they had been drunk for weeks taegither!" is the way Bobbie Burns seems to have observed how humans are bound to each other, not by the length of their acquaintance, but by the intensity of the emotions which they have lived through *together*. The writer of the paper-backed thriller has erred only in making too much use of the same phenomenon; too many pages are apt to cut across the years by explaining how:

"She never knew she loved him until he stood beside her at her father's open grave!"

"Funny"—so the doughboy back from France ruminates puzzledly—"how some officers would hardly so much as speak to us—until we got into a front-line barrage. A few hours of that—and, say! from that day to this they'd take their shirts off their backs for us—and we for them!"

Friends or enemies? Amalgamation with, and undying loyalty for, this group and "agin" that? The question is not decided according to the duration of superficial contact or identity of opinion

on non-essentials. It is a question of the success or failure with which we emerge from the supreme test of going through one of life's high moments in company with another. In the heat of the supreme emotion of those rare moments when our soul's worth is either mortally threatened or, perhaps, receiving its baptism in the sacred fire of exalted and unquestioned certainty—it is then that we forge the loyalties or the antipathies which bind our later interests, attitudes, and actions with unyielding hoops of steel. Such a heat may cause that sudden intensity of injured feeling which seeks immediate outlet and relief in the blow that delivers an undreamed-of force—and on the instant turns its deliverer into a murderer! Or it may cause that I-just-must-tell-some-one feeling, which, if chronically unsatisfied, may spell suicide or other madness. It is a sad commentary, incidentally, on the present decline of the pastoral function of our city churches that our daily newspapers have to offer our pressure-troubled fellows the relief of a sympathetic ear in columns bearing, in certain cities, such titles as:

"Tell it to Mrs. Maxwell" or "Cry on Gwendolyn's Shoulder"!

Needless to say, it is exactly the pressure heat of such high moments that serves to fuse the normal peace-time multitude of conflicting view-points into the unity of fighting patriotism which supplies those super-energies for repelling to the uttermost the mortal assault upon the nation's life. It is by means of this same heat, also, that every conflict in industry serves to bind together the members of the threatened group with the cement of such a near-fanatic zeal as may defy all efforts at reasonable discussion for years to come.

"Something has made these machinist fellows feel that they aren't measuring up—aren't holding up their end—as well as before. I wonder what it is?" Surely the hurrying "super" could wisely ruminate on this—and that without troubling himself with the "repressions," "complexes," "sublimates," etc., of the psychoanalyst, seeing that his group of tool-makers is too numerous, and so too normal, to call for the alienist or the interpreter of dreams, however helpful these

might be in the case of separate individuals. Even as it is, the super's rumination is not simple. For the pressure of machinist dissatisfaction which seeks outlet and relief through revolt is certain to be the result of some measurement unconsciously reckoned not only amid the infinitely intricate, unstable, and dangerous delicacies and sensitivenesses described, but reckoned also upon the basis of such a "relativity" as would perplex an Einstein!

Of this last, more next month. Meanwhile, it is obvious that we cannot hope to know the underlying reasonableness—the true humanness—of our neighbor's action until we know the thought behind it. That thought behind it, in turn, remains beyond our ken until we know its genealogy—the directing wish which, according to the proverb, is its father, and the surrounding spiritual and physical environment which, through its restrictions and releases as discovered by the feelings, comes quite as truly to be its mother.

"In five years of bein' a machinist, I have almost never had as dirty a face as *you* have every day!" Thus a railway mechanic administered to me a well-deserved rebuke. I had made the mistake of assuming that work which necessitated an extremely dirty pair of hands thereby rendered inescapable a dirty face.

To-day great numbers of our friends have become convinced—and depressed because convinced—that a permanently and hopelessly dirty and degraded face must be accepted by modern society unless somehow men can be brought out of the greasy shops or the grimy mines, or perhaps be relieved of their tiny fraction of an infinitely subdivided factory process, and endowed with the supposed nobility of the ancient craftsman—if not, indeed, given the luxurious dignity of complete white-handed leisure as administrators of a socialist or communist state which knows not tears because it knows not gold.

Are these the inevitable alternatives? Before we decide let us see how the master wish for worth of our thesis jibes or fails to jibe with the master necessity of work of these modern times, and so accounts or fails to account for the war or the peace of twentieth-century industry—in next month's *MAGAZINE*.



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



IT seems strange to me that among the "reforms" which have been suggested in modern education during the last forty years, no one has ventured to attack the study of mathematics. It is always assumed by the ignorant, that Latin and Greek are useless studies, and that mathematics are valuable and practical. The truth is, that for every occupation except one for which higher mathematics are a prerequisite, like civil engineering, Greek and Latin are more useful. For the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and for nearly all business men, the classics are more important than mathematics. Training in these ancient languages, with the accompanying culture and history, with the aid given to the meaning of English words and to the mastery of English style and expression—where does the binomial theorem stand in comparison?

That a sound education in Latin and Greek is of value in public life may be observed by regarding the leading English statesmen of to-day and of the immediate past. Did these studies unfit men like Gladstone, Balfour, and Lord Morley for practical affairs?

I believe in the equal dignity of all subjects of learning. But it seems absurd for a university to require neither Latin nor Greek for a Bachelor of Arts degree, and yet insist on the higher mathematics. I would at least allow every student a free choice as between classics and mathematics. And if I were a pupil, I should not hesitate a moment.

I have no doubt that for those who have a natural aptitude for the study, mathematics are valuable as intellectual discipline and training, whether one will use them definitely or not. They are particularly valuable for novelists and playwrights. But for those who have no gift and no inclination, mathematics are often worse than useless—they are a positive injury. Because I was forced to do so, I

studied mathematics faithfully and conscientiously from the age of three to the age of twenty-one; that is, from the time I first went to school until the end of my junior year in college. After long division, it is my conviction that nearly every hour spent on the subject was thrown away. It was worse than thrown away; the time would have been better employed in manual labor, in outdoor exercise, or in sleep. Mathematics were a constant discouragement and heart-break; the harder I worked, the less result I obtained. How bitterly I regret those hours and days and weeks and months and years, which might have been so much more profitably employed on studies that would have stimulated my mind instead of stupefying it!

I was always an ambitious student, and wished to excel; therefore it was necessary for me to put more time on mathematics than on any other course. Even so, my grade in mathematics was never high, and I could not possibly have been graduated from Yale were it not that in other subjects I stood so well that my failures in mathematical examinations were treated with leniency.

Which fact leads me to state that scores of fairly intelligent American boys have been deprived of the advantages of a college education because of their inability to attain a passing grade in mathematics. They have been sacrificed year after year to this Moloch—is it worth while?

I am aware that Henry Adams, in his autobiography, regretted that he had not received more instruction in higher mathematics. But surely his view of life was pessimistic enough without that.

Let me repeat. I am not saying for every one this study is fruitless or harmful. I make only two points. First, that for the average man or woman, the classics are more valuable than mathematics; second, that in a liberal college course,

mathematics should be offered to all and forced on none.

It is pleasant to remember that not all ambassadors to America are politicians; the visits of opera-singers, actors, and novelists are a civilizing influence. A feature of the present theatrical season is the presentation of French plays by members of the Comédie Française; I wish that Cecile Sorel would give us an opportunity to see and hear her in Alfred de Musset's charming and stately comedy, "*Les Caprices de Marianne*." Of all the pieces, ancient and modern, that I have seen at the Théâtre Français, I think that particular play, with Mlle. Sorel as the heroine, made the most beautiful and the most lasting impression. It was a combination of the three arts of painting, poetry, and music.

I was fortunate enough to hear the first performance of the opera, "*Die Walküre*," at the Metropolitan this season. It was certainly the best cast assembled in any German opera in America since the days before the war; in fact, it was as good a cast as could probably be gathered together anywhere in the world at this moment. Mr. Taucher made his American début as Siegmund; it was an important occasion, for it is expected that he will be the leading Wagnerian tenor for the season. He more than fulfilled expectations—his voice is a true tenor, not a high barytone; the first notes he released sent a thrill of satisfaction through the house. His acting was intelligent and manly, his figure astonishingly graceful for a German tenor. Miss Jeritza was, of course, splendid as Sieglind; she was the chief acquisition of the Metropolitan forces last year, and she is never disappointing. The love scene in the first act could hardly have been nearer perfection. The veteran Whitehill, who was something of a veteran when I heard him in "*Tannhäuser*" at Bayreuth in 1904, is always a capable Wotan; his voice, however, is becoming worn. Paul Bender, of Munich, who made his first trip to America in 1922, was a superb Hunding, in appearance, manner, and voice. He is one of the best bass singers in the world. A man of colossal stature, like most of the great basses, Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Chaliapin,

he is a consummate artist, with a magnificent organ. Before the war, in residence at Munich, I heard him twice a week at the opera for six months, and he was always fine. Former visitors to Munich will remember with delight the glorious singing of the barytone Feinhals, who seemed ever to be above his average; in such different rôles as Don Giovanni and Wotan he was absolutely satisfying. I hope very much that we may have the opportunity of hearing Bender sing the part of Wotan in "*Die Walküre*"; it is usually sung by a barytone; Edouard de Reszké declined it, because he thought the music too high for his voice. Wagner, however, left it on record that he preferred to have this part sung by a "high bass" rather than a barytone. In the season of 1911-12 Mr. Bender attempted it at Munich, and the critics were wildly enthusiastic.

Curiously enough, that pessimist and atheist, Schopenhauer, thought that "*Die Walküre*" was immoral and ought not to be allowed on the stage; it is perhaps fortunate that we never apply the tests of realism to so romantic an art. When he read the score, he wrote on the margin of the Siegmund-Sieglind duet in the first act, words like "horrible!" "shameful!" and finally, at the stage direction, "Curtain," he wrote, "It is high time!"

The death of Arthur Nikisch is an irreparable loss. He was undoubtedly the foremost orchestra conductor in the world. Fortunately for me, I was a graduate student at Harvard when he first came to this country to direct the Boston Symphony; so that I had every opportunity to see him in action. He was the first man I ever saw conduct an orchestra without the score; although the great Hans von Bülow, whom I heard only as a pianist, used to have not only no score himself, but sometimes he would not allow the players to have any. It must have been inspiring to see the whole band, with no sheets of paper, and no music-racks, their eyes on their leader, playing away for their lives. Arthur Nikisch was my idol from the first day. His striking personality hypnotized not only the players, but the audience; I remember his coming once to Munich, and conducting the opera "*Meistersinger*"; the orchestra rose to vertigi-

nous heights. Another great conductor is Weingartner; one of the events of my life was a May evening in Paris, in 1912, when he conducted the French Orchestra Colonne in the Ninth Symphony. In America to-day we have a leader of genius in Leopold Stokowski, who, backed by the enthusiastic support of citizens, has made the Philadelphia Orchestra the best in our country.

So far as I know, the Ninth Symphony was not once given last year in the Eastern States; nor do I know of any preparations for it this season. No year should pass without its being played. The first time I heard it was in 1889, when young Walter Damrosch conducted—I have been grateful to him ever since. The choral part makes it difficult to produce; but the choral part is the least interesting, and if it be impossible to assemble a company of singers every year, why not play the symphony up to the vocal conclusion?

Since I mentioned the Ignoble Prize in the November number, candidates have been suggested to me from all over the country. There are evidently many brave men and women in our land. Eventually I may be hoisted by my own petard. The "Mona Lisa," which is one of my favorite works of art, has been submitted by three different persons, who apparently believe her to be no better than a vampire; but the unkindest cut of all was "Treasure Island," which I think is the best novel Stevenson ever wrote, and one of the romantic masterpieces of all literature. I make no complaint—this kind of thing is just what I expected, and I am sure I cannot possibly be shocked more than my own list shocked others. In *The Outlook* for November 15 there is a delightful leading article by Lawrence Abbott, in which he states that he has never been able to read Dante. "There are lines and metaphors and similes and detached ideas to which Dante has given expression that are, of course, beautiful and appealing. But as for taking a volume of Dante's poems down from the shelf for unconscious and spontaneous refreshment and beauty, as one takes down Calverley's 'Theocritus,' or Keats or Browning, or Montaigne, or James Howell's Letters, or three or four of the sonnets of Shakespeare, or three or four

of the Psalms ascribed to David, or even the intricate but somewhat mysteriously appealing verses of Emily Dickinson—he simply cannot do it."

Well, in the consensus of critical opinion, Dante is one of the four greatest poets of the world, the other three being Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe. And yet, I am so far in agreement with Mr. Abbott that with the exception of "Hell," I practically never read Dante. I am bored by "Purgatory," and I find "Paradise" insufferably dull. I wonder how many general readers, when they think of Dante, think only of "Hell"? Every one to his taste. In my own mental life, Goethe has meant a thousand times more to me than Dante. Perhaps because I read him oftener. Had I studied Dante as I have studied Goethe, probably I should be a Dante enthusiast.

Mr. Abbott has guessed my object in founding the Ignoble Prize when he says: "It is designed to develop truthfulness." Precisely so; and if in some minds it should develop cleverness at the expense of truth, I cannot help that. The spiritual climate of the twentieth century is unfavorable enough anyhow; it cannot be made much worse by a little cleverness; whereas falsehood and hypocrisy will make it impossible for any one ever to become a critic, or indeed to become anything.

With reference to my remarks on the universal interest in sport, the president of one of our high-class universities writes me as follows: "Your Doctor of Divinity who read the sporting page before he read the war news would think charitably of a Doctor of Divinity (most reverend and lovable) by whose side I sat in his great city church on a recent Sunday morning. As the organ boomed over our heads the dear man inclined toward me and whispered some words. What words of like dignity with the organ p elude the congregation imagined him to be saying, I do not know. What he did say was: 'How did your team come out yesterday?'"

I am glad that among the unofficial ambassadors from Europe, "we have with us" Hugh Walpole. He came in October and will stay until June. Many British novelists come to be seen rather than heard; but Mr. Walpole is an interesting

and accomplished public speaker, and would be well worth hearing if he had never published a line. His talks are frank, urbane, intimate; and although I am far from being in agreement with many of his critical opinions, I keenly enjoy hearing him express them. The appearance of his latest novel synchronized with his own, and "The Cathedral" is by all odds his best book. Up to this time I preferred "The Green Mirror" to his other writings; but he has now surpassed that. In "The Cathedral" we have a real story with real characters; the tragic fate of the archdeacon is not caused by bad luck or by a series of accidents, as is so often the case even in so accomplished a master as Thomas Hardy, but is inherent in his own character. He was essentially a good man, but exactly the kind of man who is doomed. Canon Ronder is a subtle politician, presented with extraordinary skill; in fact, the only person in the book who seems to be not wholly realized by the author is the archdeacon's son, Falk. He is described in advance as a kind of Siegfried, but he seems to me both tame and pale. I like the story immensely; yet I cannot share the novelist's view that the cathedral itself is sinister; to me there is no building at once so beautiful and so *friendly* as a cathedral. A sailing ship on the sea, and a cathedral on the land—these are the loveliest things in the world.

I am glad that the publishers are issuing a uniform edition of Mr. Walpole's novels; the earliest one, "The Prelude to Adventure," gives an excellent picture of Cambridge University. Nothing is more difficult apparently than to write a convincing story of college life; no one has ever fully succeeded in the attempt. (There is only one novel of school life that is completely successful—"Tom Brown at Rugby.") The first half of "Tom Brown at Oxford" is very fine (I always had a certain admiration for Drysdale). Among contemporary books, good stories of life at Cambridge, are Archibald Marshall's "Peter Binney" and E. F. Benson's "The Babe, B. A.," and for Oxford perhaps the best is Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." It is a curious thing that so many modern English novels of school life represent the particular school in question as a sink of

iniquity and a place of torture—if a man thinks of his old school that way, he was perhaps just as popular there as he deserved to be.

More and more frequently American students are going to England for graduate studies; and those who can afford to pay their way are beginning to prefer Cambridge to Oxford. Their reason is a good one. What with the Rhodes scholars, and the multitude of other foreigners, Oxford is now somewhat international in atmosphere; and as one of the chief reasons for going abroad is to leave all home associations, it is better to go where you can keep away from your fellow countrymen. Cambridge is the most English spot on earth; in customs and traditions it is more conservative than Oxford, another reason for going thither.

What a curious literary accident it is that Cambridge should have had nearly all the English poets! Theoretically, it ought not to have been so, for in times past Oxford has emphasized the classics, and Cambridge mathematics. Yet in the whole course of English history Oxford never had but one first-rate English poet, Shelley, and she expelled him, in order to keep the record clear; whereas Cambridge has Spenser, Marlowe, Milton, Herrick, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson.

Burton J. Hendrick's "Life of Walter H. Page" is a notable biography, and one of the outstanding books of 1922. Mr. Hendrick is a Yale graduate, and in his senior year was one of the editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, founded in 1836 by William M. Evarts. He is a thoroughly competent biographer, and has performed his task in a workmanlike manner, keeping himself in the background, and turning the light on his hero. In a certain sense, this is a biographical history in the traditional manner, for Page is the hero, and Mr. Hendrick writes in hearty admiration. The old method was to select a man because he was worth writing about, and to prove that fact; the ultra-modern method is not to select a hero but a victim; and to score off him as often as possible. Thus many contemporary biographies are really autobiographies, where we are invited to admire the living author's gifts for sensational

anecdote and ironical wit. Mr. Hendrick's method is scrupulously objective.

It is interesting to see how Page grew away from and overcame his early prejudices. He was born and brought up in the South, and when he was studying later at Johns Hopkins, under the incomparable Gildersleeve, he had not shaken off anything. For the first time he met a student from the North, and wrote: "He is that rare thing, a Yankee Christian gentleman." He hated one of the faculty and wrote that he was "a native of Connecticut, and Connecticut, I suppose, is capable of producing any unholy human phenomenon." He met an attractive foreign girl, which led him to the following meditation: "The little creature might be taken for a Southern girl, but never for a Yankee. She has an easy manner and even an air of gentility about her that doesn't appear north of Mason and Dixon's line." Mr. Hendrick justly remarks: "This sort of thing is especially entertaining in the youthful Page, for it is precisely against this kind of complacency that, as a mature man, he directed his choicest ridicule." Personally I find these early years more interesting than the later ones; but I suppose nine out of ten readers will be chiefly attracted to the chapters dealing with Page's career as ambassador to England, from 1913 till his death. He was an excellent ambassador, but I do not think he should necessarily be praised for wisdom and foresight in his eagerness to have America enter the war. Living as he did in England, meeting daily leading statesmen and society personages, he could hardly have felt otherwise. He was in a most uncomfortable position, and behaved extremely well; but I have little sympathy with his impatience toward President Wilson, natural as it was. England, of course, wished America to enter the war at once; but it was the manifest duty of the President of the United States not to do what other nations wanted him to do, but to do what seemed to him best for the country whose executive he was. A statesman is a doctor, his country the patient; it is his duty to keep the patient alive as long as possible, and in good condition. I care as little for selfish hatred as I do for hypocritical friendship.

The two autobiographies by Augustus Thomas and John Drew, which appeared simultaneously, will be widely read and appreciated. Mr. Thomas is an engineer, a philosopher, a public speaker, a humorist, an athlete, a cartoonist, a theologian, an executive business man, an actor, a playwright. It is essential that he should write a sequel to this volume, for the simple reason that his eminence comes chiefly from his original dramas; and there is not nearly enough in these entertaining pages to satisfy public curiosity. One feels after reading this book that whatever fame and emolument Mr. Thomas now enjoys, he richly deserves; I wonder how many men, even with the requisite ability, would be willing to endure the physical hardships and deferred hopes that were his daily fare for many years? We have here the life-story of an American who went forward simply because moving in any other direction never occurred to him; his natural gifts and good family inheritance were reinforced by indomitable energy, by a power of will that grew by what it fed on. The book is a soliloquy rather than a literary composition. It was dictated, this method producing exactly the opposite result to that observable in the case of Henry James. It was only after he began dictating that the novelist's style became hopelessly involved and "ultra-literary," whereas Mr. Thomas is unashamedly colloquial.

His dramatic masterpiece, "The Witching Hour," was a natural product of his interest in the occult; and the pages dealing with that marvellous person, Washington Irving Bishop, who, like D. D. Home, did many things that have never been explained, are full of challenge. I was particularly impressed by Bishop's finding a word that Mr. Thomas had selected in a book; for precisely the same thing happened to me, and I have no solution and no theory. I was sitting in a hotel in Mentone, watching with sceptical amusement the tricks of a pair of travelling adventurers, when suddenly the gypsy-looking man turned to me and informed the audience that if I would select a word in a big book I was holding, his wife would find it immediately. She was on the other side of the room. I opened the book slightly, so that no one could see

the page, and then I placed my finger on a very common word, and closed the volume. The man made passes at his wife; she advanced across the room, like a somnambulist, took the book from my hands, turned instantly to the page, and placed her finger on the right word. I haven't got over it yet.

Praise should be given the publishers for making "The Print of My Remembrance" such a *light* book. It is a fat volume, and has nearly five hundred pages; but it is delightfully easy to hold in the hand. Twenty years ago I started a campaign for light books. At that time I could always tell whether or not a book was printed in America, merely by "hefting" it. English books were always light, and ours the reverse. To-day the majority of good books in America are easy to hold; the ideal is dull paper, black type, and light weight. There is no longer any excuse for the old monstrosity of shiny, eye-killing paper, thin type, and weight so ponderous that to read the book becomes a gymnastic, rather than a literary, exercise.

Speaking of books printed in America, it is much better to have that legend shown on the reverse of the title-page than at the end of the volume, where it so often makes an anti-climax. A novel's last page will sometimes read like this: "She pressed her lips to his. Printed in the United States of America."

John Drew's "My Years on the Stage" is charming, because John Drew wrote it; how could it be otherwise? He is a gentleman by nature, breeding, and training, also by personal preference. With his infallible good taste he chose an ideal mother. Never shall I forget the last time I saw her on the stage. It was in New Haven, on the night of May 8, 1896. An all-star cast was performing in the "Rivals"—Jefferson, Goodwin, Wilson, Crane, Julia Marlowe, and others. Mrs. Drew was seventy-seven years old, and never acted better. In a rôle so easy to overdo, she was perfection. Not content with ordinary applause, the students in the audience burst into wild cheering. The dear old lady came before the curtain, and threw a kiss like a queen.

Booth Tarkington, in his entertaining preface, speaks of his delight in the Daly

performances when he was a boy at Exeter; at the same moment I was an undergraduate at Yale, and his graceful tribute beautifully expresses my own feelings. Those were great nights at Daly's, with Mr. Drew, Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. LeMoyne, and the rest. We live them over again in this book. (Here I learn for the first time the origin of the name Ada Rehan.) The reason why John Drew always got along so well with Mr. Daly, Miss Rehan, Miss Adams, Mr. Charles Frohman, and with every one else, is never mentioned, but how plain it is!

The theatrical season of 1922-23 has been notable for the number and excellence of Shakespearian performances. Walter Hampden, one of the most gifted of American actors, is appearing in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice"; incidentally I pay homage to him for reviving that wonderful old comedy of Middleton's, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." As I write these lines, David Warfield is rehearsing for Shylock, Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl the rôle of Juliet, and John Barrymore has just electrified New York with his interpretation of Hamlet. This performance, under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, and with the scenery designed by Robert Edmund Jones, is magnificently successful. It takes four hours and twenty minutes, and there is literally not one dull moment. Mr. Barrymore is excellent from beginning to end, and in the last scene best of all. The play is beautifully mounted, and leaves the mind of the spectator full of pictures. I think, though, that the Ghost ought to appear in the early scenes, for Horatio gives a detailed account of the apparition to Hamlet. A column of light, with a voice coming off stage, is not effective. I suppose there never was a greater Ghost in "Hamlet" than Lawrence Barrett; I saw him when he was acting with Edwin Booth; and I have never heard the lines spoken so impressively. It is interesting to observe to-day that our most popular actors and actresses, who could fill a house with any modern play, deliberately prefer Shakespeare; and as I was following the scenes of "Hamlet" last week, I could not help thinking once more that Shakespeare's supremacy in poetry is no more evident than his supremacy as a

playwright. No one apparently ever so well understood the theatre.

An interesting new book is "Whittier's Unknown Romance," giving for the first time his letters to Elizabeth Lloyd. His kindness and boundless charity are all the more remarkable when we remember that he was a lifelong sufferer from two ailments that would have soured the average man—dyspepsia and insomnia. This is an important work, but the editor seems to think it is Whittier's only love-story. I happened to discover years ago that he was in love with Cornelia Russ, of Hartford, and the letter in which he asked her to marry him, I published in the *Century Magazine* for May, 1902. Mr. Pickard immediately declared it to be a forgery, but when I showed him the original, he admitted its genuineness. Then T. W.

Higginson, in his "Life of Whittier," cited Pickard as proof that my letter was false, and on my requesting him to have the statement corrected, declined to do so, on the ground that it would cost too much to change the plates. Whittier, like most men, was a sentimentalist, and fell deeply in love several times. And any one who doubts the sincerity of his passion has only to read his letter to Miss Russ.

I see that many are now engaged in drawing up lists of the greatest living men. A list of the first ten in America was widely circulated last summer. Arnold Bennett has recently prepared a Big Six for England, which contains the names of Wells, Shaw, Hardy, Asquith, and two dark horses. If I had under oath to name the greatest living American in 1923, he would be John Singer Sargent.



TO reduce or not reduce, that is the question agitating many a feminine and not a few masculine minds. Whether it is better to turn a deaf ear to the cynical flings of one's fellows, let out one's clothes, and buy a pair of arch-supports, or to seek some royal road whereon one may add light-obstructing substance to his anatomy, and yet, somehow, find his shadow grow less.

On
Reducing

But why reduce? Did not Doctor Ebstein, the great German professor of reduction, himself apply the word "enviable" to us well-nourished, well-rounded individuals? True, he said we might some day merge into the "ridiculous," and later join the ranks of the "pitiable," but—Words are historic and the dictionary bristles with evidence of the enviousness of the lean and skinny. Over against "frugal feeder," there stand such epithets as "gorger," "gorman-dizer," "crammer," "stuffer"; for "one who eats sparingly" there are not only "those who eat their fill," but those "who handle a good knife and fork," or those "who have the stomach of an ostrich"; the "abstemi-

ous" dyspeptic has spent his time devising such terms as "guzzler," "greedy," "gulous"; the stingy "scanty eater" styles us "hoggish," "swinish," "voracious," even "ravenous"; and the "Lenten diner" looks upon us as "luxurious," "high liver," and, coarsely, "greedy guts."

What say the philosophers to this momentous business of reducing? We know not the dimensions of Boswell nor his reasons for approaching the ponderous Doctor Johnson on the subject, but the philosopher's blunt answer was material and unconvincing. Here is the conversation:

"*Boswell.* 'You see one man fat who eats moderately, and another lean who eats a great deal.'

"*Johnson.* 'Nay, sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done. One man may have a digestion that consumes food better than common; but it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something to it.'

"*Boswell.* 'But may not solids swell and be distended?'

"Johnson. 'Yes, sir, they may swell and be distended; but that is not fat.'"

After all, does eating have anything to do with it? Did not Mrs. Hawkins a hundred years ago inform us of how Miss Mendax "lived for a long time on a biscuit a day, but she evidently did not reduce on it." And yet it was all she had to live on "excepting only what she picked up in her travels about the house."

The doctors know no more than the philosophers as to what makes for bulk. There was that man Banting and his followers who delighted in starving their fellows, and there was that old Dutchman, Boerhaave of Leyden, who somehow made for himself a reputation in his day and was correspondingly conceited. So high-handed did he become that when a certain rich merchant of Amsterdam asked him to take his case, he would have nothing to do with him unless he come to Leyden, and bring his three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois *on foot*. It was a goodly journey, and there was baggage to carry besides the three and a half hundredweight. True, in this pilgrim's progress the rich Amsterdamer had daily to shorten his belt and daily became lighter of foot, but after he reached Leyden the impudent Boerhaave put him to work sawing wood. He lost half his weight and "lived as healthy as a fish to a good old age," so this history reads, but it was a crude and sad method, though such as we would expect from a medical man.

But we live in happier days. Operasingers now advise us how, and it is so simple. You lift your left leg just so, eight times, then the other. You can do it in bed if you wish. There needs no pilgrimage to a physician in Amsterdam nor in New Amsterdam. Still better, you can do it to music—a thrust here and a side step there, a bow to your right and a twist to your left, and, presto! in a moment—before breakfast, you are your own sylph-like self. Is it not all set down in the advertising column?

It is so simple and easy, but, after all, why reduce? It's all a matter of taste. Why should we envious, well-rounded creatures be dominated by the envious lean and hungry? Is there no spot on earth where we are appreciated to the full? Yes, in far Arabia—fabled for all that is magical and beautiful, a woman (and, of course, a man) who has not the girth of a young camel is

of little consequence. There, women are privileged to fill themselves, even as a Thanksgiving bird is stuffed, with bread-crumbs and fenugreek. Let those who will starve themselves, saw wood, or even lift up their limbs to music; we will dwell in the tents of the Arabs forever.

WE find it delightfully relaxing having a hired man instead of a chauffeur.

We have tried both. We had a chauffeur for several years, a handsome, debonair French-Canadian lad, Henri, with thick silky black hair, and beautiful white teeth. We all liked him; oh, yes, we liked him exceedingly; but Our Hired Man we could not live up to him, and so we were forced to let him go. The humiliating fact is—I blush to confess it—we were not aristocratic enough for him. You see, being born in the country, we still cling to some of our plebeian ways, and Henri (woe betide the person who called him Henry) just could not stand for plebeianism.

We live in the city now—otherwise we should never have known Henri—and own two motor-cars and a Ford, for which we need a driver. Having met Henri, and having viewed with favor his attractive person, we finally persuaded him to enter our employ. For a time all went happily, and we congratulated ourselves upon our "treasure." We were proud to sit in the back seat and to gaze upon Henri's straight, fine figure in its perfectly fitting, always carefully pressed uniform, and to note his skill as he guided the car.

While we were satisfied with Henri, Henri, alas, was not always satisfied with us, and our social position. If there was to be a wedding, or a large reception of any kind, he would say to one of us, "Are you goin' to the party, Miss Betsey? It's goin' to be a swell one, I guess. They got an awnin' and cops!" and as we were seldom courageous enough to face the expression of disappointment and disapproval in his bright, brown eyes if we had to tell him we were not invited, we often evaded the point by murmuring something about another engagement, or not feeling well enough to go.

Henri did his best to make us prominent and important. Whenever he called for us anywhere he would push ahead of all other machines, and when any one reprimanded

him for it, he would draw himself up and announce sternly, "This is the Wards' automobile," as if that accounted for all rudeness and allowed special privileges. Once in a bad storm, after he had driven us to the station in the Ford taxicab, a man, taking it for a public conveyance, started to get into it. We turned to watch Henri's flaming cheeks, and to hear his withering voice say: "This is a private car." He drove away fully expecting, I am sure, to see the man shrink to invisibility. It was mortifying enough to be obliged to run a Ford without having it mistaken for an ordinary taxi.

As for charity work among the poor, Henri absolutely discouraged that; he did not care to have us visit in the "slums," and made his feelings so evident that we found it necessary to apologize every time we made such an excursion. Poverty he considered a disgrace, with which he and his "people" (meaning us) ought to have no dealings.

While he was with us, dancing was much in vogue. Apparently he was an adept in the terpsichorean art, if one could judge by his conversation on the subject, and he was sorry not to have us more intelligent about the one-step, the waltz, the fox-trot, and the tango. Although we honestly tried to understand his technical remarks about them, we realized that we always failed. In this as in other things we were too slow for Henri. He liked to dash about the country—or city either—at fifty or sixty miles an hour, and resented our modest desire to travel at twenty or twenty-five. The "first families" travelled fast, and he wanted us to.

We embarrassed him by working about in our garden in disreputable old garments, or by using the hose. We were not living up to our position. In another respect, too, we were lax. We usually stayed in town in the summer. Now all of the aristocracy had country homes. Finally, fearing for our reputation, we took a house at the seashore. Henri was pleased. That was all we asked.

Twice he achieved, I think, true happiness: once when he was privileged to drive Charles Evans Hughes, and again soon after when a real baroness honored our car. But we could not furnish such guests often, and reluctantly we told Henri he could go. We did not tell him why—we dared not. Sadly we bade him good-by; sadly we watched him disappear around the corner.

Then Gus came—not Gustave or Augustus, but plain Gus—our hired man. To be sure he wears a chauffeur's uniform part of the time, but one look at him convinces even the most sceptical that he belongs in overalls and a straw hat. Gus is a conscientious, thoroughly reliable, stocky youth with pale light hair and faded blue eyes. He "works around the place." He does not care whether we are ever invited anywhere or not. He prefers a Ford to any other kind of car. He likes our old clothes as well as our better ones. He allows us to live in our city house in the summer. In short, Gus, like ourselves, came from the country, and we all understand one another perfectly. Occasionally we meet Henri speeding by in a low, red racing-car. He speaks kindly and tolerantly to us. We respond cordially; then we turn with joyous relief to Gus.

FOR the male of the human species life has become just one darn shave after another. The safety-razor is emblem indispensible of modern man's subservience to the decrees of custom. Formerly allowed to flourish like weeds on a pauper's grave, beards and whiskers are not now quite in vogue. In this our land of the free, mere man daily humbles himself before convention and strives to subdue these unpopular attributes of masculinity. Every morning an enormous mountain of lather is worked up on an infinite variety of chins, and a veritable wilderness of variegated stubble falls reluctantly under the savage onslaught of a myriad of razors. Nor are the attacks always bloodless. Whiskers may be superfluous, unexplainable—but they do indeed make up one of life's stern realities.

On Whiskers
and the Brutal
Art of Shaving

It is a far cry, expressed in years or miles, back to the Garden of Eden at the time when the well-known Mr. Adam and the original first lady of the land were renting the premises. What is the connection between Adam and whiskers, you ask? Simply this: Adam had 'em—and they've been the sorrowful heritage of man ever since.

Adam was required to remove to another residential district, because his giddy young wife disobeyed regulations concerning some of the property on the place. Not only that, but he and his posterity were condemned to lives of toil. And for a long

time the sons of Adam were pretty well occupied with getting a living.

The cultivation of whiskers was only a side-line in the good old days. True, the Moslems swore fervently: "By the Beard of the Prophet!" And in that crude age, when cold-cream was hard to obtain at any price, whiskers may have had an actual utilitarian value, in that they protected the tender, leathery skin of the caveman from sun and wind. The point, however, is that the old-timers had enough sense not to shave. They allowed nature to follow its course and let their whiskers blow where they listed.

With his crude agricultural methods, Adam naturally had a hard time of it. In later centuries bread-winning has become vastly easier. The fact of original sin and the fact of whiskers, however, still remain. Adam's successors still have whiskers to contend with, a problem on their hands—or, rather, on their faces—to remind them of their humility, that life is a constant struggle.

What a terrible judgment must some day fall upon the heads of those misguided zealots who have had the temerity to set customs in morals, in dress, or in personal habits for this sheep-like society! If that first vain meddler had not shaved, mankind would have been spared an annoyance that is positively staggering in the aggregate. We know who discovered America; we are similarly aware of the perpetrator of the Eskimo Pie; but no man can say who was the first man to shave.

When I was a child I washed as a child, holding my neck and ears peculiarly inviolate by soap and water, after the traditions of boyhood. Now that I have become a man I have put aside all such childish scruples. Then I saw in a glass—seldom; now I see myself clearly, face to face, very, very often, as I stand before my mirror, obeying that extra commandment of society that says: "Shave thy physiognomy religiously; for whiskers are unseemly, an abomination in the sight of society." Modern society will have none of primitive facial embellishment. And so I have come into my inheritance of the peculiarly masculine annoyance of shaving.

A beard is the most persistent thing in all the world. Defeated, slain, it falls only to rise again. Upon the fertile hillsides of one's cheeks and chin, or in the shady nooks near the Adam's apple, it sprouts eternally. Like Tennyson's brook, I can imagine my beard vaunting its triumph, its ability to come back after each slaughter with renewed vitality:

"You may hack and you may hoe,
But I go on forever!"

The safety-razor blade gives fair satisfaction the first time or two it is used, in order that its user may be deluded into buying more of the same brand. But after this brief period of efficiency it becomes a torture device. Shaving becomes a matter of brute strength and stoical endurance—the same thing as stump-pulling on a smaller scale. Theoretically, a lather's function is to soften the beard and prepare it for the blade. Actually, it merely serves to provide a soap-screen through which the blood-thirsty blade may sneak down upon the minor bumps, corners, and protuberances of one's face, and slice them off, under cover, with momentary impunity.

When a sufficient amount of face and beard has thus been removed, we apply soothing lotions to an outraged epidermis, and repair the wreckage as best we can. Speak to me not of the martyrs of the Church, for they are as nothing compared to those millions of to-day who endure daily martyrdom under the razor. The blood of the martyrs would appear as the most insignificant of rivulets compared with the broad, red stream drawn from America's collective stubbled chin each morning.

Shaving, we may conclude, is one of the prices we pay for being members of modern society. And I, of course, will continue to shave. There is a certain satisfaction, comparable to none other, in being able to run one's hand over a temporarily beardless cheek and experience that profound complacency, that sweet assurance that one has conformed to society's decree that he be smooth-shaven. One feels presentable then, even in this Ever-Ready—Autostrop—Gem of a world of ours.



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Pennsylvania Station, New York.
McKim, Mead, and White, Architects.

For a Better Appreciation of the Art of Architecture

BY DEWITT CLINTON POND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

OF the masterpieces of all the arts those of architecture can be the most easily appreciated. This may seem to be a broad statement which would require qualification, but it is not made without careful consideration of fairly well-known facts. Whereas it takes a musician of some attainment to appreciate the works of Debussy or Tchaikovski, any person with ordinary faculties can appreciate the beauty of one of our most modern architectural achievements—the Cunard Building in New York. I believe it is safe to say that this building, designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris, bears about the same relationship to the art of architecture as the Symphony Pathétique of Tchaikovski bears to music. Another of the arts—painting—undoubtedly has a popular appeal, but even those

who admire most of the work of our painters not only admit but demand that a knowledge of technique is required before one is qualified to appreciate their work. To cite even another type of art: the recent discussion over a work of sculpture in a New York park has called forth indignant protests to the effect that of the value of such sculpture only artists are competent to judge.

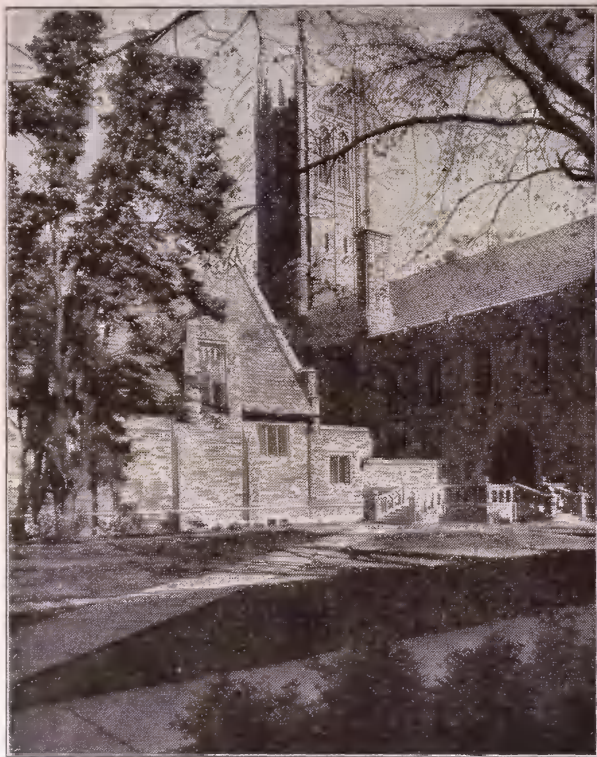
Bearing this attitude in mind it is interesting to note the statement made to Chesterton by an enthusiastic English friend as the two passed through the main waiting-room in the Pennsylvania Station in New York: "This is like a cathedral," he said. Actually the classic vaulting resembles that of a great pagan natatorium rather than a Christian cathedral, but the technical inaccuracy of the description would be easily

overlooked by an architect, who would understand the appreciation implied. There was no doubt about appreciation; it was simply evident that Chesterton's friend did not have at his command the technical words with which to express it in the pattern of the architect.

Examples of such non-technical appre-

art receives is not always characterized by the utmost intelligence. I realize that one must have a boldness even to rashness to lay down rules with regard to the standards by which any art may be judged, but owing to the anarchy which reigns in the literary criticisms of architecture it might be wise to attempt to determine some fundamental rules which might be applied to such examples of the art as are worthy of critical notice.

There really are two standards which common experience would show are applicable, neither one of which alone would be sufficient. The first one will appeal, I believe, to the great majority of Americans who have demanded that all things must be practical. There should not be much opposition to the statement that in order to be regarded as an acceptable example of architecture a building must fulfill the purpose for which it has been designed. This requirement can be applied in most cases to the plan of a structure rather than to its appearance, although, of course, it would be absurd to design a residence in such a manner that it would resemble a factory, or a warehouse to appear as a pagan temple. With regard to the plan of a structure, almost any one, by the exercise of judgment, can be a competent judge. If it is diffi-



Kitchen, dining-hall, and Holder tower across the Little Court, Princeton University.

Day and Klauder, Architects.

ciation are very common. A woman who lives in a charming country residence, designed after the English half-timber style, said that her house was "like a church." She loved her house but simply did not understand the motives used, and efforts taken by the architect, in order to produce his results.

It is evident, therefore, that in order to appreciate architecture it is not necessary to have knowledge of its technique.

Such appreciation is far from being universal, however, and even such notice as the

cult to find one's way around in a building, it is badly planned; if, on the other hand, all parts are accessible and easily reached, if there is no congestion or interference of any kind in passageways, if there is a minimum of space lost in corridors, stair-halls, and useless rooms, then the building is well planned. No great knowledge of the technique of architecture is required to understand this simple principle.

To turn to the other standard, we all have knowledge of buildings which are admirably planned but which furnish no inspiration to



Branford Court and Harkness Tower, Yale University.
James Gamble Rogers, Architect.

the beholder nor enhance the beauty of their surroundings. Such buildings are distinctly not examples of architecture. A building must be judged by its beauty. A beautiful building, poorly planned, may be regarded by certain people as a work of architecture; but, no matter how well it is planned, if it is an ugly, gloomy structure no one would think of it as an example of the art of building beautifully.

When one attempts to write about standards of beauty, he is like a navigator in an uncharted sea. There are few accepted rules for guidance. In buildings there seem to be three requirements which are fundamental, however. The first is what architects call "scale," which means, in ordinary parlance, proportion. This subject of proportion is difficult to discuss because not all men see alike with regard to it. The subject resolves itself into a matter of opinion where there are no set rules, or definitions, or geometric laws. A designer's only safety lies in a study of the past. Why is the Par-

thenon considered beautiful thousands of years after it was created? Where lies the charm of the cathedral at Chartres? Is Independence Hall in Philadelphia still beautiful, and if it is, what makes it so? The beauty of these buildings does not depend upon mere fashion, for we have outlived the transitory tastes of the classical, mediæval, and colonial times. One may safely state that the proportions which characterize these structures will give pleasure to the beholder at all times. Architects study critically such buildings and the times in which they were built, and attempt to develop an understanding of the spirit in which they were designed.

The second requirement is that the parts of a building should bear certain relationships to each other so that there is a pleasing composition. Such composition is evident in simple country residences in which the wings bear a certain relation to the main building. It is seen in churches where the towers and spires must seem to rise logically

from the main façade, or at the crossing of the transept and nave, as well as in state capitol or municipal buildings or those of even more monumental character. In all such structures all the parts must be planned to mass together in pleasing and interesting groups.

Although this may be done and the build-

the records supplied by the remains of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and more recent civilizations. For permanence the ancient builders selected stone, brick, and even concrete as their materials, and for beauty they turned to natural and structural forms for motives of their decorations.

The Egyptians cut their stone columns to resemble bundles of papyrus stalks, or they made their column capitals to look like lotus flowers. In nearly every case the forms were conventionalized, but the source of inspiration is clearly evident. The Greeks not only decorated the structural members with motives derived from natural forms, but introduced structural forms for ornamental purposes. Exterior columns were used not only as structural supports but as ornaments. Their function was certainly decorative. We still use columns for ornamental purposes, as any one can testify who has seen the various government buildings at Washington. This is the best evidence we have that designers have selected not only natural forms as a basis for their decorative motives, but have adopted ornamental forms which were derived from the structures they built. Another bit of evidence with regard to this is found when one studies examples of the Gothic style where the pointed arch, which was first used because of its structural value, became one of the most important ornamental motives



© Ewing Galloway.

Woolworth Building, New York City.
Cass Gilbert, Architect.

ing may be characterized by acceptable proportions, it may still fail to be beautiful because of lack of taste on the part of designer in selecting his motives and materials.

Primarily a building is simply a structure which shields us from the weather. It may consist of only four walls and a roof, constructed of such materials as are at the disposal of the builders. Ever since the very beginning of things, however, men have not only wanted to build permanently, but beautifully. Such, at least, would be a reasonable conclusion to be deducted from

of mediæval builders.

The modern designer has at his disposal libraries and museums full of information regarding various architectural ornamental motives—an array which literally is staggering. From this mass of detail—the piled-up knowledge of centuries—the architect makes his selection.

This brings up the topic of style—a much-discussed and still unsettled question. Should a designer be a purist, or should he be at liberty to mix styles? Will there ever be a distinct American style? What style



The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

Henry Bacon, Architect.

should be used for certain types of buildings?

With regard to all these questions, about which there is no complete agreement among architects themselves, I hesitate to advance suggestions which may not be universally accepted. However, some stand must be taken, and so I submit that although an architect is safe in being a purist, his work is apt to be cold and academic. He courts the wrath of self-appointed critics when he introduces an alien motive into his design; but he is almost sure to produce a more interesting result, and if he has skill and good taste he creates an even more beautiful building than that of the purist. You see I have qualified my statement to the extent of requiring good taste on the part of a designer. This is a quality which no architect should lack. Granted that he has this, an architect can mix styles and the results will often be extremely pleasing. I realize that there are many who do not agree with this, but unless we exercise a certain amount of freedom with regard to

this question, our architects will continue to be fettered with the need of slavishly copying old-world motives. I believe that the art of architecture—the art of building beautifully—is greater than the mere question of purity of style, and that if we are to develop a distinct American school, our designers of buildings must be allowed certain liberties consistent with good taste. The entire question of architectural style is fascinating, and one is tempted to write at length with regard to it, but the limits of this article permit only this slight mention.

If a building answers the purpose for which it is built, if its masses are grouped in an interesting and pleasing manner, if all its parts are well-proportioned—are “in scale,” as an architect would say—not only with regard to themselves, but with regard to the surroundings of the building, and if the motives are selected with good taste, then the complete structure will be a true expression of architecture.

With regard to most of these items there

should be but little question on the part of one who is judging the merits of a particular building, but the two considerations of proportion and taste depend to a large extent upon individual opinions. You will find that nearly all of us have a sense of proportion which makes us admire the long, low lines of what our motoring friends describe as a "sport model." I believe that we all are thrilled by the shimmering beauty of a sailing ship or the stately grandeur of a range of mountains, and, if our attention is attracted to such a study, I firmly believe we will see there can be charm and grace in a simple cottage, and that a city street may be a work of art.

All that is really needed is a great awakening of interest, for we have splendid architectural ability and genius in America and it is possible to find and develop more if there is a real call for it.

We have been doing some remarkable things in architecture in this country in the last score of years—work the equal of which it would be difficult to discover, as far as contemporary architectural expression is concerned, in other parts of the globe. This statement may appear to be over-optimistic, but I do not believe that it is in view of actual work performed.

Such buildings as the Harkness Memorial, in New Haven, the newer buildings of

the United States Military Academy at West Point, and of Princeton University, at Princeton, the Woolworth Building in New York—are all noteworthy examples of the ability of American designers to produce work after the Gothic manner. In nearly all these buildings or groups of buildings there will be found a certain mixture of styles, but one will find little that is inharmonious. The Columbia University Library Building in New York, the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the San Francisco Municipal Building, are designed after the classic school, and were they found along the tourist routes in other parts of the world would be spoken of in the guide-books as masterpieces of architecture. The examples of residential work which are truly good expressions of the art and which are designed after the Georgian, Italian, and—in California—Spanish styles are too numerous to mention.

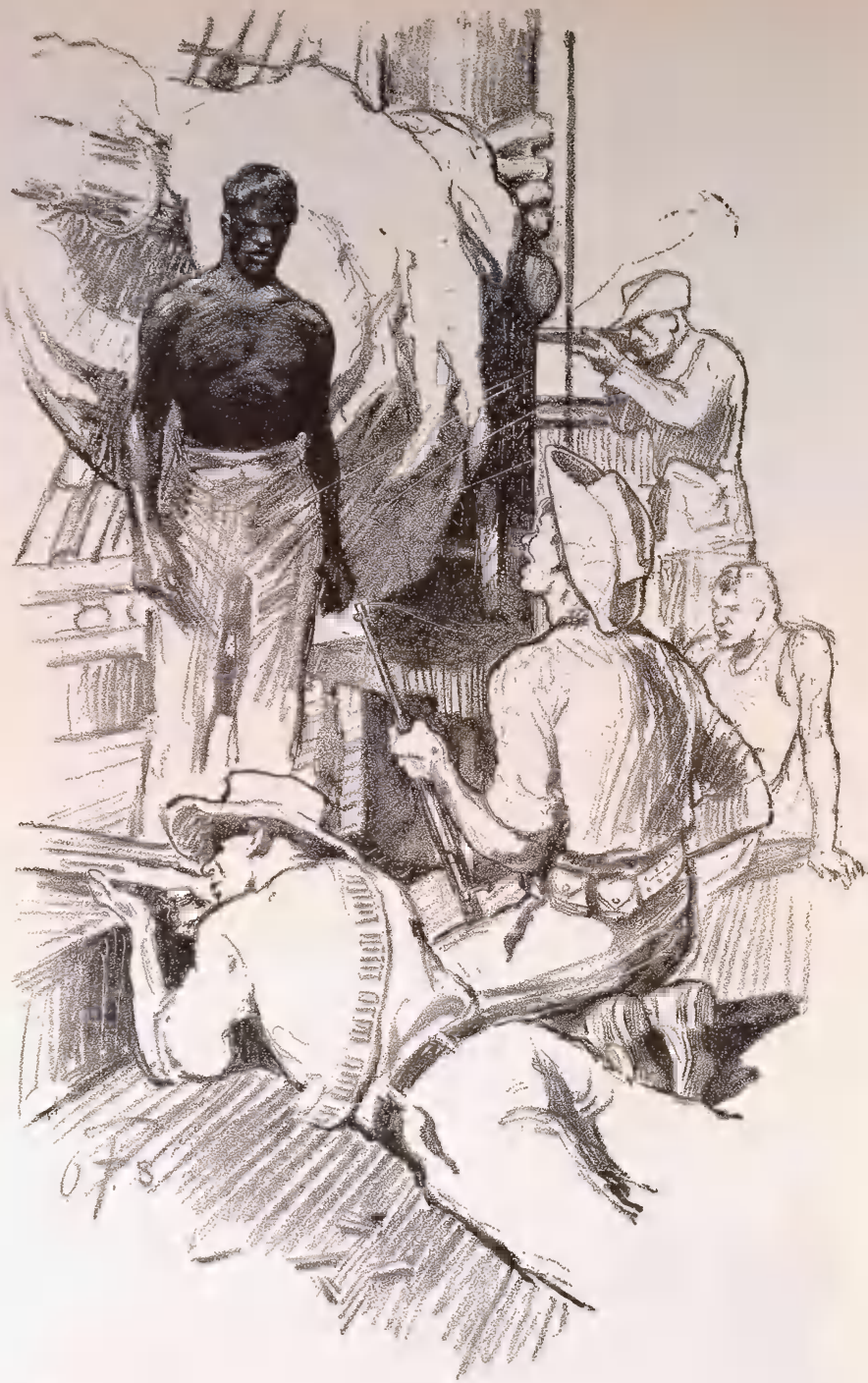
I do not mean that all or even a large part of our architecture is good. Indeed, this is not at all true. But I do believe that we have a number of representative modern buildings which are as good architecturally as those designed by contemporary architects in other countries. With these to admire it is only necessary to awaken interest to create a more universal appreciation of this branch of the fine arts.



The Columbia University Library, New York.

McKim, Mead, and White, Architects.





Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"GRAB A GUN, BOY!"

"The Conversion of Torowa," page 316.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XIV



WHEN Campton took his sketch of George to Léonce Black, the dealer who specialized in "Camptons," he was surprised at the magnitude of the sum which the great picture-

broker, lounging in a glossy War Office uniform among his Gauguins and Vuillards, immediately offered.

Léonce Black noted his surprise and smiled. "You think there's nothing doing nowadays? Don't you believe it, Mr. Campton. Now that the big men have stopped painting, the collectors are all the keener to snap up what's left in their portfolios." He placed the cheque in Campton's hand, and drew back to study the effect of the sketch, which he had slipped into a frame against a velvet curtain. "Ah—" he said, as if he were tasting an old wine.

As Campton turned to go the dealer's enthusiasm bubbled over. "Haven't you got anything more? Remember me if you have."

"I don't sell my sketches," said Campton. "This was exceptional—for a charity. . ."

"I know, I know. Well, you're likely to have a good many more calls of the same sort before we get *this* war over," the dealer remarked philosophically. "Anyhow, remember I can place anything you'll give me. When people want a Campton it's to me they come. I've got standing orders from two clients . . . both given before the war, and both good today."

Campton paused in the doorway, seized by his old fear of the painting's passing into Anderson Brant's possession.

"Look here: where is this one going?"

The dealer cocked his handsome grey head and glanced archly through plump eyelids. "Violation of professional secrecy? Well . . . Well . . . under constraint I'll confess it's to a young lady: great admirer, artist herself. Had her order by cable from New York a year ago. Been on the lookout ever since."

"Oh, all right," Campton answered, repocketing the money.

He set out at once for the "Friends of French Art," and Léonce Black, bound for the Ministry of War, walked by his side, regaling him alternately with the gossip of the Ministry and with racy anecdotes of the dealers' world. In M. Black's opinion the war was an inexcusable blunder, since Germany was getting to be the best market for the kind of freak painters out of whom dealers who "know how to make a man 'foam'" can make a big turn-over. "I don't know what on earth will become of all those poor devils now: Paris cared for them only because she knew Germany would give any money for their things. Personally, as you know, I've always preferred sounder goods: I'm a classic, my dear Campton, and I can feel only classic art," said the dealer, swelling out his unformed breast and stroking his Assyrian nose as though its handsome curve followed the pure Delphic line. "But, as long as things go on as they are at present in *my* department of the administration, the war's not going to end in a hurry," he continued. "And now we're

in for it, we've got to see the thing through."

Campton found Boylston, as usual, in his melancholy *cabinet particulier*. He was listening to the tale of a young woman with streaming eyes and an extravagant hat. She was so absorbed in her trouble that she did not notice Campton's entrance, and behind her back the painter made a sign to say that she was not to be interrupted.

He was as much interested in the suppliant's tale as in watching Boylston's way of listening. That modest and commonplace-looking young man was beginning to excite a lively curiosity in Campton. It was not only that he remembered George's commendation, for he knew that the generous enthusiasms of youth may be inspired by trifles imperceptible to the older. It was Boylston himself who interested the painter. He knew no more of the young man than the scant details Miss Anthony could give. Boylston, it appeared, was the oldest hope of a well-to-do Connecticut family. On his leaving college a place had been reserved for him in the paternal business; but he had announced good-humouredly that he did not mean to spend his life in an office, and one day, after a ten minutes' conversation with his father, as to which details were lacking, he had packed a suitcase and sailed for France. There he had lived ever since, in shabby rooms in the rue de Verneuil, on the scant allowance remitted by an irate parent: apparently never running into debt, yet always ready to help a friend.

All the American art-students in Paris knew Boylston; and though he was still in the early thirties, they all looked up to him. For Boylston had one quality which always impresses youth: Boylston knew everybody. Whether you went with him to a smart restaurant in the rue Royale, or to a wine-shop of the Left Bank, the *patron* welcomed him with the same cordiality, and sent the same emphatic instructions to the cook. The first fresh peas and the tenderest spring chicken were always for this quiet youth, who, when he was alone, dined cheerfully on veal and *vin ordinaire*. If you wanted to know where to get the best Burgundy, Boylston could tell you; he could also tell

you where to buy an engagement ring for your girl, a Ford runabout going at half-price, or the *papier timbré* on which to address a summons to a recalcitrant landress.

If you got into a row with your landlady you found that Boylston knew her, and that at sight of him she melted and withdrew her claim; or, failing this, he knew the solicitor in whose office her son was a clerk, or had other means of reducing her to reason. Boylston also knew a man who could make old clocks go, another who could clean flannels without their shrinking, and a third who could get you old picture-frames for a song; and, best of all, when any inexperienced American youth was caught in the dark Parisian cobweb (and the people at home were on no account to hear about it) Boylston was found to be the friend and familiar of certain occult authorities who, with a smile and a word of warning, could break the mesh and free the victim.

The mystery was, how and why all these people did what Boylston wanted; but the reason began to dawn on Campton as he watched the young woman in the foolish hat deliver herself of her grievance. Boylston was simply a perfect listener—and most of his life was spent in listening. Everything about him listened: his round forehead and peering screwed-up eyes, his lips twitching responsively under the close-clipped moustache, and every crease and dimple of his sagacious and humorous young countenance; even the attitude of his short fat body, with elbows comfortably bedded in heaped-up papers, and plump brown fingers plunged into his crinkled hair. There was never a hint of hurry or impatience about him: having once asserted his right to do what he liked with his life, he was apparently content to let all his friends prey on it as they pleased. You never caught his eye on the clock, or his lips shaping an answer before you had turned the last corner of your story. Yet when the story was told, and he had surveyed it in all its bearings, you could be sure he would do what he could for you, and do it before the day was over.

"Very well, Mademoiselle," he said, when the young woman had finished. "I

promise you I'll see Mme. Beausite, and try to get her to recognize your claim."

"Mind you, I don't ask charity—I won't *take* charity from your committee!" the young lady hissed, gathering up a tawdry hand-bag.

"Oh, we're not forcing it on any one," smiled Boylston, opening the door for her.

When he turned back to Campton his face was flushed and frowning. "Poor thing! She's a nuisance, but I'll fight to the last ditch for her. The chap she lives with was Beausite's secretary and under-study, and devilled for him before the war. The poor fellow has come back from the front a complete wreck, and can't even collect the salary Beausite owes him for the last three months before the war. Beausite's plea is that he's too poor, and that the war lets him out of paying. Of course he counts on our doing it for him."

"And you're not going to?"

"Well," said Boylston humorously, "I shouldn't wonder if he beat us in the long run. But I'll have a try first; and anyhow the poor girl needn't know. She used to earn a little money doing fashion-articles, but of course there's no market for that now, and I don't see how the pair can live. They have a little boy, and there's an infirm mother, and they're waiting to get married till the girl can find a job."

"Good Lord!" Campton groaned, with a sudden vision of the countless little trades and traffics arrested by the war, and all the industrious thousands reduced to querulous pauperism or slow death.

"How *do* they live—all these people?"

"They don't—always. I could tell you—"

"Don't, for God's sake; I can't stand it." Campton drew out the cheque. "Here: this is what I've got for the Davrils."

"Good Lord!" said Boylston, staring with round eyes.

"It will pull them through, anyhow, won't it?" Campton triumphed.

"Well—" said Boylston: "It will if you'll endorse it," he added, smiling. Campton laughed and took up a pen.

A day or two later Campton, returning home one afternoon, overtook a small

black-veiled figure with a limp like his own. He guessed at once that it was the lame Davril girl, come to thank him; and his dislike of such ceremonies caused him to glance about for a way of escape. But as he did so the girl turned with a smile that put him to shame. He remembered Adele Anthony's saying, one day when he had found her in her refugee office patiently undergoing a like ordeal: "We've no right to refuse the only coin they can repay us in."

The Davril girl was a plain likeness of her brother, with the same hungry flame in her eyes. She wore the nondescript black that Campton had remarked at the funeral; and knowing the importance which the French attach to every detail of conventional mourning, he wondered that mother and daughter had not laid out part of his gift in crape. But doubtless the equally strong instinct of thrift had caused Mme. Davril to put away the whole sum.

Mlle. Davril greeted Campton pleasantly, and assured him that she had not found the long way from Villejuif to Montmartre too difficult.

"I would have gone to you," the painter protested; but she answered that she wanted to see with her own eyes where her brother's friend lived.

In the studio she looked about her with a quick searching glance, said "Oh, a piano—" as if the fact were connected with the object of her errand—and then, settling herself in an armchair, unclasped her shabby hand-bag.

"Monsieur, there has been a misunderstanding; this money is not ours," she said, laying Campton's cheque on the table.

A flush of annoyance rose to the painter's face. What on earth had Boylston let him in for? If the Davrils were as proud as all that it was not worth while to have sold a sketch it had cost him such a pang to part with. He felt the exasperation of the would-be philanthropist when he first discovers that nothing complicates life as much as doing good.

"But, Mademoiselle—"

"This money is not ours. If René had lived he would never have sold your picture; and we would starve rather than betray his trust."

When stout ladies in velvet declare that they would starve rather than sacrifice this or that principle, the statement has only the cold beauty of rhetoric; but on the drawn lips of a thinly-clad young woman evidently acquainted with the process, it becomes a fiery reality.

"Starve—nonsense! My dear young lady, you betray him when you talk like that," said Campton, moved by her passion.

She shook her head. "It depends, Monsieur, which things count most to one. We shall never—my mother and I—do anything that René would not have done. The picture was not ours: we brought it back to you—"

"But if the picture's not yours it's mine," Campton interrupted; "and I'd a right to sell it, and a right to do what I choose with the money."

His visitor smiled. "That's what we feel; it was what I was coming to." And clasping her threadbare glove-tips about the arms of the chair Mlle. Davril set forth with extreme precision the object of her visit.

It was to propose that Campton should hand over the cheque to the "Friends of French Art," devoting one-third to the aid of the families of combatant painters, the rest to young musicians and authors. "It doesn't seem right that only the painters' families should benefit by what your committee are doing. And René would have thought so too. He knew so many young men of letters and journalists who, before the war, just managed to keep their families alive; and in my profession I could tell you of poor music-teachers and accompanists whose work stopped the day war broke out, and who have been living ever since on the crusts their luckier comrades could spare them. René would have let us accept from you help that was shared with others: he would have been so glad, often, of a few francs to relieve the misery we see about us. And this great sum might be the beginning of a cooperative work for artists ruined by the war."

She went on to explain that in the families of almost all the young artists at the front there was at least one member at home who practised one of the arts, or who was capable of doing some kind of

useful work. The value of Campton's gift, Mlle. Davril argued, would be tripled if it were so employed as to give the artists and their families occupation: producing at least the illusion that those who could were earning their living, or helping their less fortunate comrades. "It's not only a question of saving their dignity: I don't believe much in that. You have dignity or you haven't—and if you have, it doesn't need any saving," this clear-toned young woman remarked. "The real question, for all of us artists, is that of keeping our hands in, and our interest in our work alive; sometimes, too, of giving a new talent its first chance. At any rate, it would mean work and not stagnation; which is all that most charity produces."

She developed her plan: for the musicians, concerts in private houses, (hence her glance at the piano); for the painters, small exhibitions in the rooms of the committee, where their pictures would be sold with a deduction of twenty per cent, to be returned to the general fund; and for the writers—well, their lot was perhaps the hardest to deal with; but an employment agency might be opened, where those who chose could put their names down and take such work as was offered. Above all, Mlle. Davril again insisted, the fund created by Campton's gift was to be devoted only to giving employment, not to mere relief.

Campton listened with growing attention. Nothing hitherto had been less in the line of his interests than the large schemes of general amelioration which were coming to be classed under the transatlantic term of "Social Welfare." If questioned on the subject a few months earlier he would probably have concealed his fundamental indifference under the profession of an extreme individualism, and the assertion of every man's right to suffer and starve in his own way. Even since René Davril's death had brought home to him the boundless havoc of the war, he had felt no more than the impulse to ease his own pain by putting his hand in his pocket when a particular case was too poignant to be ignored.

Yet here were people who had already offered their dearest to France, and were now pleading to be allowed to give all the rest; and who had had the courage and

wisdom to think out in advance the form in which their gift would do most good. Campton had the awe of the unpractical man for anyone who knows how to apply his ideas. He felt that there was no use in disputing Mlle. Davril's plan; he must either agree to it or repocket his cheque.

"I'll do as you want, of course; but I'm not much good about details. Hadn't you better consult some one else?" he suggested.

Oh, that was already done: she had outlined her project to Miss Anthony and Mr. Boylston, who approved. All she wanted was Campton's consent; and this he gave the more cordially when he learned that, for the present at least, nothing more was expected of him. First steps in beneficence, he felt, were unspeakably terrifying; yet he was already aware that, resist as he might, he would never be able to keep his footing on the brink of that abyss.

Into it, as the days went by, his gaze was oftener and oftener plunged. He had begun to feel that pity was his only remaining link with his kind, the one barrier between himself and the dreadful solitude which awaited him when he returned to his studio. What would there have been to think of there, alone among his unfinished pictures and his broken memories, if not the wants and woes of people more bereft than himself? His own future was not a thing to dwell on. George was safe: but what George and he were likely to make of each other after the ordeal was over was a question he preferred to put aside. He was more and more taking George and his safety for granted, as a solid standing-ground from which to reach out a hand to the thousands struggling in the depths. As long as the world's fate was in the balance it was every man's duty to throw into that balance his last ounce of brain and muscle. Campton wondered how he had ever thought that an accident of birth, a remoteness merely geographical, could justify, or even make possible, an attitude of moral aloofness. Harvey Mayhew's reasons for wishing to annihilate Germany began to seem less grotesque than his own for standing aside.

In the heat of his conversion he no longer grudged the hours given to Mr.

Mayhew. He patiently led his truculent relative from one government office to another, everywhere laying stress on Mr. Mayhew's sympathy with France and his desire to advocate her cause in the United States, and trying to curtail his enumeration of his grievances by a glance at the clock, and the reminder that they had another Minister to see. Mr. Mayhew was not very manageable. His adventure had grown with repetition, and he was increasingly disposed to feel that the retaliation he called down on Germany could best be justified by telling every one what he had suffered from her. Intensely aware of the value of time in Utica, he was less sensible to it in Paris, and seemed to think that, since he had left a flourishing business to preach the Holy War, other people ought to leave their affairs to give him a hearing. But his zeal and persistence were irresistible, and doors which Campton had seen barred against the most reasonable appeals flew open at the sound of Mr. Mayhew's trumpet. His pink face and silvery hair gave him an apostolic air, and circles to which America had hitherto been a mere speck in space suddenly discovered that he represented that legendary character, the Typical American.

The keen Boylston, prompt to note and utilize the fact, urged Campton to interest Mr. Mayhew in the "Friends of French Art," and with considerable flourish the former Peace Delegate was produced at a committee meeting and given his head. But his interest flagged when he found that the "Friends" concerned themselves with Atrocities only in so far as any act of war is one, and that their immediate task was the humdrum one of feeding and clothing the families of the combatants, and sending "comforts" to the trenches. He served up, with a somewhat dog-eared eloquence, the usual account of his own experiences, and pressed a modest gift upon the treasurer; but when he departed, after wringing everybody's hands, and leaving the French members bedewed with emotion, Campton had the conviction that their quiet weekly meetings would not often be flattered by his presence.

Campton was spending an increasing amount of time in the Palais Royal res-

taurant, where he performed any drudgery for which no initiative was required. Once or twice, when Miss Anthony was submerged by a fresh influx of refugees, he lent her a hand too; and on most days he dropped in late at her office, waited for her to sift and dismiss the last applicants, and saw her home through the incessant rain. It interested him to note that the altruism she had so long wasted on pampered friends was developing into a wise and orderly beneficence. He had always thought of her as an eternal school girl; now she had grown into a woman. Sometimes he fancied the change dated from the moment when their eyes had met across the station, the day they had seen George off. He wondered whether it might not be interesting to paint her new face, if ever painting became again thinkable.

"Passion—I suppose the great thing is a capacity for passion," he mused.

In himself he imagined the capacity to be quite dead. He loved his son: yes—but he was beginning to see that he loved him for certain qualities he had read into him, and that perhaps after all—. Well, perhaps after all the sin for which he was now atoning in loneliness was that of having been too exclusively an artist, of having cherished George too egotistically and self-indulgently, too much as his own most beautiful creation. If he had loved him more humanly, more tenderly and recklessly, might he have not put into his son the tenderness and recklessness which were beginning to seem to him the qualities most supremely human?

XV

A WEEK or two later, coming home late from a long day's work at the office, Campton saw Mme. Lebel awaiting him.

He always stopped for a word now; fearing each time that there was bad news of Jules Lebel, but not wishing to seem to avoid her.

To-day, however, Mme. Lebel, though mysterious, was not anxious.

"Monsieur will find the studio open. There's a lady: she insisted on going up."

"A lady? Why did you let her in? What kind of a lady?"

"A lady—well, a lady with such mag-

nificent furs that one couldn't keep her out in the cold," Mme. Lebel answered with simplicity.

Campton went up apprehensively. The idea of unknown persons in possession of his studio always made him nervous. Whoever they were, whatever errands they came on, they always—especially women—disturbed the tranquil course of things, faced him with unexpected problems, unsettled him in one way or another. Bouncing in on people suddenly was like dynamiting fish: it left him with his mind full of fragments of dismembered thoughts.

As he entered he perceived from the temperate atmosphere that Mme. Lebel had not only opened the studio but made up the fire. The lady's furs must indeed be magnificent.

She sat at the farther end of the room, in a high-backed chair near the stove, and when she rose he recognized his former wife. The long sable cloak, which had slipped back over the chair, justified Mme. Lebel's description, but the dress beneath it appeared to Campton simpler than Mrs. Brant's habitual raiment. The lamplight, striking up into her powdered face, puffed out her underlids and made harsh hollows in her cheeks. She looked frightened, ill and yet determined.

"John—" she began, laying her hand on his sleeve.

It was the first time she had ever set foot in his shabby quarters, and in his astonishment he could only stammer out: "Julia—"

But as he looked at her he saw that her face was wet with tears. "Not—bad news?" he broke out.

She shook her head and, drawing a handkerchief from a diamond-monogrammed bag, wiped away the tears and the powder. Then she pressed the handkerchief to her lips, gazing at him with eyes as helpless as a child's.

"Sit down," said Campton.

As they faced each other across the long table, with papers and paint-rags and writing materials pushed aside to make room for the threadbare napkin on which his plate and glass, and bottle of *vin ordinaire*, were set out, he wondered if the scene woke in her any memory of their first days of gaiety and poverty, or if she

merely pitied him for still living in such squalor. And suddenly it occurred to him that when the war was over, and George came back, it would be pleasant to hunt out a little apartment in an old house in the Faubourg St. Germain, put some good furniture in it, and oppose the discreeter charm of such an interior to the heavy splendours of the Avenue Marigny. How could he expect to hold a luxury-loving youth if he had only this dingy studio to receive him in?

Mrs. Brant began to speak.

"I came here to see you because I didn't wish any one to know; not Adele, nor even Anderson." Leaning toward him she went on in short breathless sentences: "I've just left Madge Talkett: you know her, I think? She's at Mme. de Dolmetsch's hospital. Something dreadful has happened... too dreadful. It seems that Mme. de Dolmetsch was very much in love with Ladislav Isador; a writer, wasn't he? I don't know his books, but Madge tells me they're wonderful... and of course men like that ought not to be sent to the front..."

"Men like what?"

"Geniuses," said Mrs. Brant. "He was dreadfully delicate besides, and was doing wonderful work on some military commission in Paris; I believe he knew any number of languages. And poor Mme. de Dolmetsch—you know I've never approved of her; but things are so changed nowadays, and at any rate she was madly attached to him, and had done everything to keep him in Paris: medical certificates, people at Headquarters working for her, and all the rest. But it seems there are no end of officers always intriguing to get staff-jobs: strong able-bodied young men who ought to be in the trenches, and are fit for nothing else, but who are jealous of the others. And last week, in spite of all she could do, poor Isador was ordered to the front."

Campton made an impatient movement. It was even more distasteful to him to be appealed to by Mrs. Brant in Isador's name than by Mme. de Dolmetsch in George's. His gorge rose at the thought that people should associate in their minds cases as different as those of his son and Mme. de Dolmetsch's lover.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But if you've come to ask me to do something more about George—take any new steps—it's no use. I can't do the sort of thing to keep my son safe that Mme. de Dolmetsch would do for her lover."

Mrs. Brant stared. "Safe? He was killed the day after he got to the front."

"Good Lord—Isador?"

Ladislav Isador killed at the front! The words remained unmeaning; by no effort could Campton relate them to the fat middle-aged philanderer with his Jewish eyes, his Slav eloquence, his Levantine gift for getting on, and for getting out from under. Campton tried to picture the clever contriving devil drawn in his turn into that merciless red eddy, and gulped down the Monster's throat with the rest. What a mad world it was, in which the same horrible and magnificent doom awaited the coward and the hero!

"Poor Mme. de Dolmetsch!" he muttered, remembering with a sense of remorse her desperate appeal and his curt rebuff. Once again the poor creature's love had enlightened her, and she had foreseen what no one else in the world would have believed: that her lover was to die like a hero.

"Isador was nearly forty, and had a weak heart; and she'd left nothing, literally nothing, undone to save him." Campton read in his wife's eyes what was coming. "It's impossible *now* that George should not be taken," Mrs. Brant went on.

The same thought had tightened Campton's own heart-strings; but he had hoped she would not say it.

"It may be George's turn any day," she insisted.

They sat and looked at each other without speaking; then she began again imploringly: "I tell you there's not a moment to be lost!"

Campton picked up a palette-knife and began absently to rub it with an oily rag. Mrs. Brant's anguished voice still sounded on. "Unless something is done immediately... It appears there's a regular hunt for *embusqués*, as they're called. As if it was everybody's business to be killed! How's the staff-work to be carried on if they're all taken? But it's certain that if

we don't act at once... act energetically..."

He fixed his eyes on hers. "Why do you come to *me*?" he asked.

Her lids opened wide. "But he's our child."

"Your husband knows more people—he has ways, you've often told me——"

She reddened faintly and seemed about to speak; but the reply died on her lips.

"Why did you say," Campton pursued, "that you had come here because you wanted to see me without Brant's knowing it?"

She lowered her eyes and fixed them on the knife he was still automatically rubbing.

"Because Anderson thinks... Anderson won't... He says he's done all he can."

"Ah—" cried Campton, drawing a deep breath.

"Well—?"

He threw back his shoulders, as if to shake off an oppressive weight. "I—feel exactly as Brant does."

"You—you feel as he does? You, George's father? But a father has never done all he can for his son! There's always something more that he can do!"

The words, breaking from her in a cry, seemed suddenly to change her from an ageing doll into a living and agonized woman. Campton had never before felt as near to her, as moved to the depths by her. For the length of a heart-beat he saw her again with a red-haired baby in her arms, the light of morning on her face.

"My dear—I'm sorry," he said, his hand on hers.

"Sorry—sorry? I don't want you to be sorry. I want you to do something—I want you to save him!"

He faced her with bent head, gazing absently down on their interwoven fingers: each hand had forgotten to release the other.

"I can't do anything more," he repeated.

She started up with a despairing exclamation. "What's happened to you? Who has influenced you? What has changed you?"

How could he answer her? He hardly knew himself: had hardly been conscious of the change till she suddenly flung it in

his face. If blind animal passion be the profoundest as well as the fiercest form of attachment, his love for his boy was at that moment as nothing to hers. Yet his feeling for George, in spite of all the phrases he dressed it in, had formerly in its essence been no other. That his boy should survive—survive at any price—that had been all he cared for or sought to achieve. It had been convenient to justify himself by arguing that George was not bound to fight for France; but Campton now knew that he would have made the same effort to protect his son if the country engaged had been his own.

In the careless pre-war world, as George himself had once said, it had seemed unbelievable that people should ever again go off and die in a ditch to oblige anybody. Even now, the automatic obedience of the millions of the untaught and the unthinking, though it had its deep pathetic significance, did not move Campton like the clear-eyed sacrifice of the few who knew why they were dying. Jean Fortin, René Davril, and such lads as young Louis Dastrey, with his reasoned horror of butchery and waste in general, and his instant grasp of the necessity of this particular sacrifice: these were the victims who had first shed light on the dark problem.

Campton had never before, at least consciously, thought of himself and the few beings he cared for as part of a greater whole, component elements of the immense amazing spectacle. But the last four months had shown him man as a defenseless animal suddenly torn from his shell, stripped of all the interwoven tendrils of association, habit, background, daily ways and words, daily sights and sounds, and flung out of the human habitable world into naked ether, where nothing breathes or lives. That was what war did; that was why those who best understood it in all its farthest-reaching abomination willingly gave their lives to put an end to it.

He heard Mrs. Brant softly crying.

"Julia," he said, "Julia, I wish you'd try to see..."

She dashed away her tears. "See what? All I see is *you*, sitting here safe and saying you can do nothing to save him! But to have the right to say that

you ought to be in the trenches yourself! What do you suppose those young men out there think of their fathers, safe at home, who are too high-minded and conscientious to protect them?"

He looked at her compassionately. "Yes," he said, "that's the bitterest part of it. But for that, there would hardly be anything in the worst war for us old people to lie awake about."

Mrs. Brant had stood up and was feverishly pulling on her gloves: he saw that she no longer heard him. He helped her to draw her furs about her, and stood waiting while she straightened her veil and tapped the waves of hair into place, her eyes blindly seeking for a mirror. There was nothing more that either could say.

He lifted the lamp, and went out of the door ahead of her.

"You needn't come down," she said in a sob; but leaning over the rail into the darkness he answered: "I'll give you a light: the concierge has forgotten the lamp on the stairs."

He went ahead of her down the long greasy flights, and as they reached the ground floor he heard a noise of feet coming and going, and frightened voices exclaiming in the porter's lodge. In the doorway Mrs. Brant's splendid chauffeur stood looking on compassionately at a group of women gathered about Mme. Lebel.

The old woman sat in her den, her arms stretched across the table, her sewing in a heap at her feet. On the table lay an open letter. The grocer's wife from the corner stood by, sobbing.

Mrs. Brant stopped involuntarily, and Campton, sure of what was coming, pushed his way through the neighbours about the door. Mme. Lebel's eyes met his with the mute reproach of a tortured animal. "Jules," she said, "last Wednesday . . . through the heart."

Campton took her old withered hand. The women ceased sobbing and a hush fell upon the stifling little room. When Campton looked up again he saw Julia Brant, pale and bewildered, hurrying toward her motor; and the vault of the porte-cochère sent back the chauffeur's answer to her startled question: "Poor old lady—yes, it's her only son who's been killed at the front."

XVI

CAMPTON sat with his friend Dastrey in the latter's pleasant little *entresol* crowded with Chinese lacquer and Venetian furniture.

Dastrey, in the last days of January, had been sent home from his ambulance with an attack of rheumatism; and when it became clear that he could no longer be of use in the mud and cold of the army zone he had reluctantly taken his place behind a desk at the Ministry of War. The friends had dined early, so that he might get back to his night-shift; and they sat over coffee and liqueurs, the mist of their cigars floating across lustrous cabinet-fronts and the worn gilding of slender consoles.

On the other side of the hearth young Boylston, sunk in an armchair, smoked and listened.

"It always comes back to the same thing," Campton was saying nervously. "What right have useless old men like me, sitting here with my cigar by this good fire, to preach blood and butchery to boys like George and your nephew?"

Again and again, during the days since Mrs. Brant's visit, he had turned over in his mind the same torturing question. How was he to answer that last taunt of hers?

Not long ago, Paul Dastrey would have seemed the last person to whom he could have submitted such a problem. Dastrey, in the black August days, starting for the front in such a frenzy of baffled blood-lust, had remained for Campton the type of man with whom it was impossible to discuss the war. But three months of hard and courageous service in *Postes de Secours* and along the awful battle-edge had sent him home with a mind no longer befogged by personal problems. He had done his utmost, and knew it; and the fact gave him the professional calm which keeps surgeons and nurses steady through all the horrors they live among. Those few months at the front had matured and mellowed him more than a lifetime of Paris.

He leaned back with half-closed lids, dispassionately considering his friend's difficulty.

"I see. Your idea is that, being unable

to do even the humble kind of job that I've been assigned to, you've no right *not* to try to keep your boy out of it if you can?"

"Well—by any honourable means."

Dastrey laughed faintly, and Campton reddened. "The word's not happy, I admit."

"I wasn't thinking of that: I was considering how the meaning had evaporated out of lots of our old words, as if the general smash-up had broken their stoppers. So many of them, you see," said Dastrey smiling, "we'd taken good care not to uncork for centuries. Since I've been on the edge of what's going on fifty miles from here a good many of my own words have lost their meaning, and I'm not prepared to say where honour lies in a case like yours." He mused a moment, and then went on: "What would George's view be?"

Campton did not immediately reply. Not so many weeks ago he would have welcomed the chance of explaining that George's view, thank God, had remained perfectly detached and objective, and that the cheerful acceptance of duties forcibly imposed on him had not in the least obscured his sense of the fundamental injustice of his being mixed up in the thing at all.

But how could he say this now? If George's view were still what his father had been in the habit of saying it was, then he held that view alone: Campton himself no longer thought that any civilized man could afford to stand aside from such a conflict.

"As far as I know," he said, "George hasn't changed his mind."

Boylston stirred in his armchair, knocked the ash from his cigar, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Whereas *you*—" Dastrey suggested.

"Yes," said Campton. "I feel differently. You speak of the difference of having been in contact with what's going on out there. But how can anybody *not* be in contact, who has any imagination, any sense of right and wrong? Do these pictures and hangings ever shut it out from you—or those books over there, when you turn to them after your day's work? Perhaps they do, because you've got a real job, a job you've been ordered

to do, and can't not do. But for a useless drifting devil like me—my God, the sights and the sounds of it are always with me!"

"There are a good many people who wouldn't call you useless, Mr. Campton," said Boylston.

Campton shook his head. "I wish there were any healing in the kind of thing I'm doing; perhaps there is to you, to whom it appears to come naturally to love your kind." (Boylston laughed.) "Service is of no use without conviction: that's one of the uncomfortable truths this stir-up has brought to the surface. I was meant to paint pictures in a world at peace, and I should have more respect for myself if I could go on unconcernedly doing it, instead of pining to be in all the places where I'm not wanted, and should be of no earthly use. That's why—" he paused, looked about him, and sought understanding in Dastrey's friendly gaze: "That's why I respect George's opinion, which really consists in not having any, and simply doing without comment the work assigned to him. The whole thing is so far beyond human measure that one's individual rage and revolt seem of no more use than a woman's scream at an accident she isn't in."

As he spoke, Campton knew that he was only arguing against himself. He did not in the least believe that any individual sentiment counted for nothing at such a time, and Dastrey really spoke for him in rejoining: "Every one can at least contribute an attitude: as you have, my dear fellow. Boylston's here to confirm it."

Boylston grunted his assent.

"An attitude—an attitude?" Campton retorted. "The word is revolting to me! Anything a man like me can do is too easy to be worth doing. And as for anything one can *say*: how dare one say anything, in the face of what is being done out there to keep this room and this fire and this ragged end of life safe for such survivals as you and me?" Campton crossed to the table to take another cigar. As he did so he laid an apologetic pressure on his host's shoulder. "Men of our age are the chorus of the tragedy, Dastrey: we can't help ourselves. As soon as I open my lips to

blame or praise I see myself in white petticoats, with a long beard held on by an elastic, goading on the combatants in a cracked voice from a safe corner of the ramparts. On the whole I'd sooner be spinning among the women."

"Well," said Dastrey, getting up, "I've got to get back to my spinning: where, by the way, there are some very pretty young women at the distaff. It's extraordinary how much better pretty girls type than plain ones: I see now why they get all the jobs."

The three went out into the winter blackness. They were all used by this time to the new Paris: to extinguished lamps, shuttered windows, empty streets, the almost total cessation of wheeled traffic. All through the winter, life had seemed in suspense everywhere, as much on the battle-front as in the rear. Day after day, week after week, of rain and sleet and mud; day after day, week after week, of vague non-committal news from west and east; everywhere the enemy baffled but still menacing, everywhere death, suffering, destruction, without any perceptible oscillation of the scales, any compensating hope of good to come out of the long slow endless waste. The benumbed and darkened Paris of those February days seemed the visible image of a benumbed and darkened world.

Down the asphalt sheeted with fine rain the rare street lights stretched their interminable reflections. The three men crossed the bridge and stood watching the rush of the Seine. Below them gloomed the vague bulk of deserted bath-houses, unlit barges, river-steamers out of commission. The Seine too had ceased to live: only a single orange gleam, low on the water's edge, undulated on the jetty waves like a long streamer of seaweed.

The two Americans left Dastrey at his Ministry, and the painter strolled on to Boylston's lodging before descending to the underground railway. He, whom his lameness had made so heavy and indolent, now limped about for hours at a time over wet pavements and under streaming skies: these midnight tramps had become a sort of expiatory need to him. "Out there—out there, if they had these wet stones under them they'd think it was

the floor of heaven!" he used to muse, driving on obstinately through the mud and darkness.

The thought of "Out there" besieged him day and night, the phrase was always in his ears. Wherever he went he was pursued by visions of that land of doom: visions of fathomless mud, rat-haunted trenches, freezing nights under the sleety sky, men dying in the barbed wire between the lines, or crawling out to save a comrade and being shattered to death on the return. His collaboration with Boylston had brought Campton into close contact with these things. He knew by heart the history of scores and scores of young men of George's age who were doggedly suffering and dying a few hours away from the Palais Royal office where their records were kept. Some of these histories were so heroically simple that the sense of pain was lost in beauty, as though one were looking at suffering transmuted into poetry. But others were abominable, unendurable, in their long-drawn useless horror: stories of cold and filth and hunger, of ineffectual effort, of hideous mutilation, of men dying of thirst in a shell-hole, and half-dismembered bodies dragging themselves back to shelter only to perish as they reached it. Worst of all were the perpetually recurring reports of military blunders, medical neglect, carelessness in high places: the torturing knowledge of the lives that might have been saved if this or that officer's brain, this or that surgeon's hand, had acted more promptly. A disheartening impression of waste, confusion, ignorance, obstinacy, prejudice, and the indifference of selfishness or of mortal fatigue, emanated from these narratives written home from the front, or faltered out by white lips on hospital pillows.

The "Friends of French Art," especially since they had enlarged their range, had to do with young men accustomed to the freest play of thought and criticism. A nation in arms does not judge a war as simply as an army of professional soldiers. All these young intelligences were so many subtly-adjusted instruments for the testing of the machinery of which they formed a part; and not one accepted the results passively. Yet in one respect all were agreed: the "had to be" of the first

days was still on every lip. The German menace must be met: chance willed that theirs should be the generation to meet it; and on that point speculation was vain, discussion useless. The question that stirred them all was how the country they were defending was helping them to carry on the struggle. There the evidence was cruelly clear, the comment often scathingly explicit; and Campton, bending still farther over the abyss, caught a shuddering glimpse of what might be—must be—if political blunders, inertia, tolerance, perhaps even evil ambitions and connivances, should at last outweigh the effort of the front. There was no logical argument against such a possibility. All civilizations had their orbit; all societies rose and fell. Some day, no doubt, by the action of that law, everything that made the world livable to Campton and his kind would crumble in new ruins above the old. Yes—but woe to them by whom such things came; woe to the generation that bowed to such a law. The Powers of Darkness were always watching and seeking their hour; but the past was a record of their failures as well as of their triumphs. Campton, brushing up his history, remembered the great turning-points of progress, saw how the liberties of England had been born of the ruthless discipline of the Norman conquest, and how even out of the hideous welter of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars had come more freedom and a wiser order. The point was to remember that the efficacy of the sacrifice was always in proportion to the worth of the victims; and there at least his faith was sure.

He could not, he felt, leave his former wife's appeal unnoticed; and after a day or two he wrote to George, telling him of Mrs. Brant's anxiety, and asking in vague terms if George himself thought any change in his situation probable. His letter ended abruptly: "I suppose it's hardly time yet to ask for leave——"

XVII

Not long after his midnight tramp with Boylston and Dastrey the post brought Campton two letters. One was postmarked Paris, the other bore the military frank and was addressed in his son's

hand: he laid it aside while he glanced at the first. It contained an engraved card:

MRS. ANDERSON BRANT

At Home on February 20th at 4 o'clock

Mr. Harvey Mayhew will give an account of his captivity in Germany.

Mme. de Dolmetsch will sing.

For the benefit of the "Friends of French Art Committee."

Tickets 100 francs.

Enclosed was the circular of the subcommittee in aid of Musicians at the Front, with which Campton was not directly associated. It bore the names of Mrs. Talkett, Mme. Beausite, and a number of other French and American ladies of his wife's group.

Campton tossed the card away. He was not annoyed by the invitation: he knew that Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril were getting up a series of drawing-room entertainments for that branch of the charity, and that the card had been sent to him as a member of the Honorary Committee. But any reminder of the sort always gave a sharp twitch to the Brant nerve in him. He turned to George's letter.

As usual it was not long; but in other respects it was unlike his son's usual communications. Campton read it over two or three times.

"Dear Dad, thanks for yours of the tenth, which must have come to me on skis, the snow here is so deep." (There had, in fact, been a heavy snow-fall in the Argonne). "Sorry mother is bothering about things again: as you've often reminded me, they always have a way of 'being as they will be,' and even war doesn't seem to change it. Nothing to worry her in my case—but you can't expect her to believe that, can you? Neither you nor I can help it, I suppose.

"There's one thing that might help, though; and that is, your letting her feel that you're a little nearer to her. War makes a lot of things look differently, especially this sedentary kind of war: it's rather like going over all the old odds-and-ends in one's cupboards. And some of them do look so foolish.

"I wish you'd see her now and then—just naturally, as if it had happened.

You know you've got one Inexhaustible Topic between you. The said I. T. is doing well, and has nothing new to communicate up to now except a change of address. Hereafter please write to my Base instead of directing here, as there's some chance of a shift of H. Q. The precaution is probably just a new twist of the old red tape, signifying nothing; but Base will always reach me if we *are* shifted. Let mother know, and explain, please; otherwise she'll think the unthinkable.

"Interrupted by big drive—quill-drive, of course!

"As ever

"GEORGIUS SCRIBLERUS.

"P. S. Don't be too savage to Uncle Andy either.

"No. 2.—I *had* thought of leave; but perhaps you're right about that."

It was the first time George had written in that way of his mother. His smiling policy had always been to let things alone, and go on impartially dividing his devotion between his parents, since they refused to share even that common blessing. But war gave everything a new look; and he had evidently, as he put it, been turning over the old things in his cupboards. How was it possible, Campton wondered, that after such a turning-over he was still content to write "Nothing new to communicate," and to make jokes about another big quill-drive? Glancing at the date of the letter, Campton saw that it had been written on the day after the first ineffectual infantry assault on Vauquois. And George was sitting a few miles off, safe in headquarters at Sainte Menchould, with a stout roof over his head and a beautiful brown gloss on his boots, scribbling punning letters while his comrades fell back from that bloody summit.

Suddenly Campton's eyes filled. No; George had not written that letter for the sake of the joke: the joke was meant to cover what went before it. Ah, how young the boy was to imagine that his father would not see! Yes, as he said, war made so many of the old things look foolish.

Campton set out for the Palais Royal.

He felt happier than for a long time past: the tone of his boy's letter seemed to correspond with his own secret change of spirit. He knew the futility of attempting to bring the Brants and himself together, but was glad that George had made the suggestion. He resolved to see Julia that afternoon.

At the Palais Royal he found the indefatigable Boylston busy with an exhibition of paintings sent home from the front, and Mlle. Davril helping to catalogue them. Lamentable pensioners came and went, bringing fresh tales of death, fresh details of savagery: the air was dark with poverty and sorrow. In the background, Mme. Beausite flitted about, tragic and ineffectual. Boylston had not been able to extract a penny from Beausite for his secretary and the latter's left-handed family; but Mme. Beausite had discovered a newly-organized charity which lent money to "temporarily embarrassed" war-victims; and with a perfectly artless self-satisfaction she had obtained a small loan for the victim of her own thrift. "For what other purpose are such charities founded?" she said, gently disclaiming in advance the praise which Miss Anthony and Boylston had no thought of offering her. Whenever Campton came in she effaced herself behind a desk, where she bent her beautiful white head over a card-catalogue without any perceptible results.

The telephone rang, and Boylston, after a moment, looked up from the receiver.

"Mr. Campton!"

The painter glanced apprehensively at the instrument, which still seemed to him charged with explosives.

"Take the message, do. The thing always snaps at me."

There was a listening pause: then Boylston said: "It's about Upsher—"

Campton started up. "Killed—?"

"Not sure. It's Mr. Brant. The news was wired to the bank; they want you to break it to Mr. Mayhew."

"Oh, Lord," the painter groaned, the boy's face suddenly rising before his blurred eyes. Miss Anthony was not at the office that morning, or he would have turned to her; at least she might have accompanied him on his quest. He could

not ask Boylston to leave the office, and he felt that curious incapacity to deal with the raw fact of sorrow which had often given an elfin unreality to the most poignant moments of his life. It was as though experience had to enter into the very substance of his soul before he could even feel it.

"Other people," he thought, "would know what to say, and I shan't."

Some one, meanwhile, had fetched a cab, and he drove to the Nouveau Luxe, though with little hope of finding Mr. Mayhew. But Mr. Mayhew had grown two secretaries, and turned the shrimp-pink drawing-room into an office. One of the secretaries was there, hammering at a typewriter. She was a competent young woman, who instantly extracted from her pocket-diary the fact that her chief was at Mrs. Anderson Brant's, rehearsing.

"Rehearsing——?"

"Why, yes; he's to speak at Mrs. Brant's next week on Atrocities," she said, surprised at Campton's ignorance.

She suggested telephoning; but in the shrunken households of the rich, where but one or two servants remained, telephoning had become as difficult as in the under-staffed hotels; and after one or two vain attempts Campton decided to go to the Avenue Marigny. He felt that to get hold of Mayhew as soon as possible might still in some vague way help poor Benny—since it was not yet sure that he was dead. "Or else it's just the need to rush about," he thought, conscious that the only way he had yet found of dealing with calamity was a kind of ant-like agitation.

On the way the round pink face of Benny Upsher continued to float before him in its very substance, with the tangibility that only a painter's visions wear. "I want to be *in* this thing," he heard the boy repeating, as if impelled by some blind instinct flowing down through centuries and centuries of persistent childish minds.

"If he or his forebears had ever thought things out he probably would have been alive and safe to-day," Campton mused, "like George. . . The average person is always just obeying impulses stored up thousands of years ago, and never re-

examined since." But this consideration, though it was drawn from George's own philosophy, did not greatly comfort him.

At the Brants' a bewildered concierge admitted him and rang a bell which no one answered. The vestibule and the stairs were piled with bales of sheeting, bulging jute-bags, stacked-up hospital supplies. A boy in scout's uniform swung his inadequate legs from the lofty porter's armchair which stood beside the table with its monumental inkstand. Finally, from above, a maid invited Campton to ascend.

In the drawing-room the pictures and tapestries, bronzes and *pâtes tendres* had vanished, and a plain moquette replaced the priceless Savonnerie across whose pompous wreaths Campton had walked on the day of his last visit.

The maid led him to the ballroom. Through its double doors of glass Mr. Mayhew's oratorical accents, accompanied by faint chords on the piano, reached Campton's ears: he paused and looked. At the farther end of the great gilded room, on a platform backed by velvet draperies, stood Mr. Mayhew, a perfect pearl in his tie and a perfect crease in his trousers. Beside him was a stage-property tripod surmounted by a perfume-burner; and on it Mme. de Dolmetsch, swathed in black, leaned in an attitude of grief.

At the piano beneath the platform a bushy-headed youth struck an occasional chord from Chopin's Dead March; and near the door three or four Red Cross nurses perched on bales of blankets and listened. Under one of their coils Campton recognized Mrs. Talkett. She saw him and made a sign to the lady nearest her; and the latter, turning, revealed the astonished eyes of Julia Brant.

Campton's first impression, while they shook hands under cover of Mr. Mayhew's rolling periods, was of her extraordinary gift of adaptation. She had made herself a nurse's face, not a theatrical imitation of it like Mme. de Dolmetsch's, nor yet the face of a nurse on a war-poster, like Mrs. Talkett's. Her lovely hair smoothed away under her strict coif, her chin devoutly framed in linen, Mrs. Brant looked serious, tender and efficient.

Was it possible that she had found her vocation?

She gave him a look of alarm, but his eyes must have told her that he had not come about George, for with a reassured glance she laid a finger on her lip and pointed to the platform; Campton noticed that her nails were as beautifully polished as ever.

Mr. Mayhew was saying: "All that I have to give, yes, all that is most precious to me, I am ready to surrender, to offer up, to lay down in the Great Struggle which is to save the world from barbarism. I, who was one of the first Victims of that barbarism. . ."

He paused and looked impressively at the bales of blankets. The piano filled in the pause, and Mme. de Dolmetsch, without changing her attitude, almost without moving her lips, sang a few muffled notes of lamentation.

"Of that hideous barbarism—" Mr. Mayhew began again. "I repeat that I stand here ready to give up everything I hold most dear—"

"Do stop him," Campton whispered to Mrs. Brant.

Little Mrs. Talkett, with the quick intuition he had noted in her, sprang up and threaded her way between the bales to the stage. Mme. de Dolmetsch flowed from one widowed attitude into another, and Mr. Mayhew, descending, majestically approached Mrs. Brant.

"You agree with me, I hope? You feel that anything more than Mme. de Dolmetsch's beautiful voice—anything in the way of a choral accompaniment—would only weaken my effect? Where the facts are so overwhelming it is enough to state them; that is," Mr. Mayhew added modestly, "if they are stated vigorously and tersely—as I hope they are."

Mme. de Dolmetsch, forsaking the tripod with the gesture of a marble mourner torn from her cenotaph, glided up and laid her hand in Campton's.

"Dear friend, you've heard? . . . You remember our talk? I am Cassandra, cursed with the hideous gift of divination." Tears rained down her cheeks, washing off the paint like mud swept by a shower. "My only comfort," she added, fixing her perfect eyes on Mr. Mayhew, "is to help our great good

friend in this crusade against the assassins of my Ladislas."

Mrs. Talkett said a word to Mr. Mayhew, and Campton saw his complacent face go to pieces as if it had been vitriolized.

"Benny—Benny—" he screamed, "Benny hurt? My Benny? It's some mistake! What makes you think—?" His eyes met Campton's. "Oh, my God! Why, he's my sister's child!" he cried, plunging his face into his soft manicured hands.

In the cab to which Campton led him, he continued to sob with the full-throated sobs of a large invertebrate distress, beating his breast for an unfindable handkerchief, and, when he finally found it, immediately weeping it into pulp.

Campton had meant to leave him at the bank; but when the taxi stopped Mr. Mayhew was too collapsed for the painter to resist his pleading hand.

"It was you who saw Benny last—you can't leave me!" the poor man implored; and Campton followed him up the majestic stairway.

Their names were taken in to Mr. Brant, and with a motion of wonder at the unaccountable humours of fate, Campton found himself for the first time entering the banker's private office.

Mr. Brant was elsewhere in the great glazed labyrinth, and while the visitors waited, the painter's registering eye took in the details of the room, from the Barye *circ-perdue* on the peach-coloured marble mantel to the blue morocco armchairs about a giant writing-table. On the table was an electric lamp in a celadon vase, and just the right number of neatly folded papers lay under a paper-weight of Chinese crystal. The room was as tidy as an expensive stage-setting or the cage of a well-kept canary: the only object marring its order was a telegram lying open on the desk.

Mr. Brant, grey and glossy, slipped in on noiseless patent leather. He shook hands with Mr. Mayhew, bowed stiffly but deprecatingly to Campton, gave his usual cough, and said: "This is terrible."

And suddenly, as the three men sat there, so impressive and important and powerless, with the fatal telegram marring the tidiness of the banker's table, Campton murmured to himself: "If this

thing were to happen to me I couldn't bear it. . . I simply couldn't bear it. . ."

Benny Upsher was not dead—at least his death was not certain. He had been seen to fall in a surprise attack near Neuve Chapelle; the telegram, from his commanding officer, reported him as "wounded and missing."

The words had taken on a hideous significance in the last months. Freezing to death between the lines, mutilation and torture, or weeks of slow agony in German hospitals: these were the alternative visions associated with the now familiar formula. Mr. Mayhew had spent a part of his time collecting details about the treatment of those who had fallen, alive but wounded, into German hands; and Campton guessed that as he sat there every one of these details, cruel, sanguinary, remorseless, had started to life, and that all their victims wore the face of Benny.

The wretched man sat speechless, so unhinged and swinging loose in his grief that Mr. Brant and Campton could only look on, following the thoughts he was thinking, seeing the sights he was seeing, and each avoiding the other's eye lest they should betray to one another the secret of their shared exultation at George's safety.

Finally, Mr. Mayhew was put in charge of a confidential clerk, who was to go with him to the English Military Mission in the hope of getting farther information. He went away, small and shrunken, with the deprecating smile of a man who seeks to ward off a blow; as he left Campton heard him say timidly to the clerk: "No doubt you speak French, sir? The words I want don't seem to come to me."

Campton had meant to leave at the same time; but some vague impulse held him back. He remembered George's

postscript: "Don't be too savage to Uncle Andy," and wished he could think of some friendly phrase to ease off his leave-taking. Mr. Brant seemed to have the same wish. He stood, erect and tightly buttoned, one small hand resting on the arm of his desk-chair, as though he were posing for a cabinet size, with the photographer telling him to look natural. His lids twitched slightly behind his protective glasses, and his upper lip, which was as straight as a ruler, detached itself by a hair's breadth from the lower; but no word came.

Campton glanced up and down the white-panelled walls, and spoke abruptly.

"There was no reason on earth," he said, "why poor young Upsher should ever have been in this thing."

Mr. Brant bowed.

"This sort of crazy impulse to rush into things," Campton continued with rising vehemence, "is of no more use to a civilized state than any other unreasoned instinct. At bottom it's nothing but what George calls the baseball spirit: just an ignorant passion for fisticuffs."

Mr. Brant looked at him intently. "When did—George say that?" he asked, with his little cough before the name.

Campton coloured. "Oh—er—some time ago: in the very beginning, I think. It was the view of most thoughtful young fellows at that time."

"Quite so," said Mr. Brant, cautiously stroking his moustache.

Campton's eye again wandered about the room.

"Now, of course—"

"Ah—now. . ."

The two men looked at each other for a second, and then Campton held out his hand. Mr. Brant, growing pink about the forehead, extended his dry fingers, and they shook hands in silence.

(To be continued.)



Chicago

Nine Sketches by Frederick Polley



Grand Central Station.

There are six general passenger-stations in the city, the terminals of some twenty-four or more steam-roads. These stations are located in a cluster around the "Loop" district.



Clark Street.

This view north from Monroe Street shows the Conway, Putnam, and County Court buildings.



Michigan Avenue Boulevard, South.

The Boulevard is the pride of all Chicagoans. Less than a century ago this district was a swamp with canoes on its waters; barely a half century ago it was a heap of ruins. Now it is the site of the Art Institute, the Logan Monument, the Taft Fountain, the Field Museum, skyscraping hostelrys, and fashion shops.



Clark Street at the Bridge.

The Chicago River is always interesting—its sluggish waters colorful and the traffic upon it a combination of river, canal, and lake boats.



South Clark Street.

The elevated lines encircle the down-town section in a mighty band of steel called the "Loop." Within or near this district are located the principal hotels, office-buildings, financial institutions, and retail stores. Over the mass of street-cars, trucks, and shoppers towers the dome of the Federal Building.



Wells Street Elevated Bridge.

The huge "jaws" and "lifts" and various kinds of drawbridges over the Chicago River give to the city a peculiar distinction. Many of the bridges are remarkable feats of engineering. All are interesting because of their location in the heart of the city.



Michigan Avenue Link Bridge.

Michigan Avenue is the Fifth Avenue of Chicago. Its stream of traffic seems to be never-ending; yet street traffic comes to a standstill when the "jaws" open to allow some slow-moving lake freighter to put out to sea.



Rush Street.

A few years ago this quiet little street was one of Chicago's important thoroughfares. The Rush Street bridge, near the towering Wrigley Building, was the connecting link of Michigan Avenue. The opening of the Boulevard link bridge diverted the traffic to the east, and the removal of the old Rush Street bridge completed the isolation, and left this old street—the home of many of Chicago's millionaires—in quiet obscurity.



Skyscrapers from Grant Park.

The stately buildings along Michigan Avenue, buttressed by the sky-scrapers in the background, are a vivid expression of the courage and determination of a people who have taken for their motto the words, "I will."

Men and Half-Men

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

Author of "The Racial Prospect"



MILD flood of literature on the state of the country's racial values has followed the revelations made by the army intelligence tests.*

The army tests disclosed little that was new to those familiar with racial conditions. Civilization's habit of almost defertilizing her best stocks, while encouraging the excessive fecundity of the ill-favored, has been made the subject of considerable study. Even the general public, within the last few years, has taken an academic interest in what might be happening to a species which draws the bulk of its increase from its lower elements. The English way of putting it has a compelling vividness—that more than one-half of all the children born are derived from the lowest one-sixth of the population. One hesitates at the figure—but it doesn't matter whether it should be one-sixth, or one-fifth, or one-fourth; it matters that we've got the high birth-rate at the wrong end of the racial scale.

So the impression has been slowly taking hold that under the circumstances the average quality of the race must be declining; but it needed the spectacular figures of the army's careful and very complete mental tests to show, in a way which would gain public notice, how far the decline has already proceeded.

As usual with a sudden outburst of popular interest, exaggeration has crept in. Seventy per cent of our adult population not above the mental age of fourteen years!—this seems to be the *pièce de résistance* of space writers who sell their output on its prospect of catching the popular eye. But this is a false alarm. One's mental age as determined by intelligence tests does not classify him in all

respects with children of as many years; it merely indicates that his *inborn capacity for acquiring knowledge* corresponds to that particular age of normal youth. The adult has had years of worldly experience which the youth of the same mental caliber has not had—and by ignoring acquired knowledge the tests measure, not what a man knows, but how much he is likely ever to know if given a fair chance. From his reactions to matters of the commonest knowledge the examiners try to get a line on his ability to absorb knowledge which is not so common. They search his future instead of his present—which is a mighty significant advance in the business of examining.

The tests disclosed 30 per cent of the army draft—and it is fair to assume these army figures as approximately true for our adult population—to be of a highly satisfactory mental development, with a smattering of some 5 per cent who were superlatively endowed. This almost one-third of the total number represents the flower of the country's mental inheritances.

The next 25 per cent revealed mental ages of thirteen to fourteen years—minds fairly well equipped, if we remember what these mental ages stand for in the tests. These have the making of good, average citizens.

Next came 20 per cent whose mentalities stopped developing at twelve years. We may pass them, too—with some misgiving, since theirs is a lifelong condition of youthful immaturity of mind; yet civilization has a multitude of uses for such as these, in the simpler tasks of its complex life. It was only in the Stone Age of mankind that survival depended on a fair equality of wit and vigor. Civilization specializes on human inequalities, to suit its diverse requirements—something not quite to the liking of democratic idealists.

So we leave these grown-up twelve-year-olds to be struggled with by unhappy

*"Psychological Examining in the United States Army, Vol. 15, *Memoirs, National Academy of Sciences.*" Supt. Doc., Washington, D. C.

employers who sigh to heaven over their incompetency. This accounts offhand for three-quarters of our population.

The problem is in the remaining one-quarter. The army tests indicate, with an approach to accuracy which cannot seriously be questioned, that more than twenty-five millions of our people can never get beyond the mental age of eleven years—the age of unformed youth; while a good ten million of these are saddled for life with mentalities of ten years or under—the age of irresponsible childhood. From this lowest one-quarter we obviously derive most of our social disturbers, at least one-half of all the children born to inherit this land of ours, and one-quarter of the electorate. It's a fine prospect—for the political demagogue and the bolshevik agitator.

Up to the point of recognizing the gravity of this situation nearly all who have taken to writing on the subject of racial values are in agreement; but here they diverge, each with a commendable desire to get across his own particular remedy for stopping racial decline. By all sorts of expedients, ranging from lofty appeal to a cash bonus from the State, the best of the race are to be persuaded away from their too great caution and will forthwith take to having large families; while the poorly endowed are to be enjoined—somehow—from reproducing their kind with their usual careless freedom. Thus, and so, will the high birth-rate be shifted from the poorer to the better stocks, and our dwindling racial values be enriched.

May I be forgiven for saying so, but most of the proposals show a decidedly faint appreciation of the difficulties in the way of one who sets out to tinker with the fundamental instinct of the human race. These are ready answers to the question, What should we do about it? Now might one ask, What are we *likely* to do about it?

We can get a line on what we are likely to do toward reducing the fecundity of fifteen or twenty-five millions of the mentally inferior by observing what we have done, after years of strenuous effort, toward cutting off the self-reproduction of that very much smaller group of incompetents, the obviously feeble-minded.

The obviously feeble-minded constitute probably between 1 and 2 per cent of

the population. The official estimate for Massachusetts is about forty thousand—just over 1 per cent. Of these forty thousand, Massachusetts has segregated in her two institutions *three* thousand—one out of thirteen. This is after years of the most intensive public agitation over the damage done to racial values through turning back into the stock the prolific increase of the mentally unfit.

The mountain's labor brought forth a mouse. A community well posted on what would happen to its fancy strains of dogs or flowers through the presence of one ill-favored specimen in the breeding area, still takes the miserable outpourings of its feeble-minded without batting an eyelash.

Massachusetts is no more impervious to the dictates of ordinary common sense in this respect than most of the States. A few States, perhaps, have done better; those which have segregated as many as one-fifth of their cases seem to derive a virtuous pride from the thought that only four out of five of their defectives are polluting the race. Our failure with the country's million feeble-minded would be ridiculous if it were not so tragic.

Then why waste words over discussing how to reduce the fecundity of a score of millions in the mental grades just above, who are not even candidates for segregation?

The likeliest prospect is that our civilization will continue to derive fully one-half of its racial inheritances from the least fit one-quarter of its stocks; and we might be more profitably engaged in preparing for the conditions which will develop from this likeliest prospect. The rest of this article will not indulge the conceit that we alone, of all the world's experimenters with civilization, are to escape racial decadence.

The prime requisite for an understanding of degenerates is to get away from the utterly false and equally stubborn popular idea that education and training can somehow develop people with stunted mentalities into normal, upstanding men and women. Nothing in human experience has been more clearly demonstrated than that this cannot be done. A vast deal of effort may make them less of a burden; but no amount of effort can turn

a natural-born human liability into an asset. The only remedy for the half-man is to stop breeding him; if we will not do that, we've got to carry him.

But even with these admissions, lugubrious wailing is at least untimely. Every previous culture came to its most exquisite flowering with 70, 80, 90 per cent of its peoples as incapable and incoherent as our lowest 25 per cent. Then if we can manage to adapt our methods of control to those huge proportions of incompetency, it would seem that our time for returning to the classic dust is a long way ahead of us. The magnificent structures of Egypt, Babylon, Greece, and Rome which we so admire were built, not in spite of, but *because* of, their immense numbers who were fitted only for the simplest manual labor under close supervision. It is easy to conceive that we now are at the beginning of an era—a long era, if we manage rightly—of great public works, which will develop increasingly all over the land as the necessity for giving employment of this nature increases. Indeed, one might indulge in a wide variety of speculations about a future so loaded with possible contingencies; but the safest guess in every one of them would have to do with a steadily increasing proportion of low mediocrity.

But with our present load so disturbing to the social order, how are we to get on when it is double, or treble, its present ratio?

We might learn something about this from previous cultures. The course of their racial fortunes bears a striking resemblance to ours. They invited in, or compelled, foreign peoples in large numbers to do their menial work, who remained to multiply and plague them with their inferiority. Our negroes are now one-tenth of our population, and in the army tests 78 per cent of them fell into the mentally lowest one-quarter of the total draft. And so with our foreign-born in the draft—the Poles, 70 per cent of their number not above the mental age of eleven years; the Italians, 63 per cent; the Russians, 60 per cent; the Irish, 39.4 per cent. And these foreign-born sent correspondingly small numbers to the upper mental grades. We read of the ancients, too, that the original stocks which primarily de-

veloped their cultures failed to perpetuate their inheritances. This is the commonest of our own racial faults; to-day we have isolated communities of old American stocks so long drained of their best men and women that their mental average is hardly above that of our least desirable foreign elements.

We seem to be running true to the cycle mapped out by our predecessors; and so far no racial corrective has appeared which might indicate that we are not to go the full course, through a blaze of cultural glory, to the usual ending.

But are we to have this blaze of cultural glory? The old notion still prevails, even among those who should know better, that racial decline foreshadows an immediate cultural decline; as a matter of fact, the two are never coincident. A nation's cultural development depends solely on its geniuses—the merest fraction of its numbers; it is little impressed by the masses of its mediocrity. Racial damage begins with civilization's first protecting of its defective stocks; but culture goes on for hundreds of years after this damage has become as obvious as it has with us. Survival is largely a question of preserving the nation's integrity under an increasing load of the incapable. None but a rank pessimist would assert that we, with the world's accumulated knowledge in hand, are not to run at least the cycle's full course.

Then how did previous cultures manage? Certainly not by inviting their incompetents to take a hand in the choosing of leadership. Neither can we. Why mince words? It should be self-evident that a complex democracy like ours cannot go on with a large and increasing proportion of child-mentalities in its electorate. These are not electors,—somebody else does the electing with their votes. They follow the specious promises of the demagogue, and through him they are already near to holding the balance of power in our city elections. Their increasing numbers predict a still easier day for the political shyster.

We have reached the point of heterogeneity where some qualification for citizenship is needed beyond those got up for the old town meeting. We never asked ourselves a more inane question

than we asked only a short time ago—Should or should not women vote? Some women should, and some should not—just as some men should vote, and some should not.

We want no electorate made up with distinctions as to property, position, creed, color, or sex,—or education, except that the voter should be able to read English; but we *do* have a right to know that every voter has in him at least the *innate makings* of a competent citizen.

A properly devised mental test would give us just this kind of an electorate. Not a single radical who has enough brains to think for himself would be barred; but enough of the sorry rabble that votes as the demagogue thinks would be put out to give us a chance at decent city government. Once freed from this collective vote of the unreasoning, the reasonable demands of all the people could be better expressed at the polls, and more fearlessly carried out by those whom they elect.

Does this proposal shock notions of equality? Civilization leads inevitably toward the differentiation of human beings. Look at our own recent advance in this direction. Heretofore, we have examined for mental attainments; now, by carefully devised psychological tests, we measure one's mental *equipment*. We get at his *capacity* for learning as something vastly more important to know about him than how much he happens to have learned. Industries, schools, colleges, and all sorts of institutions are developing mental tests adapted to their particular needs. The thing will be misused, abused,

and finally perfected for an inestimable service to mankind.

We are at the threshold of an absolutely new evaluation of human worth. At the very time when some are proclaiming loudest the coming of a democracy of universal intelligence and practical equality, we are beginning the most searching investigation of human *inequalities* ever undertaken.

The next important application of this new method for grading human quality will doubtless be with our immigrants. It will come when we realize that upon their inborn mental capacity, wholly aside from their attainments, depends the capacity of their children to attain good citizenship. But its crowning usefulness will come with its application to the electorate.

Those engaged in the current discussion should take in at least the possibility that their various schemes for stopping racial decline might not work. As a precautionary measure, they could not serve the public in any better way than to educate it to the significance of the psychological test as a means for determining human values. We should soon be able to make individual adjustments offhand which heretofore have been made only through repeated trials and failures. Knowing one's limitations in advance saves floundering in a sea of discouragement.

From an appreciation of the psychological test in these more intimate relations there might come a popular sense of its need in adjusting the franchise to meet changed conditions.



Hekanakht Writes to His Household

BY HERBERT E. WINLOCK

Associate Curator, Egyptian Department, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Author of "Digger's Luck," "Hadji Hamid and the Brigand," etc.



It is not often that any of us may hear the actual words used in domestic squabbles and in business troubles by a man who lived in the days of Abraham. So much

that has come out of ancient Egypt has been royal bombast and religious clap-trap that the homely letters of a garrulous and unaffected old farmer are as manna in the wilderness. Let this be the excuse for laying before the reader the correspondence of Hekanakht.

Those who have made the Nile trip will remember a path climbing over the desert hills from the Valley of the Kings to the cemeteries and temples of ancient Thebes. Roman sightseers used it, and hundreds of modern tourists still puff up and down it every year, but, where every rock is honeycombed with tombs, no dragoman would point out the last resting-place of a certain Ipy, half buried beside the way, nor has any one suspected that directly under foot was hidden the little grave of one of Ipy's household. Yet there we found it just at the end of last winter's dig, exactly as it had been sealed up by the ancient priests.

After a find like the model boats and granaries of Mehenkwetre, we, who were digging for the Metropolitan Museum, had become a little blasé. Of course, it was a joke to find an untouched tomb right under everybody's feet—if not under their noses—but there the interest of this tomb seemed to end. The coffin and the pots in it were very ordinary and it was purely as a matter of habit that, once they were taken out, we told the man who had found the tomb to sift over what dust was left on the floor of the chamber.

Digging, however, is like a Sunday-school grab-bag—until you have entirely unwrapped your grab you never know what you have. There was a hole in

the floor of that little tomb that had been filled up with rubbish, and from it Mohammed Awad's deft fingers gathered bits of string, a broken ink-well, a couple of seals, and a pile of torn and crumpled papyri. In fact, he was cleaning out an ancient scrap basket and, as it was within the sealed chamber, we knew that it must be a scrap basket of four thousand years ago.

If you wrap an ancient papyrus in a damp handkerchief and leave it overnight, in the morning you can smooth it out flat, and if you have a flair for jig-saw puzzles and an eye for the varying colors of papyrus fibres, you can gradually piece together the torn scraps. Most of us spent our days and nights at the game until we had mended up six complete inventories and private letters, one of them running to forty-seven closely written lines. As they unfolded we could see how extraordinary they were, but even then we had not come to the end of our luck. Those who can read, readily and accurately, the every-day handwriting of 2000 B. C. can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and one of the foremost of them, Mr. Battiscombe Gunn, was in Luxor at the time, enthusiastic to undertake the translating of our papyri. Rarely is it the digger's luck to get documents of this sort worked out on the spot.

At meals the one thing we talked about was this Hekanakht whose letters Gunn was reading. They were not dated. Did the one we called *A* come before *B*, or was *B* before *A*? There I could be of some help, because I had heard our workmen talk about their crops so often that once we had Hekanakht's directions for running his farm, we could guess pretty closely in which months he wrote his letters. Where was he writing from? Invocations of certain gods settled one letter as having been written in Memphis. Where was this town of Nbesyth his household lived in? Undoubtedly near



Digging out the tomb of the Noble Ipy.

The tourist path comes down the rocks just above the men, and the little tomb where the papyri were found is the black hole behind them.

Thebes—and when we noticed how many of the people and villages that he wrote about were named after the crocodile god Sebek, we realized that Nebesyt must have been just about ten or fifteen miles south. In fact, from the very tourist path under which we found the papyri, you look right over Hekanakht's country.

In this fashion we puzzled out letters and ledgers. The translations are Gunn's, but should these pages fall under the eye of an archaeologist, it is only fair to say that there are one or two minor points that should not be blamed on him. A share in the comments is all that the present writer claims, and the privilege of introducing Hekanakht to the reader. Some day when his papers have been learnedly edited, Hekanakht will be one of the leading authorities on ancient Egyptian agriculture, but on this, his first public appearance in modern times, let us regard him as one of the very few contemporaries of Abraham we can ever know personally.

Hekanakht was what the ancient Egyptians called a "ka-servant." The "ka" was the spirit of the dead and the "ka-servant" was the priest of the tomb—the dead man's agent, charged with the stewardship of his eternal house and with the performance of those services which were necessary for the existence and peace of his soul. A rich man endowed his tomb by making over property to his ka-servant in return for a perpetual performance of these services. If he were influential at court, as the Noble Ipy undoubtedly was, the king granted his tomb endowment from the crown lands. Now Hekanakht was undoubtedly Ipy's ka-servant, and the fact that he went to look after property as far afield as Dedisut, a suburb of Memphis four hundred and fifty miles from Thebes, gives us a bit of contemporary history. The Theban king had conquered Memphis just a few years before, and doubtless this Memphite property had fallen to Ipy's lot as being one of the victor's favorites.

To all intents and purposes Ipy's tomb estate was now Hekanakht's own, and he took far more interest in that mundane side of his position of ka-servant than in the performance of the mortuary ritual.

From time to time he must go down river to visit his northern farms, and as the journey was too long to be lightly or frequently undertaken, and as Hekanakht was a cautious old soul, he always set his house in order, and made a full accounting of his complicated affairs before he left home. We found his account of the barley "made over to his son Mersu"; "the fodder for the bulls"; "the barley that Hekanakht has obtained for his dependents," and a "statement of the bulls that Hekanakht has made over to his son Sinebnut," on the occasion of his first visit to Memphis in the "5th Year of the reign, 2d Month of the Shômu, 9th day," which we should write "October 10, 2004 B. C." We also found, on the same scroll, the inventory made when he went again in the 8th year.

I have tried to audit this last and two other accounts which seem to have been drawn up by his son during his absence, but imagine making out income-tax returns for people who give you several undated memoranda; who, instead of calculating in money, use flax, barley, and spelt, part of which is to be converted into oil; who have credits in corn with thirty-odd fellow townsmen, and who keep a herd of bulls and sell lumber from a grove of trees. And add to all this, they pay their rent in cloth or in copper and don't tell you where it comes from. Even after days of more or less fruitless figuring one can manipulate the sums so as to double or halve the income almost at will, and yet the very multiplicity of Hekanakht's affairs gives one the impression that he is a person of considerable consequence in the little village of Nebesyt. He feeds thirty mouths at home, for which he provides yearly 600 bushels of barley; and as he has at least as much barley again, besides flax and cattle, he must farm from fifty to seventy-five acres at least, partly rented, partly from the tomb endowment, and some of it perhaps his own. On the rich black soil of Egypt seventy-five acres is a valuable property.

May the reader bear with me a few more minutes before Hekanakht speaks for himself. His family, with their confusingly strange names, should be introduced, and besides, it is only after getting acquainted with the household that one

can know the querulous and hectoring old fellow who ruled it.

First there was his aged mother Ipy, an inoffensive old body so far as we can tell, except that, like so many old women, she maintained an ambiguous female hanger-on. This was a certain Hetepet, who had a little son Mey, and was probably a poor relation and doubtless a bore. Certainly the letters show she was no favorite with Hekanakht's grown-up married sons.

Of these last there were three. Mersu was the oldest and he tended the farm, tried to keep the peace in the household, and substituted as ka-servant in his father's absence. The old man's letters suggest that he was a poor correspondent, somewhat stupid as a farmer, and given to complaining; but then probably nothing would ever have satisfied him, and I believe we should be safe in writing down Mersu as a dependable soul. Sihathor, the second son, was probably at least a half black sheep, however, for whenever he came home from the farm he was renting, Mersu was warned to keep an eye on him; and once he was involved in a scandalous scheme for palming off some dried-up barley on the old man. Sinchnut was a more satisfactory character, who plods along in company with the family's confidential man, Heti son of Nakht, looking after the cattle, selling the timber, and going down to the village of Perhaa to lease some land.

Then there were two boys, Anûpu and Sneferu. When Hekanakht went away the first time they were too young to be put to work, but three years later they filled a large space in the family correspondence. In fact by this time Anûpu had arrived at the age when he was beginning to have his own ideas about being kept under the charge of older brother Mersu, and Sneferu had become a spoiled brat, the darling of his doting old father. Incidentally, no matter how fond his father was of him, young Sneferu sent word that he would rather stay and play around the cattle stable than join the fussy old man on his travels.

There were several others in the family—apparently a married daughter Renka'es; a little girl Nofret, to whom her father sends his love; and two other small

children, Sinewet and Sitweret. Counting in the families of the married sons, of the daughter and of the confidential man, we have one of those overgrown Oriental households in which the peace can only be kept by a patriarchal tyrant. Yet Hekanakht, not content with the troubles he already had, must needs bring in another.

Evidently he was a widower—for he never mentions his wife, the mother of his children—and so in his old age he had taken unto himself a concubine named Iutenhab. As long as he stayed at home the family naturally had to show her due respect, but the moment he was gone the lid was off. I dare say she refused to do her share of that drawing of water which was the lot of Rebecca, of Jethro's daughter, and of all the other women of the East, and probably she put on the airs of a "Nebet-per" or "mistress of the household." In any case, by the time Mersu came to write his first letter to his father, Iutenhab had all five brothers against her, the maid servant Senen was openly impertinent, and later even one of the tenants, Ip, was pestering her.

Just after Gunn had translated the letters, I was telling our head man, Hamid Mohammed, about them, and when I got to the story of the concubine, Hamid said feelingly, as if from experience: "A young woman is a snare to a dotard and ever brings shame upon him. Such often happens to this day when an old man brings a young woman into a house where there are married sons. If he wanted to keep the peace why didn't he give each of his sons their patrimony and let them go?" However, poor old Hekanakht, with all his wise old saws, never seems to have heard that there is no fool like an old fool, and as for setting up his sons on their own—well, twice he threatened to put them out of the house, but he was far too fond of keeping them at home where he could always remind them that they were eating of his bread and dependent on his support.

Such were the principals in the cast. The chorus was made up of thirty or more neighbors who are merely names in the ledgers, like the Mayor Hetepkhnun, the Clerk Khtay, and the Dog-keeper Hay. Of the Overseer Ranefer and Hau the Younger, farmers in the village of Perhaa,

we shall often hear in regard to renting good, well-watered land in the Khepeshyt district, and there was a certain Khen-tekh, father of the tenant Ip, who seems to be manager of some of the northern property.

It is June of the 8th Year of the reign of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Sankhkare'. The crops are in, the threshing is over at Nebesyt, and Hekanakht is preparing for a second trip to Memphis and his other northern estates. He calls the faithful Mersu, and perhaps Sinebnut, and gets out the scroll on which the account of the 5th Year had been written. The frugal old fellow sees that there is still plenty of blank space on it for another inventory, and so he writes:

Eighth Year of the Reign. Statement of Hekanakht's balances that Mersu has:

Barley 62½ bushels; spelt 65.

Complete total 127½ bushels.

Eighth Year of the Reign. Statement of outstanding barley and spelt, drawn up according to persons by their names:

The persons who follow are thirteen in number, holding various quantities of grain, with a grand total of 423¾ bushels. Some of them, possibly, were tenants, others may have owned granaries, and still others may have been like Ahmed the water-carrier who supplies our house at the dig. When harvest-time came around last year we found that our water-tank was always empty, and when we looked into the matter it turned out that Ahmed was getting a peck of grain from this person and another from that, which he was to work off by filling the village water-jars. Doubtless Hekanakht's outstanding barley represents just such credits with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. On the back of the scroll—because it was Sinebnut's and not Mersu's affair—was a list of trees, and the cattle were doubtless itemized on another sheet.

Picture the old man sitting cross-legged on the ground with the roll spread over his knee, writing down his lists and ejaculating all the time to the waiting Mersu: "Be very careful," "Mind this," "I shall hold thee responsible." These were the expressions which were always on the tip of his pen and were doubtless equally ready on the tip of his tongue.

Then Hekanakht takes ship for Memphis, and when in course of time his business in the suburb of Dedisut is finished, he returns up-stream to his other northern estates. He finds a letter awaiting him from Mersu, who is in the midst of cultivating his summer crops. It is about the first of August. The Nile is beginning to rise and the inundation waters should be diked off until the crop is reaped, but Mersu seems to fear that the banks won't hold and that the fields will get flooded. Nothing else counts for old Hekanakht. He seizes pen and paper, and without wasting ink on the usual fulsome greetings in which an Egyptian took such evident relish, he dashes off:

The Ka-servant Hekanakht addresses Mersu:

As to any flooding on our land—it is thou who art cultivating it! Woe to all my people with thee. Behold, I shall hold thee responsible for it. Be very active in cultivating, and be very careful. Guard the produce of my grain. Guard everything of mine. See, I shall hold thee responsible for it. Be very careful about everything of mine.

The old man's indignation at the thought of losing a summer crop being relieved for the moment by this outburst, in a somewhat calmer mood he gives Mersu directions for the winter's farming that begins in October:

Have Heti, son of Nakht, go down at once with Sinebnut to the village of Perhaa to cultivate two fields of land on lease. They will take its rental out of the cloth that has been woven here. If they should have sold the spelt which is in Perhaa and taken the payment for it, they must return it. "Excellent," thou wilt exclaim about the fabric which I have said has been woven. Let them get it, and when it has been sold in Nebesyt, let them rent the land with its proceeds, and if it pleases you to cultivate the land with it (besides paying the rent with it) do so. Find land, a field for spelt and a field for barley—good land of the Khepeshyt district. Do not rush onto just anybody's land. Enquire of Hau the Younger. If you do not find he has any, then you should follow the advice of Ranefer—it is he who can put you onto the good, well-watered land of Khepeshyt.

It seems Mersu has made a blunder on another leasing transaction, for his father goes on: "When I came hither southwards thou didst charge to me the rental of this other land entirely in barley. Now mind this: do not use the barley belonging to it, for thou hast made it difficult for

me, renting it as well as sowing it, in barley alone." He makes his point at some length and ends up in his usual insistent manner: "See, this is not a year for a man to be negligent towards his master, or his father, or his brother." However, though we may be sure that Hekanakht would be far too canny to "rush onto just anybody's land," he can scarcely be called a consistent thinker. When his pen is in his hand his thoughts come tumbling one on top of another. Now he suddenly remembers that Heti is due an allowance; and after that he runs into a jumble of unrelated messages about his beloved farms and about his less satisfactory family, all of which would lose some of their naïve character if they were edited:

And with regard to whatever Heti son of Nakht may do in Perhaa, see I did not credit him with any victuals. The allowance for one month is 5 bushels of barley, and I will credit another extra $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of barley to his family at the first of the month. See if thou disobeyest this I will make it up from thee by deduction. And as to what I have just told thee, "give him 5 bushels of barley per month," thou must give him only 4 bushels of barley per month. Mind this!

As to sending Sihathor to me with old, dried-up barley from Dedisut and not giving me the 5 bushels in new barley—by no means! But thou art happy eating the good barley! "When I am on land, the boat is well moored; when thou putttest ashore, thou doest everything wrong" [evidently a byword of the day. On the Nile, the boat supplied all the similes for the journey of life]. If thou shouldst have sent me old barley to do duty for new—but what am I saying? Much good it is!

And I have been told that Sneferu is discontented. Take great care of him and give him victuals. And salute him from Khentekh a thousand times, a million times. Mind and write to me. And if my land floods when he cultivates with thee and Anupu, woe to thee and Sihathor. Take great care of him. Thou must send him off to me directly after thou hast cultivated. Have him bring me 5 bushels of wheat and what thou canst find in barley and also of the surplus of your victuals until you get to the Shemu [which begins September 2d, still a month or so ahead].

Do not fail to answer about everything I have written thee about—see, this is a year for a man to work for his master!

After directions to "transact all of my business in flax" on another farm, it occurs to him that at Perhaa, "if it turns out to be a good Nile, thou must sow spelt," and then he returns to the family.

Take great care of Anupu and Sneferu, whether thou livest with them or diest with them; mind

this! See, if Sneferu has no allowance in the house with thee, do not fail to write about it.

And have the housemaid Senen turned out of my house at once, and be very careful every day on which Sihathor visits thee. Behold, if Senen spends a single day in my house, beware! it will be thou who art to blame if she does harm to my concubine. What am I supporting thee for? and what can my concubine do to you, you five boys?

And salute my mother Ipy a thousand times, a million times, and salute Heteptet and the whole household, and Nofret [the salutations he was too indignant to head his letter with]. And as to doing any harm to my concubine, take warning! Thou art not associated with me as my partner [and may be turned out of house and home at any time]. If thou wouldst only keep quiet it would be a very good thing.

And send a statement about what has been withdrawn from Perhaa, and be sure not to fail to write to me.

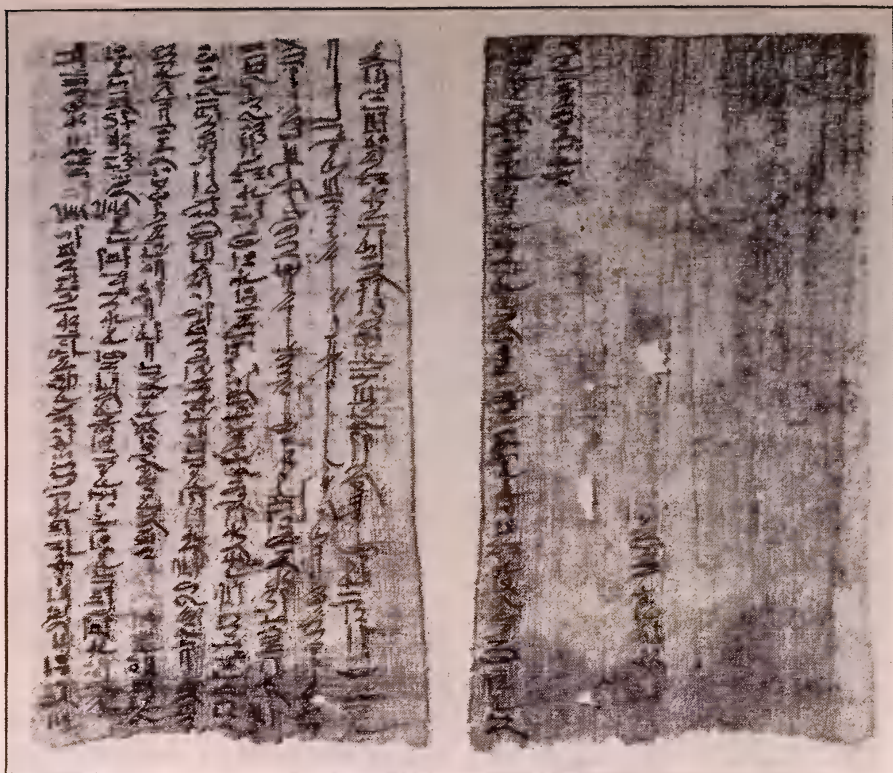
His letter was finished. He had covered the sheet on both sides, all but a little, and now he folded it several times lengthwise with the blank part outside, then twice crosswise, and tied it with a piece of string which he sealed. Finally, he addressed it:

"The Ka-servant Hekanakht presents this to his household of Nebesyt."

There was no date, but after all it was to go by hand, and if the household in Nebesyt thought it worth while to ask, the bearer could tell them when and where Hekanakht had given him the letter.

However often Hekanakht may have had to insist that Mersu write to him, we may be sure that the garrulous old man would have plenty of instructions to send home during the year that he remained in the north. Sure enough, in the next letter of his that we have, he refers to several others, of which one was written at New Year's, in those days on January 5. Unfortunately, however, none of the letters contained any directions about the Perhaa business, and so Mersu did not take them with him to reread up at the tomb where they would have been preserved for us.

The next letter which we have was written just after another visit to Memphis. The season is after the threshing and before the old Nile, of famine lowness this past winter, had begun to rise again. The beginning of July is a very probable date and this can be checked rather neatly. In the first letter the allowance given Heti and his family is $6\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of bar-



Hekanakht's letter to Ranefer opened.

ley a month, and in this letter we will find each married dependent receiving just six times as much. As this is a lean year, these must be the rations for at least six months, and as he says they must last until the end of the Shômu, on December 30, he cannot be writing later than July 1.

This time the opening is in quite a different vein. Evidently Hekanakht knew that the household had been looking forward to more liberal allowances than he was sending, and he felt that a few extra words to mollify would be worth while. The address on the outside of the letter is the same—"The Ka-servant Hekanakht presents this to his household of Nebe-syt"—but the greetings are more in the style in which an Oriental delights.

The son speaks to his mother: the Ka-servant Hekanakht to his mother Ipy, and to Hetepet. How are you in your life, safety and health, by the blessing of the God Montu, Lord of Thebes?

To the whole household: How are you in your life, safety and health? Do not worry about me; I am alive and well.

Behold, you are as he who eats until he sates hunger, until he shuts his eyes, while the entire land is dead from famine. I have come hither southwards and I have obtained your victuals as well as possible. Is not the Nile very low? Well behold, we have obtained victuals in proportion to it. Be patient, you who are named; you see I have been able to support you up to today.

Statement of victuals for the houses		
Ipy, her maid servant and Hetepet.	.40	bushels
Renka'es.	.40	"
Heti, son of Nakht, and his family.	.40	"
Mersu and his family.	.40	"
Sihathor.	.40	"
Sinebnut.	.35	"
Anûpu.	.30	"
Sneferu.	.20	"
Sinewet.	.20	"
Mey, son of Hetepet.	.2½	"
Nofret.	1¾	"
Sitweret.	1	"

In explanation of Sinebnut's smaller ration, Hekanakht afterward writes into a blank space just in front of the list, "Let the victuals be measured out to Sinebnut until he goes to Perhaa, from his barley which he has got from his timber," the list of which he had left among

the papers that we found. Then he continues:

Now you must not be angry about this. See, the whole household as well as the children are dependent on me and everything is mine. "Half life is better than dying altogether," and they say "the hungry must hunger." Why, they have begun to eat men and women here. There are none to whom such victuals as these are given anywhere else. You must keep yourself going with a stout heart until I reach you. I shall spend the Shômu here.

I doubt not but that the last was welcome news. Surely the "eating men and women here," is only a fashion of speaking, like "half life is better than dying altogether," but it expresses the horrors of the low Nile when famine stalks through the land as in the seven lean years which Joseph foretold. So far his letter had been addressed to the household in general. Now he goes on with another of those rambling jumbles, jotted down in defiance of all order or logic, just as they popped into his head.

The Ka-servant Hekanakht addresses Mersu and Heti, son of Nakht, together:

You must give the victuals to my people only while they are doing work. Mind this! Make the most of all my land; strive to the uttermost; dig the ground with your noses in the work. Sec, if you are industrious, one will praise God for you. Lucky that I can support you. Be very active, for you are eating my bread.

They should begin to give out again those victuals about which I wrote you on New Year's Day, for a first-of-the-month feast to the God Khentekhtay of the Temple of the Double Portal.

Do not fail to write to me about the field of land in the estate, which has been given to Ip the Younger, son of Khentekh, for his use.

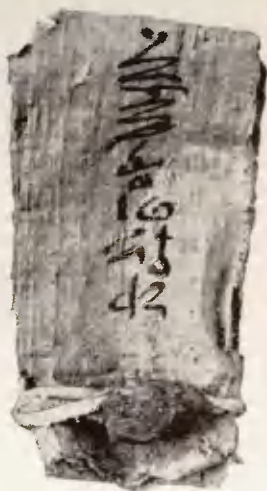
Any article of Anûpû's which thou hast, give it back to him, and whatever is missing, compensate him for it. Do not make me write to thee about it again. See, I have already written to thee twice about it. And if Sneferu should want to look after the bulls, then put him to looking after them, for he does not want to be cultivating with thee and running up and down, nor does he want to come hither with me. Indeed, whatever he wants, thou must let him enjoy [which is pathetic coming from the old fellow who had written in his first letter for his darling to join him].

If any one of the women or men should spurn the victuals, let him come to me here and stay with me and live as I live,—not that there is any one who will come hither to me!

I have told you, "Do not keep any woman friend of Hetepet's away from her, whether a relative of hers or an acquaintance of hers." Take great care of her and I trust you will prosper in all things accordingly—although (to be sure) thou dost not want her with thee.

Thou shalt send me Intenhab. As this man lives—I speak of Ip—he who shall interfere in any way with the concubine, he is against me and I am against him. Behold, this is my concubine and it is well known that a man's concubine ought to be treated well. See, there is not any one who would do for her the like of what I have done. Even if none of you would be patient should his wife be denounced to him, let me be patient. But how can I ever live with you in one establishment if you will not respect a concubine for my sake?

These complaints suggest that the tempest in the domestic teapot had come to a boil.



The letter folded and sealed as we found it.

The old man gives way and sends for the trouble-making lady—but not without threats of turning his sons out of house and home. Mersu, surely, did not let Intenhab tarry in her going, and if the brat Sneferu could only have been sent with her, the household in Nebesyt would have lived in peace and contentment "until the end of the Shômu."

And sec, I have sent you 5 lbs. of copper for the renting of the land by Sihathor. And have that land on lease next to Hau the Younger's in Perhaa, worked and paid for in copper, in cloth, et cetera. When, however, you have collected the proceeds, take them in oil or in anything else and be very careful and very active. But you should do well on the good, well-watered land of Khepeshty.

In the first letter Hekanakht had written Mersu that if Hau did not have any land to rent, Ranefer might, and here he is writing about land next to Hau's. As

it had turned out Ranefer had been the one, and in addition to him there had been a dozen other people in Perhaa with whom Mersu had accounts to the extent of $67\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of barley and 585 bushels of spelt. I take it, that while he had kept that copy of this inventory which we found, he had sent another to his father, because certain of its items appear in Hekanakht's third letter, addressed to "The Overseer Ranefer."

Even though it is short, this third letter is in some ways the most interesting of them all. When we found it, it was actually still folded and sealed, just as Hekanakht had sent it to Mersu four thousand years ago to be delivered to Ranefer by Sinebnut and Heti. The handwriting and the wording in it are far more polished than in the others. Instead of Hekanakht's own square, crabbed fist, the signs are flourished in a most ornate style and the gods invoked are those of Memphis and of the royal family just ousted by the Thebans. Now we found another letter at the tomb of Mehenkwetre', and there is still a third in the Cairo Museum with exactly the same kind of flowing hand and the same profuse greetings, almost word for word, and the conclusion that we came to was that these sweeping strokes and flowery phrases were the stock in trade of the professional letter-writers of the great city of Memphis, with their thousand years of civilization and urbane manners behind them. Clearly, therefore, the countrified Hekanakht, wanting to send the most polished and polite of missives, had sought out a public scribe when he was last in Memphis to indite a letter to Ranefer. The opening lines are the scribe's—they would hardly have come natural to the good old Theban himself. The phrase "servant of the estate" is nothing more than our own old-fashioned "I remain thy obedient servant."

The Servant of the Estate, the Ka-servant Hekanakht says:

May thy condition be like that of one who lives a million times! May the God Harishaf, Lord of Heracleopolis, and all the gods that are, aid thee! May the God Ptah south of his Memphite Wall, gladden thy heart as one who lives long! May thy rewards be excellent from Harishaf, Lord of Heracleopolis!

Thy servant says:

Let thy clerk—to whom be given life, safety,

and health—know that I have sent Heti, son of Nakht, and Sinebnut about that barley and spelt at thy place. Also, what thy clerk—life, safety, and health—might do, is to have it withdrawn without allowing the least of it to go astray, if thou wilt be so good, please. And as to the price when it is collected, let it be placed in the house of thy clerk—life, safety, and health—until somebody comes for it. And see, I have had this grain put to the corn measure and measured. It is a neat 100 full sacks.

And see, 75 bushels of spelt are at Perhaa with Nenneksu; $67\frac{1}{2}$ of barley with Ipy the Younger at Iusebeku; at Sepatmat with Nehri, son of Ipy, are 100 bushels of spelt, and with his brother Desher, 15. Total: 290 bushels of spelt, and $67\frac{1}{2}$ of barley.

He only itemizes 190 bushels of spelt. Perhaps the 100 full sacks in Ranefer's granary make up the difference. Or perhaps the scribe missed an item in the dictation—below he surely makes the slip of writing simply "Nakht" for "Heti son of Nakht." Mersu's inventory shows more than enough to cover another 100 bushels from the credits in Perhaa and the neighborhood, if it was a slip in taking the dictation.

And he who would give me the equivalent in oil must give me a hebenet-measure for 10 bushels of barley or for 15 of spelt. However I prefer my property to be given me in barley.

And do not fail to write about Nakht and about everything for which he may come to thee. He looks after all my property.

So the correspondence ends. The curious, if they see these letters of four thousand years ago in their museum cases in New York, may stop a moment to wonder why Sinebnut and Heti never took this last one to Ranefer; what sort of a person Sneferu became when he grew up, and whether Iutenhab finally persuaded the old man that he really could live no longer in one establishment with his five sons. And then they may thank their stars that they can do their bills on the first of the month in dollars and cents instead of in barley and spelt, in cloth and copper and oil. Still, perhaps this is only a temporary blessing. They tell me that Henry Ford is soon going to have us being paid in horse-powers and settling up our rent in kilowatts. However that may be, here we leave old Hekanakht and his Iutenhab and little Sneferu (how Mersu would have envied us!), nor are we ever likely to meet them again. But then, who can tell what another dig may bring forth?



And scratch both ways from the cinch, as the judges may direct.—Page 299.

Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Will James, who drew the pictures in this article and wrote the accompanying text, says of them: "Yessir, as the cowboy speaks, by all means, is the way I intended the article to be published. Good English is fine, but it don't git there. I've records to show that I've lived the life further and deeper than very few cowboys have—I've won first in steer-roping and bronc riding and what I've wrote in the article I sent, is not put on, it's just a heap further into the life than most of 'em have lived it. I've worked at it for a living and it's all I know. I'm proud to say that I'm a cowpuncher, and not of the 1922 variety. You can mention that fact up in the heading as you suggest and I can back it. I'm known as the cowboy artist without my saying so—it's taken for granted, for how can one know without really having the experience? This life can't be learned by setting on top of the corral fence, you've got to mix in the dust, and I know you realize it."

IN most countries a mean horse is got rid of or broke of his meanness by either kind or rough handling. He may be given away to some enemy or shipped and sold at auction—that ornery devil, dragging all the bad names after him, will keep on drifting and changing of scenery till he's too old to be shipped or

traded any more. He's a mighty expensive animal, figgering all the buggies he kicked to pieces, the harnesses he tore up, and the stalls he broke down, not counting injury to them what tried to handle him. But there's a place for such horses.

It's anywheres west of the Laramie Plains, if you've got a real ornery, man-

eating, bucking, striking, can't-be-rode animal of that kind, he's sure worth a lot, and if he's worse than that he's worth more.

Fact is, there's people out looking for

They must have horses that'll give the boys what's rode in for the events a chance to show what they can do, 'cause if the rider "up" gets a bronc that just



What the cowboy wants is a head-fighting, limber-back cross between greased lightning and where it hits.—Page 299.

them kind of ponies, and they'll give from a hundred on up for 'em. They're the "hombres" who's responsible for these "Frontier Day celebrations," "Rodeos," "War-Bonnets," "Reunions," and "Round-ups," and they must have mean horses, the meaner the better.

crowhops, it don't matter how easy he rides, or how much he fans him, and how loud the crowd in the grand stand cheers and hollers, the judges of who's the best rider won't notice him, being he has nothing hard to stick. That's where a good hard mean bucking horse is wanted, he's

got to have enough wickedness in him for that cowboy to work on—I've seen mighty good riders left out of the prize money on account of the horse they drew, Nobody gets credit for riding easy in a rocking-chair. What the cowboy wants is a head-fighting, limber-back cross between greased lightning and where it hits



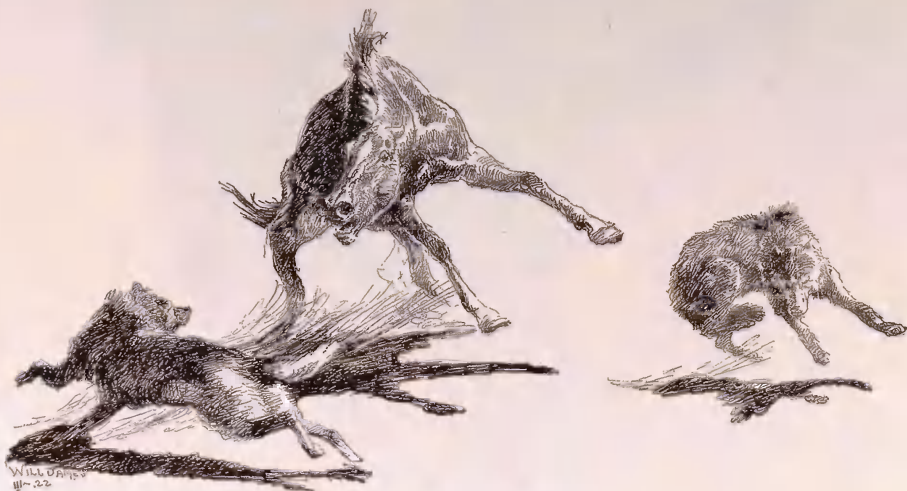
If the cougar's aim was good, he'd break the mustang's neck most as quick as he lit. — Page 301.

just because that pony wasn't mean enough; and that old boy a-setting up there with taped spurs and fighting mad, blood in his eye and a wishing something would blow up under his bronc so he could show the world and the judges what a wolferene he is on horse-flesh. —a horse that'll call for all the endurance, main strength, and equilibrium that cowboy's got—just so he can show his ability and scratch both ways from the cinch, as the judges may direct. There's when a mean devil of a horse is wanted; he gets a chance to show how mean he is with

free rein, and the cowboy has something worth while to work at.

I've knowed some great horses in that game—there was Long Tom, Hammer-head, Old Steamboat; that last was a great old pony, eleven hundred pounds of solid steel and action and a square shooter. They say he never was rode, but I know he has been rode to a standstill. They was real riders that did it tho'. I figgered that horse was part hu-

either fun or practice for the next Rodeo, and the bronc, as a rule, is more than willing and might keep on bucking every time he's rode whether the rider wants him to or not. Close as I could figure it out, the blame for originating the bucking, striking, and biting in the Western horse goes a heap to the mountain-lion and wolf—they two terrors of the range, mixed with instinct and shook up well with wild, free blood, kinda allows for the range-



The "lobo" wolf was another to help develop "nerves" under the mustang's hide. He worked from the ground up, and got the pony to use his front and hind feet mighty well. The teeth came in handy, too.—Page 301.

man the way he'd feel out his rider. He'd sometimes try him out on a few easy jumps just to see how he was setting, and when he'd loosen up for the last, it's safe enough to say, when that last would come and the dust cleared, there'd most always be a tall lean lanky bow-legged cowboy picking himself up and wondering how many horses he'd seen in the last few seconds. I've seen Old Steamboat throw his man with his head up and four feet on the ground, but what happened before he got in that peaceful position was enough to jar a centipede loose—and a human's only got two legs.

A horse is not trained to buck, as some folks think; out there on the open range he already knows how; sometimes the bronco-buster encourages him at it for

horse's actions. The bucking was first interduced when that stallion "Comet" got away from the Spaniards with his few mares, years before Texas was fought for; he started a wild bunch that kept multiplying, till all of Old Mexico and the Southern States was a grazing country for his sons, grandsons, and daughters—they are the real mustang—more horses were brought in from Spain, and Comet's sons would increase the little bands by stealing mares from the pastures; some would get away, join whatever bunch they could, and in no time be as wild as the rest.

Them old ponies had a lot to deal with. The mountain-lion was always a-waiting for 'em from his perch, where he could easy spring down on his victim; he'd fall

on their necks, grab holt with front claws and teeth, a foot or so from the ears, then swing his hind quarters down with all his strength and clamp his claws under the horse's jaw close to the chin, jerk the pony's head up, and, if the cougar's aim was good, he'd break the mustang's neck most as quick as he lit. Once in a while the pony would shake free, but there'd be a story plain to see as to how Mr. Lion worked. The chin was gone and there'd be gashes in the neck that 'd leave scars many inches long and plenty deep.

The "lobo" wolf was another to help develop "nerves" under the mustang's hide. He worked from the ground up, and got the pony to use his front and hind feet mighty well. The teeth came in handy, too, so all in all after his enemies got thru educating him, there was a new nerve took growth and spread from the tip of his ears to the tip of his tail—that nerve (if such you would call it) commanded action whenever anything to the mustang's dislike appeared or let itself be known in any way. And when the cow-

puncher's loop spreads over the mustang's head and draws up, he's fighting the same as he would with the cougar, he's a bucking, striking, kicking, and biting hunk of horse-flesh to anything that's close.

The mustang made a mighty fine cow horse and was good enough till, about forty years or so ago, the stockmen started buying blooded horses from the East and Europe to breed up bigger saddle stock. The stallions were mostly French coach and Hambletonians; some registered mares were bought, too—the cross between the hot-bloods and mustangs brought out fine big horses—but man, how they could buck!

The mustangs kept a-getting chased and caught; they were fence-broken, some "ham-strung," and turned into big pastures where they could range winter and summer, year in year out. In each bunch you could see a thoroughbred, and the herds were showing the blood more every year—but the bucking was still there and worse than ever, the colts never saw a human from the time they were branded



And when the cow-puncher's loop spreads over the mustang's head and draws up, he's fighting the same as he would with the cougar, he's a bucking, striking, kicking, and biting hunk of horse-flesh.

till they were four-year-olds, and some never saw one till they were ten. If they did it wasn't for long, a snort, a cloud of dust, and the rider was left behind a ridge, unless that perticular rider had intentions of catching some, and he sure had to be mounted for that.

As a rule, when a bunch of broncs was wanted out of the "stock" horses—there'd be a "parada" (herd of about roo broke horses) held together by a few riders—the wild ones would be hazed (not drove) toward the "parada," the riders holding the milling herd would hide on the side of their horses and let the wild ones get in,—then there'd be a grand entrée fast and furious into the big corrals, and before the broncs knew it they were surrounded by a good solid stockade of cottonwood poles, ten feet high.

The thoroughbred stallion which was so gentle a few years before was as wild as the herd with him, he'd never show any symptoms of ever having seen a human or ever wanting to see one, he'd forgot his warm box stalls and his feeds of grain, the freedom he'd experienced was worth more to him than what man could give him. He was proud of his band, his colts were big and slick even tho' not better or tougher than the mustang already was.

And to-day when the bronco-buster packs his saddle into the breaking pen, takes his rope and catches his bronc to break, he finds that the Comet strain is still there some—it's blended with the "blue dog" of Texas along with the Steel-dust, Coach, Standard Bred, etc., and scatters all thru the Western States, the Canadian prairies, and Mexico. The imported thoroughbred can't kill that strain, fact is, they make it worse; for, even tho' the pure blood would never buck, the cross forms a kind of reaction with the result that the foals sure keep up the reputation of the mustang that was, and then some. The freedom of the open range and big pastures the Western horse gets is all he needs, and he'll always be ready to give his rider the shaking up he's expecting.

I wouldn't give "two bits" for a bronc what didn't buck when first rode, 'cause I figgers it's their mettle showing when they do. It's the right spirit at the right time—every horse what bucks is not a

outlaw, not by a long shot. I've seen and rode many a good old well-broke cow horse what had to have his buck out in the cold mornings, just to kind of warm hisself up on the subject and settle down for the work ahead.

The outlaw (as some call him) he's the horse that won't quit bucking and fights harder every time he's saddled; it's his nature, and sometimes he's made one by too rough or not rough enough handling, and spoiled either by the bronc peeler what started to break him or else turned loose on the range before he's thoroughly broke, to run for months before he's caught up again. A colt can be spoiled in many ways, and reckless riders what are good riders have spoiled more horses than the poor ones have, 'cause the good rider knows he can ride his horse whatever he does or whichever way he goes, whereas the poorer rider is kinda careful and tries to teach his bronc to be a cow horse; he won't let him buck if he can help it.

There's a difference in horses' nature and very few can be handled alike. Some are kinda nervous and full of life, them kind's got to be handled careful and easy or they'd get to be mean fighters as a rule. Then there's what we call the "jughead," he's got to be pulled around a heap, and it takes a lot of elbow grease to get him lined out for anything; and there's another that as soon as a feller gets his rope on him makes him feel that either him or the bronc ain't got far to go. He's the kind of horse with a far-away look; some folks call 'em locoed. But whether he's that or not he'll sure take a man thru some awful places and sometimes only one comes out. Such doings would make a steeplechase as exciting as a fat man's race; that horse is out to get his man and he don't care if he goes himself while doing the getting. He's out to commit suicide and make a killing at the same time. I pulled the saddle off such a horse one time after a good stiff ride; of a sudden he flew past and kicked at me with his two free legs, snapping and biting at the "jakama" (hackamore rope), heading straight for the side of the corral, when he connected with it and fell back dead, with a broken neck. I felt kinda relieved 'cause I knew it was either him or me or

both of us had to go; he'd tried it before. There's a lot of them used at the round-ups and Rodeos being that they mean business that way—that kind most generally can sure buck and will give a

He's crooked any way you take him, and will put so much energy in his bucking that when he's up in the air all twisted up, he don't figure or care about the coming down. He'll make his cowboy shake



And to-day when the bronco-buster takes his rope into the breaking pen, he finds the Comet strain is still there, some.—Page 302.

rider a chance to show his skill; but they most always wind up a-straddle the grand stand's fence with a piece of broken timber thru 'em, and the rider is lucky if he comes out with just bumps.

And again there's the horse what keeps his brain a-working for some way to hang his rider's hide on the corral or anywhere it'll hang, and save his own hide doing it.

hands with Saint Peter, and won't worry whether the ground is under or on the side of him when he hits. When he falls, he falls hard, and the rider has little chance to get away. That pony seldom gets hurt, he's wise enough to look out for himself; what's on top of him is what he wants to get rid of, and he won't be on the square trying it.



He'll make his cowboy shake hands with Saint Peter, and won't worry whether the ground is under or on the side of him when he hits.—Page 303.

Out of every hundred buckers of the arena there's only about fifteen that are square and will give a man a fair battle. Old Steamboat was that kind, he was gentle to saddle and handle, but when he felt the rider's weight and the blind was pulled off, it was second nature and fun for him to buck, and he knew as well as the boys did that he could buck.

Horses have a heap more brains than some folks would like to give 'em credit for, and if they want to be mean they

know how. The same if they want to be good; the kind of interduction they get with man has a lot to do with it.

Most any bronc is a ticklish proposition to handle when first caught; it's not always meanness, it's fear of the human. They only try to protect themselves. Sometimes by going easy and having patience according, a man can break one to ride without bucking, but even at that, the meanest bucking horse I ever saw was gentle to break, and never made a jump

till one day he got away and run with the wild bunch for a couple of years. When caught again, an Indian with the outfit rode him out of camp, with the old pony going "high, wide, and handsome." The Indian stuck, but along about noon he comes back, afoot. It was during fall round-up when that horse was caught once more; his back had been scalded by the saddle and all white hair grew where it had been. He took a dislike for saddle and men with the result that the next year he was sold to a Rodeo association for the Cowboys Reunion.

To-day there's more buckers like that in the hills waiting to be brought in,

buckers as good as Old Steamboat or any of 'em ever was. They're fat and sassy and full of fight, and in them same hills and range there's riders what keeps their eyes on 'em a-figgering to bring 'em in and "buck 'em" for first money when the Rodeo is pulled off. If the association's got harder buckers, them is what they want; for as long as there's fighting broncs, there's going to be challenging riders, and in all the cowboys I've met and buckers I've handled and seen on the open ranges or arenas of U. S., Canada, and Mexico, I've still got to see the rider what couldn't be throwed and the horse what couldn't be rode.

There'd be a grand entrée fast and furious into the big corrals, and before the broncs knew it they were surrounded by a good solid stockade of cottonwood poles, ten feet high. —Page 302.



Fact

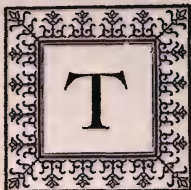
BY AMY LOWELL

SEA-ROSES blowing on a high, white cliff,
 Rayed out above their leaves, bent by a whiff
 Of salty wind. White snowdrops over snow.
 The color of a field where violets grow.
 The tingling rings of honeysuckle bines.
 Cloud shadows drawing over Apennines.
 Young paper birches, with their lusted stems
 Brightening old woods. . . . But similes like these
 Are stock in trade with all poets. If you please,
 Therefore, we'll put aside such brummagem
 And merely state a proven certainty,
 Which is that you are fine exceedingly
 And all that matters in Heaven or Earth to me.

The Conversion of Torowa

BY CHESTER L. SAXBY

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY O. F. SCHMIDT



THE heat was heavy and struck up from the shore in an incessant gust to belie the palm-shade of the clubhouse at Papeete. Harry Bartruff with his legs tilted up on the railing grumbled all day long over the tardiness of the pearl-ers. He had to stay until they came in, and he was not designed for that. He had the itch of the American to be busy; to have to sit on the rocking-chair portion of his spine in a tired spot at the end of the world was cheating the span of his life. But he had no proper ambition to fight the sun; that was too rapid cheating. And waiting, he maintained irritably, was the chief occupation of these heathen islands.

He had no fit company either. The missionary, John Kern, played no cards and drank no whiskey and told no stories. Furthermore, Kern was leaving presently on a little nine-ton ketch for his "jaunt around the diocese," as Bartruff put it. Looking out from the shade that kept a man alive, the eternal wonder was how a vessel held the pitch in her seams. The sea wrinkled away as if shrinking in the glare, and sprawled panting on the shingle with a weary sigh, flattened and exhausted. Kern was going out into that to save souls. Bartruff thought it would be a good line for Kern to state that there were no stomachs in heaven. At least, such assurance would make *him* sign on the dotted line, the way he felt just now.

Bartruff made no bones about his lack of faith in anything. He rather admired Kern—as one admires the man who hoists a one hundred-pound sack of cement onto each shoulder; that is to say, without the slightest wish to try it oneself. The after-life didn't scare him, he confided to Kern, because after this experience he never intended to look ahead; it didn't

pay. A man couldn't live like a Christian out here, and he made too little out here to live like a Christian at home. Take it as it came, and (he waved an impatient hand) let the dream-blue isles of the lordly Pacific slide down greased stays to the place they really represented.

The missionary was too peaceable to argue. He knew his limitations, too. He merely smiled his quiet smile, draped one lanky leg over the other, and listened.

"How the—how can you stick it out?" Bartruff blurted, rubbing the dried sweat from his fat cheeks and increasing the rash. "Everything's dead around here; and it's the same wherever you go. Poison in the air, ulcers in the intestines, ignorance—oh, my Lord! And what do you get out of it? The Oriental religion's the only thing for this desolation. It teaches that nothing matters and, by George, I'm about convinced nothing does! We're just a lot of bugs skimming about and getting pinched off. If you gobble more than the rest you get to be a big bug and have a lot more satisfaction out of it." He had the habit of snapping his squat globe of a head at every assertion. "Ain't that right, dominie?"

Kern nodded. "As a man thinketh, so is he," he quoted thoughtfully.

"But not 'so is *it*,' you mean." Bartruff laughed. "Well, I'm a materialist, and I don't try to reason what I can't see. I'm more so since I was sloughed off into this hole. You can't make clover out of shavings, and you can't worry up any sort of life and inspiration out of the rag-tags and bob-tails you preach to in these sea-pimples. They'll drag along like the mountain trash in the Southern States and eat their bread-fruit and nuts and fish, with once in a while a missionary thrown in; and, except for their moon dances, they'll never be detected from the scenery. You go in there and try to stir 'em up, but they're dead—or else you're dead and they're skinning you and falling asleep

again. I tell you, you're working with dum-dums."

The missionary made a sign of protest and pointed to Torowa seated on the step, seated and yet crouching, motionless and yet watching; a sepia study, the whole length of him, the missionary's body-guard.

"He understands some English," Kern explained. "And he has feelings."

"He's a good servant—as they run," was Bartruff's admission. "I was asking him the other day to join up with me. I need somebody to fetch and carry—that's all they're good for. You could pick up another anywhere."

"What did he say to that?"

Bartruff shrugged. "You've got him buffaloed. He grinned and turned me down, didn't you, Torowa?" With surprising suddenness he shot the query at its mark.

The black twisted about—at the sound of his name, Bartruff thought. But Torowa had heard and understood other things beside. He gazed at the speaker.

Many of the words he missed altogether, but none of the tone—which was sufficient when Torowa knew the subject of the discussion. Bartruff, he could comprehend, had little use for men who were not white-skinned like himself. Torowa was thinking about that—in the way a savage thinks, loosely. He thought that Bartruff would be a brave man to make such talk on the coast of Malaita, where a white head had great value all by itself. Maybe he would not travel to the coast of Malaita.

Nevertheless, Bartruff interested him in being so different from his master. Go fast but stop long. Eyes jump but legs go sleep. Legs jump and eyes go sleep. No pray sky-god. No care what god think. Easy god to have. Money sitting down. In his childish curiosity Torowa admired Bartruff. Next after the master he admired him most and sometimes wished the master served the god of Bartruff instead of his own.

But he had no idea of giving up the master. John Kern was the biggest thing in his life, and to be near him was all he asked. He loved John Kern; he could not very well love two beings. He grinned and shook his head at Bartruff.

"Um," Bartruff grunted. "He's yours, you see, dominie. I couldn't pry him loose with a can-opener. One reason I like him. The beggar don't believe a one of your commandments, but you're everything to him, just the same."

"He will believe," said Kern. "I don't bother about Torowa. The slow conversion is the one that counts. He'll be a confessing Christian before you will."

"He'll have to be. But it's doubtful. He's wide-awake, that fellow. If you wear the legs off him before that time, he may give you up and come to me. I see no chance of getting away from this polluted layout. From the looks of things I'll be in these damned islands till h—till Gabriel gets cornet-blower's lip. Tell you what, Torowa, I'll give you a gold sovereign a month if you'll tie up with me." The dusky face showed its teeth in a grin of refusal. "Well, then, I'll hand you a blooming, blasted, bloody shilling every day, hanged if I won't!"

But Torowa, turning his eyes, only looked adoration at Kern.

"That's that. All right. Any time you want to take me up, you know where you can find me. I'm where the music is—when there's any music." Then to Kern: "Something's got to happen, or I'll dry up. Any kind of a one-ring circus would do. Nothing to take your mind. I'm getting so nothing matters."

"I find enough to do," Kern rebuked him, as the ketch appeared. Torowa sprang for the hand-bag and the kit. "You'd better let the whiskey alone."

Bartruff waved an indolent good-by and flung out a word of reminder to Torowa. When they were gone, he settled himself to sleep.

The ketch headed for the open sea. Torowa hunched down beside a barrel and stared back at the swaying palms. He disliked the sea, and he heard the laconic Scotch skipper say that the barometer was falling, with nasty weather ahead. More than anything else he feared a storm; could never get used to the sensation of rolling and tossing and plunging. He wanted to be back at Papeete or, better yet, in Guadalcanar. He could grow very homesick for Guadalcanar.

For Torowa was a Solomon Islander, and only John Kern had the power to pull

him away from that high, shaded home shore where life ran easily—quite as easily as Bartruff said it did—and the sun-god gave fine ivory nuts for the trading. Torowa trusted his gods utterly and found great satisfaction in them. They gave him what he needed and spared his home from furious winds. He had been happy at home—though not more happy than in serving John Kern. And, wherever he was, he could make worship to his gods so that they would understand.

Kern tried in his gentle way to reason with Torowa about religion, but accomplished nothing. With a gaze of utter affection, wholly at peace, Torowa sat basking in the light of Kern's countenance. He loved Kern; he did not reason about that. As for reasoning about the gods one worshipped, that was impossible. Of course, the white god must be a great god, because Kern was white and believed in it. But blackbirders were white, too; therefore, you couldn't generalize too much.

Soon the wind died, and the ketch was stripped of canvas and made snug. Then after a while came a light puff—and Kern's voice calling. Torowa went to crouch at the master's feet to fight his fear without emotion. But Kern knew. And while the storm roared and flung them from the sky to the bottom of a canyon, the quiet hand rested on Torowa's shoulder, and Kern assured him once more that the white's man's god took away fear. But it was Kern's voice and smile that took away fear.

When they were driven to the deck by the flooding water, and a great sea burst over the ketch and flung her scuppers under, Kern's hand saved Torowa from being washed overboard. He hauled the boy back, and, lifting his long arm, ascribed this piece of good fortune to a higher power than his and hoped that Torowa's gratitude would draw him to conversion then and there. But with dog-eyes Torowa gazed into that mild face and, dropping down, kissed Kern's foot. That was his answer.

In the Tonga Islands and again in Samoa Kern wrestled with this seeming stubbornness. He preached and exhorted to a broad circle of nakedness, but his words and his hope were all for Torowa. He would have left the ninety and nine in the wilderness in order to fetch Torowa

into the fold. Torowa had struck a chord of response in him, and the saving of that savage heart became an absorbing task.

At last they came to the Malaita coast. Like hornets' nests the man-eating Solomons stood high in the water, hostile wooded ranges dead ahead. Guadalcanar! The heart of Torowa was glad, glad. He had learned much English and other things and yearned to show his people. And John Kern he thought of as his guest. He wanted his people to be kind. Perhaps then the master would be convinced and worship the sun-god. A great missionary spirit was born in Torowa.

The home-coming was not all Torowa had hoped, however. The men of the coast were glad enough to welcome Torowa, but disliked white interference that just recently had robbed them of forty-three boys for the plantations of the Germans on Samoa. They were not willing to make distinctions; had even lost faith in making them. They lowered and were sullen. They gave warning.

But John Kern smiled at Torowa's doubts. "They are my friends," he said. And something in the way he said it made a glow in Torowa's heart. He told them what Kern called them. They spat epithets in return. And then they danced.

Torowa received inspiration from that dance. He danced, too, and howled his prayer: that the sun-god he had never for a moment forgotten would spare the life of a good and honest man who was not afraid and who was a friend of the islands.

And later Kern rose up to preach. With a glory in his face he preached. Torowa sat close, and under his dancing-robe he clutched the revolver that Kern's spinster aunt had smuggled into the missionary's trunk, and he had smuggled out. Notwithstanding that he trusted his gods in the matter of supplies of food and general utilities, under the circumstances he wished to provide against accidents.

It was just as well. Apart from the course an ambitious brave of the tribe lurked in the bush and crept up behind Kern for the fatal spine blow. The others might wait for the spoils; he could not afford to. Kern's head was an attractive piece, even when the voice was gone out of it.

Those in the uneasy circle who could see this warrior stealing up appreciated



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

Those in the uneasy circle who could see this warrior

appreciated the joke and grinned.— Page 308.

the joke and grinned—whereat Kern was encouraged. He fancied himself succeeding and redoubled his efforts. They grinned the more.

Torowa fingered the revolver. The lurking hunter was Oru, the brother of the girl yonder whose sleek, fat beauty was like wine to the senses. She had thick, joyous lips, and looked often at him. It was time for the choice, time he took a wife; his blood told him so; she told him so. And Oru wriggled nearer.

Kern's zealous gaze came at intervals to Torowa's face, as if, when all was said, Torowa he most preached to, Torowa he looked to. Torowa had to make a decision. He hurt inside. His mind was at war with itself, full of confusion. Inaudibly he mumbled once more to the sun-god to halt Oru's hand. Oru's hand rose.

A pang of regret seized Torowa. The revolver spoke—once, twice, three times. Oru fell from his knees onto his back. The preaching stopped. The congregation sprang up with yells of anger. The hornet's nest was all abuzz.

Kern did nothing, having nothing to do. But Torowa waved the revolver and in an unhappy voice finished the sermon, preaching hell-fire rather than salvation to any who came forward. With Kern at his back he retired shoreward in no undue haste. The ketch's dinghy lay at hand at the orders of the practical Scotchman who had spent fifteen years in these seas. The two were taken aboard. Wistfully Torowa stood at the rail and watched the wooded range become purple, then gray, then a mere bank of mist. It was quite a moment in his life.

When John Kern drew him about to admonish him, he felt a wave of happiness drown the sourness in his stomach. His bosom swelled. He was content.

His speech was modest: "The white sky-god save you, master. I am glad." That was the tragedy of it: that the sun-god had done nothing, had refused him, had scourged him from his home. He could never go back; he was an exile henceforth.

Kern, failing to perceive what this choosing meant, only protested the act of murder. More to the point, he said, to have let him die if God willed. To kill was against the commandments at all

times and under all provocations. Yet his gentleness persisted in the midst of his bitter disappointment, and he struggled to make Torowa realize the law of love. He hailed forth harsh contrasts.

"Your gods cried for my blood. My God pleaded for their lives. You and the true God have saved me"—although he detested to put it so—"so that He and you might work together all your days. If you go with me, you believe, Torowa."

The boy's liquid eyes devoured Kern's face. "I believe," he said. Not that he understood, but that in his deep content he would try. He and the sky-god would sail with the master and keep him from harm.

This was the beginning of Torowa's magnificence. The ceremony of civilizing him worked magic in all the boy's being. The putting on of the regal blue work-shirt and a pair of Kern's old trousers—this was the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace. He stalked about the deck in proud dignity and turned over in his groping mind the immensity of the gulf that had come between him and his people. In their nakedness and his full dress the distinction was tremendous. The grandeur of the white man's medicine smote him all at once. By John Kern's help he went so far as to recognize the meanness, the primitiveness, the animalism of Guadalupe. This was an immense benefit: it dulled the pain of longing.

He expressed no vain boast of Christianity; he was far from being a Christian yet. When they encountered Harry Bartruff in Marovo Lagoon, New Georgia, and Bartruff sang out his surprise at the change in the boy, Torowa stated:

"I go walk by sky-god. He show Torowa how be Christian."

Bartruff thought that a finer confession than he had ever heard. Very gravely he extended his hand and responded: "Come along with me and show me how." Until the pearling season closed, he had accepted a commission to assist in setting certain island governments more securely in their places, and was in better frame.

"Not much action, dominie," he wagged at Kern, "but the eternal hope of some. That's what keeps us alive. A revolution-breaker; that's me." He stepped up close and lowered his voice.

"Just between us, it's the blackbirders I'm really gum-shoeing. Had a h—, a great old scrap at Cape Little with Taukey's schooner. Poor money in it, but a chance for digestion." He slapped Torowa on the back. "When you're done missionarying with him, you throw in with me, boy. I'm a missionary, too. The Book for the dominie; the gun for mine. We'll rastle up kingdom-come somehow."

Torowa was impressed. He went about on the schooner that Bartruff had fitted up as a floating arsenal, and examined with infinite delight the contrivances that the white man's medicine had conjured up for dealing out justice to the mischief-makers. He handled the rifles in awe; he patted the smooth steel of the machine-gun in the forepeak. Indeed, he appeared to gain enormous satisfaction in the thought that he was now in a manner related to this supreme greatness that ruled in so many ways of might. His savagery lay behind him as contemptible as the abandoned skin of a newly moulted snake. He walked in the light and absorbed more and more of it.

By deliberate, methodical steps he accepted the faith of the sky-god. In nothing was he hasty. In the use of his reason he was like a child learning to walk, taking a few tentative steps and dropping down again upon all fours to be sure. He had plenty of time to grow to this new stature, plenty of time and ample inspiration. To walk in the master's steps and imbibe some of his glory—like a dead moon that has yielded up all that it was and depends upon the warmth from the mother planet—kept Torowa close day and night. He had no wish to reason; only to remain close; but when Kern, with patient persistence, made reasoning the prime factor, he set himself to that too. Kern contended that all creation was the result of reasoning and all goodness sprang from it. To be like the master, then, one must reason. It was enough: Torowa schooled his mind to peer into things, to seek an explanation everywhere, to inquire, to figure, to think out his actions.

But he treasured the revolver through it all. He did not let Kern see it, for (and here his reason operated) the master fought against death in every form, and

the revolver spat death as neatly as the old women of Ugi spat tobacco-juice. Yet he treasured it (reasoning again) because it served the sky-god and served it well. It had saved the master's life and might do it again—in which conclusion his love was greater than his obedience. Nevertheless, he would shoot to hurt next time, and not to kill. Then the hurt ones might be converted and go to heaven.

Of his inspiration to Kern he was not the slightest bit aware, nor would it have made any difference if he had discovered it. Yet it was only Torowa's stanch loyalty that held Kern to the sea-roads when the fever entered his body and bloated his veins. Torowa hesitated over no service he knew how to perform, or could manage to learn. If it was for Kern he was happy. He debased his regal dignity to every menial task of the sick-room and grinned continually.

Kern's ascetic countenance was beaming on him. Kern's wondering voice (for Kern never could quite believe this devotion personal; he was too removed from himself for that), the voice of calm quiet, pronounced in assured simplicity: "What a jewel you are, Torowa! What a Christian!" And Torowa's soul knew bliss.

Incidentally, he saved Kern's life once more.

After that for months and months they sailed through Melanesia from the Bismarck archipelago to the Fiji Islands, through heat and tempest and pestilence and famine, through shipwreck and uprising. Torowa sang hymns lustily and in a new and better-fitting suit of clothes struck envy into many a native heart and fetched his own converts. Every one he led to Kern with an eager grin, as a trained hunting dog lays his offering at the feet of his man-god.

That was why it stung him so when in Espiritu Santo of the New Hebrides he wounded a thief in the act of running away with the Bible, only to have Kern denounce the act as a crime and, taking the revolver from him, fling it high and far into the sea. He stood amazed, speechless, reasonless. He almost doubted the master.

"Let him steal the Word of God and welcome," said Kern sternly.

Torowa cried out at last that stealing was against the commandments, and that



Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"Stop!" he shouted. "The vengeance of God falls on the man who kills!"—Page 315.

the sacred book—the *sacred book* was in heathen hands.

"They need it more than we," was the answer. "Fighting is wrong. There is no good to come of it." He did his best to make Torowa see.

And Torowa managed. To him who loves all doubts are nothing. If Kern was not cast down and despairing over the loss of the Bible, it made no difference to him. When Kern smiled again, the world was well and the hurt healed.

Simply, the reasoning was difficult, inasmuch as the talk of the sky-god lived in the sacred book, the silent voice, the instrument of conversion. Torowa bothered his muddled head about that for a long time. But his heart was easy.

Bartruff went much farther in clearing up the enigma. Bartruff was cruising in fine fettle from group to group on large assignments such as he revelled in. The yellowness had gone from his skin; his breath was sweet again; his rotund body shook often with laughter. He had given up the pearl-buying altogether. As long as this work held out, he said—and that seemed forever—he hanged to the matter of money! He called himself Sir Francis Drake and strutted like a cock.

"I've got my faith back, dominie," he crowed. "I'm a militant Christian. I scourge with fire and sword. I preach the gospel of 'watch your step.'" He was fond of placing himself in the missionary class. It was his commonest joke.

He heard from Kern the incident of the stealing of the Bible. Kern was still bothered by his inability to satisfy Torowa's question, although Torowa had ceased to care as soon as he saw the master was content.

"Well, you see, son," Bartruff declaimed with a jovial wink at Kern, who frowned, "it's like this: these guns here"—he touched them fondly—"are my Bibles, and I fight the unbelievers with 'em. But if they were lifted by some sneak-hound, what would I care? I've still got my fists, haven't I? The Lord made 'em first."

And Torowa understood perfectly without the need of another word.

"What is your god?" he asked in perfect English. "What is he called?"

"Um," grunted Bartruff. "That's a hard one." He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"I put a lot of sentiment into a bottle of good whiskey—but you can't get it; out of the question. I trust in the dollar that trusts in God, and I like a Winchester better than a Snyder. That's the long and short of it, I guess."

"Winchester?" Torowa repeated. "Winchester."

Ungrudging respect he granted to the whims of this white man, the respect of one faith for another. A broad tolerance he showed, and that was all. With Kern he strove mightily that day, outdoing himself, singing the penitential hymns in lusty abandon, going among the blacks like a true soldier of light. With Bartruff to see, he threw his heart into the work and led the march to salvation. Clear-eyed and strong-voiced he recited the creed. A bronze shaft of power he was, the living witness. Kern called him his pillar of fire.

Bartruff conceded: "You're right, dominie. The boy's a full-fledged trooper. It's a triumph. I never would have thought it in Papeete."

Kern, smelling of the natives, his arm about the shoulders of a woolly youth he had just baptized, withheld none of his pleasure. Kern knew and bore testimony. He was waiting for the mail from Sydney to crown Torowa's service.

In eight days it came. Kern read the letter slowly, making a proud ceremony of the occasion, while Torowa listened. The board officially recognized one Torowa as a lay worker in the field of missions and voted him a salary not of a gold sovereign nor of a blooming, blasted, bloody shilling a day, but of three pounds sterling each month—and that was two shillings a day.

Torowa stood drinking in the melody of Kern's voice and the melting gentleness of Kern's eyes. When Kern had finished reading, he asked merely:

"They do not make me go away from you?"

"There's no need of that," said Kern. "We can go on together."

"I am content." Torowa bobbed his head. He could have kicked his heels. "You are very good to me, master. I try to earn the money."

"Torowa, you must not call me master. I am your friend and brother."

Torowa heaved a deep sigh. "My friend," he echoed caressingly.

They travelled that sea-road again, that rolling green prairie that was tufted with islands like oases in the sun, oases with necklaces of coral. And the wind rose dreadfully and screamed in the rigging and tore with vicious hate and buffeted and knocked them down into deep gulleys and squeezed men's hearts. But like a tranquil statue Torowa poised beside the mizzen, unshaken, untouched. He did not bother to go below. He barred the door to Kern's cabin, and the storm stayed out.

By slow stages they worked westward and garnered a harvest of earlier planting at the same time that they sowed. Had they been blackbirders, their fortunes would have been made. Kern had regained his lost strength; his magnetism was tremendous; his force of will, his world of energy swept away suspicion and set his banner high. Like Paul, he fought with beasts and made them lambs.

So they came to the Fiji Islands. And here Kern felt almost at home; here he had a mission-hut and a regular congregation. No matter what his reception might be elsewhere, in Rewa village of the cannibal Fijis there was comfort. The people welcomed him as a great lord. They wore shirts and, some of them, even trousers. Women flapped about in knee-length skirts. Torowa was duly impressed.

But he was not one to be sustained long by impressions. Resting after the severe strain might do for Kern, but contributed to Torowa's restlessness. He must be doing and, in the act, hold the master's friendship closer. He heard with interest the rumor that came of Rarani, the cannibal hill chief.

Rarani, a confirmed idolater, was in a bad temper, the whisper said, over the change in Rewa village. Rarani was a force in the life of the island and objected to the violations of time-honored customs that Fijians ought to hold dear. Kern was distressed by the news, the rumble of possible civil war. Torowa, on the other hand, with the impressions of the village fresh in his mind and his savage instincts to guide him, shrewdly guessed a thing or two. He said to Kern:

"Send me to Rarani to make him a Christian. He has a soul to save."

Kern smiled and tried to dissuade him.

When he saw that he was set on the enterprise, he was frank about the risk. "Rarani is a man-eater," he said.

But in the end Torowa was given the commission. Kern took his hand and looked into his face. "I must not lose you, Torowa. You're all I've got."

Happy at heart, the boy trudged off for the highland. In his pack he carried a suit of clothes and a hat. He had little fear; he pursued an idea.

Somehow he won through without losing his head. And on Rarani's most prized mat they squatted in grave consultation. Rarani was a fierce specimen of the bush, but Torowa was a Solomon Islander. And Torowa carried power.

How much the matter of the clothes entered into his success, neither was willing to admit. Yet the Rarani that marched down to Rewa village at the head of his household was garbed in as fine a suit as South Sea traders carried in their slop-chests, and around his neck a brilliant green four-in-hand slapped against his hairy chest at every strutting stride. The customs of Fiji had been swept away.

Kern met the procession before the mission-hut just as he was about to start a service. The groups of worshippers scattered in awe.

Kern greeted Rarani in his own language. "If you come in faith to be one of us, I welcome you, Rarani. The lotu (worship) is about to begin."

Rarani made guttural response and stalked for the hut. After him filed his retinue, gaudy in gingham. Kern held up his hand, annoyed by a thought.

"Who are these others who come with you?"

Grandly Rarani waved to them. "They are my wives," he said.

"A man may not have more than one wife and be a Christian. To be baptized, you must give up all but one. I cannot let you enter till you do this."

Rarani stared, and looked black with anger. Torowa, too, stared. This wholesale conversion had given him great joy. But he did not question or plead. To Rarani, however, the ultimatum was maddening. He looked at Kern, then down at his clothes. His hand went to the green scarf. He was angry, insulted, defensive. In a wide glance his eyes fell on Torowa. His dignity crumbled. He scolded and

fretted and shook his terrible head. From out his belt he pulled a short club and, worked up to a passion, attacked Torowa suddenly, rushing and roaring.

Quick as he, Torowa gathered to meet him. In his hands were no weapons, but in his being was the heritage of insatiable fighters. Skilfully he avoided the club and, charging in, grappled with Rarani. They sprawled in the dust.

The congregation fluttered in a wedge of craning necks, Kern at their head. Rarani was a famed warrior. He lived up to his fame and was more than a match for Torowa. The boy called upon every wile to defend himself; the punishing hands of Rarani obeyed no rules of sportsmanship; they reached and tore.

"Master," cried Torowa, "I must have help. He is too big." Rarani choked off further words in Torowa's throat. There issued only a gurgle. The boy's eyes roved to Kern. The missionary's protests soared; he bent to Rarani's ear.

"Stop!" he shouted. "The vengeance of God falls on the man who kills! Let him loose, Rarani! Stop! We are friends! Do you fight your friends?"

"A! Woi—woi—woi—woi!" chanted Rarani.

Torowa by a supreme effort wrenched the hand from his throat. It darted for his eyes, the eyes that besought Kern mutely and in growing wonder. The light in them was wholly of non-understanding; they were the eyes of a wounded deer.

"Master!" he croaked. His face was bleeding with raw scratches, but he felt no physical pain; it was elsewhere that the hurt lay. "Master!"

Kern was utterly distraught. His hand fell on Rarani's shoulder, and the strength of his sublime faith trembled in his voice. He prayed and exhorted alternately. The club was in Rarani's grip once more for a horrible blow.

Then with the stricken sorrow in Torowa's face to goad him, a sorrow that made Torowa doubly a victim, a sorrow that took from the boy all will to struggle, Kern had recourse to a shrewdness that Torowa had showed before.

"I will take back the gift!" he threatened. "The gift is not yours! The clothes are for a Christian! Stop, or give them up!"

The charm worked. With a shrill

squeal Rarani pitched from Torowa and sprang up. Straight at Kern he charged. Kern flung up an elbow and gave back, but the movement and the elbow would have done him no good had not Torowa, panting and spitting blood, reeled up and flung himself to grasp Rarani's heel and trip him.

The delay was for a moment only. Rarani gained his feet and scrambled to the attack. It was enough, though; for, weak and bedraggled, Torowa had risen to bar the way. He took the blow on his shoulder; yet he lashed out with his other hand, and as he fought he cried to those about:

"Will you see the master killed? What are you? Are Christians cowards?"

Not one there grasped the pathetic meaning in his shout. They roused to the need and buzzed around Rarani as soon as their stupid minds realized the need, and drove him off. There followed a terrific pow-wow out of which Kern, shaken and dismayed, tried to make some sort of order.

Torowa was not concerned with that. Limp and blood-streaked, he stumbled off, he hardly knew where. In the direction of a mangrove swamp where it was cool and dark he headed, into the quiet where one could drop down to nurse one's torture; where one, if he liked, could reason.

But in the mangrove swamp reasoning was no easier than beside the mission-hut, no easier and no more healing. The agony in his shoulder he treated with stoical contempt, notwithstanding that it made his eyes roll. But there was another agony, a gaping wound. No medicine of white or black could heal that.

He sat all day propped against a tree. Then he got up and, paying no attention to a voice that drifted on the night air and called his name over and over, "Torowa! Torowa!" he took his misery down to the shore and waited for the trading-brig to make in.

Harry Bartruff dropped the butt of his rifle to the deck of the schooner and peered through the haze of smoke that lifted from the steady firing. The figure that came over the side from the dinghy walked to him through the spat and *hrrr!* of bullets as if he heard and saw nothing of the menace.

"You maybe want me now?" the figure spoke calmly. "I am ready. I have journeyed a long way to serve the god Winchester. He makes great noise and converts many people. I believe. I go with you."

Bartruff wiped the sweat out of his eyes with one motion of his sleeve. He

grinned. He was fighting blackbirders, and that always made him happy.

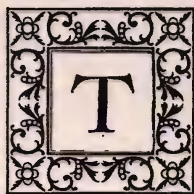
"I'm a son-of-a-gun if it ain't Torowa!" he bawled. "Grab a gun, boy! We've got 'em nailed to the mast! Grab a gun and preach the gospel!"

And Torowa, very calm and quiet, grabbed a gun.

Advertising's Ingratiating Smile

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

Author of "The Advertising Man"



THE earliest advertisement I remember was a humorous one—or at least its maker so intended it, but by a perversity which still sometimes attends such efforts, it proved a verbal boomerang. It was not the humor, intentional or otherwise, that made me for life a critic of advertising, but because of the astounding conclusion which the literal acceptance of its message forced upon me.

A popular advertising medium in those days was the flat rail fences which surrounded the farms and bordered the roads leading to my native village. On those six-inch boards, extending from post to post with spaces between, local merchants were accustomed to paint brief advertisements. The boards were weathered to a charming gray, the paint was nearly always red or yellow, so the color scheme, while strong, was not displeasing. When I went to ride in the family phaeton, sitting on the bodkin seat between my father and mother, whose conversation seldom interested me, I exercised upon these fence advertisements my newly acquired ability to read. I have been reading advertisements ever since. If that is psychoanalysis, let Mr. Freud make the most of it.

The phrase that sticks in my mind is this:

"JOB HAD BOILS BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CLOCK OF ARMSTRONG."

Many times I considered this advertisement and pondered it in my heart. Did it mean what it said, and if so, what was wrong with Armstrong's clocks? Had Satan overlooked a bet when he omitted Armstrong's clocks from the list of tortures with which he tested that patient man Job? I knew all about Job, but very little about Armstrong or advertising.

Since then I have watched the progress of advertising and frequently detected the Armstrong complex. That advertisement is a type. It is the result of considering humor as a mind-catcher, regardless of logic. Columnists have for years amused themselves with the unintentional humor of would-be funny advertisers. *Punch* nearly every week impales at least one under its stereotyped heading, "Commercial Candor." The classic and much quoted instance is:

"Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here."

Other examples of the crude but determined advertising humor of the time stick out in my memory. In the country newspaper-office where I learned my trade I discovered two stock cuts on the standing galley, where one kept also the I. O. G. T. emblem, the prancing stallion, the clasped hands, and other cuts that embellished business announcements in the weekly paper or in folders or dodgers.

One was a Mutt-and-Jeff group, the big man with upraised hand laying down the law to his small companion, who listened with breathless interest. The leg-end that was visibly emerging from the

big man's mouth in a large scroll or balloon, by a technique derived from "Ars Moriendi," the earliest illustrated book known, was: "And don't you forget it," in those days a popular slang phrase. The other stock cut was a head with a wide-open mouth into which a hand was just about to drop a huge oyster (like the one that made Thackeray feel as if he had swallowed a baby). The legend read: "Drop in." These cuts were supposed to give a needed light touch to otherwise sober advertisements of local hardware stores or carriage repositories. And well do I remember seeing in Chicago newspapers that picture of two hideous human feet, each foot with a mouth and each mouth wearing a broad grin. This advertiser was a shoe manufacturer and his slogan was to the effect that his shoes "make your feet glad."

By these and many other efforts did advertising reveal its inclination to use humor as a means of selling goods. If the humor was at first crude, why, so was advertising.

Later on there came a period when advertising humor assumed a more conscious literary form, and that form was a rhyming one; in other words, the jingle. The jingle also ran its course like a disease.

To any one who looks back over advertising for twenty-five years, there appears a succession of phases, of what might be called *styles* in advertising. There was the Silhouette period, the Imaginary-Character period, the Jingle period, the Reason-Why period, the Double-page-spread period, the Research- and -Data period, and meanwhile advertising survived them all and managed to progress. To the Jingle period belong "See that Hump," "Sunny Jim," and "Spotless Town."

"See that Hump" was the work of Charles M. Snyder. Old advertising fans will recall verses that ran something like this:

Dear girls, don't blush,
But have you tried
Those hooks and eyes
With humps inside?
—See that Hump.

And thus the new hook and eye humped itself into the public mind. There was a

time when "See that Hump" was as irresistible as "I'd walk a mile for a Camel." But along came the snap fastener and displaced the old hook and eye, and people no longer humped. They snapped.

Sunny Jim was the result of a literary partnership, like Beaumont and Fletcher or Besant and Rice. Two schoolgirls collaborated. One wrote a six-line jingle; the other drew a grotesque cartoon. They took their joint work to the advertising manager of a well-known breakfast food. The advertising manager gave the girls five dollars for their offering, and flung it into a drawer where he kept raw ideas. Later, needing a series of street-car cards, he dug it out, sent for the girls, and had them prepare a series of thirteen, which was displayed before the eyes of the passengers in forty-five thousand street-cars. Here is the first Sunny Jim verse ever written:

Jim Dumps was a most unfriendly man
Who lived his life on a hermit plan.
He'd never stop for a friendly smile,
But trudged along in his moody style
Till "Force" one day was served to him—
Since then they call him "Sunny Jim."

Note that Sunny Jim is based on an ancient and honorable idea, the "before-and-after-taking" idea, so dear to the patent-medicine man of an earlier age.

The foolish stuff caught on somehow, so much so that it was given a run in twelve thousand five hundred newspapers, and later the campaign was extended to include England. Posters, painted signs, and cut-outs were posted, set up, or distributed. Sunny Jim became an international character, with life and identity apart from Force, like Mr. Pickwick or Falstaff. He soon outgrew his youthful originators. His pictures were drawn by well-known artists, his jingles written by famous writers of light verse. Over five thousand original jingles were sent in voluntarily by contributors everywhere. Numerous marches, waltzes, and songs were composed in his honor, and two musical comedies constructed around his personality. A noted divine preached a sermon about him, and an eminent chief justice used him as an illustration in summing up a case. Two huge scrap-books were filled with clippings about him. He had his advertising day, but the product

he was supposed to advertise did not keep pace with him. Like the humble wife of a rapidly rising man, it lagged behind until at length one of the most successful advertising campaigns ever run turned out to be a failure, and now who of the rising generation ever heard of Sunny Jim?

Spotless Town, too, is forgotten, but it was a neater bit of work, and it was only an incident rather than the main drive in a campaign. Both the jingles and the pictures were the work of Kenneth Fraser, who has since become one of the noted and successful advertising experts of the profession, his youthful follies forgotten. But before that happened his happy pen produced another delightful series for Rohr McHenry's Rye, of which I shall give you a sample (the ads not the rye) later on. Spotless Town, you will remember, went like this:

This is the butcher of Spotless Town
His tools are bright as his renown,
To leave them stained were indiscreet
For folks would then abstain from meat.
And so he brightens his trade, you know,
By polishing with Sapolio.

Then there was Phœbe Snow. The verses that recorded her progress from New York to Buffalo on the Road of Anthracite lacked the wit that gave sparkle to Spotless Town, due to a cramping form of metre intended to suggest the song of the car-wheels. Some of us can still remember "The Humorous Speaker" which contains, among other things now forgotten, the onomatopoetic poem, "Riding on the Rail," whose jiggling metre suggested the short quick repeat of the voice of the rushing train. This old doggerel, while not in the same metre, suggested the idea. The name "Phœbe Snow" was chosen merely to fill out the first line, and the initial verse of this series ran:

Said Phœbe Snow
About to go
Upon a trip to Buffalo:
"My gown keeps white
Both day and night
Upon the Road of Anthracite."

An amusing story could be made of the way in which the higher criticism has been applied to the apotheosis of Phœbe Snow. It has been learnedly explained (after the fact) that Phœbe is the one particular woman's name that had the proper psy-

chological appeal, that the right name was not hit upon at first and experiments with other names, of which Mary was one, were tried, and that, when Phœbe was finally sprung on the public, the name clicked home with 100 per cent efficiency. All of which is vastly entertaining to the man who created Phœbe, who named her and wrote the first verses about her, without giving a moment's thought to the laws of mental science, the mnemonics or the subtle influence of association of ideas. And he realized that thus are legends made.

Phœbe Snow has also had her day, though occasionally revived by the railroad for which she once stood, and she has also been a proverb, a symbol, or a simile in her time, and has had her meed of burlesque, cartooning, and allusion that is proof at least of the world's familiarity with her name. But change in advertising styles has made the jingle as obsolete as skirt-binding, while the advertising personally has not the vogue nor the potency it once had.

These are merely some of the more distinguished attempts to give advertising the light touch by means of rhythm and rhyme. But the versified form was too cramping for the exact effects advertising now demands. Besides, the deluge of inept, pointless stuff that followed the few successes wrought its own homœopathic cure. So the jingle was gathered into the storage-warehouse along with other curiosities of advertising, and writers who believed that humor was a road to the public pocketbook began to experiment with other ways of saying things that would impart liveliness to their messages and make them welcome and remembered. What was aimed at was continuous reader interest. It was attempted to take advantage of that trait which makes so many people turn to columns headed: "Aut scissors aut nullus" or "The Spice of Life."

In theatre programmes there is sometimes a tie-up between the name of the play and a firm's advertisement facing the playbill. A punning allusion takes advantage of the reader's interest in the evening's entertainment. Not uproariously funny, but pleasant and ingratiating. Frequently it helps an advertiser not to take himself too seriously, not to

appear to assume that what he has to sell is a life-and-death matter to the reader.

Humor in advertising should be a light, bubbling, joyous way of saying things, trippingly on the tongue, using new and unexpected phrases, slang, coined words, like "sleep-meter" for "alarm-clock," that puts the reader in a pleasant mood and insures the reading of future advertisements. Humor, the editors say, is the most precious thing they buy, which must mean that the public, the same public that reads the advertisements, is fond of it. If so, it is wise to try and use it in the advertising.

Even wit has its opportunity, and in the form of the epigram has been used for certain goods, as lamp chimneys:

I make bad chimneys, too, but I don't put my name on them.

or rubber tires:

Some people have luck, and some have Kellys. The trouble with luck is that you can't count on it.

or a whiskey:

Father Time ages our whiskey. Some people use a printing-press.

or a paracentric lock:

A big key is no more a sign of safety than a big book is a sign of wisdom.

The late John E. Powers was one of the first writers to put real individuality into advertising copy. The lamp-chimney epigram just quoted is one of his, and the series was long held in high esteem as an example of vigorous and unhackneyed selling talk.

The author of Spotless Town has shown a fine vein of originality in his early work, especially in his copy for street-car cards. One of his good-natured whiskey cards has just been quoted. I can recall two others:

Most every whiskey nowadays is "ten years old." Wonder where it got that "recent" taste.

Dear me! I see that a number of new whiskeys claim to be the best in the world. How these young folks do talk!

The power of a jest to advertise adversely has demonstrated itself to the extreme discomfort of at least two industries. Several years ago at one of its national meetings the plumbers' organization decided they had a grievance. That

grievance was the stock joke of the newspaper paragrapher about the little the plumber does and the large amount he charges for it. They even discussed a press-agency campaign to change the state of mind about plumbers and their alleged forgetfulness of necessary tools, and for all I know they carried it out. But like all advertising which is done for nothing, no results are evident. They might better have inaugurated a campaign of paid advertising which could and would have removed the stigma upon them by a popular joke, and at the same time put their work on a higher plane, as has been done, but not by the plumbers, through the advertising and merchandising of the manufacturers of plumbing materials.

The Ford car joke is even more interesting. Not only is it probable that these stories, obviously invented to cast aspersions on the car, have on the contrary increased its sales, but Henry Ford and his assistants have been accused of coining them and putting them in circulation. The charge, however, has been indignantly and believably denied.

Instances of this could be multiplied. The moral is that any idea cast in the form of an easily remembered anecdote gains wide circulation and moulds public opinion. If this is true of the work of the jokesmith, having no other purpose than to raise a laugh, however cheaply, why cannot the same powerful weapon be used to drive home facts about goods?

The typical American business man is something of a humorist. You see it in the type given to Uncle Sam. Lincoln owes something of his greatness with us to his liking for humor. The man from home in the Tarkington-Wilson play was typical. So also was David Harum. And in Old Gorgon Graham there is a full-length portrait of a man who does not let his fondness for an amusing way of expressing himself interfere with the hard-headed business sense of what he is saying. It is no secret that Old Gorgon was drawn from an original who was one of the country's successful manufacturers and advertisers.

In the advertising that is being done today, humor is used in two different ways. One is the obvious method of getting the attention by means of a story and utilizing it to talk about one's goods. This is

the technique of the wizard oil man with the flaring torch who draws his crowd with a few sleight-of-hand tricks. But it has a higher and more honorable ancestor than that. It is the method of the fabulist, the story and moral formula, employed by teachers of ideas from the earliest times. The advertisement writer who hangs his argument on an anecdote is but following the model of Æsop, Bidpai, Bewick, Northcote, and George Ade. His psychology is sound, his precedents distinguished. We can go clear back to Nathan, who had a most disagreeable message to get over with King David concerning the latter's infatuation with the beautiful wife of Uriah the Hittite, which he diplomatically accomplished by focussing the king's attention on his parable of the little ewe lamb. This has been the method of teachers of all ages, and advertising is largely a form of education, and can profitably employ this and other methods of imparting ideas, as it has done and is doing. It is by no means necessary for success that a humorous turn to the anecdote or fable should be given, but that, too, may be and is done, as some of the following instances will show:

A farm paper used newspaper advertising to persuade manufacturers that farmers are now ready to buy city goods; that the old concept of the farmer as a hayseed is no longer true, and never was. The advertisements were a series of anecdotes with more or less point, and on each one was hung a little advertising story, thus:

"Three oranges from five oranges, how many?" says teacher.

A painful pause.

Little Willie raises his hand and explains:

"Please 'm. We allus does our sums in apples."

That's what's the matter with you, Mr. Manufacturer. You have been doing your sums in apples—so much so that you cannot work them out in oranges. You have been selling your mattress, motor-car, kitchen cabinet or porcelain-lined bathtub to the dweller in the city apartment and ignored the man who lives in the centre of a quarter-section. Because you cannot do your sums in oranges as well as in apples, you are overlooking a field of business which has not been overlooked by every one, because the kind of Farmer who reads *Farm and Fireside* has open plumbing in his bathroom, the telephone at his elbow, and forty horse-power at his front gate.

In still another instance the allusion to the anecdote that furnished the basis of the advertisement was casual and passing:

Solomon was unable to distinguish between the real and the imitation flowers brought him by the Queen of Sheba to test his wisdom.

He had to call in a bee to help him out.

Solomon's wisdom has never been equalled, but imitations have become cleverer with the years.

What wonder then that the public blunders in accepting an imitation for a genuine —

whatever it is that is advertised.

While humorous advertising smiles from the pages of newspapers and magazines from time to time, the real field for its playfulness continues to be the folder and the circular. Space which costs so much is too serious a matter in itself to be treated frivolously. Only the advertiser with a strong sense of humor, and an equally strong belief in the possession of such a sense by his fellow citizens makes \$7,000 jokes. The president of a Portland cement company once looked over a folder planned to break the news that the United States Government had bought millions of bags of his cement to complete the Panama Canal. The cartoon showed President Taft in a red flannel shirt astride the Western hemisphere about to chop North and South America asunder with a huge mattock.

"Why not use that for our page in the *Post*?" he asked.

"Why not?" replied the advertising man. But the fact remains they never did.

There is a certain lithographer who has devoted his advertising to urging better art for posters. His text is that a good design is not only a pleasant thing to look at, but is a better advertisement as well. So earnest and so persistent has he been in his advocacy that one of his customers came back at him with:

"You must be a nut on this subject of art in advertising."

"Yes, I am a nut," was his reply in the next piece of literature mailed to his list of prospects, "but I am in pretty good company."

The record of the nuts up to date runs high.

Archimedes was a nut, but you can't hoist a derrick today without Archie's help. He was the fellow who said: "Just give me standing room for my lever, and I'll pry up the universe."

Columbus was a nut. He went from capital to capital trying to find a king sporty enough to back his plan for making the geography twice as big, and they joshed him.

Galileo was a nut, but they didn't josh him. When he said the world went round the sun, they

tied him to a rack and tortured him until they made him take it back.

Newton was a nut. But we might not know yet what makes the apple fall if it wasn't for the Nut.

Watt was a nut and we have the steam-engine. Singer was a nut and we have the sewing-machine.

Morse was a nut and we have the telegraph.

Fulton was a nut and we have the steamboat.

When the English people heard Stephenson's idea of a wagon on rails pushed by steam they laughed their heads off. But Stephenson kept on and now no one knows what McAdoo'll do next.

Everybody takes a Kodak with them because Eastman was a nut.

Duryea was a nut, and now the automobile-industry is the third largest in the country.

Ford was a nut—and is yet.

So, if I am a nut, I am rather proud of it.

Don't think that I put myself in line with these names. They are all big nuts—cocoanuts, at least—while I am only a pea-nut.

But I am just as much in earnest about my own particular nuttiness as they were.

And then follows with jewel-like consistency a restatement of his aims and beliefs.

But a higher, more difficult and accordingly more effective form of humor in advertising copy is that which is the style of the writer, which is a form of expression and which varies as writers vary. It is that which gives character to the literary humorists, and it is good only in proportion as it is good. We are going to have more of it as men find they can write it and advertisers learn its value. It cannot be used for all products, it is safer on goods sold to men than those sold to women, and requires an unusual sense of fitness before it can be used at all. There is one particularly illuminating instance of this kind of advertising, in which all the elements are present, and success crowned the work.

Somewhere in France there is a soldier's grave with the name Gaston Andre Le Roy. Le Roy was working in this country as an advertising man when the war broke out, but he was still a French citizen and was among the first to respond when the call came from France for her citizen-soldiers to return and join the colors. He had come to this country at an early age, learned our language, and soon began to use it in a way that showed he had learned it to some purpose.

Le Roy worked for a firm of clock-makers which was about to put an alarm-clock on the market by advertising. In

those days an alarm-clock was a commonplace piece of household furniture, usually sold for a dollar.

This firm took the alarm-clock of commerce, made it taller and slimmer, gave it a frank open countenance, and a deep mellow voice, and christened it Big Ben. The name was the keynote of the advertising copy that followed. The same feeling for the suggestful power of words that hit upon that delightful name produced copy for which the one right word is "engaging." "For that tired early-morning feeling," says one, "and that tendency to oversleep, for that turn-over nap habit and that last-down-to-breakfast failing—Big Ben.

For a sound unworried night and a punctual good-morning, for a watchful sleepmeter and a truthful timekeeper—Big Ben.

For that furnace-firing hour and that 7:00 A. M. time-clock punch, for early round-the-house work and an always-on-time downtown score—Big Ben.

For particular housekeepers and exacting business men, for all who've got to get up in time and live on time—Big Ben.

Such advertisements as these—there was a long series of them, all bubbling over with a kind of cheerful good humor—were not only good examples of good humor in advertising; they were a remarkable instance of how fully the young Frenchman had grasped the spirit of the tongue he had so newly acquired. They surrounded an old and time-worn subject with a new atmosphere. They created a lot of pleasant thoughts about the alarm-clock. They took it out of the class of unnecessary evils and put it in the category of luxuries and delights. The advertisements created their own readers. The readers who came to be amused remained to buy. And in four years this advertising had sold three millions of the new alarm-clock at two and one-half times the old standard price.

A new shaving-stick was presented in the following language: "Gentlemen—the Big Stick," says the display type, and then:

Here is the mightiest and yet the gentlest weapon that ever beat a stubborn beard into submission and left a smile of contentment in its wake.

It is built for men of action—ready to the hand.

gentle to the skin and a steam roller to beard resistance.

A pull and the top becomes a holder lying firm in the fingers in just the right position for use. Dropping it back in the box after use is as natural as dropping it anywhere and there it stays till tomorrow, holding its natural moistness and free from dust and germs.

Such, fellow shavers, is the —

and then follows the name:

a soap that comes down to you through three quarters of a century without an impure strain; a lather that feels like cream and carries moisture like a sponge, and a box that's as handy as a valet.

There has been running for some time a series of advertisements on behalf of a shaving cream which are written as if by one of the travelling salesmen, who signs himself Jim Henry. Jim Henry is really an advertising man, but he lives up to his disguise with considerable adroitness, even going so far as to poke a little mild fun at the professional advertising man. His space is headed "Jim Henry's Column," and the title to a recent talk was "Do you believe me?"

An advertising expert told me the other day, he observes, that if every man who reads my stuff should believe it and act upon it, the avalanche of orders would probably put Mennen out of business. I guess he's right. Imagine my whole audience of ten million men all deciding overnight that they wanted Mennen's!

I'm puzzled. I'm wondering how many of you fellows do believe me—how many of you I can get to confess a genuine interest in Mennen's Shaving Cream.

I wonder how many of you I can get to gamble a dime to prove to your everlasting satisfaction one of two things. Either I am the possessor of a high speed imagination—or Mennen's is the greatest preparation ever produced for reducing a growth of he-bristles to a state of pitiable non-resistance.

Either you believe me or you don't. If you do, you probably belong to the select class of men who are enjoying a blithesome Mennen shave every morning of their lives.

Now if you are in doubt, why not at least put it up to me to prove my case? Forget reason, prejudice or habit and act on your regular-fellow instinct. Obey that impulse and send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and dare Mennen's to give you the kind of shave you've always wanted. Dare it to flower into the most gorgeous bank of lather that's ever decorated your facial landscape. Settle once for all this question of my veracity by using three times as much water as usual—and try cold water if you like it. Let your razor sink into the snow drift and dare it to give you the best shave you ever had in your life. That's all I want.

I'll go you one step further. When I get your dare-devil dime, I'll send you along a sample can of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum for after shaving or bathing. It's fine for the skin—and it doesn't show.

If you're a sport, come through. Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman).

Plainly, advertising is entitled to make use of every lure known to the art of writing. The writer of advertising copy has in many respects a harder task than the writer of a short story or an essay. He must turn around in a much smaller space. To attract attention, create an atmosphere, and put over a selling message all within the compass of an average long paragraph is a difficult thing for the most accomplished writer. Limitations press him from all sides. The writer of a short story has only to amuse or entertain. The successful writer of a certain kind of advertising copy must amuse and entertain merely as a preliminary to delivering a certain message with the utmost possible force. He may, of course, blurt out his message without any preliminaries. A great deal of advertising is just that. But if he decides to use some one of the legitimate literary appeals, he must use his material with great economy.

The audience cannot be taken for granted, as it is by the writers of the more literary part of the magazine. The public is not predisposed to read advertising. Like Ulysses and his companions, no matter how alluring the song of the advertising sirens, part have ears stuffed with the wax of indifference, and the other part are lashed to the mast of financial incapacity—willing but unable.

You may say, Where is the advertising that can compare favorably with literature? Of course, it does not exist yet. I am showing that the advertising writer in using literature's attractive arts has a more difficult task than the writer pure and simple, but I do not say that he has performed it. Men have been writing literature three thousand years—advertising copy only about ten years. In the larger pieces of copy, folders, and booklets the terms are easier. Not merely in the humorous class, but as examples of earnestness, description, demonstration, inspiration, some of them have been very well done indeed.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VII.—END OF STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WHEN I returned to Cambridge from little Idvor I often thought of my mother's words saying that I was living among the saints of Cambridge. These words sounded like the language which the minstrel of the old Serbian ballads would have used, in order to convey the meaning which she wished to convey. Whenever I saw one of the great dons of Cambridge, like the famous mathematician Cayley, or the still more famous mathematical physicist George Gabriel Stokes, the discoverer of fluorescence, I asked myself: "Are they the saints of Cambridge?" The answer was in the negative; most of these men were too mobile to pass for saints. One of them, for instance, although quite old and blind, was the stroke of a boat which was very prominent on the river Cam. Its crew consisted of Cambridge dons. When this aged stroke was not rowing he was riding a spirited horse, usually galloping briskly, with his young daughter chasing alongside of him, her long golden hair, like that of a valkyrie, lashing the air as she was making strenuous efforts to keep up with her speedy father. It was impossible to associate one's idea of saints with men of that type. But, nevertheless, my mother was right: Cambridge had its saints; their memory was the great glory of Cambridge.

Nature, published in London, was then as it is to-day the most popular scientific weekly in the United Kingdom. Many scientists of Cambridge used it as a medium for discussing in a popular way the current scientific events of the day. Among the files of *Nature*, which I consulted often, I found once a beautiful steel

engraving of Faraday, together with a brief account of Faraday's work. It was written by Maxwell, as I found out later. Speaking of the activity of teachers of science, the writer said that they are expected "to bring the student into contact with two main sources of mental growth, *the fathers of sciences*, for whose personal influence over the opening mind there is no substitute, and the material things to which their labors first gave meaning." In the light of this thought I saw that in his two little classics, "Matter and Motion" and "Theory of Heat," Maxwell had brought me into contact with the fathers of dynamical sciences, and that La Grange, in his "Mechanique Analytique," had showed me the men who were the fathers of the science of dynamics, and that for this service I owed them everlasting gratitude.

Jim, the humble fireman in the Cortlandt Street factory, told me once: "This country, my lad, is a monument to the lives of men of brains and character and action who made it." From that day on the name "United States of America" recalled to my mind Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Lincoln, and the other great men who are universally regarded as the fathers of this country; and when I learned to know and to appreciate them I felt that I was qualified to consider myself a part of this country. Maxwell and La Grange had taught me that Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Carnot, Helmholtz, and other great investigators had made the dynamical sciences, and from that time on these sciences like monuments recalled to my mind the names of the men who made them. I never saw a man handling a crowbar without remembering that it was the historical lever which in the philosophy of Archimedes

served as the earliest foundation for the science of statics. The word *force* always recalled the picture of Galileo dropping heavy bodies from the leaning tower of Pisa, and watching their uniformly accelerated motions, produced by the force which was impelling the falling body to the earth. The picture reminded me that by these ideally simple experiments Galileo had banished forever the mediæval superstition that bodies fall because they are afraid of the vacuum above, and substituted in its place the simple law of accelerating force, which prepared the foundation for the science of dynamics. I never saw a moving train being brought to a standstill by the frictional reactions of the brakes without seeing in my imagination the image of Newton formulating his great law of equality between physical actions and physical reactions, the crowning point of modern dynamics. These pictures illustrated what Maxwell meant when he spoke of the material things to which the labors of Archimedes, Galileo, and Newton gave a meaning, and when I caught that meaning I felt that I was no longer a stranger in the land of science. Their highest meaning, I knew, was the recognition that the truth which they conveyed was a part only of what my mother called the "Eternal Truth."

My work in Cambridge, guided principally by Maxwell and La Grange, reminded me, therefore, continually of the fathers of the sciences which I was studying and of the material things to which their labors gave a meaning. These thoughts gave me a satisfactory interpretation of my mother's words: "Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the eternal truth; it is filled with icons of the great saints of science. The contemplation of their saintly work will enable you to communicate with the spirit of eternal truth." My description of the scientific activity of Cambridge produced this image in her mind, which was dominated by a spirit of piety and of reverence. This spirit, I always thought, is needed in science just as much as it is in religion. It was the spirit of Maxwell and of La Grange.

The atmosphere of Cambridge was most favorable to the cultivation of a spirit of reverence in scientific thought. At that

time, just as to-day, Newton's name was the glory of Trinity College, and the name of Darwin was regarded with the same feeling of reverence at Christ College. Every college at Cambridge had at least one great name which was the glory of that college. These, one may say, were the names of the patron saints of Cambridge; their spirit was present everywhere, and its influence was certainly wonderful. It reminded me of my mother's words: "May God be praised forever for the blessings which you have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy in your life among the saints of Cambridge."

It may seem strange that a Cambridge student of science should have worried so much about interpreting his pious mother's words in terms of his expanding scientific knowledge. But that student was once a Serb peasant in whose early childhood the old Serbian ballads were his principal spiritual food. The central figure of these ballads was Prince Marko, the national hero, who at critical moments of his tempestuous life never appealed for aid to any man. When he needed counsel he asked it from his aged mother Yevrosima, and when he needed help in combat he appealed to Vila Raviyola, Marko's adopted sister, the greatest of all the fairies of the clouds. A mother can have a wonderful influence over her boy whose early mental attitude was moulded by impressions of that kind. When she has that influence, then she is her boy's oracle, and no amount of subsequent scientific training will disturb that relationship.

I often think of an old idea which I first conceived while a student at Cambridge. It is this: Our American colleges and universities should have days consecrated to the memories of what Maxwell called the fathers of the sciences, like Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Faraday, Maxwell, Darwin, Helmholtz. I mention these names, having physical sciences in mind, but similar names can be mentioned in other departments of human knowledge. Why should not science follow the beautiful example of religion, which has its saints' days? On these memorial days, say Newton's birthday, an address on Newton and his work should tell the young student why Newton is the father of the science

of dynamics. Dynamics is not a mere collection of inexorable physical laws which to a young student often sound like dry scientific facts and mute formulæ. Many text-books, unfortunately, represent it that way. It is a record of the

sage conveyed to them by these celestial motions.

The Greeks of old sacrificed to their gods a hecatomb of oxen whenever one of their philosophers discovered a new theorem in geometry, and the philosopher's



President Frederick A. P. Barnard, of Columbia College,
1809-1889.

life-work of men who lived human lives and became what my mother called "saints of science," because they devoted their life-efforts to the deciphering of divine messages which, through physical phenomena, God addresses to man. The young mind should know as early as possible that dynamics had its origin in the heavens, in the motions of heavenly bodies, and that it was brought to earth by Galileo and Newton when they had deciphered the meaning of the divine mes-

memory was praised forever. The modern nations should not remain indifferent to the memory of the "saints of science" whose discoveries have advanced so much the physical and the spiritual welfare of man. My life among the saints of Cambridge suggested this idea, and my students, past and present, know that I have always been loyal to it, because I always believed that in this manner every American college and university could raise an invisible "temple consecrated to the

eternal truth and fill it with icons of the great saints of science." A spirit of reverence for the science which the student is studying should be cultivated from the very start. I observed that spirit among my friends, the mathematical tripos men, at Cambridge; it was there as a part of local traditions. I certainly felt its influence, and the longer I stayed at Cambridge the more I felt convinced that "Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the eternal truth." This enabled me to recognize while still at Cambridge that nothing was more characteristic of the mental attitude of many scientific men in America and in England at that time than their reverence for the "saints of science" and their strong desire to build "great temples consecrated to the eternal truth." Maxwell was one of their leaders, and the best illustration of that mental attitude. I have already referred to this in my short allusion to the Cambridge craving for scientific research, and I will now attempt to describe a much wider intellectual movement of which this craving was a local manifestation only. I felt the force of its current during my Cambridge days, and I recognize to-day that at that time I moved along following more or less unconsciously the stream-lines of this current.

The completion of the mathematical training under Routh recommended by Niven was approaching its end and I was satisfied with its results. I could follow without much effort the lectures of Stokes and Lord Rayleigh, and I could handle the mathematics of Maxwell's theory of electricity with considerable ease; but I did not understand his physics.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, said once in an address of fifty years ago that a young student in America at that time lacked a "knowledge of visible things and not information about them—knowledge acquired by the learner's own conscious efforts, not crammed into his mind in set forms of words out of books." His statement fitted admirably my own case; I lacked that knowledge of visible things which one gets from his own conscious efforts; I had no knowledge of physics acquired from my own conscious efforts in a physical laboratory. Neither

Columbia College nor any other college in the United States, with very few exceptions, offered at that time this opportunity to the student. I suspected that this was the real secret of my inability to understand Maxwell's physics; I longed for work in a real physical laboratory and made preparations to enter the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. But I learned, in the beginning of 1885, that Lord Rayleigh had given up the directorship of this laboratory, and that a Mr. J. J. Thomson of Trinity College was appointed as his successor, the same Thomson who is to-day Sir Joseph John Thomson, Master of Trinity College, and the leading physicist in the world. The new director was only twenty-eight years of age in the year of his appointment—at the end of 1884. Although a second wrangler in the mathematical tripos test of 1880, he was four years later already a sufficiently famous experimental physicist to be appointed director of the Cavendish Laboratory. The new director was only two years older than myself, but he was already a famous experimental physicist, whereas I had never had a physical apparatus in my hand. What will he think of me, thought I, when I present myself to him and ask for permission to work as a mere beginner in the Cavendish Laboratory! I blushed when I thought of it, and I was afraid that I should blush even more when he compared me to his younger students who had already acquired much skill in physical manipulations. The failure of my competition with boys and girls in the speed tests of punching biscuits in the Cortlandt Street cracker factory came back to my memory and I bemoaned, just as I did in Cortlandt Street nine years before, my hard luck of having had no earlier training. Many an American college student of physics bemoaned in those days his lack of early laboratory training. When I say this I am touching the principal point of my narrative; it is the point at which my narrative begins to sail on the back of a wave which started actually when Johns Hopkins University was organized, in 1876, but the motive power of which was gathering long before that, perhaps at the same time when the motive power of the Cambridge movement in favor of scientific research was gathering,

resulting, as it did, in the establishment of the Cavendish Laboratory. But I must resume the thread of my story and return later to the point just mentioned.

My lack of what Barnard called "knowledge of visible things . . . acquired by the

Just then, as if by an act of kind providence, a letter from President Barnard, of Columbia College, reached me, enclosing a letter of introduction to John Tyndall, the famous physicist, colleague and successor of Faraday in the direction of



John Tyndall, from a photograph taken about 1885.

1820-1893.

learner's own conscious efforts . . ." gave me much anxiety and I often thought that it would, perhaps, be better to go to some other university where the director of the physical laboratory was an older man, who would not notice my age as much as would the new and extremely young director of the Cavendish Laboratory. That thought, however, did not console me much, because I was very much attached to Cambridge and did not wish to give up what my mother called "life among the saints of Cambridge."

the Royal Institution. Barnard informed me that Columbia had received a generous sum of money from Tyndall, representing a part of the net proceeds from his famous course of public lectures on light, which he had delivered in the United States in 1872-1873; that the income of this sum would be given as a fellowship to a Columbia graduate to assist him in his study of experimental physics; that the fellowship would be called a John Tyndall Fellowship, netting over five hundred dollars annually; and that he and

Rood, professor of physics at Columbia, considered me a suitable candidate. Unexpected things of this kind happen every now and then, and when they do they certainly encourage the belief that there is such a thing as luck.

I called on Tyndall without much delay and delivered Barnard's letter of introduction. One may imagine how I felt when I saw and spoke to the very man whose descriptions of physical phenomena had been the first to disclose to me on the top loft of the Cortlandt Street factory the poetical side of the physical sciences. I expected to find a scientist looking like a poet and a dreamer, but I did not. He looked exactly what he was: a plain and benevolent-looking Irishman. I had seen many an old Irishman among my New York friends and acquaintances who looked exactly as Tyndall looked, and when he spoke there was also the fire, the vigor, and the humor of the agile Irish mind. In less than the time it takes to tell this he made me feel that I had always known him, and that he was my old and generous friend. His questions were wonderfully direct, just as direct, I thought, as the questions which he addressed to physical phenomena when in his famous lectures he was deciphering their hidden meaning. He deciphered me very quickly, I thought, as if I were the simplest physical phenomenon which he had ever observed. The fact, however, that I held his attention encouraged me. He apparently attached no very great importance to my lack of early training in experimental physics, but advised me to avoid further delay. He informed me, by way of encouraging me, that he was over thirty when he took his doctor's degree at the University of Marburg, in Germany. A lack of early advantages, he thought, could always be overcome by redoubling one's efforts in later years. His own career proved that. He also called my attention to a short account of the work of the famous Helmholtz written for *Nature* by no lesser a man, he said, than great Maxwell. This story, he thought, would show me that the great professor at the University of Berlin did not have early advantages in experimental physics, and that he became a professor of physics when he was already fifty years of age.

He encouraged me to apply for the new fellowship at Columbia as soon as it became operative, and to make up my mind quickly to migrate to the best physical laboratory that I could find. I asked him what laboratory he would recommend and he directed my attention again to Maxwell's account of the work of Helmholtz, mentioned above. When I was about to leave, promising, at his request, to call again, he gave me a copy of his lectures on light, which he had delivered in the United States thirteen years before. "Read them," he said, "and when you come again I shall be glad to discuss with you some of the points of this little book; they will explain to you the full meaning of President Barnard's letter, and of its historical background. Read also volume VIII of *Nature*."

I had read Tyndall's lectures on light before I entered Columbia College, but upon reading them again I found there very many things which I had missed before. They did not, of course, describe satisfactorily the physical properties of the luminiferous ether—no lectures ever did—but they did describe, I thought, a bit of the history of physical sciences in the United States which was a revelation to me. It is, as I know now, a most important contribution to the history of the development of scientific thought in the United States and deserves a prominent place in this narrative, because I was a witness of this development during the last forty years.

Joseph Henry, the most distinguished American physicist, together with other distinguished American scientists, among them President Barnard, of Columbia College, invited Tyndall, in 1872, to deliver a course of lectures in some of the principal cities in the United States. The object of these lectures was, quoting Tyndall's words, "to show the uses of experiment in the cultivation of natural knowledge," hoping that this "would materially promote scientific education in this country." Tyndall delivered his famous course of six lectures on light in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Joseph Henry, as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and president of the National Academy of Sciences,

took them under his personal direction. The success of these lectures surpassed even the most sanguine expectations. At the farewell dinner to Tyndall some of the wisest scientific intellects of the land were heard, and their words indicated

ress . . . how large is the number who may, in strict propriety, be said to have educated themselves? Take, for illustration, such familiar names as those of William Herschel and Franklin, and Rumford, and Rittenhouse, and Davy, and Faraday, and Henry. Is it not evident that nature herself, to those who will follow her teach-



Joseph Henry.
1799-1878.

clearly what was the uppermost thought in the minds of the scientific men of the United States when they invited Tyndall. I quote here some of the words spoken by these men.

President Barnard of Columbia, the first American expounder of the undulatory theory of light, said:

I say, then, that our long-established and time-honored system of liberal education . . . does not tend to form original investigators of nature's truths. . . .

Among the great promoters of scientific prog-

ings, is a better guide to the study of her own phenomena than all the training of our schools? And is not this because nature invariably begins with the training of the observing faculties?

The moral of this experience is, that mental culture is not secured by pouring information into passive recipients; it comes from stimulating the mind to gather knowledge for itself. . . . If we would fit man properly to cultivate nature . . . our earliest teachings must be things and not words.

Doctor John William Draper, the world-renowned American investigator of the laws of radiation from hot bodies, said:

Nowhere in the world are to be found more imposing political problems than those to be settled here; nowhere a greater need of scientific knowledge. I am not speaking of ourselves alone, but also of our Canadian friends on the other side of the St. Lawrence. We must join together in generous emulation of the best that is done in Europe. . . . Together we must try to refute what De Toqueville has said about us, that communities such as ours can never have a love of pure science.

Andrew White, President of Cornell, said:

I will confine myself to the value, in our political progress, of the spirit and example of some of the scientific workers of our day and generation. What is the example which reveals that spirit? It is an example of *zeal*, zeal in search for the truth . . . of *thoroughness*—of the truth sought in its wholeness . . . of *bravery*, to brave all outcry and menace . . . of *devotion* to duty without which no scientific work can be accomplished . . . of *faith* that truth and goodness are inseparable.

The reverence for scientific achievement, the revelation of the high honors which are in store for those who seek for truth in science—the inevitable comparison between a life devoted to the great pure search, on the one hand, and a life devoted to place-hunting or self-grasping on the other—all these shall come to the minds of thoughtful men in lonely garrets of our cities, in remote cabins of our prairies, and thereby shall come strength and hope for higher endeavor.

Tyndall responded in part as follows:

It would be a great thing for this land of incalculable destinies to supplement its achievements in the industrial arts by those higher investigations from which our mastery over nature and over industrial art itself has been derived. . . . To no other country is the cultivation of science, in its highest form, of more importance than to yours. In no other country would it exert a more benign and elevating influence. . . . Let chairs be founded, sufficiently but not luxuriously endowed, which shall have original research for their main object and ambition. . . . The willingness of American citizens to throw their fortunes into the cause of public education is, as I have already stated, without parallel in my experience. Hitherto their efforts have been directed to the practical side of science. . . . But assuredly among your men of wealth there are those willing to listen to an appeal on higher grounds. . . . It is with the view of giving others the chance that I enjoyed, among my noble and disinterested German teachers, that I propose, after deducting, with strict accuracy, the sums which have been actually expended on my lectures, to devote every cent of the money which you have so generously poured in upon me, to the education of young American philosophers in Germany.

What a splendid example to the men of wealth to whom Tyndall was appealing!

We shall see later that the appeal was not made in vain.

But the sentiments expressed at this dinner were echoes, only, of Tyndall's thundering voice, to which America listened spellbound when he delivered the last of his course of six lectures on light. In the last part of this lecture, called "Summary and Conclusions," he first erected what my mother would have called "a temple consecrated to the eternal truth" which we call light, and in that temple he placed what she would have called "the icons of the saints of the science" of light. The names of Alhazan, Vitellio, Roger Bacon, Kepler, Snellius, Newton, Thomas Young, Fresnel, Stokes, and Kirchhoff stood there like so many icons of saints which one sees on the altars of orthodox churches. In this he surpassed, I thought, even Maxwell and La Grange, and that was saying a great deal. He stood in the middle of that temple and challenged the statement once made by De Toqueville that "the man of the North has not only experience but knowledge. He, however, does not care for science as a pleasure, and only embraces it with avidity when it leads to useful applications." Tyndall proceeded to draw a clear distinction between science and its applications, pointing out that technical education without original investigations will "lose all force and growth, all power of reproduction," just "as surely as a stream dwindles when the spring dies out." "The original investigator," said Tyndall, "constitutes the fountainhead of knowledge. It belongs to the teacher to give this knowledge the requisite form; an honorable and often difficult task. But it is a task which receives its final sanctification when the teacher himself honestly tries to add a rill to the great stream of scientific discovery. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the real life of science can be fully felt and communicated by the man who has not himself been taught by direct communion with nature. We may, it is true, have good and instructive lectures from men of ability, the whole of whose knowledge is second-hand, just as we may have good and instructive sermons from intellectually able and unregenerate men. But for that power of science which corresponds

to what the Puritan fathers would call experimental religion in the heart, you must ascend to the original investigator."

Many more passages could be quoted from Tyndall's "Summary and Conclusions" of his American lectures. Suffice it to say here that the cause of scientific research in this country never had a more eloquent advocate than Tyndall. The message which he delivered in his American lecture tour in 1872-1873 was heard and heeded in every part of the United States and of the British Empire. It is no exaggeration to say that the response to this call was the movement for scientific research in American colleges and universities which dates from those memorable years. It was in its earliest days under the leadership of the famous Joseph Henry, President Barnard, and other American scientists who had associated themselves in the National Academy of Sciences which was chartered by an act of Congress in 1865.

I shall try to show in the course of this narrative that it was the greatest intellectual movement in the United States, producing results of which nobody could have dreamed even fifty years ago; and the end is not yet in sight.

Tyndall had called my attention to volume VIII of *Nature*. The article on Faraday I had read before, but there were a large number of other communications advocating strongly the stimulation of scientific research in colleges and universities. Tyndall's "Summary and Conclusions" had aroused a deep interest in my mind for these things and, besides, they furnished a most welcome sidelight upon the Cambridge movement, which, as described above, I had felt before I met Tyndall. The University of Cambridge was severely criticised in these communications by some Cambridge dons themselves on account of the alleged entire absence of the scientific-research stimulus. One of these criticisms is so characteristic of the feeling of Cambridge in 1873 that it deserves a special reference. It is in volume VIII of *Nature* and is entitled: "A Voice from Cambridge." A very brief abstract follows:

It is known all over the world that science is all but dead in England. By science, of course, we mean that searching for new knowledge which

is its own reward. . . . It is also known that science is perhaps deadest of all at our universities. Let any one compare Cambridge, for instance, with any German university; nay, with even some provincial offshoots of the University of France. . . . What, then, do the universities do? They perform the functions, for too many of their students, of first-grade schools merely, and that in a manner about which opinions are divided; and superadded to these is an enormous examining engine, on the most approved Chinese model, always at work. . . .

Not even President Barnard could have uttered a more severe criticism! The most forcible appeal was made by the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting in Bradford, in September, 1873. This I also found in volume VIII of *Nature*. These stirring appeals were published several months after Tyndall's lecture tour in the United States, and they all sounded to me like so many echoes of the thundering voice with which he delivered the "Summary and Conclusions" of his American lectures.

These studies, recommended by Tyndall, gave me a view of science which I did not have before. I caught a glimpse of it from the books of Maxwell and La Grange, to which I referred above. The realms of science are a strange land to a youth who enters them, just as the United States was a strange land to me when I landed at Castle Garden. Maxwell, La Grange, and Tyndall were the first to teach me how to catch the spirit of the strange land of science, and when I caught it I felt as confident as I did in Cortlandt Street after I had read and understood the early historical documents of the United States. I knew that soon I should be able to apply for citizenship in that great state called science. These were the thoughts which I carried with me when I started out for my second visit to Tyndall.

When I called on Tyndall again, a month or so after my first visit, I took along a definite plan for my future work. This pleased him, because he had advised me that every youth must think through his own head, the same advice which was given me some years later by Professor Willard Gibbs, of Yale. I assured Tyndall that my second reading of the "Summary and Conclusions" of his sixth American lecture had cleared my vision, and

that I knew perfectly what my next step should be. He was much amused when I told him how, eighteen months before, I had wandered into Cambridge like a goose into a fog, and asked me where I got that expression. I told him that it was a Serbian saying, and he looked perfectly surprised when I told him that I was a Serb by birth.

"Well, I did not decipher you as quickly as you said I did. I thought," said he, referring to my habit of emphasizing the sound of the letter *r* in my pronunciation, "that you were a native American of Scotch ancestry." "Why not of Irish?" asked I, entering into his jocose mood. "Ah, my young friend," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "you are too deliberate and too cautious to suggest the Irish type. I do not know what I would have thought had I seen you when you wandered into Cambridge 'like a goose into a fog.'"

He was evidently much impressed by my careful analysis of his "Summary and Conclusions" and of its effect upon the minds of American and English scientists. Seeing that he enjoyed informal conversation and encouraged it, I told him of my Alpine experiences in Switzerland and of the anxiety I caused to my English acquaintance because I was far from being "too deliberate and too cautious." "Well," said he, "I might have suspected an Irish ancestry if I had met you in Switzerland twenty months ago. But you have changed wonderfully since that time, and if you keep it up the goose that came to Cambridge may be quite a swan when it departs from Cambridge."

I informed Tyndall that Maxwell's glowing account of Helmholtz, which I had seen in Campbell's life of Maxwell, and in *Nature*, to which he had referred me, had decided me to migrate from Cambridge to Berlin and take up the study of experimental physics in Helmholtz's famous laboratory. He looked pleased and, referring good-naturedly to my goose simile again, he said jokingly: "You are no longer a goose in a fog. Let Helmholtz decide whether you are a swan or not." Then, growing more serious, he added: "You will find in the Berlin laboratory the very things which my American and British friends and I should

like to see in operation in all college and university laboratories in America and in the British Empire. In this respect the Germans have been leading the world for over forty years, and they have been splendid leaders." This, then, was the reason, I thought, why, twelve years before, Tyndall said to his New York friends: "I propose . . . to devote every cent of the money which you have so generously poured in upon me, to the education of young American philosophers in Germany."

I ventured to address to the very informal Tyndall the following informal question: "Since in your opinion I am no longer a goose in a fog, you will have no objection if I apply to the Columbia authorities to send me as their 'young American philosopher,' as their first Tyndall fellow, to Berlin, will you?" "No, my friend," said he, "I have already urged you to do so. Remember, however, that a Tyndall fellow must never permit himself to wander like a goose in a fog, but must strive to carry his head high up like a swan, his body floating upon the clear waters of stored-up human knowledge, and his vision, mounted on high, searching for new communications with the spirit of eternal truth, as your mother expressed it so well." He liked my mother's expressions, "temple consecrated to the eternal truth," and "the icons of the great saints of science."

I will add here that Tyndall's mental attitude toward science appeared to me to be the same as my mother's mental attitude toward religion. God was the great spiritual background of her religion, and the works of the prophets and of the saints were, according to her faith, the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate this great spiritual background. Hence, as I said before, her fondness for and her remarkable knowledge of the words of the prophets and the lives of saints. The "eternal truth" was, according to my understanding at that time, the sacred background of Tyndall's scientific faith, and the works of the great scientific discoverers, their lives, and their methods of inquiry into physical phenomena were the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate

that sacred background. He nourished that faith with a religious devotion, and his appeals in the name of that faith were irresistible. His friends in America and in England, who were glad to have him as their advocate of the cause of scientific research, had the same faith that he had, and they nourished it with the same religious devotion. I know to-day, and I suspected it at that time, that this faith was kindled and kept alive in the hearts of those men both here and in the British Empire by the light of the life and of the wonderful discoveries of Michael Faraday, and by the prophetic vision which led this great scientist to his discoveries. He was their contemporary and his achievements, like a great search-light, showed them the true path of scientific progress.

My last visit to Tyndall took place toward the end of the last, that is, the Easter term, and when I returned to Cambridge I informed my friends that at the end of the term I would migrate to Berlin. It was not necessary for me to assure them how badly I felt to leave what they often heard me call "the saints and the sacred precincts of Cambridge"; they knew of my reverence for the place and they also knew my reasons for that reverence. They understood my reverent devotion to the memory of Newton, but they did not quite understand my similar devotion to the memory of Maxwell. How could they? None of his classics were necessary in order to solve the problems usually served before the candidates for the mathematical tripos honors. Neither could they understand why I rejoiced so much about La Grange, who, in their opinion, was only an imperfect interpreter of Newton. Helmholtz they appreciated more, but the exalted opinion which Maxwell had of Helmholtz had not yet penetrated among my mathematical chums at Cambridge. They were sorry to lose me, they said, but they did not envy me, because they did not see that Berlin had anything which Cambridge did not have. This never was the opinion of Maxwell and it was not at that time the opinion of Tyndall.

Tyndall was the only physicist that I had ever met who had known Faraday personally. He was Faraday's co-worker

in the Royal Institution for many years, and to him and Maxwell I owe my earliest knowledge of Faraday's wonderful personality. Tyndall conducted me into that knowledge by word of mouth, and his conversation about Faraday's personality and scientific temperament thrilled me. I told him that I had bought in a Cambridge second-hand bookshop three volumes of Faraday's "Electrical Researches" for three shillings, and Tyndall remarked: "Faraday is still quite cheap at Cambridge." Then, after some meditation, he added: "Read them; their story is just as new and as stirring to-day as it was when these volumes were first printed. They will help you much to interpret Maxwell." He presented me with a copy of his story, "Faraday as a Discoverer," which closes with the words:

"Just and faithful knight of God."

In this book Tyndall drew the same picture of Faraday which Campbell had given me of Maxwell. One can imagine what it meant to the world to bring these two spiritual and intellectual giants into personal contact during the period of 1860-1865, when Maxwell was professor at King's College, London, and Faraday was at the Royal Institution, where he had been for nearly sixty years. It was significant that at the close of that period, that is, in January, 1865, Maxwell, in a letter to an intimate friend, said this:

"I have a paper afloat, with an electromagnetic theory of light, which, till I am convinced to the contrary, I hold to be great guns."

A very strong claim made by the most modest of men! The paper was presented during that year to the Royal Society and was "great guns." It marks, like Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation and his formulation of the laws of dynamics, a new epoch in science. In Maxwell I saw a Newton of the electrical science, but I confess that in those days nothing more substantial than my youthful enthusiasm justified me in that opinion. I was aware that my knowledge of Faraday's discoveries and of Maxwell's interpretation of them was quite hazy, and I made up my mind to get more light before I started out for Berlin.

The summer vacation was on and I de-

cided to take Faraday's "Electrical Researches" to Scotland, the land of Maxwell. In the preface to his great and to me at that time enigmatic electrical treatise Maxwell modestly had stated that he was an interpreter, only, of Faraday. But I was delighted when I heard Tyndall's suggestion that Faraday would help me to interpret Maxwell. Perhaps, thought I, the invigorating air of Maxwell's native Scotland would help me to catch some of the ideas which Maxwell had caught when he was reading Faraday. I selected what I thought would be a quiet and secluded spot, the island of Arran. It belonged to the Duke of Hamilton, and I was told that his grace had imposed so many restrictions upon his tenants that the island had become an ideal spot for those who sought seclusion. I found there a neat little inn at Corrie. It was surrounded by several tiny cottages for summer visitors who took their meals at the inn. It was popular with people from Glasgow, Greenock, and Paisley. Every one of the visiting families was blessed with numerous daughters. They were very athletic and played tennis from early morning till late in the afternoon, interrupted now and then by swimming contests in the frigid waters of the Firth of Clyde. In the evening there was lively dancing—not easy-going waltzing, but the real fling and reel of the strenuous highland type. "What a sturdy race this is," I said to myself, as I watched the dancers working themselves up into a frenzy of rhythmic movements, one hand resting upon the hip, the other raised high up in the air, while their joyful limbs were pumping up and down in perfect rhythm as if they were busy pulling up from mother earth all the earthly joys stored up there for mortal man. The whole scene was particularly thrilling to me when a piper came along and furnished the music. The bagpipes reminded me of my native Idvor, and made me feel at home in bonny Scotland before I had been much over a week in Arran. The Scotch and the Serbs have many things in common, and I always believed that somewhere back in the history of Iran they must have belonged to the same tribe. I am told that at the Macedonian front the Scotch and the Serbian soldiers got along

beautifully, as if they had known each other from time immemorial, and they had little use for the other races assembled there. I got along at Corrie as if I had known the Scotch all my life. But that had its disadvantages also. I came to Corrie looking for seclusion where, undisturbed, I could communicate with Faraday. But the lively lassies from Glasgow, Greenock, and Paisley, the tennis and the swimming contests, the fascinating sound of the bagpipes accompanying the stirring highland dances—all these things whispered into my ear: "Faraday can wait, but your friends here cannot." Then I remembered a passage in one of Maxwell's letters, given in Campbell's life of Maxwell, which said: "Well, work is good and reading is good, but friends are better." What a splendid excuse for joining the lassies and the lads at Corrie and revelling in the healthful pursuits of their youthful exuberance! Besides, said I to myself, have I not accomplished enough during my eighteen months drilling under Routh, Maxwell, La Grange, Rayleigh, Stokes, and Tyndall to deserve a complete change of mental and physical activity? When a person looks for an excuse to do what he or she likes to do a splendid excuse can always be found, and so I bade a temporary farewell to Faraday's "Electrical Researches," and joined the playful activities of my Corrie friends, challenging them to go to the limit. In tennis and swimming I held my own, but the highland reels floored me every time, until Madge, one of the sturdy lassies from Greenock, by persistent private instruction finally succeeded in initiating me into the mysteries of the highland rhythm. Glen Sannox, near Corrie, with its rich beds of heather, watched me often by the hour making many futile efforts to catch this rhythm and make my limbs obey it. Nobody else watched these efforts in lonely Glen Sannox excepting Madge, and she, I told her, had more fun than a Bosnian gypsy training his bear. I can still hear the slopes of Glen Sannox echoing the clear notes of her ringing laughter, whenever I made an awkward and clumsy movement in my persistent efforts to master the highland fling or reel. She could not help it, and I did not mind it,

because I had made up my mind to do the trick or die. Finally I did it, not very well, but well enough for a fellow who was not a Scotchman, and Madge presented me with my portrait in pencil, which she drew during the intermissions between my efforts to master the art of the highland dances. That was my reward and it was a very good one; she was a most promising young artist who had won several prizes in the Greenock art school. The memory of this experience always recalled to my mind the thoughts which went through my head at that time—the thoughts, namely, that Scotch originality, individuality, and sturdiness are hard to follow, not only when a foreigner meets these wonderful qualities in the mental activity of a Scot, like the mental activity of a Maxwell, but also in physical activity like that displayed in the national dances of Scotland. One does not appreciate fully the wonderful qualities of the Scot until he tries to master the theory and the practice of the highland fling or reel. Maxwell's electrical theory, I thought, might be just as different from other electrical theories as the highland dances are different from the dances of other nations. I found out later that my guess was not very far from the truth.

Several years ago I was driving through the streets of London, visiting England again after an absence of many years. Suddenly I saw a crowd watching a Scotch dancer. The dancer was a young woman in highland costume, and she was dancing the sword dance exquisitely; her husband was playing the bagpipes, marching up and down with all the swagger of the Scotch highlander. I stopped my cab, got out, and watched. The memories of Corrie and of Oban and of the gathering of the clans there which I witnessed while at Arran came back and I was thrilled. Presently the dancer reached me in her tour soliciting voluntary contributions. I threw a sovereign into her plate and she looked surprised and asked me whether I had not made a mistake. "Yes," said I, "I did make a mistake when I went out with only one sovereign in my pocket. If I had two you should have them both." "Are you a Scotchman, sir?" she asked jokingly, and when I said "No" she smiled and said: "I did not think you were."

She knew that there was a fundamental difference between a Scot and a Serb.

After I had been at Corrie for about a month a letter arrived from my mother, written by my oldest sister, telling me how happy she was that I had decided to spend my summer in Scotland for the purpose of meditating over the life and the work of one of the greatest "saints of science." I meant Faraday when I wrote to her. She also told me that Idvor was fearfully dusty on account of a long-continued drought, and that the crops were poor and the vintage prospects even poorer, and that Idvor was not a very cheerful place during that summer for anybody who wished to meditate free from complaints of grumbling neighbors. "Berlin, I am told, is much nearer to Idvor and when you are there you can always run down to Idvor, much more easily than you can now," she said, closing her letter, in which logic and motherly love vied with each other to furnish her with a consolation for my absence from Idvor during that summer.

My mother's letter made me feel guilty and it called for a reconsideration of my first resolution, adopted a month earlier, which authorized me to bid a temporary farewell to Faraday's "Electrical Researches," and I passed another resolution rescinding my first. But the question arose, how to carry it into effect. The answer was obvious: bid good-by to Corrie. My friends, however, suggested a less obvious but certainly a much more agreeable answer. "Go up and live in the Macmillan homestead, and read your Faraday there in the morning and come down to Corrie for dinner, late in the afternoon," suggested Madge, and the suggestion was adopted without a dissenting voice on the part of my young friends.

The Macmillan homestead was a very humble old cottage located half-way between Corrie and the top of Goat Fell Mountain, the highest point on the island of Arran. An old crofter and his wife lived there, leading one of the most frugal existences that I had ever seen anywhere. They were willing to furnish me with lodging and simple breakfast, consisting of tea and oatmeal porridge with some bread covered with a thin layer of American lard. I did not object; I was pre-

pared to take up low living and high thinking for the love of Michael Faraday. Communion with Faraday from early morning until four in the afternoon, and after that any play that came along, with plenty of dancing in the evening, was a splendid combination. Practically one solid meal a day, my dinner at the Corrie inn, supplied the fuel for all this activity, and it did it satisfactorily. How could I complain? The man whose wonderful scientific discoveries I was absorbing each day started life as a bookbinder's apprentice, and the founder of the great Macmillan publishing-house was born and passed his boyhood days in the humble cottage where I was lodging. I was sure that in their youth they never had more than one solid meal a day and they prospered. My rapid absorption and digestion of the mental food which Faraday offered I attributed to my avoidance of superfluous physical food, but I must confess that I was quite hungry when dinner was served at the Corrie inn, and I enjoyed it immensely.

I never understood the full meaning of low living and high thinking as well as I did while I was a lodger at the Macmillan homestead. My thinking machinery, I

thought, never worked better, and even my vision, always very good, seemed to be better than ever before. On exceptionally clear days I was sure that from the high elevation of the Macmillan cottage, on the slope of Goat Fell Mountain, I could see the beautiful Firth of Clyde as far as Greenock and Paisley, and at times even the gray and gloomy edifices of Glasgow seemed to loom up in the distance. I bragged about it, but my friends at Corrie met my bragging by informing me, jokingly, that any Scotchman can see much farther than that. One of them, a pupil of Sir William Thomson at the University of Glasgow, met my bragging by the epigrammatic question: "Can you see in Faraday as far as Maxwell, the Scotchman, saw?" I never bragged again about my vision while I was in Scotland. I was certain, however, that from the Macmillan homestead on the slopes of Goat Fell Mountain I obtained a deeper view into Faraday's discoveries than I could have obtained in any other place. I seldom mention the names of Faraday and Maxwell without recalling to memory the beautiful island of Arran and the humble Macmillan homestead on Goat Fell Mountain.

(To be continued.)

A Shrine

BY VIRGINIA JEFFREY MORGAN

No sanctuary can compare
With an orchard that I know,
When April slips into its aisles
And swinging censers blow—

When, 'neath its wondrous trceries,
The choristers that sing
Are robins, at their matins or
Their vespers, in the Spring.

A deep sky stains its windows blue,
And the nun-like breezes pass,
Embroidering bright petals on
Its altar-cloth—the grass.

No guide is needed but the heart,
For every passer there
May pause and see its loveliness
And offer up a prayer.

Each one can say his vespers well
In that old orchard close,
When the Sun sends dying blessings down
Its deep aisles, as he goes—

And through those aisles an acolyte
Comes stealing from afar—
It is the Dusk, and in the East
He lights the Evening Star!

Plagiarism

BY VALMA CLARK

Author of "Ignition"

DRAWINGS BY OLIVER KEMP



IRISH and Indian—a redskin with blue eyes! Jules Keary's face in the firelight, as he squatted on the floor before flaming birch logs, and, to the thud of his drum, sang us an Ojibway love-song, was the high note of the otherwise dusky room; studying it, I thought again what an amazing, incalculable combination it was, and wondered whether the Irish father or the Indian mother was on top in him. It was a face more mobile and responsive than any full-blood's face, but the young guide's pose was all Indian—the picturesque slim figure, with an unnecessarily barbaric handkerchief, scarlet splotched with green and yellow, knotted above a soft khaki shirt.

Jules's song consisted of about five unintelligible words repeated over and over, but he sang them softly, and somehow he managed to weave a spell over the bored hotel guests, so they forgot that the weather was beastly and that it had been beastly for three days, that they were cooped up on an island with nothing to do but squabble over bridge, and that it still lacked an hour until dinner. Usually, when things reached the breaking point, Jules took over the floor. He was no ordinary guide, was Jules, I reflected; he was a find for any summer hotel.

Jules came to an end at last, felt for his pipe. "Haven't an idea what it means," sighed White Trousers, mooning at the Girl-in-Cherry-Organdy, who in turn mooned at Jules, "but it *sounds* good. Trouble is, there's no romance left—"

"Ha, no romance!" murmured Jules thoughtfully. "You never hear the story of the water-lily maid and her lover? White flower with an almond scent growing in a stagnant pool of green slime. He stop aside, but the fresh stream flowing,

flowing, lures him out again. Water-lily bruised, dies brown. A long tale, but she live not a hundred years ago—"

"It's not romance I'm regretting," grumbled the Gruff One in corduroys. "There's no *adventure* left closer than Africa. Even here in Canada the fish are minnows and the deer are a myth. Give me the good old days before the wilds were tamed!"

"Adventure, eh?" said Jules mysteriously. (He is the only talkative Indian I have ever met.) "Even in a summer hotel I hear a sea-gull with the voice of a—a Tetebahbungung, I find a pretty maiden with the soul of a—buzzard. White Crow himself dwells not a hundred miles from here, and White Crow has kept girls captive at Lone Lake."

"But, good Lord, Jules, open up! Come on with your fairy-tales!"

He smiled inscrutably—his Indian smile.

"It *is* sweet," breathed Miss Cherry Organdy, still dreaming. "What does it mean, Jules?"

Lazily tapping the floor with his drumstick, he gave it to her in straight, flawless English:

"In the still night, the long hours through,
I guide my bark canoe,
My bark canoe, my love, to you. . . ."

"But that's English *verse*, Jules—perfectly good!" exclaimed the girl.

"I memorize—for you."

"You know you're a fraud," she accused, flushing up. "That Six Mile Lake trip—you took us the long way round through all those rushes. I was back there with the Sinclairs, and there's a perfectly simple path. Why did you do it?"

"You want a trip, I give you a trip," answered Jules serenely; and in the splutter of protest which followed that, Jules

rose, as though a little weary of them, and sauntered over to me.

"You bored, Mr. Cummins?" he asked, dropping his social manner and speaking directly, as one man to another. "You too say there is no adventure left in the world; I see it in your face."

"You don't call *this* adventure? Camp life where the ladies rough it in silk sport skirts! Not that it matters; not that *anything* matters——"

"You better, sir?"

"Lord, yes, I'm up to anything. I can push a wicked paddle, but if this weather holds——"

"A three-day blow—wind goes down with the sun; clear to-morrow. What you give me if I give you—adventure, Mr. Cummins?"

"A trip, you mean?" I demanded, sitting up. "Jules, I'll give you—fifty bucks if you'll chance me on a canoe trip—a real one. Damn the doctors! I can stand up under my end of it, I swear."

"Fifty bucks"—he considered it. "The Tuttles have engaged me. . . ."

"Eh? Well, then. . . . Look here, Jules, mum's the word, but there's a chap coming over from Parry Sound with two cases of Johnny Walker; gets here Saturday, if the weather's right and if his cruiser doesn't pile up on the rocks. I'll give you half a case."

"*You* safe enough," he ruminated, still considering. "These others—bah! All right. I show you something no white man ever see. It is risk for me, risk for you; you promise to do just like I tell you?"

"Of course. But what——?"

"You give me paleface milk," he grinned, and this time it was the Irish grin; "even as my fathers gave you otter skins, I give you adventure."

"But Jules——"

"Sh! You be ready at dawn and keep silent. I pack and come for you; we travel light."

And since Jules left me with that, I selected at random, from the hotel library, a volume entitled "Indian Myths and Legends," and settled myself. Drowsily I dipped into it: "Beyond Ha-ha Bay lay the Sweet Grass Mountains. . . ." Funny names, I thought; it took a queer, imaginative folk to evolve myths like

these. Jules now—I wondered what he was holding up his sleeve. . . . Perhaps the adventure of White Crow, or the water-lily lady. . . . But no, *she* was dead. . . .

At noon we concealed our canoe in the rushes at a deserted point of the mainland and left the strident blue and gold of Georgian Bay for the grateful green and gold of a dim wooded trail leading inland, between the barren masses of rock. It was one of those rare days—goldenrod, sunshine filtering through the silver-green leaves of young birch-trees, not definitely shadowed, but subdued to a golden-green flood of light; glimpses of white clouds in a blue sky. I put out a hand and touched a white birch-tree, just for the satiny feel of the bark. The trees grew thicker now—birch, spruce, and stunted pines—and now the sunlight merely mottled the shade. The goldenrod gave way to tall green ferns, and the path was distinct and soft to the feet—mossy, or cushioned with old leaves and pine-needles. There was healing in it after the rush of the city, and I was content to follow Jules without question, only admiring the ease with which he shouldered his pack, and the woodsman's instinct, heritage from Indian forefathers, at work in him. Jules, with a gray seagull's feather in his cap, was a graceful kind of half-savage Robin Hood.

He cautioned silence, and, after reconnoitring, brought me out, at length, to the edge of a little lake that opened at both ends into other little lakes.

"We go this way," he announced. "Back that way, three lakes down, is an Indian village. If you follow far enough, you come to little river and then to Big Bay."

"But why didn't *we* take that route? If it opens into Georgian Bay——"

"White man, he never pass beyond Indian village."

"You mean it's not safe?"

"Not—pleasant."

"But I thought this was government land?"

Jules shrugged. "We rest here." And since I could get nothing further from him, I flung myself down on my back and relaxed. "Indian summer haze already," I murmured contentedly.



At noon we concealed our canoe in the rushes at a deserted point of the mainland. P. 18.

"'Tis Michabo, the Great Hare, smoking his pipe before the winter sleep," nodded Jules solemnly. So he spun me yarns of Michabo, and, having finished him, passed on to the story of "the woman of the o'erkind eyes," the siren, who "wear a scarf as red as blood, but no redder than her lips." Once he broke off to point me the little fringe of green grasses, growing at the edge of the opposite shore and perfectly reflected in the water, and to improvise a broken bit of verse about the "green bangs of a mermaid." The fellow was a combination of poet and pagan, with all the pagan's superstitions.

We continued our journey, following the rocky shore of a series of miniature lakes, and keeping, as far as possible, under cover of the trees. I was willing to humor Jules in his mystery, and, moreover, the rough going required all my concentration; but eventually the silence, which he had again imposed upon me, began to pall. These still lost lakes seemed to me the loneliest places on the earth. We skirted a little lagoon filled with gray, rotting stumps of trees and floating green weeds that looked like snakes, and a solitary blue heron rose and flapped off. And so, in the absolute hush of an August mid-afternoon, we reached the last of the chain of lakes, the loneliest and the largest—a half mile wide, perhaps, but "six, seven mile long, though crooked," Jules assured me in a whisper.

"Soil!" I exclaimed. "Regular good old farm dirt!"

"'Tis the only fertile region in all these rocks," he shrugged. "But come."

With the Indian indifference to mosquitoes, Jules insisted upon encamping in a low wooded place, midway down the lake, which offered perfect concealment. And with the laconic explanation that smoke would not be safe later, he further insisted upon despatching the business of supper immediately, and proceeded to build his fire in the ashes of a past camp-fire. "End of August; corn moon. . . . In two days full. . . . We wait," he murmured once, and his air of mournful foreboding piqued my curiosity, even while it amused me.

"Ugh, tastes of wood and iron!" I shuddered, stooping for a drink of the reddish lake water.

"The blood of sacrifices," muttered Jules.

"Sacrifices? Oh, another of your old yarns."

"Yarns?"—strangely. "Perhaps mebbe. . . ."

With the fire drowned, and with all preparations for the night made, we sat there, waiting for something—I had no idea what—and the sadness, which seemed to have fallen over Jules, communicated itself to me.

Once he spoke: "You—how you say—ethnologist?"

"Ethnologist? Lord, no; I'm in insurance. Why?"

"Oh, ethnologists collect—Indian stories," he answered oddly, and relapsed into his brooding.

Then, at dusk, when the moon was rising at the eastern end of the lake, a song came out of the dying sunset at the western end—a low, mournful, woman's song. "Hark!" warned Jules. Slowly the song grew into a weird, sweet chant, and a moving light attached itself to the bow of a bark canoe bearing a girl—a canoe that floated down the lake from the direction we had come that afternoon. I could just distinguish the erect figure, with loose garb and flowing hair, as she passed, with the easy Indian stroke, in the gloom of the opposite shore.

"Who is she?" I breathed. The strangeness and the beauty of the unexpected song coming over the water in this solitary spot had taken possession of me; and I think it is one of those moments I will recall with pleasure to my death.

"Sh!" he whispered. "No move. Wait and watch."

The girl landed on the shore, opposite and some distance past us. In the light from her lantern, which she set near her, I made out that she was stooping over the ground, wielding some implement. The clink of metal striking rock came to us sharply. "She dig," said Jules; "for an hour she dig."

"But what does she dig?"

The answer, it seemed, was connected with another story, and Jules gave it to me in hushed voice. "A certain Water Manitou dwells in a little lake. The Water Manitou demands sacrifice. When he is pleased, the lake is a lake of plenty,



I could just distinguish the erect figure, with loose garb and flowing hair, as she passed, with the easy Indian stroke, in the gloom of the opposite shore.—Page 340.

rich in deer and wild fowl and all growing things. When he is angry, when no blood is mixed with his water at the end of the summer, then the following year he sinks low, low, and no rain comes and all the land is thirsty. Then there are no blueberries, no cranberries, no nothing. Then the streams dry up, and it is all portages to the Big Bay—all heavy carry. Then the very deer and wild fowl mysteriously vanish, and the people go hungry. The time of sacrifice is when the corn moon is full, and this is the sign: if, on the fateful night, the moon rise under a cloud, then it is an omen of rain, and the Water Manitou, being merciful, demands no sacrifice; but if the moon rise clear, then a young girl, already chosen, is offered up.

"Human sacrifice!" I ejaculated, incredulous.

"Yes, human. The Water Manitou is greedy, and accepts nothing less. Already the young girl has dug her grave and has buried in it all the implements she needs on her journey to the shadowy world——"

Suddenly the significance of Jules's story broke over me. "But, good God; man, you don't mean that *this* girl—that the savage custom still holds?"

Jules bowed his head.

"It is in this very lake the Water Manitou lives. Memengwa digs her own grave. To-morrow night she finish; she puts in her beads, her paddle, her shoes—everything she will need. But she herself is not buried there. The second night from this, if the moon rise clear, Memengwa drifts to the middle of the lake in her birch canoe, heaped with dry brush. The torch burns down, the brush flares up, so. Memengwa is tied to canoe. She burn, sizzle out in the lake, and her bones go down, down to the Water Manitou. All is still—very still—again."

"Jules Keary, you can't be telling me the truth!" I charged sternly, but my lips were stiff with the horror of it. "Why, these Indians are Christians."

"Some of them," he shrugged.

"Rank barbarism. You're too damned graphic," I insisted, with a nervous laugh. "I don't—believe you."

"Hush. You wait and see with your own eyes. People moving about in the woods now."

"But what's to prevent her giving them the slip? Jules, what's that?" For I had suddenly spotted a torch moving along on the far end of the lake—then a second torch.

"They watch—they guard their sacrifice. Fools," he added contemptuously. "Memengwa no try to run; Memengwa is honored to be chosen. . . ." Brooding, Jules had apparently forgotten me.

Again there was the metallic sound of the spade against rock; a cold sweat broke out over my body. The two torches vanished back of a curve of the shore, and did not again appear. The Indian girl retraced her path, silent this time, except for the drip of her paddle, which finally died away entirely. The cry of a loon rang out over the lake, and any one who's heard it knows it's a sound that goes echoing on in your head long after it has stopped. "'Lake of Torches,' they call it," murmured Jules. But it was not Jules himself so much as the place that was convincing; for all its silence, the lake was alive with sinister unseen things.

The dew-washed morning was all innocent of lurking horrors. With the little lake lying candid and twinkling in the sunshine, quite deserted, the fears of the preceding night lacked reality, and Jules's tale of human sacrifice became an enormous fabrication. Evidently the necessity for concealment had passed for the present, for Jules spoke in a natural voice, and, upon all other subjects than the immediate one, was his voluble, eloquent self. He bore up stoically when I ragged him about his Irish gift for fiction, only adjuring me to wait.

"We fish," announced Jules, "and you see fish that *are* fish. My regular hunting-grounds," he concluded with a grin, dragging forth an old cedar canoe that was well hidden in the brush. I discovered also the shell of a birch canoe, but he shook his head. "No good—leak very bad."

So we trolled up-stream to a place Jules knew, where we landed, and spent the morning still-fishing for black bass. Jules's boast was no exaggeration; such fishing I have never had, before nor since; wherefore it was no wonder other things slipped my mind. I did notice that Jules

hugged our own side of the lake. Only once he called my attention to the opposite shore: "Yonder deer runs—deer come down to drink."

Over the midday coffee Jules again turned silent and inscrutable. He tossed a pine-cone onto the fire; watched it smoke and ooze moisture—the strong-smelling gum; watched it flare up and then glow beautifully red; watched it die to ash-lavender and crumble. He managed to make of the burning of a pine-cone almost a rite, and his face, with its half-closed eyes, was the face of a stranger—a melancholy fatalist.

But the mood passed, and Jules insisted that we explore back into the mainland, and was firm in the face of my vote to continue the fishing. So we scrambled over rocks and found the country honey-combed with isolated small lakes. Jules had stories and names for everything: that natural chair of rock was where Glooskap had sat down to smoke; these two depressions were where his snowshoes had rested; this lake was called Seldom-come-by, and that smaller one was Little-seldom-come-by; the swamp there was the Devil's Half-Acre; this pretty blue pool was Ha-ha Lake, because the redman laughed when he first saw it. "Ha-ha Lake"—the name had a familiar ring.

Sundown found us back at our camping-place, awaiting the second instalment of Jules's adventure. I had adopted the attitude of amused tolerance of a spectator who attends an improbable play, and I kept a sharp eye on Jules for clues to the riddle. But with the closing in of night and under the strain of enforced silence, my restlessness and uneasiness returned. It was quite dark when the moon at last untangled itself from the clouds and revealed the little lake wrapped in low-hanging white mists, and only a delicate drip-dripping of water told us that the girl was passing somewhere behind the white shroud.

Jules rose deliberately. "You wait. I must see Memengwa. Do not move—as you value your life." Before I could register protest he was gone, in the only whole canoe.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" And I swore peevishly. For quite fifteen minutes I

obeyed Jules's injunction by sitting absolutely still. . . . Although there were no torches to-night, the woods was astir with lurking creatures. The snapping of a twig unnerved me; the very cry of a whippoorwill became significant—I could have sworn it was a human voice, cunningly imitative. My nerves, I owned, were edgy from over-exertion and, perhaps, from too many smokes; but it was no longer humanly possible for me to sit quiet. Besides, my curiosity was sharp.

I considered ways and means, recalled the bark canoe. Dammit, they'd put nothing over on me! I'd get to the bottom of this thing if I also got to the bottom of the lake for my pains. The canoe was very light, and I succeeded in launching it almost without a sound. Moreover, it was dry, did not leak a drop; Jules had lied to me. Fortunately, I had once mastered that noiseless stroke in which the paddle is not lifted from the water. . . .

Peering through the mist, I could just distinguish them at the edge of the eerie circle of light from the girl's lantern. The two figures were one, and there came a low husk of a laugh from Jules's throat. I managed to back off, but not without a betraying gurgle of water. . . .

On shore again, on our own camping-ground, Jules confronted me. "You follow—"

"Now you listen to me, Jules—"

"Grave is finished. I tell—Memengwa—good-by. You satisfied, sir?" He stood there quietly, arms folded, but his voice conveyed deep suffering restrained; the man was absolutely convincing. The moon was blotted out by a cloud, and the damp night enfolded us. . . . I shuddered. . . .

"You—love her, yet you'll stand by and let her— It's inhuman, unthinkable! If you're half a man—"

"You no understand," said Jules with dignity. "It is an honor to be chosen. Memengwa is not unhappy. She go by the Milky Way to the Shadowland, where she eat sweet shining mushrooms and play on flute and drum and dance all day—"

"Rot!" I returned briefly. "It's too savage to believe, but if such a thing can be happening in this year 1920, some-

thing's got to be done! It can't go on—"

"If you dare interfere—when you promise!" breathed Jules very quietly. "You no understand. Perhaps mebbe you comprehend this: it means your life and my life. My life is nothing, but there are others—an old mother. Besides," he urged, "perhaps mebbe the moon rise under a cloud, and then Memengwa no die. You tired, sir"—for I had struck a match for another cigarette, shielding the blaze, as Jules had warned me to do—"your hand, it tremble. Go to sleep, Mr. Cummins, and dream the moon rise under a cloud."

Nothing would happen, of course. So I assured myself, yet as we sat there, Jules and I, and watched a rose sunset spreading out fanlike from the western horizon, broken by long, delicate blue rays that were the sticks of the fan; saw the rose shrink and gather color, go from pale orange to burnt orange, still keeping its fanlike formation, until nothing was left but a little knot of lurid color, low in the west, and that too died gray; as we watched, it seemed to me symbolic of the girl's fate closing over her, squeezing her out. I caught something of Jules's tenseness. More, I caught the spirit of the Canadian wilderness. In this God-forsaken spot anything became possible. Vaguely, Indian tales I had read in my boyhood came back to me . . . old tragedies of the woods . . . dramas of rum and blood against a background of savage cries and war feasts and weird dances. . . . Almost I fancied one of the old Northwest trading canoes taking form from the shadows of the little lake, the voyageurs, in their blanket coats and red-worsted caps, keeping rhythm to some forgotten chantey. Almost I saw the dome-shaped wigwams of an Ojibway village on the lake shore, heard the camp noises of howling dogs and crying babies, glimpsed some old medicine-man at his work of healing a sick child by sorcery and incantations. . . . True, my physical condition was not normal; my nerves were as jumpy as they had been when the shell-shock was at its worst.

An hour, near two hours of silence and darkness. . . . Then the sound of ca-

noes—surely a whole brigade of them, judging from the scrapings on rock and the guttural voices, as they landed on the shore, past the point where Memengwa had dug.

At last a great bonfire sprang up, and dark figures moved about it, throwing on more wood. "Cloud," uttered Jules, pointing to the east, where already there was a faint radiance from the rising moon. "All right—Memengwa safe. . . ."

But no, a fresh breeze touched my cheek. . . . The little cloud drifted. The moon came up slowly behind pine-trees, full and golden, naked of even a wisp of a cloud. It hung there, clear of the tallest pine tip, while four wild ducks flew into it.

The bonfire flared to the sky; came the ominous thud of a drum, and then a song in a bass voice—a monotonous chanting song, that started high and dragged lower and lower, and then started all over again, changing in no way except to increase in furor. "Memengwa's death song," said Jules, who sat stolid, impassive.

For myself, I was paralyzed. I became aware of a torch moving along the opposite shore. The torch grew larger, and as it cleared the shadows and struck the moon's path, I saw that it was fastened to a canoe, which drifted toward us, down the middle of the lake.

Jules spoke grimly, significantly: "When the torch burns down to brushwood. . . ."

Revulsion swept me and touched me to life. "For God's sake, Jules—!"

But Jules was upon me, holding me fast in his hard grip. From the single little flame that shot up clear, I saw the conflagration spread. Kerosene poured over dried spruce, I thought dully, as I watched the oily licking of it, heard the crackling and sputtering. . . . There came one agonized, horrible cry, as human as anything I have ever heard. No longer was there any possible room for doubt. . . .

Something like a sob escaped from Jules, who now sat huddled alone. "The will of the Water Manitou," he mumbled. A sudden nauseating weakness seized me: that acrid odor must be—burning flesh. . . . The thing hissed out in the lake; abruptly the drum left off its harsh,

thumping accompaniment, and the song ended in a high falsetto yell. The stillness of the lake was interrupted only by the laugh of a loon somewhere overhead.

The rest I remember only in snatches, as one recalls a bad dream after awaking. "We got to clear out from here, sir! You done up! I help you." Jules was back to normal, energetic and efficient. I have a vague recollection of skulking along behind trees, of insisting peevishly that I'd left my pocket kodak, only to be hushed like a child. I have a further hazy memory of a fight at the end of the Lake of Torches, when another Indian emerged abruptly from the woods: Jules spoke rapidly to him, then muttered grimly in English, "I fix you!" and laid him out with one blow.

"I think, Mr. Cummins, I save your life."

"You killed him?" I asked apathetically.

"No kill him, but he no *talk*."

My impression of the lake, as I turned for a last look, was one of peace and quiet. The moonlight on the water looked rich and *gobby*, as though splashed on with thick oil-paint; the scene was like nothing so much as one of those trite, innocent "Moonlight at Night" paintings, which hang on drawing-room walls.

Again I chanced upon the volume, "Indian Myths and Legends," in the hotel living-room, and listlessly thumbed its pages. A phrase caught my attention; other phrases leaped at me, and now I was reading with absorption, and light was penetrating: "Ha-ha Bay"; "The Devil's Half-Acre"; "Lac du Flambeau"; "the woman of the o'erkind eyes, who wears a scarf as red as blood, but no redder than her lips." Twice I read the myth entitled "The Water Manitou and the Sacrifice of the Burning Canoe," and then I closed the book.

"Heigh, Jules!" I called.

"You know these?" I asked, when he stood before me.

Jules nodded; his face was inscrutable—all Indian.

"I want the truth, Jules. What was she digging?" I demanded sternly.

"Digging—onions, sir. It is the only growing soil close. Memengwa come at

night to her garden because all day she works—peddles fresh vegetables and baskets to the cottagers."

"H'm. . . . Indian baskets, I suppose."

"Factory baskets that she buys in Toronto. They not know, the cottagers; Memengwa makes money."

"And the torch business?"

"Sh-h, against the law. Fire-hunting."

"Deer-hunting with torches! Ah. . . . The trivial matter of the—er—sacrifice, Jules?"

"That happened to be an Ojibway custom of this very region; the ethnologist stop here at hotel and I tell him. To this day we feast and make burnt offering to the Spirit of the Lake—a little dog."

"Ay, so it says," I observed grimly.

"I improve upon it, sir," he deprecated.

"She wail like woman, yes?"

"She did! Jules, you lied to me; my nerves are still shot. And it hadn't even historical accuracy! If you'd bothered to stick to Ojibway— But no, you garbled it shamefully—took the cream of the Blackfeet and the Micmacs and the Iroquois, and gathered your names all the way from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic, and stirred in local color from a few of the stories of creation which happened to take your fancy—"

"A pretty idea, an effective idea, from any language—" shrugged Jules, unabashed.

"Jules, you're a plagiarist! You plagiarized the whole blooming adventure," I concluded wrathfully. "You deserve at least to be reported to the game warden and the humane society."

Jules's blue eyes danced, his face broke into a frank grin. "First a liar, then a plagiarist! Mr. Cummins, I tell you a secret: *Rainy-Day-Liar* is my honorary title; it's my business to lie on rainy days—it's what they hire me for. As for plagiarism—there were original touches. The hide was borrowed, true, but the red-and-green spots, the decorations, if you follow me, were my own. But if you fail to follow me—well if *Shakespeare* can stand the gaff. . . ."

I fixed upon Jules an eye of cold suspicion. "What do you know about *Shakespeare*?"

He looked over the territory to make

sure that we were alone. "I guess you've caught me. At Dartmouth we study Shakespeare."

"Dartmouth!"

"H'm. . . . I prefer Yeats myself. Memengwa's strong for the romantics, especially Shelley. Memengwa's name is Mary Louise—Mary Louise Wabose—at Wellesley."

"Well, I'll be damned! But why? This pose, this lingo——?"

"I'm earning my way. My policy is to please, to give 'em what they want—local color, romance, savage stuff—it's all one to me. *You* wanted adventure, a thrill; I delivered adventure, a thrill. *Vqild!*"

"You're a genius," I owned reluctantly. "You should go in for dramatics, my boy."

"I belong to the Dramatic Association," he laughed modestly. "Strong-heart rôles—that sort of thing."

"Heigh, Keary!" I called after him. "What about that fellow you knocked out?"

"It's all right. I promised him a bottle of Johnny Walker; he would have taken two black eyes for two bottles. And, by the way"—the Irish smile spread over his face—"when's that chap due from Parry Sound? I'm that dry myself!"

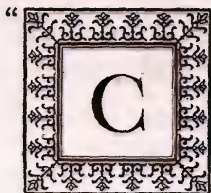
Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

III. WHY DO WE WORK?

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS MADE BY GERRIT A. BENEKER IN ONE OF OUR LARGE STEEL PLANTS



"CHARLEY, how'd you like to join the millwright gang?"

The foreman appeared to think he was offering a distinguished promotion to me as a member of the labor gang which spent its long twelve hours carrying or shovelling the hot and dusty brickbats out of the steel plant's fallen-in furnaces. But surely the promotion could not be much, seeing that the pay increased only from 45 cents an hour to 47.

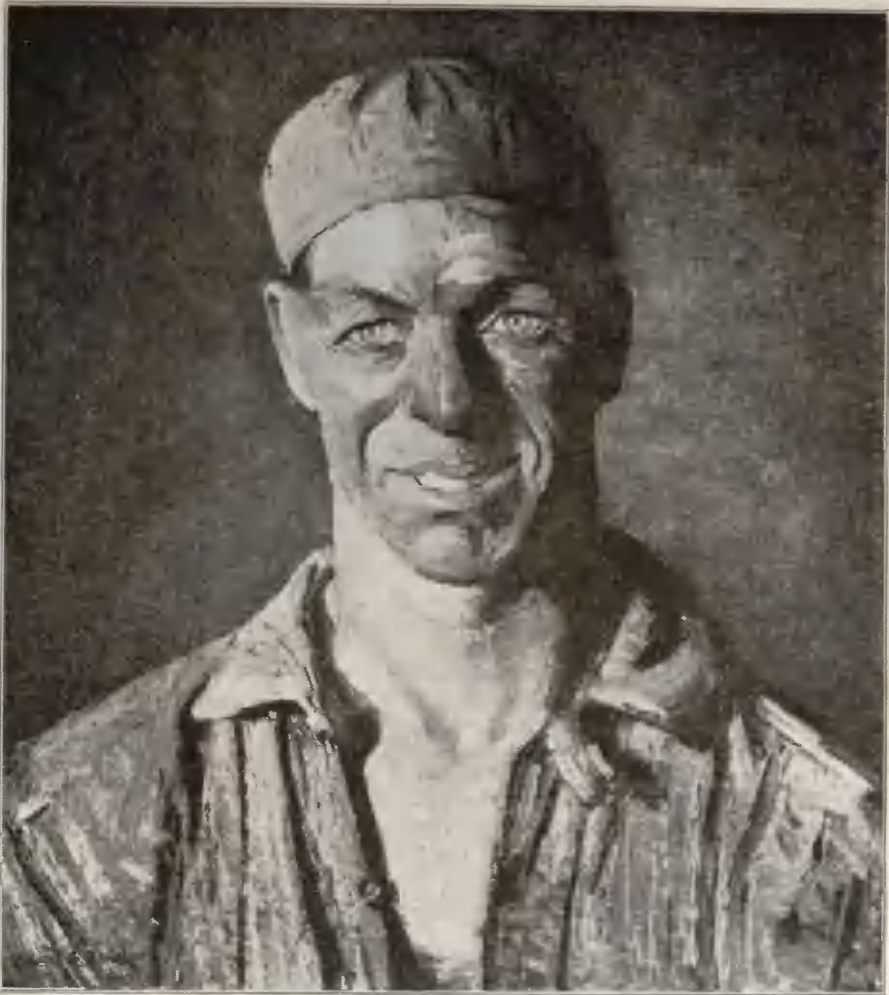
It did not take long to demonstrate my error. For when I came along bearing my oil-can and wrench, all my former companions leaned on their shovels and wiped the sweat and dirt out of their eyes as they exclaimed:

"Were you catch-em job? Meelwright gang? Oil-can and wr-rench! No more——d shovel! My Ga-wd!"

If Mrs. Williams had lived near by, she would doubtless have received the

calls and congratulations of their wives—with every one of them observing closely, the next day, to see if she spoke to them!

Later, in a Welsh mining village, the wife of the head mechanic persisted in calling her husband "The Boss." The reason, of course, was that the term served to designate not only her man's job but also her possession of the social leadership of the community which went with it. At the bottom of the town's social structure stood my friend "Old Evan," the repairer, because his job was least important. Above him in the social, because in the industrial, scale came the mechanic, with his greater skill in establishing the proper level of the rails. Above him, in turn, though with practically no increase in wage, came the haulier, with his heavy responsibility for the lives of the score or two of expensive draft-horses. Above him, in turn—and so above his wife and children—stood, with his family, the real getter of coal "at the face" of the seam, the "collier"!



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Ed Moseley, Roller.

The "boss-roller" stands as a successful man on the "hot-floor" of the steel plant, not simply because of his big daily earnings but because he cannot work his way to this height without exceptional endowment of physical stamina, technical "know-how," and capacity for leadership.

It is completely impossible to get close to the heart of the labor problem unless we can understand and appreciate that truth which every worker not only knows but lives by; namely, that *in the working world, every man earns his right to think well of himself as a person among other persons, and establishes his own and his family's standing and social rating in the community less by the earning power than by the nature and the importance of his job.*

"You see the engineer across the cab there?" the fireman inquires, because he

knows we are assuming that his own job is unimportant simply because it is dirty. "Takin' himself blamed serious, ain't he? Well, take it from me, he wouldn't get very far down the line unless he got his power [business of tapping chest] from me!"

A moment later he lets us put in the coal just to demonstrate that it is a matter of infinitely more skill than we thoughtless observers could have imagined. The probability is that a few of our best shovelfuls secure—and deserve—

nothing better than his "Well, the steam-gauge says that if you keep puttin' it in *that* way, we'll come to a dead stop in about a mile!"

"Not on your life did they fire me!" the carpenter answered the friends who assumed that he would not otherwise have left his better-paid position at the proving-grounds. "What do you think those guys wanted me to do? To spend three weeks of my time and skill knockin' together some rough boards into a ramshackle barn of a target—so they could go *Bang!* with a cannon fourteen miles away and blow the whole blamed thing to smithereens! They don't make no monkey outa me!"

Hour after hour, day after day, in the mine or factory or club, workers meet each other and, exactly like society leaders at a tea-party, feel each other out in the effort to reassure themselves as well as to impress others that they are "holding their own"—or perhaps "getting on"—in comparison with the other members of their group. Among them all, one measuring-stick stands out above every other—the job, always the job.

"Where was you last?—What doin'?—How much?—How many hours?—Like it better'n here?—What kinda boss?—Gee, no wonder! I'd a' quit, too!"

This is not strange. Few of us but realize that the tangible and more or less measurable accomplishments of our working-day constitute an infinitely safer and more reliable platform for supporting our status and standing in the minds both of ourselves and our community than is afforded by either the sum of our possessions or the intensity of our ideas or ideals. But most of us fail to understand how universally every one of our fellow citizens is exactly like us in thus wishing to do his daily uttermost to justify his right not so much to three meals a day as to his belief in *his worth as a man among men, by the inescapable demonstration of his worth as a work-man among work-men!*

Exactly as we saw in the matter of anger, profanity, or alcohol, the more the conditions of our job—or of the life which is inescapable from it—serve to unsettle that indispensable belief, the more do the reserves of our sensitiveness swarm out—automatically—to repair and build higher the threatened foundations of self-assur-

ance. It was none other than the secretary of the International Hoboes Union who let loose all the powers of his soul upon me—after I had let him see that, to me, there was no discernible industrial or social difference between a hobo and a tramp. Almost with tears in his eyes he rushed to the defense:

"Good Lord, man, you don't suppose I'd be a *tramp*, do you? How would this country get along without us 'boes? If we don't get out from our winter in the Northwest's lumber-camps down into the summer wheat-fields of Oklahoma, crops go to waste and millions are lost. So we— we migratory workers, we itinerant laborers, y' understand?—*we* have to take the train—though we don't believe in payin' fare. But a tramp! Why, he's nothin' but a guy that *walks* from job to job because *he* don't care whether he ever gets there or not—and *nobody else* does!"

Then he warned against hurting the feelings of a tramp by confusing his job status, and therefore his social status, with that of a bum:

"Y' see, a tramp is miles above a bum! A bum's a low-downer who neither rides nor walks—*nor works!*"

According to the thesis of our master-wish for worth, the very continuance of life itself—the avoidance of the suicide's grave—indicates our belief that *somewhere* or *somehow* we are managing to save ourselves from having to admit our net inferiority in comparison with those about us. Not one of us but knows in the secret places of his heart that, in this sector and that of the western front of his contacts with others, the line has been pierced. That knowledge only makes all the greater the necessity, the uttermost necessity, of finding some other sector for staging a break-through—a soul-saving, because a soul-justifying, break-through.

I submit that nothing is more filled with meaning for these modern times than this: *Under normal conditions, practically 100 per cent of us in America, from top to bottom, from rich to poor, endeavor first of all to direct all the energies of our soul toward locating this indispensable "break-through" on the sector of our work—our job.*

It is impossible to explain this by reference merely to the dollar and its measurements. Those endless hours of talk about self-importances through work-impor-

tances which finally end in giving this job a higher place than that in the hierarchy of labor, keep dollars and cents in mind, to be sure; but, as in the case of the millwright gang, they use many other measurements as well. Besides the differences represented by pennies per hour, there are endless others which follow from the comparative demands or opportunities for skill, care, courage, muscle, manliness, and so forth. Trouble comes only when for one reason or another the penny differences and the prestige differences get too far out of line with each other.

Similarly, it is impossible to explain this importance of the job sector by reference to the so-called "instinct of workmanship." The stimulating and restorative powers of manual or other work are receiving, to be sure, fresh demonstration in our progressive hospitals. Every meeting of our daily duties, too, reminds us of that satisfaction which came at the end of the world's first week when the Creator "looked upon his labor and saw that it was good." But the mere *doing* of something is not enough; without seeing with the eye of the body or of the mind the use and the value which somewhere and somehow are to follow, the mere activity may only increase our unhappy thought about ourselves as doers.

"Deeg here!—Deeg dere!—Alla time for noting!—Like damn fool!" a gang of laborers one day protested as they threw their shovels down—to take them up again only when the foreman explained that he had to find a water-pipe, and felt as helpless about it as they.

In these industrial days the foreman is only the first of that long line of managers, stockholders, consumers, and fellow citizens which finally determines the social as well as the industrial usefulness and value of the work, and so the social as well as the industrial value of the worker. Of the waking day, an eight-hour job cuts off with one blow half of the worker's total opportunity for enjoying that indispensable sense of distance from the hated zero of personal and social insignificance. If he is among the unskilled, his "business" day is likely to require nine, ten, or, among the steel-makers, as many as twelve, of those precious sixteen hours. To these, furthermore, must be added the two others required in most cities for com-

ing and going to work. With that, all but a very few of all the priceless opportunities of his life are placed, for better or for worse, within the liberties or limitations of the job.

Arithmetic is not all. Another reason that work standings tend always to mean social standings—that the job comes so close to representing the achievement of our whole life—is that it indicates a measurement of our character at the hands not of ourselves but others—and others who are presumably not prejudiced. I have asked many millionaires as well as many laborers—always, I hope, in appropriate language—about the "high spots" of their careers. The answers of them all have been amazingly similar; hardly one but followed the general formula:

"Well, it was like this." (Business of lighting Havana or corn-cob, according to station.) "It was on a Thursday, just — years ago last fourteenth. I'll never forget: it was — o'clock in the morning that the boss called me in and said: '—.'" (Here insert details of first promotion.) "Then it was —." (Give similarly exact and complete details of the second promotion.) "So that's how I came to be a —." (Insert millionaire, superintendent, foreman, collier, boss-roller, or other position which represents exactly so many steps up from the starting-point of office-boy, labor gang, rivet-boy, etc., and exactly so many steps below the better jobs and distinctions still farther up the line.)

"Then came the Black Hawk War," so Abraham Lincoln made use of essentially the same standards, "and I was elected captain of volunteers, *a success which gave me more pleasure than anything I have ever had since.*"

It is not mere chance that work thus offers to us here in the land of the free a very definite pledge of social as well as financial satisfactions and recognitions in return for the energies of mind or body. Just as in France or the old Germany a distinguished citizen is seldom mentioned without his full title as a government functionary, so with us here the business man or the worker is daily handed about with the handle of his job as vice-president of the Bingville Manufacturing Company, the head of the shipping-room

at the Cannery, or the blacksmith at the K & O Shops. Not one of us but knows that no success in any other line can quite offset the evil—the catastrophe—of failure in our accepted task. If necessary, all the resources of our entire front must be sacrificed in the effort to make an imposing stand there in the vital sector of the job.

"I find I must resign from the committee to visit the sick," wrote a member, "simply because I see no way to change my work. I am assistant to an undertaker!"

It is only one of an infinity of prices we pay for the liberties as well as the limitations of living in a land where the question "Who is he?" is known to mean "What does he do? What is his job?"

But if we have done so much thus to organize both inside and outside the factory our approvals on behalf of the door of work, why is it that such huge bodies of workers at all stages in our industry today join in that advice of "Old Dad" in the steel plant:

"I've been here forty-two years—with my eyes open most o' the time. Ye'll get somewhures if ye'll take my advice. Allus go as slow as ye can—but always keep yer eye peeled on the boss. When he's a-lookin' or a-comin' yer way, work like h—ll!"

The answer surely is to be found in that door which, as earlier described, is opened into our minds, and hence into our attitudes and actions, by our feelings.

"Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" With such words huge groups of men to-day join hands with "Old Dad" in deciding their present or their future doings, not upon the facts as they exist in statistical tables, but upon the facts within their heads, put there only as they have been *lived and felt*. Wherever I have found men loafing, I have found them more than anxious to save their self-respect with their:

"But, h—ll, *doin'* your job *here* just *don't get you nowhures!*"

What are some of the causes of these beliefs that, in many fields of industry today, energy applied cannot be counted upon to get those deep-down spiritual satisfactions which we Americans, more definitely than any other people, have aimed to connect with work?

Overlong hours, undue heat or cold, needless danger of accident or poison—all these, of course, tend toward costly loafing because they whisper to the worker's feelings that, if nothing else does, his physical self-preservation requires him to hold onto every mite of energy not forced from him. If, *off* the job also, the conditions of his living counsel the same saving of physical effort, then the appeal and the approval of the foreman and of the whole community behind him begin to encounter all the hardened crust built by those reserves of self-protection—and so to go by the board. In more than a few mining towns of both America and France all the social as well as the industrial relationships and approvals appeared to me to be "messed up" simply for the lack of some miles of water-pipe! Especially in hard-working towns it is not far wrong to say that people's opinion of themselves and their neighbors, together with their willingness to work to improve it, tends to vary inversely with the square of the distance water has to be carried by muscle-power! Cleanliness is cousin to godliness because, through the door of feeling, it helps to hope and charity as well as to carefulness and courage.

What is less generally manifest but equally significant is this: that within the shop, poor tools, by failing to help to the hoped-for achievement of results, constitute a tremendous barrier to that exchange of physical or mental energy for proportionate social respect and standing which is ordinarily called work. Poor tools also lead definitely to all those distorted attitudes and all those automatic efforts at self-protection which follow upon the heels of tiredness. It is hardly proper to say that fatigue is the result of a certain amount of effort; for all practical purposes it is the result of a *disproportion*—a disappointing disproportion—between giving and getting, between effort and result. I know that many careless workers mistreat good tools because they do not realize—often because no one has told them—how much money they have cost. But I also know that literally tens of thousands of good workers get their first shock of distrust for their employer's announced ideals of production and efficiency by observing his amazing failure to appreciate tools and their value

to the worker's spirit as well as to his output.

"Why, time was when 'twas a pleasure to take hold of your day's work with a wonderful pair o' tongs in your hands," a

mad one, too! What's come over this outfit I just can't figure!"

"Not the money saved," testifies a nationally known engineer, "and not the lessening of manual labor, but the way



From a painting, copyrighted, by Gerrit A. Benker.

"Bill" Rollings, Engineer.

Because such a face goes with such an oil-can the latter is one of the established patents of nobility in the factory peerage. Man and tool together stand for skill and responsibility in the safe control and successful operation of the machine on which the others' jobs depend.

husky steel-worker was protesting. "But now" (with lowered voice, as though a friend had been buried) "—but now, before you've worked an hour, your tongs have lost their temper and are lettin' the sheets and the bars fall all over the place! —with the boys a-laughin' at you and you feelin' like a butter-fingers—and a d—d

labor-saving machinery increases men's capacity, and therefore their self-respect—that is the real satisfaction I have found in my inventions."

But the chief obstacles to the satisfactions of diligence come not so much from the physical as from the spiritual part of the environment—though our feelings

make it all but impossible to distinguish between the two. It has to be confessed that we have not yet been able to stage anything like the proper setting for the hoped-for break-through in the persons of those subordinate officials who compose that first line of the industrial defense—I mean the foreman, the plant policeman, and the paymaster. For entirely too many workers, experience with these serves only to demonstrate that there is only one way in which to save their face; namely, to give that face “crust”—to make themselves as “hard-boiled” as possible.

“W’y, of course, when he bawls you out like that all the time,” so my laborer friends would explain their technique of self-protection, “all you can do is to pay no attention to ‘im—unless you got nerve enough to tell him where to go to. And that’s dangerous unless you’re ready to ‘blow’ [leave]!”

But such handling is only part of many foremen’s larger failure to give the worker a bigger share of the longed-for pleasure of doing his own job under his own steam. One reason why there are 150,000 more miners in our coal towns than can be fully occupied is that the miner’s work can be given only a minimum of supervision, and so permits a maximum of satisfaction because of a maximum of personal responsibility and freedom.

“W’at you say, Buddy?” so Steve the timber man would ask in between his great grunts as he put every ounce of energy into his blows for driving the wooden supports up under the roof. “Foreman to-morrow, w’en he see dees—he say ‘Steve good timber man’—mebbe yes, mebbe no? W’at you say, Buddy!”

Believe me, Steve knew. And just because he and his companions knew, I found the average coal worker, whether on tonnage or merely hourly rates, doing a much better job a mile away from his foreman than did any fellow day-laborer on the open-hearth “floor” of the steel plant with a foreman always at his elbow.

“Why do you wops stand there like a lot o’ warts?” the boss used to yell at us in disgust. The reason was that his oaths never failed to follow us if of our own volition we happened to move without his orders!

To correct this evil of “hogging” the

job and its spiritual rewards, it is necessary to do much more than merely to put the foreman into a class on handling men. Generally the management will do better to inquire into the conditions which are likely to cause this hurtful practice. All too often, the reason is that the foreman has to steal these satisfactions from the workers simply because somebody above him is stealing them away from him—and, by our thesis, a man will either throw up his work and seek elsewhere, or he will do his uttermost to get somehow and somewhere from somebody enough of the means of self-respect through his work to “make it a job.” Often enough, in turn, the man above the foremen is stealing away their satisfactions simply because the superintendent is stealing them from him—and so on up the line.

“A company is known by the management it keeps” is a dictum too wise to apply only to the foreman, or to the paymaster who too generally hands out the pay checks as if these represented pure charity.

“If you find difficulty between a company and its men” runs the sage advice of a nationally known executive, “take a look at the board of directors. If you don’t find the trouble there, take a look at the president. If you don’t find it there—take another look!”

But it is not strange if management from top to bottom finds it difficult continuously to give that measure of satisfaction in terms of self-worth which, according to our theory, is required in order to secure the maximum of co-operation. As long as it is our feelings that compute our personal status and position from moment to moment, the problem will remain sufficiently complex. But besides that, the reckoning must forever suffer the complication of relativity. In order to measure our distance and direction across the line of mediocrity, we have to compare ourselves with something or somebody—be a part of some “system of co-ordinates,” as Mr. Einstein would put it. So, we are in the habit first of measuring our own present alongside our own past. “To-day I’m here; ten years ago I was only there!” But that is hardly enough; it is only latitude without longitude. If we are to fight off the dreaded sense of a net inferiority, we are sure to

measure our general movement and position alongside that of the particular group we have chosen as our own. That group itself is, of course, moving. It is moving, managers of every description have virtually thrown up their hands in dismay during these recent days! From the commencement of the Great War the move-



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Electric Welding.

Much more than is generally understood, the worker finds pleasure in the beauty of the scene of which he is part. He feels it more proper, however, to take his larger satisfaction in his control of the vast power which almost always underlies the beauty.

furthermore, in an orbit rendered difficult of charting because it is itself determining its position in comparison with still other groups, every one of which is also in motion!

No wonder that superintendents and

ment of groups in strange directions has been too rapid to permit satisfactory correlation without immense social commotion. In thousands of communities, for instance, the urgent demand for munitions permitted unskilled laborers sudden-

ly to obtain huge earnings from fool-proof machines and so to put luxurious furs upon their wives—to the chagrin of all the families of the machinists, the hitherto-acknowledged social leaders by virtue not only of their earnings but of their years of training in skill and responsibility.

"Wull, ye see, the raises ain't been fair like," so the machinist in England told me the cause of his own and his group's unhappiness. "Now, 'ere's my 'elper. All the war awards 'as raised 'im 195 per cent above pre-war, wile they've raised me only 125 per cent, d'ye see? Thot makes 'im draw almost the same as me. But if my job's wrong, it's me that gets all the blame, not 'im. Thot's wrong, all wrong."

The Industrial Workers of the World believe that all these job distinctions are undemocratic and wrong. For the rest of us these represent our efforts to provide the motive power of progress by building up for the doer of useful work a maximum of satisfaction and recognition. We must think seriously before we are persuaded to dispense with this motive power simply because our failure rightly and justly to use it causes unhappiness.

But all these failures and obstacles in the shape of the job's physical and spiritual conditions are slight in comparison with one thing—the absence of the job itself. The irregularity of the opportunity to work—this is the great barrier of our modern times to the worker's "turning himself loose" in his effort at the maximum rewards of diligence. Perhaps the most significant factor for trouble in all the world of industry is that the worker has so often, and the manager has so seldom, been taught by actual experience the terrors of unemployment. For nothing but experience can demonstrate how thoroughly the man who has no job, and knows not where to find one, feels himself to-day the absolute zero of personal worthlessness and insignificance.

It may be asked why this experience of joblessness is taken so much to heart, since most workers probably possess remunerative work most of the time. The huge importance of the intensity rather than the time-duration of our emotions and, so, of our experience—does not this supply the answer? A few days of the lowered eyes and sunken chest that go with the poverty-stricken search for work

are enough to furnish a fervency of misery that will outlast years of comparative prosperity. To imagine that this misery can be driven away by the ministrations of the bread-line and the soup-kitchen is to forget completely the effectiveness of all those personal and social satisfactions and rewards which have been promised the useful doer. In the nature of the case, the withdrawal of these in the days of joblessness is bound to produce a condition nothing short of tragedy—tragedy that does not fail to give to all the thought of future years a permanently gray and ragged edge of fear.

It is such obstacles as these that convince huge groups of workers, with the conviction of highly emotional and therefore annoyingly powerful experience, that the modern industrial sector is too difficult—that the promises of social and spiritual recognition in proportion to work done are unreliable—that "It's pull that does it, nothin' else!—Goin' strong on the job just don't get ye nowhures!"

Whether genuinely justified or not, the conviction produces the same strategy as when Generalissimo Foch became persuaded that this sector or that successfully resisted his efforts. Leaving behind him just enough of his interest and attention to hold the line—to keep from being "fired"—the worker takes the reserves of his energy and aspiration and seeks at some other point to secure the desired maximum satisfaction for maximum effort.

Undoubtedly, many of the wife-beatings reported in the "domestic" sector are the result of such a transfer of this pressure for a break-through *somewhere*. Such an ignoble manifestation of this pressure is all the easier because of this one great fact: that all the other sectors of our modern living simply must be lived through with whatever energies of body, mind, or spirit remain *after* our day's work is done. Needless to say, a ten or twelve hour "turn" in one of the factory's lowest and least-reassuring opportunities for "a strong back and a weak mind" stands a fair chance of dulling the worker's ability to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious results of his effort somewhere to enjoy the sense of mastery.

"When I worked the twelve-hour day,"

a short-time worker explained, "I used to go home and want to spank the baby or swear at 'Granny'—just to keep from bitin' myself!"

the job. Tens of thousands of the holders of the poorer jobs, it must be admitted sadly, enter the final sector of their personal and miscellaneous, off-the-job re-



From a painting, copyrighted, by Gerrit A. Bencher.

The Test.

One of the real advantages of promotion into the millwright-gang is that it permits the common laborer, for the first time, to associate with these wondrous "helpers" who wear their goggles proudly as the emblems of their skilled control over the mighty force of their awesome "open hearths."

With the help of a strong constitution and a sense of humor, some workers can apply on the sector of their civic relationships an energy of body and brain sufficient to make them leaders—probably radical leaders, if these talents have failed to bring them due responsibility or standing where they want it most—on

relationships with a sense of defeat—exhausted physically, perhaps, but ready to devote the full thrust of their spiritual hunger for recognition to some final, desperate effort. Here that longed-for sense of personal worth may—nay, *must*—be gained—here or nowhere, now or never!

"Well, no, I hain't got on so good, y'

might say—I ain't a man o' skill yet." So runs the life-story of far too many. "But say, lemme tell ye. I mind me o' the time when—" with every single detail of the day, years ago, when he happened to demonstrate more knowledge of a certain job than did his superior. He knows only too well that the supply of such high moments soon runs out—likely enough, indeed, they brought immediate discharge! Never mind! Within a half-hour he is sure to attempt to save himself by reference to another sector with the help of similarly impressive details calculated to demonstrate beyond question his outstanding manliness, proficiency, and statesmanship in connection with profanity, alcohol, or women!

Not only the foremen and the leaders of industry but all the rest of us have thus made the job into such a highway across the slough of personal insignificance that its slightest unsatisfactoriness affects the use of every other road of our entire modern life. To attempt to detach it from the others is as ineffective as the reply of the inexperienced wife who, after due inspection of the rear right tire, reported:

"Yes, John, it's quite flat on the bottom, but the rest of it is perfectly fine!"

The philosophers have overlooked the power for good as well as for evil in the back-fire of our modern environment upon our modern living. As long as we have possessed feelings, this has been true; namely, that all of us tend to *live* our way into our thinking enormously more than we tend to *think* our way into our living. To that to-day—especially in America—must be added this: that the most compelling, inexorable, and inescapable of the forces for determining our daily living—and hence our daily thinking and feeling—is the living we do where we earn it, in our work, *on our job*.

"And all that day," so reports the leader of a group of skilled technicians engaged in perfecting the electrical arrangements whereby scores of thousands in Washington, New York, and San Francisco together heard the President's oration on the Unknown Soldier, and joined with him and with each other in the Lord's Prayer, "not a man of us but would gladly have dropped dead in his tracks rather than see the operation fail!"

By such a spirit are the wheels of the

world's work turned. It is because men wish their lives ennobled by thus helping turn these wheels that they talk and dream of work.

"'Twould seem to me," sighed the English docker, "to be the fairest, finest world that any mon could want—to get outa bed in the mornin' and know a job wuz witin' for ye!"

The same spirit and wish, also, bring it about inevitably that, in the words of an expert:

"Irregular work is always bound to make an irregular work-er; and an irregular work-er is bound, in turn, to be an irregular citizen."

The chief reason why we assume that this factory age must bring us a dirty and degraded face as well as dirty hands is that we have too long accepted labor as a curse; it becomes that only when we withhold our recognition of its value. We have too long failed to understand the nobility of men's master-wish for worth through useful work, and so have continued to try to run our factories and mines by means of an outgrown motive.

"Well, that's all right," the foreman is likely to end his discussion of ways to secure his worker's fuller co-operation, "but, after all, you've got to throw the fear of God into them."

He means not the fear of God so much as the fear of foremen. And he means not the fear of foremen so much as the fear of joblessness—joblessness with those social stigmas and spiritual miseries which we have ourselves indirectly created.

"Yes, we find that we can't get work out of them," so the employer is likely to testify at his club, "unless a hundred or two of their friends are waiting outside at the gate for their jobs!"

Unfortunately, it is too true. But that only means that our industry has failed to organize any better appeal. In our education, our religion, and our salesmanship we have found by experience that reward, recognition, and satisfaction get better results than the fear of punishment either in this world or the next. Industry must learn the same, if it is ever to retrieve for itself and society the 50 or 60 per cent of men's potential energies which now go unapplied—or, worse, *mis*-applied. The tragedy of our time is this: that, largely due to our backward indus-

trial thinking, the great majority of men's energies are spent in the effort not to gain fresh and worthy victories, but to protect themselves in the possession of such "face" as they have managed somehow to attain.

To make the change, in the work sector of our national life, from a punishment economy to a reward economy is not easy; it is a change from the appeal of fear to the appeal of faith. For one thing, it will require an enormously more efficient industrial management than we now know. But it will be easier once we can understand that there are more things in our modern industrial heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your faith-mocking, pay-envelope philosophy!

Where money does not buy social standing, men do not bother to earn more than a mere bread-and-butter minimum of it. Thus in certain coal towns where work is regular, the thriftlessness and loafing of the miners appears to justify their employers' theory that they "have no sense of decency, no self-respect!" As a matter of fact, it is all simple—and human—enough. A high tonnage or day rate has been given the coal-miner everywhere to make up for the irregularity of his job. Where he is lucky enough to have full opportunity to work, the miner's money may have to lie in the bank because it may be impossible to buy a house—perhaps there won't be any town there when the coal-seam is worked out, fifteen years later. He may also be unable even to rent a better home, because the company furnishes only three kinds, and he has lived in "Class A" for years. Perhaps the roads are too bad for an auto. Naturally, nobody wants to go around showing off his bank-book—unless, like many of our lowliest foreign-born, he is saving for the farm—and the standing of a landed gentleman—back in Poland! So there is only one thing he can do, and he does that for exactly the same reason that the mine manager in the near-by city builds his house or buys a limousine—namely, to indicate the distance he has achieved from the days of his flivverdom. He can take his dinner-bucket and walk out of the mine several hours before quitting time, enjoying the satisfaction of saying thus to all his neighbors:

"You see, I can earn my living in half

the time these other guys can, because I use my head—I was taught this business of mining by my father!"

He is not the only one who thus comes to employ the language of "conspicuous leisure" for exactly the same reason that makes another laborer industriously *earn* the money with which to "tell the world" exactly the same story of his success as a man because of his success as a *workman*. Insurance companies report that after an agent has begun regularly to earn \$2,500 in a \$2,000 town he cannot be persuaded from fishing or hunting on Mondays as well as Saturdays. His colleague who earns \$12,000 in a \$10,000 town takes up golf!

"To our dismay," an executive reports, "we found our girls practically refusing to work at their high piece-rates for more than four days a week. We decided that this earning power represented what could be called the town's 'social saturation point,—that this sum met its maximum feminine requirements in the way of half-silk hose and plenty of *crêpe-de-chine* waists. It looks as though we shall never get more than our present four days unless somebody will set the pace by means, perhaps, of full-silk hose and *georgette* waists!"

To enjoy the feeling of our net worth as a person among other persons, with that feeling substantiated by some group whose approval happens at the moment to appear especially desirable and pertinent—without successful appeal to this universal desire, there can be only a minimum release of useful effort; and unless this successful appeal be answered by a constantly more discriminating choice of the approving group, there can be no social progress.

Nowhere do men follow the line of least resistance; everywhere, on the contrary, do they follow the line of *maximum satisfaction per unit of effort expended*.

Outside the factory and inside, the troubles of our day follow the lessening of confidence in the long-accepted appeals and promises—of confidence in each other as after all the final makers of them both. The restoration of that confidence in industry is not different from its restoration in the whole of our social and political life, because in both the fundamentals are the same.

A Letter from Stevenson

WITH A NOTE

BY GARRETT DROPPERS



It happened that our undergraduate days fell in the consulship of Plancus. It was a great age when William James, Josiah Royce, and George H. Palmer, each with his own method and point of view, held the fort for philosophy. In the department of English was Francis James Child, who, aside from his professional interest, was a sort of American version of Thomas Carlyle, and in art was the urbane and stimulating Charles Eliot Norton, arbiter elegantiarum, and besides all these were a host of others, most of whom are now but a memory, but who were leaders of thought in their day. Need I mention such names as Nathaniel Shaler, Phillips Brooks, and, perhaps most beloved of all, Andrew Peabody?

We undergraduates took this Augustan Age of college life quite as a matter of course; as undergraduates always have and always will. We saw the Consul Plancus almost daily. The figure of William James in the yard was as familiar as that of the least of our classmates. The whole scene was to us as commonplace as Broadway to a New Yorker or Washington Street to a Bostonian.

And yet something of the great spirit of these men must have filtered into us undergraduates. There was at the time a great deal of intellectual turmoil which owed its existence to no assignable influence but seemed to spring up almost spontaneously. There was the group devoted to the cult of Swinburne, another that knelt at the shrine of Dobson, even one to Whitman, and last but not least, one to Robert Louis Stevenson, at whose shrine I then worshipped.

Once when walking from the lecture-room in Sever Hall to our dining club in Garden Street with William James, who

then lived on Appian Way, I broached my favorite topic, and stood stoutly for the philosophic importance of Stevenson, who had, I said, brought back the sense of adventure into life. James listened with his customary kindly toleration and sympathy to my plea, and as we parted said: "There is no critical estimate of Stevenson's influence that I know of. If you believe so much, why not write something about him on this point?"

I replied that I would try, and as a result there appeared in the *Harvard Monthly* for March, 1887, my estimate of the place and influence of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The appearance of this essay created the faintest possible ripple in the undergraduate world. It was only a day or two after the appearance of this article that I was taking the old horse-car from Bowdoin Square, Boston, to Harvard Square. As I took my seat in the car two passengers appeared who sat one on each side of me. One was James, the other Royce. The former had a book in his hand, evidently just purchased in Boston. I glanced at the title. It was, I think, Stevenson's "Prince Otto" in an English edition. I remarked to James that I was surprised to find him buying an expensive English edition of Stevenson when he could get the American pirated edition for a fraction of the price. "Well," he replied, "ordinarily when buying books I don't mind stealing, but I thought I wouldn't steal from Stevenson." James then inquired whether I had sent a copy of my article to Stevenson. When I answered in the negative he advised me by all means to do so. The following day I sent a copy of the *Harvard Monthly* to Stevenson at Bournemouth, England, together with a letter mentioning the episode with Royce and James, and the remark of the latter about stealing. In due course came Stevenson's reply, in which

he refers in his most amiable manner to the subject of pirated books. As I had criticised his attitude toward science in my article, he also devotes a few words to this point. The following is Stevenson's letter. I have the original in my possession, though time is making inroads on the integrity of the paper on which the letter is written.

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH,
April 5th, 1887.

DEAR MR. DROPPERS:

I should find it difficult to exaggerate the gratification I have received from your letter and article. The article is the work, I take it, of a young man; and I may discount something of its warmth upon that score. But I must say frankly, if you think too well of me, as I suppose you do, it is in the way of exaggerating my success, not of misunderstanding my aim and point of view. To you, at least, I seem to have conveyed my meaning; it is a pleasure to me to find myself understood, it will be a pleasure to you to hear that you have understood me.

Let me say one word about science. Had I lived in an age that was averse from science, I should have preached it in season and out of season. I came at a time when science was made much of, and had arrogated to itself a supremacy over all other branches of knowledge, and so I fell consistently foul of it. For all that, I would have no one neglect science; I read a lot of it myself and profited in a thousand ways. The great thing is to know as much science as your mind will stand without turning into the man of science (a common Professor), just as it is to know as much of the world as your heart will bear without your turning into a man of the world. In all these things there is an easy rule, which I believe infallible. As long as any study continues to add, pursue it; as soon as it begins to subtract, have done with it. We want to round out our globe of experience and

sympathy on all sides; not to contract into a cube.

I preach away very glibly, because I am fond of preaching; but I am keenly aware that you are already, in all probability, better read and will soon, I dare say, be a better preacher than I. When that is so, you will not forget the pleasure I was able to give you, and the help you found, if you found any, in my books. It pleases me to hope that you did; and indeed there is a sense in which I am pleased with myself—for I have never been a writer for cowards,—nor a friend of cowards, male or female, in the flesh. You see you have made me a little vain; yours is the fault. I was a *very* young man myself; and I wish to address young men; so that a young man's—and a clever young man's approval, took my vanity in the softest point.

I was pleased to hear what you told me of the professors; national sins bind us with iron; I cannot help keeping an opium-house as large as China (though indeed I am a sleeping partner) and someday I shall pay for it. It is difficult for Americans to avoid buying pirated books; but someday they will pay for that too. In the meantime it is I who pay for it; and what concerns me not a little, my very honest American publishers, the Messrs. Scribner. But I am quite aware of the Chinese beam in my eye, and lament the mote in my brother's decorously.

Let me hear of you again, or if you come to Europe, let me see you.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S. It is all in my own hand. I had to change my hand on a threatening of scrivener's palsy, and the signature (for reasons not unconnected with the bank) remains a solitary specimen of the original.

R. L. S.

Garrett Droppers, Esq.



Country Funeral

BY WILBERT SNOW

THE mother, lying on a couch, brought down
By loving hands from chill, damp chamber rooms,
Breathes out her last faint breath; the men
Who watch try gently to convey, in speech
Whose tones supply the touch of sympathy
The Saxon phrases lack, the grim, stark truth
Of death, forever old, forever new.

Bewildered comes the aged father up
To verify the heavy news he hoped
Would never reach his ears; he calls her name
So piteously the neighbors turn away
And leave him for a minute all alone.
The children venture in: one, wailing loudly,
No longer tries to hold her pent-up anguish;
Another calms himself, but cords that swell
Along his neck betray his grief no less.

A neighbor cautions, "Eben, don't you think
We ought to call an undertaker down?"

"Yes, David, will you see that Johnson comes?"

And David scans the weekly till he finds
The county undertaker's shapely card:
"In case of death call up the funeral home."
And Johnson's number stamped in bold, black type.

An hour later Johnson, robed in furs,
Steps softly in and grasps old Eben's hand
With firmer grasp than country people know;
Removes a black fur cap which hides a mat
Of flattened hair across a sloping brow,
And says: "Too bad . . . you had a lovely wife;
I'm sorry to be summoned down on this
Sad errand here to-night. I mourn with you,
And feel as if a dear one of my own
Had just gone out and left me sorrowful. . . .
Of course, you'll not want anything that's cheap
For such a wife; the only thing for her
Is what we call a couch-casket; we'll want
My motor hearse, and everything just right;
And I'll take special pains to come myself
To see that everything goes smooth and straight."

"But jest about how much will all this cost?"

"We'll not talk money matters here to-night;
I know your grief, and know that you will want
The very best of everything for her."

And Eben, groping feebly in the dark,
Takes Johnson's word and says, "All right, you make
The price as reasonable as you can make it.
I own my home, jest paid the last in June,
And that's as far as my poor ownings go.
I ain't had nary job of stiddy work
For most three years, my rheumatiz is bad.
But I will pay you anything you say
If you will only take into account
My circumstances and my feeble health,
And be as easy on me as you can."

The cottage funeral two days later draws
The villagers for many miles around.
For two sad days a vigil has been kept
Beside the coffin—old-time country custom;
For two days neighbors have brought cakes and pies
And other gifts of food,—sincerest tokens,
Worth more than speeches, which they cannot make.

The village minister takes up his place
Beside the casket, and reads, deeply moved,
"Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe,"
And feels his faith acceptable to all
Who loved the wife, now pillowed beautifully
In marble-featured, calm-bestowing death.
The nearest relatives, swathed deep in black,
Are seated in a row of chairs fetched in
From near-by houses, and the undertaker,
In black Prince Albert and glum cleric air,
Whispers the proper order of their seating.

The sermon tells, in simple sentences
Touched with a note of rhetoric here and there,
The woman's sweet, maternal sacrifice
Throughout a rigorous, uncomplaining life,
And magnifies the melancholy hour
With deep emotion and huge thoughts of death;
And when he closes with a prayer for those,
The nearest and the dearest of the circle,
The helpless wails of sorrowing hearts break out
In sobs that drown the Bible words of hope.

The undertaker slowly waves his hand
And softly bids the neighbors pass around
To view their loving sister's last remains.
The carriages move off behind the hearse
In careful order of priority;
While in the rear the neighbors of the village
Trudge pensively and once again revisit
The plot where their own kin return to dust.

A few weeks later comes a courteous letter
With entries totalling four hundred dollars.
The bent old father whitens as he reads
This mortgage on his future life and home;

A heaviness draws down his face, the light
 Departs, and silence weightier than speech
 Enwraps him like a prison where one goes
 To serve a lonely term of bitter years;
 And in a scrawling hand he makes reply,
 Signing the paper which he finds within,—
 Surrendering his last, lame, broken days
 To ruthless perpetuity of debt.

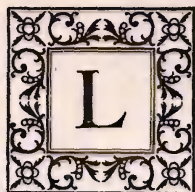
The Broken Pitcher

A STORY OF CAP'N MOSS

BY BURRIS JENKINS

Author of "The Magic Pipe," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE



L IJE ought to have known better than to do what he did. He ought to have known Cap'n Moss would not tolerate such proceedings and would surely find out, by one divination or another, the identity of the offender. He ought to have known that the pitcher which goes too often to the well is sure to get its nose knocked off, which is precisely what happened to Elijah; the well in this case being Cap'n Moss's corn-crib.

Lije, moreover, ought to have been grateful to the man who had rescued him from penury and placed him in comparative affluence, sufficiently grateful to prevent Lije's speculations; yet so perverse is human nature that oftentimes those we owe most are the very ones from whom we exact most.

Nearly two years had flown now since Cap'n Moss found Lije out of a home, out of a job, and forty-six dollars in debt to the man upon whose farm he had lived for five years while he had begun to fabricate his little family of a wife and three pickaninnies. Moss offered to "buy" Lije from his former "owner"; that is, to discharge the indebtedness to his former employer, and take Lije upon his own plantation.

Moss Rose met this wobegone family in the big road, trudging toward Seminole, one drizzly winter day, Lije carrying the baby while the two gaunt little boys pulled uncomplainingly, barefoot, through the tough mud. Indeed, it was the appealing melancholy in the eyes of those two pickaninnies that captured the sympathies and active assistance of Moss Rose. Their bony little legs only accentuated the pathos in their beautiful brown orbs; and Moss found himself thinking of two hound-puppies he had at home, and the eternal sadness in their eyes. He stopped his horse, therefore, turned sideways in his saddle, looked Lije up and down, and, always with an eye to business as well as philanthropy, inquired:

"Where yo'-all goin', Lije?"

"Town, Cap'n Moss."

"What foh, Lije?"

"Look foh work, suh."

"What's the mattah over on the Cundiff place? No corn?" asked Moss Rose.

"No, suh, no co'n, no cotton, no bacon, no nuffin'. I'se done busted, owe Mr. Cundiff fohty-six dollahs, and he won't furnish me no mo'," hopelessly replied Elijah, knowing the ravens would not feed him on account of his name.

"Want to come to me? I'll furnish you," suggested Cap'n Moss, after due deliberation.

The planters in the Black Belt are accustomed to "advance" or "furnish" their negroes with provisions and all other necessities against the day when the cotton is picked and in bales.

"Reckon so, suh. Got a house and a passel o' groun'?" Lije showed no particular enthusiasm, but either feigned or

"How long sence yo'-all et anything?" asked Cap'n Moss, with an attempt at indifference which, on the whole, was easily put on because of his natural drawl.

"Yistiddy noon," admitted Lije. Somehow Cap'n Moss had the secret of extracting the truth from these people, however humiliating, and however proud



That day marked the turning in the fortunes of Lije Cundiff. —Page 371.

felt indifference. Most likely the indifference was feigned, as every negro for miles around yearned to work for Cap'n Moss. Nevertheless, none of them ever was known to show enthusiasm when dickering for a job.

"Reckon I can tuck yo' in somewhah," answered Cap'n Moss, "till I can build yo' a house. I'm pretty full-handed but I'll manage."

"My broth'-in-law lives in town," interrupted Lije, "and I was goin' to visit him a while till I found a place."

"Where's yo' stuff?" inquired Cap'n Moss.

"This is all de stuff I'se got," lugubriously growled Lije, indicating the wife and the ebony children and a small bundle that the wife carried.

they might be. Pride, however, seldom stood in the way of their making their wants known.

"Put those two kids up here on my hoss behind me, and come 'long out to de farm, git yo' breakfus, and then we'll settle you down some, then——"

"But we 'bleeged to go to town," demurred Lije, loath to interrupt the holiday to which, in spite of the tragedy, the little family of Ishmaelites were all eagerly looking forward.

"Never mind that, now. Soon as you git settled, yo' can all go to town. Circus day's comin' next summer, and I'll carry yo' all in to the circus," replied Cap'n Moss with perfect understanding of their state of mind and with no impatience but complete sympathy. Mention of the cir-

cus turned the trick, even though that paradise were long deferred. Soon the two pathetic pickaninnies, in their simple frayed garments of once blue but much-patched cotton overalls, wet to the skin, but sadly, silently, trustfully happy, were clinging to Cap'n Moss, to each other, and to the horse as it jogged toward the farm. They were delighted with the sucking, smacking noise of the hoofs pulling out of the black mud, one after the other; but there broke as yet no grins, and there came no revelation of incomparable pearl teeth.

That day marked the turning in the fortunes of Lije Cundiff, who promptly changed his name, without act of legislature, to Lije Rose.

Cap'n Moss paid the forty-six dollars of indebtedness, rationed Lije for nearly a year with bacon and meal, assigned him an acreage of ground to till, loaned him a mule, harness, and a plough; and, when the crop was duly divided in the fall, showed Lije a balance of fifty dollars of his own. Moreover, Moss Rose was not the man to forget his promise about the circus; neither were the two black boys, now fat and laughing, the ones to let him forget.

On that circus day, too, the annual sale of mules took place, the auctioneer knowing that the occasion would bring many possible purchasers into town. Among these prospects was Lije, whose fifty dollars had already engendered a faint and hesitating ambition in his soul. A large part of the forenoon, therefore, Lije spent gazing at the coveted teams, estimating them, pricing them at private sale. His eye kept returning to a spanking pair of blacks which he had been told he could have for two hundred and fifty; but he knew that they, or indeed any other team, soared out of his reach without the aid of Cap'n Moss Rose. So he went in search of Moss and brought him up to see the beautiful blacks.

"Yo' bound to have a pair of mules, are yo', Lije?" inquired Cap'n Moss approvingly.

"I suttinly is!" emphatically declared the negro, instantly discerning the encouragement and good-will in his employer's voice and manner. "I still got near about all dat fifty—'ceptin' five dollahs dat you gimme, y' 'member?"

"Forty-five won't buy 'em, y' know, Lije," mildly suggested Moss Rose.

"I know it; dat's why I done come to fin' yo'," responded Lije. "'Sides, I wanted to know what you thunk about dem black mules."

"Mighty fine pair, Lije, mighty fine pair. How 'bout harness, Lije?"

"My forty-five dollahs buy de harness," promptly rejoined Lije.

"I see, I see," mused Moss good-humoredly. "Want me to stake y' to the mules?"

"Ef y' be so kin', suh," grinned the negro.

"Well, I tell you, Lije," drawled Cap'n Moss, with infinite leisure. "You come back here at 'bout noon, and I'll scout aroun' till then and see what I can see. Mules is mules; and it doesn't have to be those blacks, does it? Just as good mules in the sea as ever were caught out?"

"Yassuh, yassuh," agreed Lije hopefully. "Aw right, suh, I'se shore be hyah."

Promptly at noon Lije appeared, and a half-hour later came Cap'n Moss Rose with a negro "boy" leading a team of grays. Every colored man in the Black Belt is a "boy" no matter how old he may be, until with gray wool and rheumatism he becomes "uncle" by common consent; and every negro woman is a "gal" until she's an "auntie." The gray team rattled in almost new harness, as big and strong as the blacks.

"How y' like those mules and that harness, Lije?"

"Powful fine—but—how much I got to pay for dem harness, Cap'n Moss?" asked Lije anxiously, more vitally concerned in the price of the harness than of the mules.

"Would you be satisfied with team and harness all fo' a hundred and seventy-five?" replied Moss by asking another question.

"Laws a massy!" ejaculated the negro with the eagerness of a big child, "I reckon I would but——"

"Like 'em at that price just as well as the blacks?"

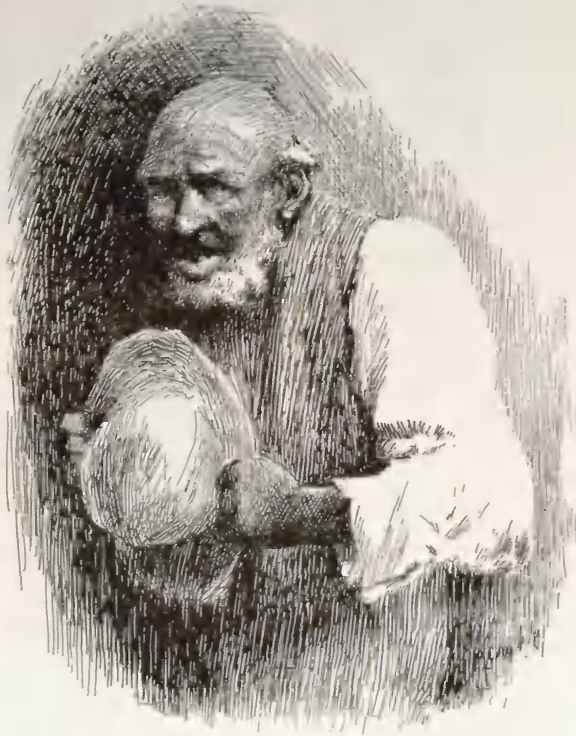
"Yassuh, yassuh, bet yo' boots!"

"All right, then; we'll just buy 'em. Boy, mark 'em sold to Lije Rose, and after the show he'll come and git 'em and take 'em home."

So it was a care-free Lije who, with his little family, sat under the big top in the "Jim Crow" section of the circus seats that afternoon; but in justice to Lije it must be remarked that he would have been quite as care-free if he had been in debt to Moss Rose one thousand dollars instead of one hundred and thirty, as well

told; but even these "might have beens" are doubtful, for ingratitude is deep-seated in us all, even though it be more strong than traitors' arms.

There is, however, no use to speculate; and the facts, the cold facts, will out. Cap'n Moss had missed corn from his crib or imagined he had. He could not be



He becomes "uncle" by common consent.—Page 364.

as the year's rations ahead of him. Furthermore, he did not know that Cap'n Moss might have charged him up, as some other bosses would have done, with two hundred and fifty or even three hundred for the team and harness instead of "totting fair" and giving him the team at the bargain price which Moss's own ingenuity, industry, and trading ability had secured. Perhaps if Lije had known all this, he might have been more grateful, the pitcher might not have gone to the well at all, its nose might not have got broken, and this tale might not have got

sure, until one evening he drew a mental picture of just how the ears were disposed at the door of the crib, and next morning came down to find the picture considerably askew. He stood gazing at the blurred situation, scratching his head with the hand that held his old slouch hat, which once had been pearly white, while with the other hand he held open the door of the crib. As much as ten minutes he stood there pondering which one of his "boys" could be the culprit; then he devised an infallible method by which to ascertain.

Had the theft been negligible, Moss, like all the other planters, would have closed his eyes, on the theory that what you don't know doesn't hurt you. All farmers in the Black Belt are aware that petty thievery is going on all the time. The

trolled by a twine string. About dusk, when all the boys had gone to their cabins, the day's work done, Moss bent his hickory club in the doorway of the crib at the height of a crouching man, fastened it in its sprung position, and controlled it with



The theory that what you don't know doesn't hurt you.

system of serfdom lends itself to loose ideas of *meum et tuum*, but the white men think themselves helpless to evolve any better system and just wink at the speculations. When, however, the losses grow inevitably perceptible, as in this case, steps have to be taken.

Mounting his horse, Moss rode down into the timber and there selected a hickory sapling, straight and tough, which he cut, stripped, and brought up to the barn lot. He spent a good part of that forenoon peeling, shaping, notching that hickory club to his perfect taste, and also constructing a "figure-four" trap, con-

the "figure four." Then he went to bed and to sleep.

Next morning, at break of day, he strolled to the corn-crib to find no ear disturbed, but to find his trap sprung and blood enough on the ground round about to have drained a hog for hanging up in the smoke-house. The trail of blood led off toward the negroes' cabins; and Moss might easily have followed it to the guilty one's house; but he knew he need not take the trouble. When the boys lined up for instructions, before the day's work, to his astonishment and deep sorrow, all were there but Lije.



There lay Lije in the bed.

"Where's Lije?" he inquired in tones that struggled to sound unconcerned.

"He's sick, suh," chorused half a dozen deep musical voices. Not a smile appeared on any face.

"I'll go down and see him," drawled Cap'n Moss, leisurely mounting his horse, and adding a few final directions as to the day's work to this one and to that; then he rode off toward the cabin of Elijah.

"Lije sick?" he inquired of Mrs. Lije as he dismounted and tied his horse to a pecan-tree near the door.

"Yassuh," responded the shiny black and portly mother of the pickaninnies filling the doorway.

"I'm comin' in to see him."

"He's too sick to see nobody," remonstrated Mrs. Elijah.

"I'm comin' in to see him anyway," replied Cap'n Moss, in that cool, level tone that all the negroes respected and feared. "Git out o' my way, Dinah. I'm comin' in."

Dinah knew there was no use to make reply. When Cap'n Moss said he was going anywhere, they held the opinion that "all hell couldn't stop him." So she

moved back into the house, and Moss stamped in. There lay Lije in the bed, the covers pulled entirely over him, all but his boots, which stuck out. Without ceremony, Cap'n Moss turned the quilt back from the head swathed, all except the eyes, with bandages more than half crimson.

"Why, Lije, what's the matter?" exclaimed Cap'n Moss.

"You know what's matter, cap'n," groaned Lije.

"No, I don't, Lije. Looks like you been fightin' a bobcat!"

"Go long, cap'n," wailed Lije. "You knows puffedly well what's matter about me!"

"No, I don't, Lije!"

"Yo' know yo' done hit me in de face wid a club!"

"I didn't do any such thing; yo' hit yo'self, Lije. Yo' put yo' han' into my corn-crib, didn't you, Lije?"

"Yassuh," groaned Lije.

"An' yo' pulled that string, didn't yo'?"

"Yassuh!"

"And that upset a figure four and let

loose a hickory club. That's all. Yo' hit yo'self. Yo's punished yo'self. Yo' go stealin' corn. Don't you-all have enough to eat?"

"Yassuh."

"Mules have enough to eat?"

"Yassuh."

"Den why yo' steal my corn, Lije? Yo' makin' moonshine? Ain't I been good enough to you-all, Lije?"

This rebuke cut Elijah to the heart, and tears rolled from his eyes, soaking his bandages, while sobs shook him and his boots and his bed. He could make no answer for a time; then, between gasps, he cried:

"I ain't never goin' to do hit—no mo'—cap'n—I swear I ain't—I goin' to be a good niggah—long's I live—I is—jes' fo' give me dis once, Cap'n Moss—I low I be a good niggah—fo' evah!"

The pickaninnies were crying; Dinah was crying; Cap'n Moss was all but crying, too. The head of this little house was wofully humiliated; the victim of a system, after all, as many another man has been. His heart was sorer than his face, which is saying much, and was deeply and devoutly penitent. Most of us never truly repent until we are knocked down and out.

To-day Lije Rose is a grandfather, a man of property, an elder in the Mary Evergreen Hardshell Baptist church. Likewise, he is an undying and devoted friend and follower of Moss Rose, a friend who has fought battles for his employer whenever they needed to be fought, which has been rarely; has stuck by him through thick and thin, which

means fat years and lean; has sung his praises in season and out; and brought numberless unfortunate friends to the door of Cap'n Moss to have their problems solved.

Cap'n Moss Rose sums up his methods in the treatment of the blacks by saying: "Fact is, I try to use the Golden Rule on 'em—do as I'd be done by, if I was in their place—that's all." If you should ask him whether it is in line with the Golden Rule to knock a negro down and hit him in the face with a hickory club, he would reply:

"Depends on what he's a-doin'! If he's committin' a crime, hit's more merciful to knock him down than to send him to the pen for a year or two. If he's makin' moonshine, anything that stops him is the Golden Rule. God, I reckon, uses the Golden Rule on us, because He taught it to us; and He knocks us down; best thing that can happen to us sometimes. Some niggahs are no good till you knock 'em down once, sometimes twice; and some of us white folks are just about the same, I reckon."

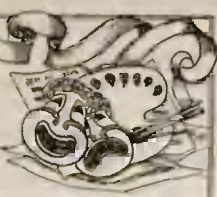
It may be a strange philosophy, this rather vigorous application of the Golden Rule on the part of Moss Rose, this taking into his own hands of the prerogatives of judge, jurors, and executioner, not to say Providence. But it is not ours to decide if his philosophy is right or wrong; it is ours simply to narrate the incidents, set down the facts. If we cannot help commenting a little on the philosophy, the utmost that we venture is to remark, in the language of the pragmatists, that it seems to "function serviceably for humanity."





AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



JAMES FORD RHODES, our most eminent living historian of the United States, has in his latest volume dealt with the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt. His opinions are his own, and expressed in no uncertain terms; but they stand on documentary evidence, well shod with footnotes. The value and general interest of this book are considerably augmented by the fact that Mr. Rhodes was personally acquainted with nearly every public man during the years 1896-1909; many of the sources of information are in his own memory. The work is as remarkable as Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion," for the number and vividness of the portraits; Roosevelt, Taft, Hanna, McKinley, Hay, are clearly and sharply presented. It is almost impossible to lay the book down until one has finished it. Roosevelt is the hero, and evidently made a tremendous impression on the historian, who believes as fully in his essential goodness as in his greatness. And there can be no doubt of either after one has studied his inner life and his public career. Yet Mr. Rhodes gives the facts about the Panama Revolution with scrupulous accuracy and in a manner that shows his non-concurrence with Roosevelt's policy in that incident.

His fairness of mind is shown particularly in his portrait of Mark Hanna, who plays a leading rôle in these pages. When the very worst that Hanna's enemies can say against him is said and given due attention, the fact remains that his death was a severe loss to the country and to the world. For he was one of the few individuals who knew how to deal with both labor and capital, who was trusted in and admired by conservatives and radicals, and who was therefore better qualified to deal with acute situations than any one now living. Indeed he left no successor.

The irresistible charm of McKinley is impressively portrayed. He was a far

abler man than most Americans believed him to be when he was nominated in 1896, and in these chapters he receives praise. It was his peculiar misfortune that a war should have broken out during his administration, for he was a man of peace. He did *nearly* all that was possible to prevent this war, even against great opposition, but it is clear that Mr. Rhodes thinks he could have prevented it and that the war was unnecessary. The behavior of our soldiers and sailors in battle, and the unselfishness of the United States in keeping her word to Cuba, are, however, highly commended by our historian.

Mr. Taft's immense skill in diplomacy and his devotion to duty receive a highly merited tribute; I am now awaiting the next volume, to see what Mr. Rhodes will say about Taft and about Roosevelt from 1909 to 1919. He has abundant knowledge of facts, a restrained but nevertheless ardent admiration for everything honorable and noble, and a judicial mind. I believe his opinions on public men and events to be more weighty than those of any other living American, even though I am frankly surprised at his statement that if Roosevelt had been in the presidential chair, the Great War could have been and would have been prevented. This remark does not convince me.

Every one takes a just pride in the courage of American soldiers and sailors as displayed in the seven wars in which the United States has been engaged since 1776; but courage is a quality our men share with practically all other races and nations. What I delight in is any evidence of courtesy and chivalry shown by American troops during and after battle. Not long ago, I met a sergeant who told me that he had been in the army of occupation in Germany; and that when the time came for our troops to withdraw, the German women and children showered presents and tokens upon them, and wept unrestrainedly in saying farewell. The

brave and honest sergeant told me he was prouder of that fact than of helping to win the war; and I felt that such a man could be trusted to uphold the honor of America anywhere and at any time.

I see that a California judge has decided that the Authorized Version of the Bible must not be used in any public school in that State, on the ground that it is sectarian. Far be it from me to criticise the courts, but I may be pardoned for regretting that the finest work ever written in the English language—which means the best book in the world—should be forbidden to school children, while so many books that are poisonous in content and vulgar in style circulate freely. When we have Cardinal Gibbons's emphatic testimony that the Bible remains the one means of culture, and that Daniel Webster was a model for other American statesmen in his profound familiarity with it, we may—without of course criticising—believe that some judges are better judges of almost anything than literature. Whatever other English books are studied in the public schools, we can be certain that they will be inferior to the Bible; it is interesting that the inferior ones should be forced on American children, and the best prohibited. Synchronously with the California decision, the State of Oregon voted that all children without exception must attend the public schools, thus striking a blow at schools where the instruction is founded on the Christian religion. Perhaps the next move will be to prohibit religious instruction in the home, and any one caught saying grace at meals will be sent to prison for twenty years.

I am constantly asked: "What are the best books for children?" The best books for children are those that were not primarily intended for children. The Bible, Shakespeare, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and the old-fashioned editions of the "Arabian Nights." And in the vast welter of modern books that are carefully prepared for the infant mind, I think those are the best which can be enjoyed most by the mature mind—as "Alice in Wonderland," the Doctor Dolittle stories, and the "Memoirs of a London Doll."

The most agreeable place to read any

book is on the train. One is comparatively safe from interruption, one cannot be annoyed by the telephone, one almost always has a good light both by day and by night. Two suggestions will be found practical: in general, sit on the right side of the train; then you will usually have no track outside your window. On the left side freight-trains, running in the same direction, keep intervening between you and the light, and it usually seems as if every freight-train was at least four miles long; when your railway car has finally passed it, and you hear the maddened snort of the freight locomotive, maddened because you have escaped, your own train then stops at a station just long enough to permit the entire freight-train to pass, when once more you begin the tedious process of overhauling it. Therefore, sit on the right side of the train. Secondly, ride backward, if you can. It is easier on the eyes. In this attitude, the trees, posts, and landscape fade gently and gracefully away, whereas sitting forward, they rush furiously and directly into your defenseless face.

One of the finest things about G. K. Chesterton is that he has never lost what Browning called the "faculty of wonder." It will not be remembered that, in "Pippa Passes," the student Schramm declared that although the object that first roused our enthusiasm may do so no longer, the enthusiasm does not die: "The faculty of wonder may be old and tired enough with respect to its first object, and yet young and fresh sufficiently, so far as concerns its novel one." Mr. Chesterton will never outgrow his zest for life, which is one reason why he is such a wise man. In his most recent volume of poetry, "Saint Barbara," occurs the following stanza:

"When all my days are ending
And I have no song to sing,
I think I shall not be too old
To stare at everything;
As I stared once at a nursery door
Or a tall tree and a swing."

Every man, woman, and child should visit the Hippodrome in New York at least once every year. To borrow from Barnum, this is undoubtedly "the greatest show on earth." Things are done on that vast stage by men, women, and ani-

imals which are so astounding that one becomes accustomed to the impossible. And there is such a gorgeous display of colors and organized glory, that if the Queen of Sheba could see it, she would forget Solomon. I regard Charles Dillingham as a public benefactor of the first magnitude—he communicates to this prodigious undertaking his own enormous energy and enthusiasm. I remember him when we were both schoolboys in Hartford. In football he was a ubiquitous nuisance to his opponents, and in "shinny on the ice" at "Sharp's" he was as elusive as a flea. I recollect, when we were skating there one happy day, his saying with immense gusto: "I'd rather play games than eat." I have never seen him since, but I am sure he has not outgrown the early zest, and somehow through all the vast and complicated variety of the Hippodrome spectacle, I feel his spirit. There is revealed an organizing mind worthy of Napoleon, with the heart of a boy.

Mr. George Simpson Eddy, of New York, has made a valuable discovery, and embodied the results of it in a beautifully printed little volume, called "A Project of Universal and Perpetual Peace, written by Pierre-Andre Gargaz a former Galley-Slave, and printed by Benjamin Franklin at Passy in the year 1782." It seems that Gargaz, a schoolmaster, was unjustly accused of murder, and sentenced by a French court in 1761 to twenty years in the galleys at hard labor. He served the full term, and instead of becoming debased, broken, or embittered by this horrible experience, he spent his time thinking of ways in which the conditions of human life on the earth might be improved. He wrote out a detailed project for assuring the peace of the world, and having no money, and being in disgrace as a felon, he applied to Franklin, as the most enlightened of all living men (which Franklin certainly was), to print it for him. To the eternal honor of the great American, he acceded to this request. Mr. Eddy has found the publication and now gives it to readers in both French and English, with accompanying notes and explanations, and in a volume that is a model of the printer's art. Gargaz's scheme has many excellent

practical features, and he answers a large number of definite objections. One of these is "War is of use to make money circulate." To this Gargaz makes detailed suggestions showing how much better it may be made to circulate for constructive work in time of peace. Perhaps the one most interesting to read nowadays is the following: "There is the isthmus of Panama in America, and that of Suez between Asia and Africa; these two isthmuses prevent the junction of four Seas and are the reason that, to go around the World by water, requires about three years and exposes one to stormy and very often icy Seas, and uninhabited Coasts. Each of these two isthmuses must be cut from one Sea to the other by a canal about sixty feet wide, thirty feet deep and about forty leagues long; by means of these two canals one will make the tour of the terrestrial Globe, by water, in about ten months, and upon Seas that are always good for Navigation, and very convenient for the establishment upon all the Coasts thereof of new and very beneficial trade between many Nations."

Pretty good for a galley-slave; pretty good for anybody. It is an interesting reflection that an eighteenth-century jail-bird should be so far in advance of the world's civilization of the year of our Lord 1923.

A. E. Housman's "Last Poems" have appeared, and while they are not quite equal to the best of the lyrics in "A Shropshire Lad," they unquestionably constitute the best volume of original English verse of the year 1922. The philosophy underlying them is precisely the same as that of the former book, which appeared in 1896—bleak pessimism and unashamed paganism. It is curious to see an Englishman, professor at Cambridge, so completely aloof from everything British and everything Christian. He is not rebellious or radical—he is simply untouched by prevailing currents of thought. They do not affect him even negatively. He gives the impression of a mind quite independent and quite self-contained, expressing itself in its own individual way. The poems are exceedingly beautiful and original, completely thought out and severely intellectual. so

that we might justly say of them what Carlyle wrote of Emerson's verses: "You do not fall on me like radiant summer rainbows, like floods of sunlight, but with thin piercing radiances which affect me like the light of the stars."

Charles Rumford Walker's book, "Steel," is interesting because of its frank truthfulness and absence of partisan feeling. Mr. Walker was graduated from Yale in 1916; during his college course he was primarily interested in literature and philosophy. He wrote poems, stories, literary essays, and had an active mind, which shone to advantage in serious conversation. He enlisted in the war, became a captain, and then entered the steel industry as an unskilled laborer, to see for himself exactly what it was like. This book is the result. It is rather surprising that his physique—for he was not athletic—was able to endure the fearful strain placed upon it. I think his will power and intellectual curiosity carried him through. I regard this volume as a valuable contribution to economics and sociology. The author's style is vivid and colloquial, so that the narrative is continuously interesting, and there is no trace of hysteria nor even of exaggeration; he lets the facts speak for themselves. They do.

Mr. Walker is one more illustration of how a liberal education fits a man's mind for almost any calling or emergency; he took no studies in college that directly prepared him either for a captain's commission or for labor in steel; but he was able to turn his mind to these subjects with more efficiency than if he had been vocationally trained. It is particularly pleasant to see how easily and agreeably he got along with other men—both in the camp and in the fiery furnace.

All those who are interested in the Russian drama and in the Russian theatre should read Oliver M. Saylor's new book on the subject, called "The Russian Theatre." It is copiously illustrated in colors, and the illustrations add greatly to the practical value of the work. He gives a complete description of the Moscow Art Theatre, and an account of the plays in which the company have made their reputation; the last two chapters, "The Russian Theatre in America," and

"The Spirit of the Russian Theatre," will be especially interesting to American readers. It is an authoritative and stimulating book. I am rather sorry that he has gone back to former methods of spelling Russian names in English, when we now have the Congressional Library scheme of uniform transliteration. There is actually no more sense in spelling *Chekhov* and *Chaikovski* with an initial *T*, than there is in talking about King *T*charles the *F*irst, on his way to *t*church. That "*T*" got in there because the sound of "*ch*" in these words does not exist in either French or German, and there were many translations from the Russian in these languages before English ones became well known. But because the French and German languages are unfortunate enough to be without these sounds is no reason why the English, richer in this respect, should follow their poorer neighbors. The Germans are obliged to spell *Chekhov* as *Tschekoff*. The musical critic of the New York *World* has the courage to write *Chaikovski*, and he will eventually be followed by others. I am glad that Mr. Saylor writes *Shaliapin* instead of the French *Chaliapine*. How strange it is that this great singer's first invasion of our country was so disastrous! Now he comes in triumph, like the world conqueror he is.

December 10, 1922, was the one hundredth birthday of César Franck. It was not so universally observed as it should have been; but at Yale University, a little club of undergraduates, known as The Pundits, arranged for a public commemoration worthy of the occasion. Before an audience which filled every available space in the hall there were played by expert performers the Prelude, Choral, and Fugue, and the great Sonata for piano and violin. One reason why César Franck's immense fame was posthumous is, perhaps, because his finest works were written during the last ten years of his life. He was one of the few men who managed to combine prolonged and daily devotion to the routine of teaching with original composition. He was a hard worker. He rose every day, winter and summer, shortly after five, and spent the time before seven in composition; he then taught ten hours daily, going all over

Paris to find his pupils; and in spite of his continuous toil, he devoted one hour to meditation, often on religion, for he was an ardent believer. The fact that many of his contemporaries, like Gounod, received universal applause, never made him sour and never made him change his methods or ideals. What little attention his own work attracted was mainly derogatory or scornful. The performance of his marvelous symphony aroused bitter opposition, and at its conclusion Gounod was surrounded by a group of his idolaters, to whom he expressed his contempt for the work. When Franck died in 1890, only two or three of his faithful pupils followed him to his obscure grave in Mont-Rouge; but a few years later, the body was exhumed and carried in triumph to the Montparnasse Cemetery, where an elaborate monument was erected over it, and a statue was placed before the church where he had been organist for forty years. Apart from the invaluable Grove's Dictionary of Music, which every music-lover should own, the best and most complete account of César Franck is the official biography by the distinguished composer, Vincent D'Indy, which has been translated into English. It will be remembered that last year D'Indy visited the United States, and conducted with various orchestras some of his own compositions. In reading any detailed account of the life and career of Franck, one hardly knows which to admire most, the genius of the musician, or the simplicity, sincerity, and charm of the man. Fortunately his works have now received the kind of fame that has the signs of immortality.

The distinguished novelist and dramatist, St. John Ervine, has recently published an entertaining and vivacious book, called "Some Impressions of My Elders." These papers were originally printed in the *North American Review*, and the volume is dedicated gratefully to the accomplished Elisabeth Cutting, although Mr. Ervine misspells her name. The "elders" selected for treatment are A. E. (the greatest personality in Ireland and the most universally respected), Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, John Galsworthy, George Moore, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, W. B. Yeats. Any one in-

terested in contemporary thought, literature, and art will find this book delightfully entertaining, as it is written in a frankly confessional style. Ervine is an Irishman on both sides for three hundred years, and hence feels free to give his countrymen a few home thrusts, which have a righteous anger as their impelling force. Apparently he does not believe that the best way to make a moral advance is to shout in solitude "Every day in every way I am growing better and better," but rather to realize as definitely as possible one's ignorance, selfishness, hypocrisy, and meanness, so that this mortifying knowledge may sting one into a determination to improve, for we need improvement more than complacency.

I wonder what Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, and other hearts of oak, would have thought of the back-patting Gospel? These men were free from the taint of self-pity. They did not have to jack themselves up with signs on the wall imploring them to work or commanding them to smile, nor did they bellow their courage in the bathroom. They rather said: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I believe that an acute consciousness of sin is more needed just now than an enormous accession of conceit. The old theologians, with all their dogmatism, got down to the bed-rock of human nature; they believed in the reality of sin, and they did their utmost to convict their audiences; some hearers walked out of church realizing their shortcomings, and determined by the grace of God that something must be done to improve the situation. And even now I believe that religious faith will elevate the average man more effectively than he can do it by talking encouragingly to himself. The latter method has all the disadvantage of trying to lift oneself by tugging at one's boot straps.

I have no intention and no desire to attack specifically Doctor Coué and his work, for I am incompetent to do so, never having read his book, and feeling certain that I should not be able to understand it if I tried. I have no doubt that he has wrought many cures by hypnotic suggestion or by the pervasive force of his personality, or by some means; and

those who have been cured are naturally believers in him. He has cured certain persons and strengthened others; the same may be said of Christian Science. Furthermore, every one seems to testify to the doctor's nobility of character and benevolent disposition; so that he must be counted emphatically among good men. It is the popular understanding or misunderstanding or debased caricature of Couéism which has the widest currency and of which I am sceptical; as commonly stated, the system appears either to be the wrong remedy for the disease, or the wrong diagnosis. The majority of persons do not need more conceit. They seem to be dissatisfied with everybody and everything except themselves.

I went into a restaurant once and saw a sign on the wall which said: "Smile, damn you, smile!" but it did not make me feel particularly hilarious.

My friend Ervine might not agree with me as to the efficacy of religious faith, but I was led into these remarks by my agreement with him that progress lies through the sense of unworthiness rather than through self-satisfaction. Religion is needed because of man's deficiencies; if we are all right in our present condition, then of course we need no one to save us. It would seem to me that in the famous parable of the Pharisee and the publican, we might observe the results respectively of the religion of self-encouragement and that of self-abasement.

And what applies to individuals applies with even more emphasis to nations. If each nation would cease just for five minutes regarding itself as the greatest, wisest, and noblest collection of men on earth, some general advance might be made. It would be a good thing at the next meeting of international representatives, instead of seeing how much each delegate could snatch for his country, if they would all get on their knees and ask God to forgive them for existing.

I suppose one reason why self-flattery is so popular is because nearly everybody seems to be afraid of life. The fear of life is the commonest disease of the twentieth century; and no wonder. If a man has no belief in God, no hope for a future life, and no confidence in the significance of the universe, I can hardly blame him for

living in a state of chronic fear. It is perhaps natural that he should try to balance his self-pity with self-assurance.

I am, of course, aware how very old-fashioned my meditations and my remedies must seem, for I have nothing better to offer than the Christian religion, which, by those who know nothing about it, is described as a collection of worn-out dogmas. Still, many of those who would displace it have something even older and more primitive to suggest—human instinct. That history seems to prove the inadequacy of human instinct as a guide to individual and collective living does not trouble these ardent reformers, for they do not read history.

Mr. Ervine is most severe on the mass of his fellow countrymen, both Ulsterites and Sinn Feiners; but to his "Elders" he pays the debt of gratitude. I do not think he is just to Mr. Galsworthy, who is not dogmatic enough and not pugnacious enough to please his critic; but while his estimate of Mr. Galsworthy's intellectual qualities is too low, I am in hearty accord with everything that Mr. Ervine says against that futile play, "The Fugitive." The heroes of his book are Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw; and the following paragraph about the former gives one a taste of the wit and penetration displayed by his admirer. "If a writer wished to create a character who would most aptly personify the past thirty years of English or of world history, he would have to create a character very like Mr. Wells; a questioning, variable, demanding person, with some impatience and testiness of temper, with, at times, a fantastic and wayward manner, but always superimposed on these superficialities, an eager and unthwartable desire for a true belief. Mr. Chesterton said of him once that 'you lie awake at night and hear him grow,' and fundamentally that is true, in spite of the temptation one has at times to believe that one lies awake at night and merely hears him changing his mind."

Now there can be no doubt that Mr. Wells has a larger number of opinions than Mr. Galsworthy; that he is also more eager to fight for them; that he also has benevolent intentions. But if human beings had to choose a world dictator with

absolute power, and the choice lay between Wells and Galsworthy, what then? I fear that if it were settled by universal suffrage, Wells would be elected; for I cannot imagine a worse campaigner than Galsworthy. But which is the wiser man? I believe that Wells is a man of genius, bewilderingly versatile, sometimes so versatile that it seems as if the only quality he lacked were wisdom.

One of the most important of recent publications is "The Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper," edited by his grandson, James Fenimore Cooper, and dedicated to Professor Beers, who helped in its preparation. The personality of the famous novelist is clearly displayed in these letters. The most interesting are those written during his seven years' residence in Europe. Here is a characteristic remark concerning a frequent source of irritation: "If there is a term that gives me more disgust than any other, it is to be called, as some on the continent *advertise me*, the 'American Walter Scott.' It is offensive to a gentleman to be nicknamed at all, and there is a pretension in the title, which offends me more than all the abusive reviews that ever were written."

The choice of Augustus Thomas as executive chairman of the Producing Managers' Association was justified in many ways and more especially in two: his long experience in every department of the American theatre and his complete freedom from fads. He is an idealist and a man of the world. He does not serve God and Mammon. He serves God, and makes Mammon serve *him*. Besides leading an attack on the ticket speculators in New York, he has organized The American National Theatre, a nation-wide movement with the ultimate object of giving every locality in the United States an opportunity to hear both Shakespeare and the best contemporary plays. He will have to fight everywhere the timid, the inert, and the sceptical; the moment any good movement is started, it is greeted with a chorus of "It can't be done." And already the sneerers are releasing their venom. Fortunately Mr. Thomas loves a fight, and is formidable.

The one thing most intolerably wrong with the American theatre is that it is confined to New York. The new movement is mainly an attempt to give the American theatre to the American people.



"**B**LESSED are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;" I clutch strickenly to the hope aroused by this beatitude; for if the meek, as a class, shall possess the earth, surely those forced to meekness may grasp a modest acreage in the great day of reckoning.

It all began very early, this discovery that our family, en masse and individually, was chosen from all time to bear "the oppressor's wrong, the insolence of office," the seat behind the pillar, and the string end of the ham.

As children we had no "aunt in the country" who invited us for Thanksgiving, or for the summer vacation. Even our grandparents had been called beyond early, as though they were part in the plot against

us and would defraud us of the unwise but delightful care that our little companions enjoyed. Then, too, our little friends were prodigies in their parents' eyes, and their trite sayings and conventional deeds made the subject of exploitation at every private and public gathering. Our parents regarded us as possible, if not probable, offenders of public decorum; and tolerated rather than admired us. We were dressed plainly, kept strictly in the background, and in the very edge of the evening sent to bed, with meagre ceremony; while our playmates romped noisily in a delicious, if "common," abandon.

At school relentless fate pursued us quietly, steadily; we did the "occasional" poems, wrote the addresses to bishops returned from abroad, the valedictories for

"Blessed Are
the Meek"

some grade-school commencement. Others recited our compositions, flushed with false pride. But when the medals were distributed we never seemed to qualify; the reward went to some other girl whose parents were giving her a diamond ring and a trip abroad as a little tribute to the eternal truth of the saying, "for whosoever hath, to him shall be given." At college *our* classmates married *their* classmates' brothers, swiftly and successfully, and went off, mid fond farewells, to live in places bearing romantic names, whence came post-cards scrawled with compressed but gushy statements about being "supremely happy;" and we read these with glum resentment. Our friends had no brothers, or at best small, noisy ones, and so romance fluttered round us, but left us high and dry. The harshest critic could not have singled us out as the homeliest or least attractive in our classes. We had no really distinguishing physical handicap, and just enough brains to pretend we had even less when the occasion demanded it. No—we were singled out, not so much by those about us, as by that inexorable destiny that had early decided: "Thou shalt go all thy days just missing the mark!"

We loved the country; were cursed with that ache for the "tenantless fields of space;" but circumstances have lodged us, for the last quarter of a century, in an ugly part of an ugly city. We yearn over flowers and trees, are silent to prayerfulness over a "view," dream of piny woods; but must forsooth spend our days and our summer evenings on our small porch, just twenty feet from the car-track. During a few spasmodic lulls in traffic we can hear our visitors' conversation, and it usually has to do with descriptions of their country homes. Sometimes they invite us, at the fag end of the season, when the water is low in the tank, our favorite vegetable is nothing but "a few torn shreds" in the devastated garden, and the motor-car is out of gear—or of gasoline. If, perchance, we are invited for a timely visit and we are about to decry all our former pessimism and "fatalistic" trends of thought, some relative in the offing, dying for years, elects to flicker our "brief candle" ungenerously, and we and our hopes and our bags are returned ingloriously to the city.

Our experiences in real estate tend in no wise to offset our general "out of luck-ness."

The house, a comfortable homey place enough, seems as incongruous and inconvenient as possible, viewed from the eyes of the buying public. The neighborhood has deteriorated into a rooming-house district, but our house is just exactly too small for such use, and certainly much too large for our own small family. At least forty-four house-hunters have gone en tour through our house, and their comments have been such as to plant despair in hearts more habitually buoyant than ours.

The dining-room—a lofty-ceilinged place—wherein we have lived and eaten and been brave for many a year, becomes a source of bitter discussion. "Too dark!" they agree bluntly, while we gaze crestfallen at each other. Perhaps we never hoped for a bright dining-room—why should we? They carp darkly at the long halls and the gas furnace; and only the last shreds of decency bid them repress their contempt at our lack of a garage or a rear entrance. True, they have no house—therefore they have a car, perhaps two; but we, having a house—albeit, as they indicate, an undesirable house—and several other houses, also undesirable—have no car, hence no garage, hence their contumely.

With the ever-shifting needs of a city, the houses just next door and just across the street have become advanced in value. Our house has taken on new handicaps yearly, until it would seem that at last a patient city administration will condemn it and give us one-fourth of the assessed value, in consideration of our long residence and our general lack of gumption, the latter not plainly stated in the terms of the deed.

There is no definite reason for its depreciation, except that it is *our* house, therefore on the wrong side of the street, with no marketable value. The other houses we own, also on the wrong side of everything worth considering, are always tenanted by people whose wives or husbands go blind or crazy and thus they are permanent incumbents, at a ridiculously low rental. Instead of checks they proffer pitiful tales that would make a strong man sob aloud, and so we must perforce, in very humanity, let them stay on "until they get on their feet"—but in my observation they choose permanently to stay on their hands, or wherever it is that they are when they are not "on their feet."

In the matter of servants and charpeople

we are consistently perfect bunglers. These humble folks are the pre-elect, chosen from all eternity to be our stumbling-blocks. They are in the throes of a great struggle when they come to us, and usually only stay with us until we really *need* them, and they no longer need us. They arrange to go into voluntary bankruptcy the day *we should* arrange to go into involuntary bankruptcy, but we must keep sharply alert to help them pay their rent or their hospital bills or any little monetary inadvertencies. They totter up to our door, with epilepsy or cata-racts, and we haven't the courage nor the good sense to forestall them, but engage them, at all hazards, to clean our paints or whitewash our cellar. We cower in an upper room, what time we listen for their fatal fall. When they claim their remuneration, just a little more than the skilled artisan's wage, we scrape up the fallen plaster and clear their smeary leavings with buoyant relief that they did not die in our employ or sue us for damages incurred while splitting their stupid skulls on our rafters.

When sometimes we elect to go forth on a pleasant adventure—from our servantless house on the wrong side of the street—we cannot persuade any one we know to share our enthusiasm in our particular destination. If we are going to the shore, our friends are en route to the mountains, though they pass us as we return bound for the very place where we moped dully and expensively alone. We arrived just before, or just after, the interesting people, being singularly inapt in our choice of seasons and places. We are not notoriously unpleasant nor uncompanionable—persons have been known weakly to admit a fondness for us, a delight in our perception, and a serenity in our philosophic acceptance of life as we know it.

No, we are easily and definitely classed among those who only stand and wait, and then find that they have been waiting at the wrong place; and we are triumphant, if protesting, standard-bearers of the timeless truth, "He as hath, gets."

SCIENCE has destroyed the romantic aspect of illness—the picturesque has vanished with its mystery. Camille could no longer hold the attention of an audience educated by medical pamphlets. Her menace has passed from the realm of

the emotions, and she is to be dealt with hygienically. She is only allowed to exist dramatically in "*La Traviata*," where she is veiled by an alien Illne language, with the reassuring figure of the prima donna softening the poignancy of the consumptive climax.

A few years ago fragility was a feminine asset. It added the charm of apprehension to a lover's passion. A self-sufficient, well-rounded woman left him cold; she was only interesting objectively. But a delicate personality awakened his vibrations and put him in the pleasant posture of the rescuer. He could condescend magnificently to clinging weakness, but he could only walk as an equal with her sturdier sister.

Tolstoi implies in one of his books that perfect health is an unsocial quality;—and there was an evening I spent next to a continental celebrity when I sent him a message of understanding across the shadows.

My friend boasted that his chief American experience was mince pie as a recurrent dessert, and that he courted a crisis by floating it in cheese sauce. He was eating lobster at the time, eating it unreservedly—almost as if he were assisting it to its natural element. The fate of the lobster soon reduced Jonah to a lesser miracle. Jonah had a comparatively quiet fate; he travelled as a passenger, not as fuel, and there were no assimilating demands made upon him. He only enhanced momentarily the curves of his resting-place. There was something pathetic in the helplessness of the menu, reduced to a gastronomic partnership, and committed to an overworked immortality. He was listless to my approaches—perhaps he did not want the menace of the cerebral withdrawal of the blood! I could hear him shutting up his house at my questions. I wondered if there were a mutiny, and a lobster were to leave a door open—if it might perhaps establish a contact.

Across the table sat his little wife, looking very much like a shock-absorber. He wore her proudly as his second stomach—a kind of social assimilator, sifting his audience to an undisturbing remnant. "My little wife takes care of me," he said, conferring his approval like a high decoration.

"Oh," I thought, "you need pain and then again pain, and then more pain—if I could only bolshevize the Newburg!" Yes, he needed pain—but it was I that got

it. As I lie in bed with a pad and paper, perhaps the underlying bitterness in my remembrance is that I might as well have eaten that lobster! If one could only foresee the moment where one shrinks to the surface and the circumference of a world of pain, one might give to it the justification of an intemperate prelude.

But—whatever fuel goes to the feeding of these hot moments, they are the furnace of secret alchemies, and one comes from them marked with the human countersign. The large gesture is gone forever, and we know the short circuit of human relationships.

There is nothing so peaceful as the white silence of convalescence. Life takes one back slowly, and every touch is good. Familiar things are transformed to reassurances, and each sight or smell makes a new structure with existence.

I cannot turn in my bed, but I can see in the mirror Carrière's picture of the Crucifixion, reflected, in a great gesture of widening exaltation. His lines have none of the weakness of sacrifice—he hangs, a symbol of force, nailed intact upon the cross—and below is the appeal of all tears.

Beside my bed is a honey-sweet bunch of arbutus, distilled only yesterday from the ground. Perhaps heaven is just so near human misery—if one only knew the spring secret!

There is so much unseen traffic in the sick-room! In the evening, when the vitality is low, hosts of words unspoken—chances missed—ride over one remorseless and trampling; it is then I like my nurse. She comes in and lights up my windows like warning fingers to the dusk outside. There is security in her ascendancy over me; she is so starched and tangible when one is floating! Necessity has trained her to an economy of motion; she knows the value of the shortest line, and she has an expert touch without the hesitations of sympathy.

There is no argument for the natural ascendancy of man that equals the presence of a doctor in a sick-room. Compared with it the divine right of kings was a feeble claim. The nurse becomes before him a vehicle for his orders and I am nothing but destination. One watches for him like a sail on a sea-line, and there is only safety when it is on the horizon.

Sometimes he leaves orders for quiet visits for the family or kind friends, and they

come and sit peacefully beside me in unofficial stillness.

There is no "showing off" without words. Words are like toys in a nursery, interchanged in order to avoid deadly combat, and silence sometimes opens surfaces below which lies all the release of life.

There is too much avoidance of pain in the religion of to-day! Christian Scientists have banished it phonetically in large sections of the earth. It is a pity, when they hand one the technique of ecstasy with every copy of Mrs. Eddy, that they should deny the saint his equipment of martyrdom. Place Simeon Stylites on an upholstered pedestal, and he loses his quality.

We owe our pioneer history to religion, with its teaching of the value of pain, and religion hardened the early settlers into leaders of men. Pain is the texture of the diamond-vaulted heaven of the ages, and it is the creator of a final refuge in the individual. No one knows these sanctuaries; they may be made of vision or of will. They are not the façades of life!

Looking up the road, one's fairy god-mother wishes health and happiness, but looking back she seems quite a stingy old thing—although perhaps she didn't add tears and pain because she was wise, and knew that one would get them anyway.

THIS is an obituary. At last I am facing facts. Verbs have been steadily growing more and more obsolescent for months, and I refused to recognize their condition. All the while I realized that times were changing rapidly, and that literature was running well ahead in the race, but I kept trusting that the verb would not fall by the wayside. Even now I cannot help hoping that there is life in the old part of speech yet. Perhaps when another cycle or two has revolved, they will resurrect the verb. Meanwhile, I come to speak at Cæsar's funeral.

Verbs

The catastrophe has far-reaching effects. More than literary style is involved: there are the traditions of our childhood. Most of us learned respect for the verb's character long before we had any idea of what a verb was. In the famous interview at which Humpty Dumpty discusses with Alice his time-and-a-half-for-overtime theory of the payment of words, he bestows a genuine, if irascible, tribute on the mighty verb. "They've a temper, some of them—" he

warns her, "particularly verbs: they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs,—however I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability! That's what I say." But a lazy generation arose which shirked the issue. We have forgotten the password.

The downfall began with fiction. Bullied by reviews, we have all read the kind of novel which starts, "Darkness. A sickly pallor from the one street lamp. A girl." And ends, "All? Yes, all. All love. All life. No more an innocent, ignorant, gasping, grasping, expectant, analgesic maiden (or virgin, if the author is distinctly up to date). A Woman." Such novels are doubtless the best efforts of industrious, consecrated souls, but they are hardly amusing, and I cannot help suspecting their truth. Fortunately, one need not read each one to discuss them with as much intelligence as they demand.

But it did not stop there. Memoirs and criticism quickly reflected the spirit of their age. College professors polluted their style in proof that they were modern. Great magazines have succumbed. The "sentence" which consists of a noun preceded by an adjective or two and flanked by a prepositional phrase is in good and regular standing.

The death of the verb, like that of any other potentate, has brought about far-reaching results. Adjectives and adverbs have rushed into prominence. If we cannot get bread, at least they offer us plenty of cake. Participles disport themselves in high places, and infinitives, unsplit, are in excellent repute. All these are very decorative, but they need a master to keep them under control. Without the verb, they run amuck in senseless ecstasies all over the page.

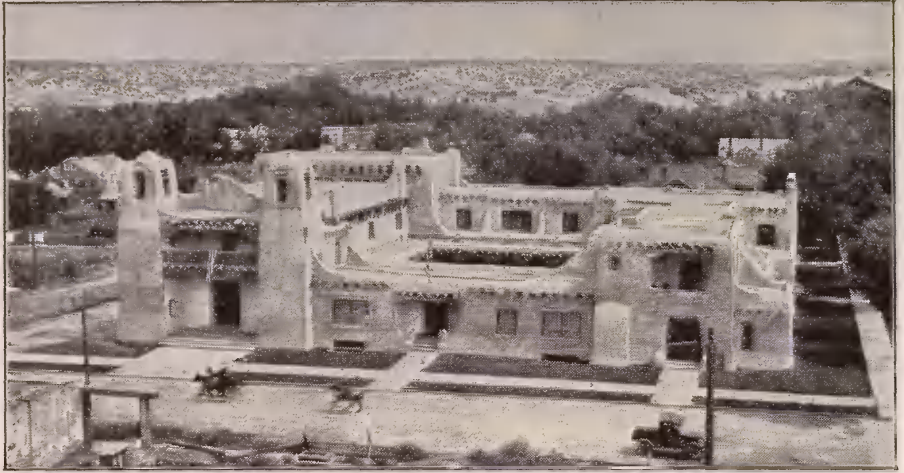
Punctuation has changed with the rest of them. A woman told me the other day that she never used periods in her correspondence any more. Instead she puts a dash. She assures me that the pages look prettier that way. Dashes and exclamation-points are almost the only punctuation the printer needs. They have not yet revised the typewriter keyboard, but I can see that coming, when they are ready to introduce the vest-pocket or vanity-case model. I shall not be sorry. If the verb is dead, let the period perish too. They have worked together too long for one to survive without the other.

Only let the period go altogether. I object to its remaining in groups of three or four, used to expressed emotion otherwise a little too violent to pass the censor.

The worst of it from my point of view is that I cannot understand why people enjoy reading verbless books. I am not a young gazelle, nor yet a chamois. I cannot leap from substantive to substantive. Only when I go across on a substantial bridge do I enjoy the view. Some psychologists declare that without words we could not think very far; I would amend the rule and say that without verbs we do not think exactly. I suspect that that is what these writers intend. They are absorbed in reproducing atmosphere and emotion. Thought is too crude and calculating for their delicate perceptions. I am by nature a very gentle reader, but even in emotional bits I like to feel that the author is driving at something, whether he get there or not. Down the ages, from Pindar to the columnists, poets have wielded mighty verbs, and thereby sacrificed no whit of their rapture. I dare say that the modern style makes easy writing. No one nowadays would fail an examination for the want of a word. Perhaps it even enables a writer to treble his output and thereby vanquish the high cost of living, but selfishly I cry them mercy upon their audience (or should it be spectators?), and would remind them that easy writing makes hard reading.

I do not mean, however, to imply that our generation has a monopoly of slipshod writing. Every age has had careless authors who wrote in staccato, and were incapable of sustained thought. For the most part they are now interesting only to antiquarians. We meet them occasionally in forgotten books, or in the letters of a sentimental bluestocking. They are rather amusing; their favorite modifiers sound quaint and unfamiliar; but they are somehow never quoted in collections of the best English prose.

I can sympathize with people who insist that they write for the present with no thought of posterity, even while I do not quite believe them. It is only human to hope that the world will not willingly let us die. It is absolutely inhuman to sign one's own death-warrant. For the verb, it would seem from past experience, has his pretty vengeance. Those who send him into oblivion, he drags neatly in behind him.



New Mexico's Unique Art Museum, with its Desert Background.

Erected to encourage the painting of American art in the great Southwest. The museum keeps open house for artists, furnishes them with studios when necessary, and exhibits their work.

Discovering a Real American Art

SANTA FE'S UNIQUE GALLERY OF NATIVE ART

BY R. P. CRAWFORD

WHEN one of the newest and one of the most western of our Western States deliberately sets about to make artists comfortable, it is a fact worth noting. Haven't we painted enough scenery over in Europe and filled our American art-galleries with it? Haven't we almost forgotten that there is romance and picturesquequeness in America, if only some one will go out and find it?

The State that has made this great discovery is New Mexico. To capture the prestige that always comes to a State or even a community that is the subject of canvas and story, New Mexico is leaving nothing undone to make the visiting artist welcome. Recently there has been erected in its capital city, Santa Fe, one of the most artistic as well as one of the most unusual art-galleries to be found in America. Here are exhibited only paintings dealing with the

great Southwest. It is American art dealing with American subjects. Studios are provided for numerous artists so that they may work in quiet. The reception and lounging rooms of the art museum are at their disposal for giving receptions and entertainments. Over forty artists, many of them of more than national reputation, spend their summers here, bringing fame to the Southwest and satisfaction to themselves.

It was a delightful August day when I visited Santa Fe—blue sky, crisp mountain air, and mountain sunshine. The night before I had gone to bed after midnight, too late to secure even a hasty glimpse of the city. But stepping out of the hotel in the morning I was in a different world. Here Indians still clattered up and down the stony streets on horses and burros. Churches and buildings still stood as reminders of the days of Spanish conquest.

Here one was in the atmosphere of three hundred years ago.

How did this Western State happen to take official count of its artistic resources? Twenty-five years ago a few artists perceived that here was a great unworked field of romance and art. One by one they told their friends, and they too came to Santa Fe to spend their summers. Soon little adobe houses, the homes of artists, began to spring up on the heights surrounding the city. Artists found a market and a ready appreciation for their work. There were plenty of subjects. Indians were to be found who still lived and dressed much as they had done for generations. Pueblos, or Indian villages, dotted the plains and mountain valleys for many miles around. There were the skies of Italy, and the vivid colors of the Indian dress reminded one of places in Europe where primitive costumes were still to be seen. As Victor Higgins says:

"In the West are forests as luxurious as the forests of Fontainebleau or Lebanon; desert lands as alluring as the Sahara; and mountains most mysterious. Cañons and mesas that reveal the construction of the earth, with walls as fantastic as façades of Dravidian Temples. An architecture, also fast disappearing, as homogeneous as the structures of Palestine and the northern

coast of Africa; and people as old as the peoples of history; with customs and costumes as ancient as their traditions. And all this is not the shifting of playhouse scenes but the erosion and growth of thousands of years, furrowed for centuries by Western rains, dried by Western winds, and baked by Western suns. Nearly all that the world has, the West has in nature, fused with its own eternal self."

But always, in everything, there is one man who accomplishes the big thing, who finally crystallizes the project, and makes it come true in a tangible form. In New Mexico that man was Frank Springer. Frank Springer was an Iowan, who caught the magic spell of the West and came to New Mexico. A few years ago he had a vision of what a great art museum as a centre of all this art development would do for the State, and also for the United States, in preserving to posterity the romance of the Southwest. Mr. Springer raised \$30,000—largely, I am told, it was out of his own pocket provided the State of New Mexico would give another \$30,000. Then the original amount was more than doubled and the State increased its appropriation in proportion. Although delayed in erection several times by the exigencies of the World War, the building now stands complete, one of the

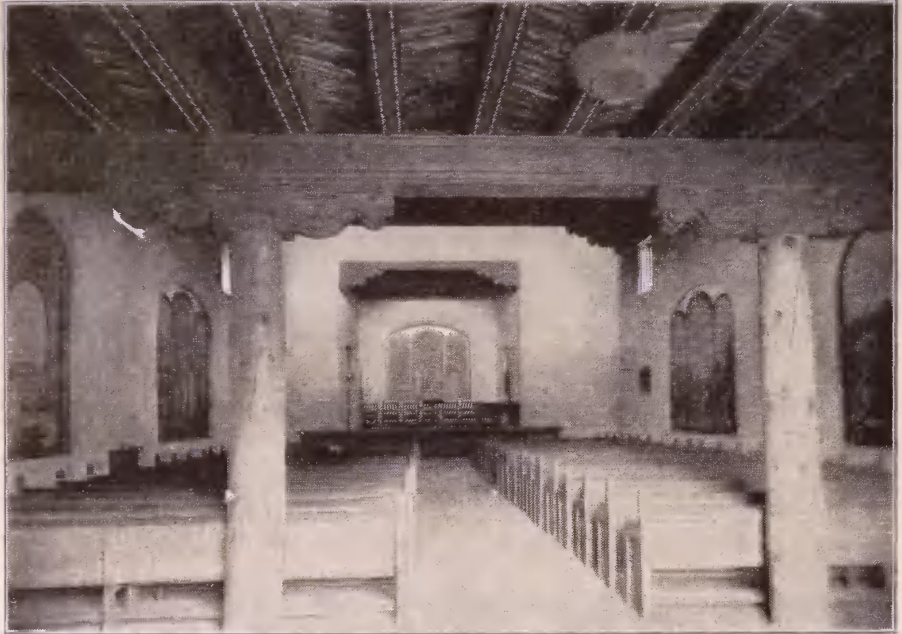


In this building is woven together the architectural spirit of the Pueblo Indians and the Franciscan Monks.

most unusual buildings of the kind to be found anywhere. And, of course, one must not forget to mention in this connection Edgar L. Hewett, the director of the museum, under whose supervision the project has been carried out.

There is something strikingly different about the structure. Some have said that

But step inside this building. At the left of the main entrance is the St. Francis auditorium, a strictly community auditorium. This auditorium which seats a thousand people is modelled on that of the New Mexican missions. Its floor is of native sandstone slabs. Its ceiling is of split aspen sticks laid bark side down in a herring-bone



The St. Francis Auditorium.

it is one of the first important buildings to be erected in a strictly American style of architecture. Certainly it would not have done to have erected an art museum, supposedly to encourage American art, in any other than an American style of architecture. In this building is woven together the architectural spirit of the Pueblo Indians and the Franciscan monks, who working together produced the earliest American civilization.

Six of the famous Franciscan mission churches of three hundred years ago are reproduced in the façade of the building. There is nothing hard and stiff about the architectural lines of the structure. Rather one line seems to flow into the other. From every angle at which one looks from the outside there is a different artistic conception.

pattern. Its great doors are the massive doors of the early missions. Its benches are replicas of the sturdy benches of three hundred years ago.

But one of the really distinctive features of this auditorium is the set of mural paintings which adorn its walls. Six paintings illustrate the life and influence of St. Francis. St. Francis, it may be recalled, founded the order of the Franciscans, who, eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, planted the cross in New Mexico. Santa Fe also looks back on tradition and recalls that St. Francis was the patron saint of the city, it being known as "The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis of Assisi."

The mural paintings were conceived and executed by Donald Bearegard, a young

artist of great promise, who spent considerable time studying in Assisi and other places where St. Francis had spent his years. Mr. Beauregard died before his work was completed, but the group of paintings was later completed by Carlos Viera and Kenneth Chapman of the museum staff. The first painting represents the conversion of St.

Mexico are welcomed. Artists may also use this room for small receptions of their own.

The art-galleries take up the rest of the building. It is considered something of a distinction for any artist to have his work hung in the galleries of the museum. The first requirement, of course, is that art work



The Reception-Room

The furnishings of this room are replicas of pieces of old furniture discovered in out-of-the-way places in New Mexico.

Francis; the second the renunciation of Santa Clara; the third the vision of Columbus; the fourth a Franciscan preaching to the Mayas and Aztecs; the fifth building the missions of New Mexico, and the sixth the apotheosis of St. Francis. Many of the paintings of Mr. Beauregard are to be found hung in other places in the museum.

Across the front of the building are the library and reading-room. On the second floor at the rear of the building is the reception-room. This room is unique among rooms to be found in any building. The furniture was designed by Mr. Chapman of the museum staff after old Spanish models which had been discovered in remote parts of New Mexico. Here social gatherings are held and distinguished visitors to New

exhibited here must deal with the Southwest. The second requirement is that a painting must be worthy of exhibition. Many of the paintings exhibited are the permanent property of the museum, others are loaned by the artists themselves. Many artists of national reputation have presented pieces of their work to the museum in appreciation of what it has done for them. Most of the paintings of the Southwest which later find a place in Eastern collections have first been exhibited at Santa Fe.

Here one may see the entire spirit of the Southwest as reflected in painting, and these pictures awaken an appreciation of the Southwest, like nothing that has gone before. Many of the artists have lived in out-of-the-way places in the State. Here

may be seen Indians in their ritualistic dances, landscapes with all the breadth and sweep of the desert, enchanted mesas, the pioneering scouts representing the vanguard of civilization, the Franciscans converting the Indians—the spirit of the West reflected in every picture. It perhaps would be impossible, certainly not wise for fear of overlooking some worthy artist, to name all those who have made this museum their headquarters. Not all of those who paint and receive encouragement here are as yet well-known artists. There are artists who would not think of selling any picture short of \$1,000 or \$1,500, and there are also youngsters who are pleased with much smaller checks. With the thousands of tourists who visit this city yearly, these young artists are able to receive recognition and now and then the coveted check.

Throughout the building nothing has been left undone to carry out the general artistic plan. In the centre of the structure is the patio, open above to the blue sky. Sheltered benches surround the plot of green, making a comfortable place for visitors to lounge. Once a week community dinners are held at which some noted

speaker is guest. Two-score community meetings were held in the building the first six months after its dedication. The women's museum board, composed of some fifteen women, looks after the entertainment of visitors. The State of New Mexico supports the museum by means of a State appropriation.

But, as Mrs. Mary R. Van Stone, the librarian, explained to me, perhaps the big feature is the influence of this work on the State. It is probably the first time that a State has taken so important a step in developing its art resources. Even the city of Santa Fe has set out of its own accord to be distinctive, and now one finds many public and private buildings being erected in this same style of architecture. Nor does one forget the advertising value of the museum's work. It is certainly a distinction for any city to be the centre of an art and literary community, but for the most part heretofore such cities have been confined to the East. In years to come many paintings, all New Mexican products, will hang in the great art-galleries of our country, which had their birth because one State took count of its artistic resources.



The Patio.

The style of the old missions has been faithfully followed all through the building.





From a drawing by Frances Rogers.

"YOU ARE HIS PARENTS? YES? GIVE ME EACH A HAND, PLEASE."

—"A Son at the Front," page 401.

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"I Know a Lovely Lady Who Is Dead"

BY STRUTHERS BURT

I KNOW a lovely lady who is dead,
A wreath of lilies bound her charming head,
Her corn-flower eyes were closed as if in sleep,
And on her lips lay silence gay and deep.

No more the garden where she used to walk
Is filled at dusk with laughter and with talk,
No more the swaying fireflies in their glowing
Lantern to left and right her slender going.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
And fools say there is nothingness instead.

Nothing of all this loveliness? . . . poor dear,
Beauty is not a matter of a year.

Beauty is like the surf that never ceases,
Beauty is like the night that never dies,
Beauty is like a forest pool where peace is
And a recurrent waning planet lies:
Beauty is like the stormy star that traces
His golden footsteps on the edge of rain;
When beauty has been vanquished in all places,
Suddenly beauty stirs your heart again.

She was the purport of innumerable lovers
Who down some woodland road were glad in May,
When leaves were thick and in the orchard covers
The robin and the chaffinch had their say:
She was the toll of countless men who dreamed—
The small hours heard the scratching of the mice—
In hidden room or tower until it seemed
They stood upon a lonely precipice
And felt a thin clear heady breeze that brought
The truth and peace and beauty that they sought:
She was the breath of myriad mountain pyres
That burned beneath the blueness of the dark:

Beauty is earth and air and many fires,
Runs with the water, sings with each new lark.
She was a pause upon a road that never ends,
Beauty descended on her, and descends.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
But she was these, and these are in her stead.

. . . Out of the slime and out of endless sleeping,
Into the grayness of the earlier earth,
Crawled such a creature blind and helpless, keeping
Some unknown assignation of her birth.
Never she knew what moved her to her trying,
What would not let her be what she began,
Only a voice in the darkness crying,
Only a wish that wished itself a man.
The wish is here, the wish is ever growing:
The winds are here, the winds are ever blowing.

And her sweet years were part of all this too,
She who would catch and store each moment's aim,
Dawn when she opened windows on the blue,
And midnight when Orion marched in flame;
Kind conversation, merriment, and wit,
Old friends who knew her wit was ever kind,
And tea in winter when the logs were lit
And radiance filled the room and filled her mind;
And dogs, and games, and horses silken-throated
Along a ribboned road that danced with spring
When every hedge to green-brier is devoted,
For to her thinking all and everything
Was music; and with music soft and bright
Often she plucked the echoes from the night.
Her body was a casket white and slim,
I would that I had been her very lover,
Ah the hushed hours when, she with him,
Her young voice whispered over again and over!

Yet now when evening falls and it is late,
And a thin moon cuts clearness from the West,
And Scorpio rising by my eastern gate,
Along the rim throws high his sparkling crest,
I am no longer sorrowful but glad,
Since I was here when beauty found this niche;
Many a man great loveliness has had
But none with loveliness has been more rich.
A little, ample space was mine to know
What loveliness is, and why it cannot go.

I know a lovely lady who is dead,
Beauty is hers, and she is beauty instead.



A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY FRANCES ROGERS

XVIII



IN the street Campton looked about him with the same confused sense as when he had watched Fortin-Lescluze driving away to Chalons, his dead son's image in his eyes.

Each time that Campton came in contact with people on whom this calamity had fallen he grew more acutely aware of his own inadequacy. If he had been Fortin-Lescluze it would have been impossible for him to go back to Chalons and resume his task. If he had been Harvey Mayhew, still less could he have accommodated himself to the intolerable, the really inconceivable, thought that Benny Upsher had vanished into that fiery furnace like a crumpled letter tossed into a grate. Young Fortin was defending his country—but Upsher, in God's name what was Benny Upsher of Connecticut doing in a war between the continental powers?

Suddenly Campton remembered that he had George's letter in his pocket, and that he had meant to go back with it to Mrs. Brant's. He had started out that morning full of the good intentions the letter had inspired; but now he had no heart to carry them out. Yet George had said: "Let mother know, and explain, please;" and such an injunction could not be disregarded.

He was still hesitating on a street corner when he remembered that Miss Anthony was probably on her way home for luncheon, and that if he made haste he might find her despatching her hurried meal. It was instinctive with him, in difficult hours, to turn to her, less for counsel than for shelter: her simple unperplexed view of things was as comforting

as his mother's solution of the dark riddles he used to propound in the nursery.

He found her in her little dining-room, with Delft plates askew on imitation Cordova leather, and a Death's Head Pennon and a Prussian helmet surmounting the Clodion nymph in cast bronze on the mantelpiece. In entering he faced the watery light of a ground-glass window opening on an air-shaft; and Miss Anthony, flinging him a look, dropped her fork and sprang up crying: "George——"

"George—why George?" He recovered his presence of mind under the shock of her agitation. "What made you think of George?" he repeated.

"Your—your face," she stammered, sitting down again. "So absurd of me. . . But you looked. . . A seat for monsieur, Jeanne," she cried over her shoulder to the pantry.

"Ah—my face? Yes, I suppose so. Benny Upsher has disappeared—I've just had to break it to Mayhew."

"Oh, that poor young Upsher? How dreadful." Her own face grew instantly serene. "I'm so sorry—so very sorry. . . Yes, yes, you *shall* lunch with me—I know there's another cutlet," she insisted.

He shook his head. "I couldn't."

"Well, then, I've finished." She led the way into the drawing-room. There it was her turn to face the light, and he saw that her own features were as perturbed as she had apparently discovered his to be.

"Poor Benny, poor boy," she repeated, in the happy voice she might have had if she had been congratulating Campton on the boy's escape. He saw that she was still thinking not of Upsher but of George, and her inability to fit her intonation to her words betrayed the violence of her relief. But why had she imagined George to be in danger?

Campton recounted the scene at which he had just assisted, and while she con-

tinued to murmur her sympathy he said abruptly: "Why on earth should you have been afraid for George?"

Miss Anthony had taken her usual armchair. It was placed, as the armchairs of elderly ladies usually are, with its high back to the light, and Campton could no longer observe the discrepancy between her words and her looks. This probably gave her laugh its note of confidence. "My dear, if you were to cut me open George's name would run out of every vein," she said.

"But in that tone—it was your tone. You thought he'd been—that something had happened," Campton insisted. "Why on earth should it, where he is?"

She shrugged her shoulders in the "foreign" way she had picked up in her youth. The gesture was as incongruous as her slang, but it had become part of her physical self, which lay in a loose mosaic of incongruities over the solid crystal block of her character.

"Why, indeed? I suppose there are risks everywhere, aren't there?"

"I don't know." He pulled out the letter he had received that morning. A sudden light had illuminated it, and his hand shook. "I don't even know where George is any longer."

She seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then asked calmly: "What do you mean?"

"Here—look at this. We're to write to his base. I'm to tell his mother of the change." He waited, cursing the faint winter light, and the protecting back of her chair. "What can it mean," he broke out, "except that he's left Sainte-Menehould, that he's been sent elsewhere, and that he doesn't want us to find out where?"

Miss Anthony bent her long nose over the page. Her hand held the letter steadily, and he guessed, as she perused it, that she had had one of the same kind, and had already drawn her own conclusions. What they were, that first startled "George!" seemed to say. But would she ever let Campton see as far into her thoughts again? He continued to watch her hands patiently, since nothing was to be discovered of her face. The hands folded the letter with precision, and held it out to him.

"Yes: I see why you thought that—one might have," she surprised him by conceding. Then, darting at his unprotected face a gaze he seemed to feel though he could not see it, she asked with sudden directness: "If it had meant that George had been ordered to the front, how would you have felt?"

He had not expected the question, and though in the last weeks he had so often propounded it to himself, it caught him in the chest like a blow. A sense of humiliation, a longing to lay his weakness bare, suddenly rose in him, and he bowed his head. "I couldn't . . . I couldn't bear it," he stammered.

She was silent for an interval; then she stood up, and laying her hand on his shaking shoulder crossed the room to a desk in which he knew she kept her private papers. Her keys clinked, and a moment later she handed him a letter. It was in George's writing, and dated on the same day as his own.

"Dearest old girl, nothing new but my address. Hereafter please write to our Base. This order has just been lowered from the empyrean at the end of an endless reel of red tape. What it means nobody knows. It does not appear to imply an immediate change of Headquarters; but even if such a change comes, my job is likely to remain the same. I'm getting used to it, and no wonder, for one day differeth not from another, and I've had many of them now. Take care of Dad and mother, and of your matchless self. I'm writing to father to-day. Your George the First—and Last (or I'll know why)."

The two letters bore one another out in a way which carried conviction. Campton saw that his sudden doubts must have been produced (since he had not felt them that morning) by the agonizing experience he had undergone: the vision of Benny Upsher had unmanned him. George was safe, and asked only to remain so: that was evident from both letters. And as the certainty of his son's acquiescence once more penetrated Campton it brought with it a fresh reaction of shame. Ashamed—yes, he had begun to be ashamed of George as well as of himself. Under the touch of Adele Anthony's implacable honesty his last pretences

shrivelled up, and he longed to abase himself. He lifted his head and looked at her, remembering all she would be able to read in his face.

"You're satisfied?" she enquired.

"Yes. If that's the word." He stretched his hand toward her, and then drew it back. "But it's not: it's not the word any longer." He laboured with the need of self-expression, and the opposing instinct of concealing feelings too complex for Miss Anthony's simple gaze. How could he say: "I'm satisfied; but I wish to God that George were not"? And was he satisfied, after all? And how could he define, or even be sure that he was actually experiencing, a feeling so contradictory that it seemed to be made up of anxiety for his son's safety, shame at that anxiety, shame at George's own complacent acceptance of his lot, and terror of a possible change in that lot? There were hours when it seemed to Campton that the Furies were listening, and ready to fling their awful answer to him if he as much as whispered to himself: "Would to God that George were not satisfied!"

The sense of their haunting presence laid its clutch on him, and caused him, after a pause, to finish his phrase in another tone. "No; satisfied's not the word; I'm *glad* George is out of it," he exclaimed.

Miss Anthony was folding away the letter as calmly as if it had been one of the hundreds of refugee records which daily passed through her hands. She did not appear to notice the change in Campton's voice.

"I don't pretend to your sublime detachment: you've never had a child," he sneered. (Certainly, if the Furies were listening, they would put that to his credit!)

"Oh, my poor John," she said; then she locked the desk, took her hat from the lamp-chimney on which it had been hanging, jammed it down on her head like a helmet, and remarked: "We'll go together, shall we? It's time I got back to the office."

On the way down both were silent. Campton's ears echoed with his stupid taunt, and he glanced at her without daring to speak. On the last landing she paused and said: "I'll see Julia this eve-

ning about George's change of address. She may be worried; and I can explain—I can take her my letter."

"Oh, do," he assented. "And tell her—tell her—if she needs me——"

It was as much of a message as he found courage for. Miss Anthony nodded.

XIX

ONE day Mme. Lebel said: "The first horse-chestnuts are in bloom. And monsieur must really buy himself some new shirts."

Campton looked at her in surprise. She spoke in a different voice; he wondered if she had had good news of her grandchildren. Then he saw that the furrows in her old face were as deep as ever, and that the change in her voice was simply an unconscious response to the general stirring of sap, the spring need to go on living, through everything and in spite of everything.

On se fait une raison, as Mme. Lebel would have said. Life had to go on, and new shirts had to be bought. No one knew why it was necessary, but every one felt that it was; and here were the horse-chestnuts once more actively confirming it. Habit laid its compelling grasp on the wires of the poor broken marionettes with which the Furies had been playing, and they responded, though with feebler flappings, to the accustomed jerk.

In Campton the stirring of the sap had been a cold and languid process, chiefly felt in his reluctance to go on with his relief work. He had tried to close his ears to the whispers of his own lassitude, vexed, after the first impulse of self-dedication, to find that no vocation declared itself, that his task became each day more tedious as well as more painful. Theoretically, the pain ought to have stimulated him: perpetual immersion in that sea of anguish should have quickened his effort to help the poor creatures sinking under its waves. The woe of the war had had that effect on Adele Anthony, on young Boylston, on Mlle. Davril, on the greater number of his friends. But their ardour left him cold. He wanted to help, he wanted it, he was sure, as earnestly as they; but the longing was not an inspiration to him, and he felt more and more

that to work listlessly was to work ineffectually.

"I give the poor devils so many boots and money-orders a day; you give them yourself, and so does Boylston," he complained to Miss Anthony; who murmured: "Ah, Boylston—" as if that point of the remark were alone worth noticing.

"At his age too; it's extraordinary, the way the boy's got out of himself."

"Or into himself, rather. He *was* a pottering boy before—now he's a man, with a man's sense of things."

"Yes; but his patience, his way of getting into their minds, their prejudices, their meannesses, their miseries! He doesn't seem to me like the kind who was meant to be a missionary."

"Not a bit of it. . . . But he's burnt up with shame at our not being in the war—as all the young Americans are."

Campton made an impatient movement. "Benny Upsher again—! Can't we let our government decide all that for us? What else did we elect it for, I wonder?"

"I wonder," echoed Miss Anthony.

Talks of this kind were irritating and unprofitable, and Campton did not again raise the question. Miss Anthony's vision was too simplifying to penetrate far into his doubts, and after nearly a year's incessant contact with the most savage realities her mind still seemed at ease in its old formulas.

Simplicity, after all, was the best safeguard in such hours. Mrs. Brant was as absorbed in her task as Adele Anthony. Since the Brant villa at Deauville had been turned into a hospital she was always on the road, in a refulgent new motor emblazoned with a Red Cross, carrying supplies, rushing down with great surgeons, hurrying back to committee meetings and conferences with the Service de Santé (for she and Mr. Brant were now among the leaders in American relief work in Paris), and throwing open the Avenue Marigny drawing-rooms for concerts, lectures and such sober philanthropic gaieties as society was beginning to countenance.

On the day when Mme. Lebel told Campton that the horse-chestnuts were in blossom and he must buy some new shirts he was particularly in need of such

incentives. He had made up his mind to go to see Mrs. Brant about a concert for the "Friends of French Art" which was to be held in her drawing-rooms. Ever since George had asked him to see something of his mother Campton had used the pretext of charitable collaboration as the best way of getting over their fundamental lack of anything to say to each other.

The appearance of the Champs Elysées confirmed Mme. Lebel's announcement. Everywhere the punctual rosy spikes were rising above unfolding green; and Campton, looking up at them, remembered once thinking how Nature had adapted herself to the scene in overhanging with her own pink lamps and green fans the lamps and fans of the *cafés chantants* beneath. The latter lights had long since been extinguished, the fans folded up; and as he passed the bent and broken arches of electric light, the iron chairs and dead rhododendrons in paintless boxes, heaped up like the scenery of a bankrupt theatre, he felt the pang of Nature's obstinate renewal in a world of death. Yet he also felt the stir of the blossoming trees in the form of a more restless discontent, a duller despair, a new sense of inadequacy. How could war go on when spring had come?

Mrs. Brant, having reduced her household and given over her drawing-rooms to charity, received in her boudoir, a small room contrived by a clever upholsterer to simulate a seclusion of which she had never felt the need. Photographs strewed the low tables; and facing the door Campton saw George's last portrait, in uniform, enclosed in an expensive frame. Campton had received the same photograph, and thrust it into a drawer; he thought a young man on a safe staff job rather ridiculous in uniform, and at the same time the sight filled him with a secret dread.

Mrs. Brant was bidding good-bye to a lady in mourning whom Campton did not know. His approach through the carpeted antechamber had been unnoticed, and as he entered the room he heard Mrs. Brant say in French, apparently in reply to a remark of her visitor: "Bridge, *chère Madame*? No; not yet. I confess I haven't the courage to take up my old life. We mothers with sons at the front. . . ."

"Ah," exclaimed the other lady, "there I don't agree with you. I think one owes it to them to go on as if one were as little afraid as *they* are. That is what all my sons prefer. . . . Even," she added, lowering her voice but lifting her head higher, "even, I'm sure, the one who is buried by the Marne." With a flush on her handsome face she pressed Mrs. Brant's hand and passed out.

Mrs. Brant had caught sight of Campton as she received the rebuke. Her colour rose slightly, and she said with a smile: "So many women can't get on without amusement."

"No," he agreed. There was a pause, and then he asked: "Who was it?"

"The Marquise de Tranlay—the widow."

"Where are the sons she spoke of?"

"There are three left: one in the *Chasseurs à Pied*; the youngest, who volunteered at seventeen, in the artillery in the Argonne, the third, badly wounded, in hospital at Compiègne. And the eldest killed. I simply can't understand. . . ."

"Why," Campton interrupted, "did you speak as if George were at the front? Do you usually speak of him in that way?"

Her silence and her deepening flush showed him the cruelty of the question. "I didn't mean . . . forgive me," he said. "Only sometimes, when I see women like that I'm——"

"Well?" she questioned.

He was silent in his turn, and she did not insist. They sat facing each other, each forgetting the purpose of their meeting. For the hundredth time he felt the uselessness of trying to carry out George's filial injunction: between himself and George's mother these months of fiery trial seemed to have loosed instead of tightening the links.

He wandered back to Montmartre through the bereft and beautiful city. The light lay on it in wide silvery washes, harmonizing the grey stone, the pale foliage, and a sky piled with clouds which seemed to rebuild in translucid masses the monuments below. He caught himself once more viewing the details of the scene in the terms of his trade. River, pavements, terraces heavy with trees, the whole crowded sky-line from Notre Dame

to the Pantheon, instead of presenting themselves in their bare reality, were transposed into a painter's vision. And the faces around him became again the starting-point of rapid incessant combinations of line and colour, as if the visible world were once more at its old trick of weaving itself into magic designs. The reawakening of this instinct deepened his sense of unrest, and made him feel more than ever unfitted for a life in which such things were no longer of account, in which it seemed a disloyalty even to think of them.

He returned to the studio, having promised Boylston to deal with some office work which he had carried home the night before. The papers lay on the table; but he turned to the window and looked out over his budding lilacs at the new strange Paris. He remembered that it was almost a year since he had leaned in the same place, gazing down on the wise and frivolous old city in her summer dishabille, while he planned his journey to Africa with George; and something George had once quoted to him from Faust drifted through his mind: "Take care! You've broken my beautiful world! There'll be splinters. . . ." Ah, yes, splinters, splinters . . . everybody's hands were red with them! What retribution devised by man could be commensurate with the crime of destroying his beautiful world? Campton sat down to the task of collating office files.

His bell rang, and he started up, as much surprised as if the simplest events had become unusual. It would be natural enough that Dastrey or Boylston should drop in—or even Adele Anthony—but his heart beat as if it might be George. He limped to the door, and found Mrs. Talkett.

She said: "May I come in?" and did so without waiting for his answer. The rapidity of her entrance surprised him less than the change in her appearance. But for the one glimpse of her dishevelled elegance, when she had rushed into Mrs. Brant's drawing-room on the day after war was declared, he had seen her only in a nursing uniform, as absorbed in her work as if it had been a long-thwarted vocation. Now she stood before him in raiment so delicately springlike that it

seemed an emanation of the day. Care had dropped from her with her professional garb, and she smiled at him as though he must guess the reason.

In ordinary times he would have thought: "She's in love——" but that explanation was one which seemed to belong to other days. It reminded him, however, how little he knew of Mrs. Talkett, who, after René Davril's death, had vanished from his life as abruptly as she had entered it. Allusions to "the Talketts" picked up now and again at Adele Anthony's, led him to conjecture an invisible husband in the background; but all he knew of Mrs. Talkett was what she had told him of her "artistic" yearnings, and what he had been able to divine from her empty questioning eyes, from certain sweet inflections when she spoke of her wounded soldiers, and from the precise and finished language with which she clothed her unfinished and unprecise thoughts. All these indications made up an image not unlike that of the fashion-plate torn from its context of which she had reminded him at their first meeting; and he looked at her with indifference, wondering why she had come.

With an abrupt gesture she pulled the pin from her heavily-plumed hat, tossed it on the divan, and said: "Dear Master, I just want to sit with you and have you talk to me." She dropped down beside her hat, clasped her thin hands about her thin knee, and broke out, as if she had already forgotten that she wanted him to talk to her: "Do you know, I've made up my mind to begin to live again—to live my own life, I mean, to be my real *me*, after all these dreadful months of exile from myself. I see now that *that* is my real duty—just as it is yours, just as it is that of every artist and every creator. Don't you feel as I do? Don't you agree with me? We *must* save Beauty for the world; before it is too late we must save it out of this awful wreck and ruin. It sounds ridiculously presumptuous, doesn't it, to say 'we' in talking of a great genius like you, and a poor little speck of dust like me? But after all there is the same instinct in us, the same craving, the same desire to realize Beauty, though you do it so magnificently and so—so objectively, and I . . ." she paused, unclasp-

her hands, and lifted her lovely bewildered eyes, "I do it only by a ribbon in my hair, a flower in a vase, a way of looping a curtain, or placing a lacquer screen in the right light. But I oughtn't to be ashamed of my limitations, do you think I ought? Surely every one ought to be helping to save Beauty; every one is needed, even the humblest and most ignorant of us, or else the world will be all death and ugliness. And after all, ugliness is the only *real* death, isn't it?" She drew a deep breath and added: "It has done me good already to sit here and listen to you."

Campton, a few weeks previously, would have been amused, or perhaps merely irritated. But in the interval he had become aware in himself of the same irresistible craving to "live," as she put it, and as he had heard it formulated, that very day, by the mourning mother who had so sharply rebuked Mrs. Brant. The spring was stirring them all in their different ways, secreting in them the sap which craved to burst into bridge-parties, or the painting of masterpieces, or a consciousness of the need for new shirts.

"But what am I in all this?" Mrs. Talkett rushed on, sparing him the trouble of a reply. "Nothing but the match that lights the flame! Sometimes I imagine that I might put what I mean into poetry. . . I *have* scribbled a few things, you know . . . but that's not what I was going to tell you. It's you, dear Master, who must set us the example of getting back to our work, our real work, whatever it is. What have you done in all these dreadful months—the real You? Nothing! And the world will be the poorer for it ever after. Master, you must paint again—you must begin today!"

Campton gave an uneasy laugh. "Oh—paint!" He waved his hand toward the office files of the "Friends of French Art." "There's my work."

"No, no; not the real you. It's your dummy's work—just as my nursing has been mine. Oh, one did one's best—but all the while beauty and art and the eternal things were perishing! And what will the world be like without them?"

"I shan't be here," Campton growled.

"But your son will." She looked at him profoundly. "You know I know

your son—we're friends. And I'm sure he would feel as I feel—he would tell you to go back to your painting."

For months past any allusion to George had put Campton on his guard, stiffening him with improvised defenses. But this appeal of Mrs. Talkett's found him unprepared, demoralized by the spring sweetness, and by his secret sense of his son's connivance with it. What was war—any war—but an old European disease, a blood-madness seizing on the first pretext to slake its frenzy? Campton reminded himself again that he was the son of free institutions, of a country in no way responsible for the centuries of sinister diplomacy which had brought Europe to ruin, and was now trying to drag down America. George was right, the Brants were right, and this young woman, through whose lips his own secret instinct spoke, was right.

He was silent so long that she rose with the anxious frown which appeared to be her way of blushing, and faltered out: "I'm boring you—I'd better go."

She picked up her hat and held it with its cataract of feathers poised above her slanted head.

"Wait—let me do you like that!" Campton broke out. It had never before occurred to him that she was paintable, but as she stood there with uplifted arm the long line flowing from her wrist to her hip suddenly wound itself about him like a net.

"Me?" she stammered, standing motionless, as if humiliated by the excess of her triumph.

"Do you mind?" he queried; and without even hearing her faltered-out: "Mind? When it was what I came for!" he dragged forth an easel, flung on it the first canvas he could lay hands on (though it was the wrong shape and size), and found himself instantly transported into the lost world which was the only real one.

XX

FOR a month Campton painted on in a state of transcendent bliss.

His first stroke carried him out of space and time, into a region where all that had become numbed and atrophied in him could expand and breathe. Lines, im-

ages, colours were again the sole facts; he plunged into their whirling circles like a stranded sea-creature into the sea. Once more every face was not a vague hieroglyph, a curtain drawn before an invisible aggregate of wants and woes, but a work of art, a flower in a pattern, to be dealt with on its own merits, like a bronze or a jewel. During the first day or two his hand halted; but the sense of insufficiency was a goad, and he fought with his subject till he felt a strange ease in every renovated muscle, and his model became like a musical instrument on which he played with careless mastery.

He had transferred his easel to Mrs. Talkett's apartment. It was an odd patchwork place, full of bold beginnings and doubtful pauses, rash surrenders to the newest fashions and abrupt insurrections against them, where Louis-Philippe mahogany had entrenched itself against the aggression of *art nouveau* hangings, and the frail grace of eighteenth-century arm-chairs condemned to everlasting derision lumpy modern furniture painted like hobby-horses at a fair.

It amused Campton to do Mrs. Talkett against this background: her thin personality needed to be filled out by the visible results of its many quests and cravings. There were people one could sit down before a blank wall, and all their world was there, in the curves of their faces and the way their hands lay in their laps; there were others who seemed, like Mrs. Talkett, to be made out of the reflection of what surrounded them, as if they had been born of a tricky grouping of looking-glasses, and would vanish if it were changed.

At first Campton was steeped in the mere sensual joy of his art; but after a few days the play of the mirrors began to interest him. Mrs. Talkett had abandoned her hospital work, and was trying, as she said, to "recreate herself." In this she was aided by a number of obliging people who struck Campton as rather too young not to have found some other employment, or too old to care any longer for that particular one. But this did not trouble his newly recovered serenity. He seemed to himself, somehow, like a drowned body—but drowned in a toy aquarium—still staring about with living

eyes, but aware of the other people only as shapes swimming by with a flash of exotic fins. They were enclosed together, all of them in an unreal luminous sphere, mercifully screened against the reality from which a common impulse of horror had driven them; and since he was among them, it was not his business to wonder at the others. So, through the cloud of his art, he looked out on them impartially.

The high priestess of the group was Mme. de Dolmetsch, with Harvey Mayhew as her acolyte. Mr. Mayhew was still engaged in the pursuit of Atrocities: he was in fact almost the only member of the group who did not rather ostentatiously disavow the obligation to "carry on." But he had discovered that to discharge this sacred task he must vary it by frequent intervals of relaxation. He explained to Campton that he had found it to be "his duty to rest"; and he was indefatigable in the performance of duty. He had therefore, with an expenditure of eloquence which Campton thought surprisingly slight, persuaded Boylston to become his understudy, and devote several hours a day to the whirling activities of the shrimp-pink Bureau of Atrocities at the Nouveau Luxe. Campton, at first, could not understand how the astute Boylston had allowed himself to be drawn into the eddy; but it turned out that Boylston's astuteness had drawn him in. "You see, there's an awful lot of money to be got out of it, one way and another, and I know a use for every penny—that is, Miss Anthony and I do," the young man modestly explained; adding, in response to the painter's puzzled stare, that Mr. Mayhew's harrowing appeals were beginning to bring from America immense sums for the Victims and their families, and that Mr. Mayhew, while greatly gratified by the effect of his eloquence, and the prestige it was bringing him in French social and governmental circles, had not the cloudiest notion how the funds should be used, and had begged Boylston to advise him. It was owing to this that the ex-Delegate to the Hague was able, with a light conscience, to seek the repose of Mrs. Talkett's company and, with a smile of the widest initiation, to listen to the subversive conversation of her familiars.

"Subversive" was the watchword of

the Talkett group. Every one was engaged in attacking some theory of art or life or letters which nobody in particular defended. Even Mr. Talkett—a kindly young man with eye-glasses and glossy hair, who roamed about straightening the furniture, like a gentlemanly detective watching the presents at a wedding—owned to Campton that *he* was subversive; and on the painter's pressing for a definition, added: "Why, I don't believe in anything *she* doesn't believe in," while his eye-glasses shyly followed his wife's course among the groups about the tea-cups.

Mme. de Dolmetsch, though obviously anxious to retain her hold on Mr. Mayhew, did not restrict herself to such mild fare, but exercised her matchless eyes on a troop of followers: the shock-haired pianist who accompanied her recitations, a straight-backed young American diplomatist whose collars seemed a part of his career, a lustrous South American millionaire, and a short squat Sicilian who designed the costumes for the pianist's unproduced ballets.

All these people appeared to believe intensely in each other's reality and importance; but it gradually came over Campton that all of them, excepting their host and hostess, knew that they were merely masquerading.

To Campton, used to the hard-working world of art, this playing at Bohemia seemed a nursery-game; but the scene acquired an unexpected solidity from the appearance in it, one day, of the banker Jorgenstein, who strolled in as naturally as if he had been dropping into Campton's studio a year earlier to enquire into the progress of his own portrait.

"I must come and look you up, Campton—get you to finish me," he said jovially, tapping his fat boot with a maccella stick as he looked over the painter's head at the canvas on which Mrs. Talkett's restless image seemed to flutter like a butterfly impaled.

"You'll owe it to *me* if he does you," the sitter declared, smiling back at the leer which Campton divined behind his shoulder; and he felt a sudden pity for her incurable innocence.

"My wife made Campton come back to his real work—doing his bit, you

know," said Mr. Talkett, straightening a curtain and disappearing again, like a diving animal; and Mrs. Talkett turned her plaintive eyes on Campton. "That kind of idiocy is all I've ever had," they seemed to say; and he nearly cried back to her: "But, you poor child, it's the only honest thing anywhere near you!"

Absorbed in his picture, he hardly stopped to wonder at Jorgenstein's reappearance, at his air of bloated satisfaction or his easy allusions to Cabinet Ministers and eminent statesmen. The atmosphere of the Talkett house was so mirage-like that even the big red bulk of the international financier became imponderable in it.

But one day Campton, on his way home, ran across Dastrey, and remembered that they had not met for weeks. The ministerial drudge looked worn and preoccupied, and Campton was abruptly recalled to the world he had been trying to escape from.

"You seem rather knocked-up—what's wrong with you?" he asked.

Dastrey stared. "Wrong with me? Well—did you like the communiqué this morning?"

"I didn't read it," said Campton. They walked along a few steps in silence.

"You see," the painter continued, "I've gone back to my job—my painting. I suddenly found I had to."

Dastrey glanced at him with surprising kindness. "Ah, that's good news, my dear fellow!"

"You think so?" Campton half-sneered.

"Of course—why not? What are you painting? May I come and see?"

"Naturally," Campton paused. "The fact is, I was bitten the other day with a desire to depict that little will-o'-the-wisp of a Mrs. Talkett. Come to her house any afternoon and I'll show you the thing."

"To her house?" Dastrey paused with a frown. "Then the picture's finished?"

"No—not by a long way. I'm doing it there—in her *milieu*, among her crowd. It amuses me; they amuse me. When will you come?" He shot out the sentences like challenges; and his friend took them up in the same tone.

"To Mrs. Talkett's—to meet her crowd? Thanks—I'm too much tied down by my job."

"No; you're not. You're too disapproving," said Campton quarrelsomely. "You think we're all a lot of shirks, of drones, of international loafers—I don't know what. But I'm one of them, so whatever name you give them I must answer to. Well, I'll tell you what they are, my dear fellow—and I'm not ashamed to be among them: they're people who've resolutely, unanimously, unshakeably decided, for a certain number of hours each day, to forget the war, to ignore it, to live as if it were not and never had been, so that—"

"So that?"

"So that beauty shall not perish from the earth!" Campton shouted, bringing his stick down with a whack on the pavement.

Dastrey broke into a laugh. "*Allons donc!* Decided to forget the war? Why, bless your heart, they've never, not one of 'em, ever been able to remember it for an hour together; no, not from the first day, except as it interfered with their plans or cut down their amusements or increased their fortunes. You're the only one of them, my dear chap, (since you class yourself among them) of whom what you've just said is true; and if you can forget the war while you're at your work, so much the better for you and for us and for posterity; and I hope you'll paint all Mrs. Talkett's group, one after another. Though I doubt if they're as good subjects now as when you caught them last July with the war-funk on." He held out his hand with a dry smile. "Good-bye. I'm off to meet my nephew, who's here on leave."

He hastened away, leaving Campton in a crumbled world. Louis Dastrey on leave? But that was because he was at the front, the real front, in the trenches, had already had a slight wound and a fine citation. Staff-officers, as George had wisely felt, were not asking for leave just yet.

The thoughts excited by this encounter left Campton more than ever resolved to drug himself with work and frivolity. It was none of his business to pry into the consciences of the people about him, not

even into Jorgenstein's—into which one would presumably have had to be let down in a diver's suit, with oxygen pumping at top pressure. If the government tolerated Jorgenstein's presence in France, probably on the ground that he could be useful—so the banker himself let it be known—it was silly of people like Adele Anthony and Dastrey to wince at the mere mention of his name. There woke in Campton all the old spirit of aimless random defiance—revolt for revolt's sake—which had marked the first period of his life after his separation from his wife. He had long since come to regard it as a crude and juvenile phase—yet here he was reliving it.

Though he knew of the intimacy between Mrs. Talkett and the Brants he had no fear of meeting Julia: it was impossible to picture her neat head battling with the blasts of that dishevelled drawing-room. But though she did not appear there, he heard her more and more often alluded to, in terms of startling familiarity, by Mrs. Talkett's visitors. It was clear that they all saw her, chiefly in her own house, that they thought her, according to their respective vocabularies, "a perfect dear," "*une femme exquise*" or "*une bonne vieille*" (ah, poor Julia!); and that their sudden enthusiasm for her was not uninspired by the fact that she had got her marvellous *chef* demobilised, and was giving little "war-dinners" followed by a quiet turn at bridge.

Campton remembered Mme. de Tranlay's rebuke to Mrs. Brant on the day when he had last called in the Avenue Marigny; then he remembered also that it was on that very day that he had returned to his painting.

"After all, she held out longer than I did—poor Julia!" he mused, annoyed at the idea of her being the complacent victim of all the voracities he saw about him, and yet reflecting that she was at last living her life, as they called it at Mrs. Talkett's. After all, the fact that George was not at the front seemed to exonerate his parents—unless, indeed, it did just the opposite.

One day, coming earlier than usual to Mrs. Talkett's to put in a last afternoon's work on her portrait, Campton, to his surprise, found his wife in front of it.

Equally to his surprise he noticed that she was dressed with a juvenile audacity quite new to her, and for the first time he thought she looked old-fashioned and also old. She met him with her usual embarrassment.

"I didn't know you came as early as this. Madge told me I might just run in—" She waved her hand toward the portrait.

"I hope you like it," he said, suddenly finding that he didn't.

"It's marvellous—marvellous." She looked at him timidly. "It's extraordinary, how you've caught her rhythm, her *tempo*," she ventured in the jargon of the place. Campton, to hide a smile, turned away to get his brushes. "I'm so glad," she continued hastily, "that you've begun to paint again. We all need to . . . to . . ."

"Oh, not you and I, do we?" he rejoined with a scornful laugh.

She evidently caught the allusion, for she blushed all over her uncovered neck, up through the faintly wrinkled cheeks to the roots of her newly dyed hair; then he saw her eyes fill.

"What's she crying for? Because George is *not* in danger?" he wondered, busying himself with his palette.

Mrs. Talkett hurried in with surprise and apologies; and one by one the habitués followed, with cheery greetings for Mrs. Brant and a moment of constraint as they noted Campton's presence, and the relation between the two was mutely passed about. Then the bridge-tables were brought in, Mr. Talkett began to straighten the cards nervously, and the guests broke up into groups, forgetting everything but their own affairs. As Campton turned back to his work he was aware of a last surprise in the sight of Mrs. Brant, serene and almost sparkling, waving her adieux to the bridge-tables, and going out followed by Jorgenstein, with whom she seemed on terms of easy friendliness. Of all strange war promiscuities, Campton thought this the strangest.

XXI

THE next time Campton saw Mrs. Brant was in his own studio.

He was preparing, one morning, to

leave the melancholy place, when the bell rang and his *bonne* let her in. Her dress was less frivolous than at Mrs. Talkett's, and she wore a densely patterned veil, like the ladies in cinema plays when they visit their seducers or their accomplices.

Through the veil she looked at him agitatedly, and said: "George is not at Sainte Menchould."

He stared.

"No. Anderson was there the day before yesterday."

"Brant? At Sainte Menchould?"

Campton felt the blood rush to his temples. What! He, the boy's father, had not so much as dared to ask for the almost unattainable permission to go into the war-zone; and this other man, who was nothing to George, absolutely nothing, who had no right whatever to ask for leave to visit him, had somehow obtained the priceless favour, and instead of passing it on, instead of offering at least to share it with the boy's father, had sneaked off secretly to feast on the other's lawful privilege!

"How the devil—?" Campton burst out.

"Oh, he got a Red Cross mission: it was arranged very suddenly—through a friend. . ."

"Yes—well?" Campton stammered, sitting down lest his legs should fail him, and signing to her to take a chair.

"Well—he was not there!" she repeated excitedly. "It's what we might have known—since he's changed his address."

"Then he didn't see him?" Campton interrupted, the ferocious joy of that discovery crowding out his wrath and wonder.

"Anderson didn't? No. He wasn't there, I tell you!"

"The H. Q. has been moved?"

"No, it hasn't. Anderson saw one of the officers. He said George had been sent on a mission."

"To another H. Q.?"

"That's what they said. I don't believe it."

"What do you believe, then?"

"I don't know. Anderson's sure they told him the truth. The officer he saw is a friend of George's, and he said George was expected back that very evening."

Campton sat looking at her uncertainly. Did she dread, or did she rather wish, to disbelieve the young officer? Where did she hope or fear that George had gone? And what were Campton's own emotions? As confused, no doubt, as hers—as undefinable. The insecurity of his feelings moved him to a momentary compassion for hers, which were surely pitiable, whatever they were. Then a savage impulse swept away every other, and he said: "Wherever George was, Brant's visit will have done him no good."

She grew pale. "Why—what do you mean?"

"I wonder it never occurred to you—or to your husband, since he's so solicitous," Campton went on, prolonging her distress.

"Please tell me what you mean," she pleaded with frightened eyes.

"Why, in God's name, couldn't you both let well enough alone? Didn't you guess why George never asked for leave—why I've always advised him not to? Don't you know that nothing is as likely to get a young fellow into trouble as having his family force their way through to see him, use influence, seem to ask favours? I dare say that's how that fool of a Dolmetsch woman got Isador killed. No one would have noticed where he was if she hadn't gone on so about him. They *had* to send him to the front finally. And now the chances are—"

"Oh, no, no, no—don't say it!" She held her hands before her face as if he had flung something flaming at her. "It was I who made Anderson go!"

"Well—Brant ought to have thought of that—I did," he pursued sardonically.

Her answer disarmed him. "You're his father."

"I don't mean," he went on hastily, "that Brant's not right: of course there's nothing to be afraid of. I can't imagine why you thought there was."

She hung her head. "Sometimes when I hear the other women—other mothers—I feel as if our turn must come too. Even at Sainte Menchould a shell might hit the house. Anderson said the artillery fire seemed so dreadfully near."

He made no answer, and she sat silent, without apparent thought of leaving.

Finally he said: "I was just going out——"

She stood up. "Oh, yes—that reminds me. I came to ask you to come with me."

"With you——?"

"The motor's waiting—you must." She laid her hand on his arm. "To see Olida, the new *clairvoyante*. Everybody goes to her—everybody who's anxious about anyone. Even the scientific people believe in her. She's told people the most extraordinary things—it seems she warned Daisy de Dolmetsch. . . Well, I'd *rather* know!" she burst out passionately.

Campton smiled. "She'll tell you that George is back at his desk."

"Well, then—isn't that worth it? Please don't refuse me!"

He disengaged himself gently. "My poor Julia, go by all means if it will reassure you."

"Ah, but you've got to come too. You can't say no: Madge Talkett tells me that if the *two nearest* go together Olida sees so much more clearly—especially a father and mother," she added hastily, as if conscious of the inopportune "nearest." After a moment she went on: "Even Mme. de Tranlay's been; Daisy de Dolmetsch met her on the stairs. Olida told her that her youngest boy, from whom she'd had no news for weeks, was all right, and coming home on leave. Mme. de Tranlay didn't know Daisy, except by sight, but she stopped her to tell her. Only fancy—the last person she would have spoken to in ordinary times! But she was so excited and happy! And two days afterward the boy turned up safe and sound. You must come!" she insisted.

Campton was seized with a sudden deep compassion for all these women groping for a ray of light in the blackness. It moved him to think of Mme. de Tranlay's proud figure climbing a *clairvoyante's* stairs.

"I'll come if you want me to," he said.

They drove to the Batignolles quarter. Mrs. Brant's lips were twitching under her veil, and as the motor stopped she said childishly: "I've never been to this kind of place before."

"I should hope not," Campton re-

joined. He himself, during the Russian lady's rule, had served an apprenticeship among the soothsayers, and come away disgusted with the hours wasted in their company. He suddenly remembered the Spanish girl in the little white house near the railway, who had told his fortune in the hot afternoons with cards and olive-stones, and had found, by irrefutable signs, that he and she would "come together" again. "Well, it was better than this pseudo-scientific humbug," he mused, "because it was picturesque—and so was she—and she believed in it."

Mrs. Brant rang, and Campton followed her into a narrow hall. A servant-woman showed them into a *salon* which was as commonplace as a doctor's waiting-room. On the mantelpiece were vases of Pampas grass, and a stuffed monkey swung from the electrolier. Evidently Mme. Olida was superior to the class of fortune-tellers who prepare a special stage-setting, and no astrologer's robe or witch's kitchen was to be feared.

The maid led them across a bare *bourgeois* dining-room into an inner room. The shutters were partly closed, and the blinds down. A voluminous woman in loose black rose from a sofa. Gold earrings gleamed under her oiled black hair—and suddenly, through the billows of flesh, and behind the large pale mask, Campton recognized the Spanish girl who used to read his fortune in the house by the railway. Her eyes rested a moment on Mrs. Brant; then they met his with the same heavy stare. But he noticed that her hands, which were small and fat, trembled a little as she pointed to two chairs.

"Sit down, please," she said in a low rough voice, speaking in French. The door opened again, and a young man with Levantine eyes and a showy necktie looked in. She said sharply: "No," and he disappeared. Campton noticed that a large emerald flashed on his manicured hand. Mme. Olida continued to look at her visitors.

Mrs. Brant wiped her dry lips and stammered: "We're his parents—a son at the front. . ."

Mme. Olida fell back in a trance-like attitude, let her lids droop over her magnificent eyes, and rested her head against

a soiled sofa-pillow. Presently she held out both hands.

"You are his parents? Yes? Give me each a hand, please." As her cushioned palm touched Campton's he thought he felt a tremor of recognition, and saw, in the half-light, the tremor communicate itself to her lids. He grasped her hand firmly, and she lifted her eyes, looked straight into his with her heavy velvety stare, and said: "You should hold my hand more loosely; the currents must not be compressed." She turned her palm upward, so that his finger-tips rested on it as if on a keyboard; he noticed that she did not do the same with the hand she had placed in Mrs. Brant's.

Suddenly he remembered that one sultry noon, lying under the olives, she had taught him, by signals tapped on his own knee, how to say what he chose to her without her brothers' knowing it. He looked at the huge woman, seeking the curve of the bowed upper lip on which what used to be a faint blue shadow had now become a line as thick as her eyebrows, and recalling how her laugh used to lift the lip above her little round teeth while she threw back her head, showing the *Agnus Dei* in her neck. Now her mouth was like a withered flower, and in a crease of her neck a string of pearls was embedded.

"Take hands, please," she commanded. Julia gave Campton her ungloved hand, and he sat between the two women.

"You are the parents? You want news of your son—ah, like so many!" Mme. Olida closed her eyes again.

"To know where he is—whereabouts—that is what we want," Mrs. Brant whispered.

Mme. Olida sat as if labouring with difficult visions. The noises of the street came faintly through the closed windows, and a smell of garlic and cheap scent oppressed Campton's lungs and awakened old associations. With a final effort of memory he fixed his eyes on the *clairvoyante's* darkened mask, and tapped her palm once or twice. She neither stirred nor looked at him.

"I see—I see—" she began in the consecrated phrase. "A veil—a thick veil of smoke between me and a face which is

young and fair, with a short nose and reddish hair: thick, thick, thick hair, like this gentleman's when he was young. . ."

Mrs. Brant's hand trembled in Campton's. "It's true," she whispered, "your hair used to be as red as Georgie's before it turned grey."

"The veil grows denser—there are awful noises; there's a face with blood—but not the first face. This is a very young man, as innocent as when he was born, with blue eyes like flax-flowers, but blood, blood . . . why do I see that face? Ah, now it is on a hospital pillow—not your son's face, the other; there is no one near, no one but some German soldiers laughing and drinking; the lips move, the hands are stretched out in agony; but no one notices. It is a face that has something to say to the gentleman; not to you, Madame. The uniform is different—is it an English uniform? . . . Ah, now the face turns grey; the eyes shut, there is foam on the lips. Now it is gone—there's another man's head on the pillow. . . Now, now your son's face comes back; but not near those others. The smoke has cleared. . . I see a desk and papers; your son is writing. . ."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Brant.

"If you squeeze my hands you arrest the current," Mme. Olida reminded her. There was another interval; Campton felt his wife's fingers beating between his like trapped birds. The heat and darkness oppressed him; beads of sweat came out on his forehead. Did the woman really see things, and was that face with the blood on it Benny Upsher's?

Mme. Olida droned on. "It is your son who is writing—the young man with the very thick hair. He is writing to you—trying to explain something. Perhaps you have hoped to see him lately? That is it; he is telling you why it could not be. He is sitting quietly in a room. There is no smoke." She released Mrs. Brant's hand and Campton's. "Go home, Madame. You are fortunate. Perhaps his letter will reach you tomorrow."

Mrs. Brant stood up sobbing. She found her gold bag and pushed it toward Campton. He had been feeling in his own pocket for money; but as he drew it forth Mme. Olida put back his hand. "No. I am superstitious; it's so seldom

that I can give good news. *Bonjour, madame, bonjour, monsieur.* I commend your son to the blessed Virgin and to all the saints and angels."

Campton put Julia into the motor. She was still crying, but her tears were radiant. "Isn't she wonderful? Didn't you see how she seemed to *recognize* George? There's no mistaking his hair! How could she have known what it was like? Don't think me foolish—I feel so comforted!"

"Of course; you'll hear from him to-morrow," Campton said. He was touched by her maternal passion, and ashamed of having allowed her so small a share in his jealous worship of his son. He walked away, thinking of the young man dying in a German hospital, and of the other man's face succeeding his on the pillow.

XXII

Two days later, to Campton's surprise, Anderson Brant appeared in the morning at the studio.

Campton, who was finishing a late breakfast in careless studio-garb, saw him peer cautiously about, as though fearing undressed models behind the screens or empty beer-bottles under the tables. It was the first time that Mr. Brant had entered the studio since his attempt to buy George's portrait, and Campton guessed at once that he had come again about George.

He looked at the painter shyly, as if oppressed by the indiscretion of intruding at that hour.

"It was my—Mrs. Brant who insisted—when she got this letter," he brought out between precautionary coughs.

Campton looked at him tolerantly: a barrier seemed to have fallen between them since their brief exchange of words about Benny Upsher. The letter, as Campton had expected, was a line from George to his mother, written two days after Mr. Brant's visit to Sainte Meneshould. It expressed, in George's usual staccato style, his regret at having been away. "Hard luck, when one is riveted to the same square yard of earth for weeks on end, to have just happened to be somewhere else the day Uncle Andy broke through." It was always the same tone

of fluent banter, in which Campton fancied he detected a lurking stridency, like the scrape of an overworked gramophone containing nothing but comic disks.

"Ah, well—his mother must be satisfied," Campton said as he gave the letter back.

"Oh, completely. So much so that I've induced her to go off for a while to Biarritz. The doctor finds her overdone; she'd got it into her head that George had been sent to the front, and I couldn't convince her to the contrary."

Campton looked at him. "You yourself never believed it?"

Mr. Brant, who had half risen, as though feeling that his errand was done, slid back into his seat and clasped his small hands on his agate-headed stick.

"Oh, never."

"It was not," Campton pursued, "with that idea that you went to Sainte Meneshould?"

Mr. Brant glanced at him in surprise.

"No. On the contrary——"

"On the contrary?"

"I understood from—from his mother that, in the circumstances, you were opposed to his asking for leave; thought it unadvisable, that is. So, as it was such a long time since we'd seen him—" The "we," pulling him up short, spread a brick-red blush over his baldness.

"Not longer than since I have—but then I've not your opportunities," Campton retorted, the sneer breaking out in spite of him. Though he had grown kindly disposed toward Mr. Brant when they were apart, the old resentments broke out in his presence.

Mr. Brant clasped and unclasped the knob of his stick. "I took the first chance that offered; I had his mother to think of." Campton made no answer, and he continued: "I was sorry to hear that you thought I'd perhaps been imprudent."

"There's no perhaps about it," Campton retorted. "Since you say you were not anxious about the boy I can't imagine why you made the attempt."

Mr. Brant was silent. He seemed overwhelmed by the other's disapprobation, and unable to find any argument in his own defense. "I never dreamed it could cause any trouble," he said at length.

"That's the ground you've always ta-

ken in your interference with my son!" Campton had risen, pushing back his chair, and Mr. Brant stood up also. They faced each other without speaking.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Brant began, "that you should take such a view. It seemed to me natural . . . , when Mr. Jorgenstein gave me the chance——"

"Jorgenstein! It was Jorgenstein who took you to the front? Took you to see my son?" Campton threw his head back and laughed. "That's complete—that's really complete!"

Mr. Brant reddened as if the laugh had been a blow. He stood very erect, his lips as tightly closed as a shut penknife. He had the attitude of a civilian under fire, considerably perturbed, but obliged to set the example of fortitude.

Campton looked at him. At last he had Mr. Brant at a disadvantage. Their respective situations were reversed, and he saw that the banker was aware of it, and oppressed by the fear that he might have done harm to George. He evidently wanted to say all this and did not know how.

His distress moved Campton, in whose ears the sound of his own outburst still echoed unpleasantly. If only Mr. Brant would have kept out of his way he would have found it so easy to be fair to him!

"I'm sorry," he began in a quieter tone. "I dare say I'm unjust—perhaps it's in the nature of our relation. Can't you understand how I've felt, looking on helplessly all these years, while you've done for the boy everything I wanted to do for him myself? Haven't you guessed why I jumped at my first success, and nursed my celebrity till I'd got half the fools in Europe lining up to be painted?" His excitement was mastering him again, and he went on hurriedly: "Do you suppose I'd have wasted all these precious years over them if I hadn't wanted to make my son independent of you? And he *would* have been, if the war hadn't come; been my own son again and nobody else's, leading his own life, whatever he chose it to be, instead of having to waste his youth imprisoned in your bank, learning how to multiply your millions."

The futility of this retrospect, and the inconsistency of his whole attitude, exasperated Campton more than anything his

visitor could do or say, and he stopped, embarrassed by the sound of his own words, yet seeing no escape save to bury them under more and more. But Mr. Brant had opened his lips.

"They'll be *his*, you know: the millions," he said in a low voice.

Campton's anger dropped: he felt Mr. Brant at last too completely at his mercy.

"You tried to buy his portrait once—you remember I told you it was not for sale," he simply answered.

Mr. Brant stood motionless, grasping his stick in one hand and stroking his short grey moustache with the other. For a while he seemed to be considering Campton's words without feeling their sting. "It was not the money . . ." he stammered out at length, from the depth of some unutterable plea for understanding; then he added: "I wish you a good morning," and walked out with his little stiff steps.

XXIII

CAMPTON was thoroughly ashamed of what he had said to Mr. Brant, or rather of his manner of saying it. If he could have put the same facts quietly, ironically, without forfeiting his dignity, and with the added emphasis which deliberateness and composure give, he would scarcely have regretted the opportunity. He had always secretly accused himself of a lack of courage in accepting Mr. Brant's heavy benefactions for George when the boy was too young to know what they might pledge him to; and it had been a disappointment that George, on reaching the age of discrimination, had not appeared to find the burden heavy, or the obligations unpleasant.

Campton, having accepted Mr. Brant's help, could hardly reproach his son for feeling grateful for it, and had therefore thought it "more decent" to postpone disparagement of their common benefactor till his own efforts had set them both free. Even then, it would be impossible to pay off the past—but the past might have been left to bury itself. Now his own wrath had dug it up, and he had paid for the brief joy of casting its bones in Mr. Brant's face by a deep disgust at his own weakness.

All these things would have weighed on him even more if the outer weight of events had not been so much heavier. He had not returned to Mrs. Talkett's since the banker's visit; he did not wish to meet Jorgenstein, and his talk with the banker, and his visit to the *clairvoyante*, had somehow combined to send that whole factitious world tumbling about his ears. It was absurd to attach any importance to poor Olida's vaticinations; but the vividness of her description of the baby-faced boy dying in a German hospital haunted Campton's nights. If it were not the portrait of Benny Upsher it was at least that of hundreds and thousands of lads like him, who were thus groping and agonizing and stretching out vain hands, while in Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room well-fed men and expensive women heroically "forgot the war." Campton, seeking to expiate his own brief forgetfulness by a passion of renewed activity, announced to Boylston the next morning that he was coming back to the office.

Boylston hardly responded: he looked up from his desk with a face so strange that Campton broke off to cry out: "What's happened?"

The young man held out the morning paper. "They've done it—they've done it!" he shouted. Across the page the name of the *Lusitania* blazed out like the writing on the wall.

The Berserker light on Boylston's placid features made him look like an avenging cherub. "Ah, now we're in it—we're in it at last," he exulted, as if the horror of the catastrophe were already swallowed up in its result. The two looked at each other without further words; but the older man's first thought had been for his son. Now, indeed, America was "in it": the gross tangible proof for which her government had forced her to wait was there in all its unimagined horror. Cant and cowardice in high places had drugged and stupefied her into the strange belief that she was "too proud to fight" for others; and here she was brutally forced to fight for herself. Campton waited with a straining heart for his son's first comment on the new fact that they were "in it."

But his excitement and Boylston's exultation were short-lived. Before many days it became apparent that the proud

nation which had flamed up overnight at the unproved outrage of the *Maine* was lying supine under the flagrant provocation of the *Lusitania*. The days which followed were, to many Americans, the bitterest of the war: to Campton they seemed the ironic justification of the phase of indifference and self-absorption through which he had just passed. He could not go back to Mrs. Talkett and her group; but neither could he take up his work with even his former zeal. The bitter taste of the national humiliation was perpetually on his lips: he went about like a man dishonoured.

He wondered, as the days and the weeks passed, at having no word from George. Had he refrained from writing because he too felt the national humiliation too deeply either to speak of it or to leave it unmentioned? Or was he so sunk in security that he felt only a mean thankfulness that nothing was changed? From such thoughts Campton's soul recoiled; but they lay close under the surface of his tenderness, and reared their evil heads whenever they caught him alone.

As the summer dragged itself out he was more and more alone. Dastrey, cured of his rheumatism, had left the Ministry to resume his ambulance work. Miss Anthony was submerged under the ever-mounting tide of refugees. Mrs. Brant had taken a small house at Deauville (on the pretext of being near her hospital), and Campton heard of the Talketts' being with her, and others of their group. Mr. Mayhew appeared at the studio one day, in tennis flannels and a new straw hat, announcing that he "needed rest," and rather sheepishly adding that Mrs. Brant had kindly suggested his spending "a quiet fortnight" with her. "I've got to do it, if I'm to see this thing through," Mr. Mayhew added in a stern voice, as if commanding himself not to waver.

A few days later, glancing over the *Herald*, Campton read that Mme. de Dolmetsch, "the celebrated *artiste*," was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Brant at Deauville, where she had gone to give recitations for the wounded in hospital. Campton smiled, and then thought with a tightening heart of Benny

Upsher and Ladislas Isador, so incredibly unlike in their lives, so strangely one in their death. Finally, not long afterward, he read that the celebrated financier, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein (recently knighted by the British Government) had bestowed a gift of a hundred thousand francs upon Mrs. Brant's hospital. It was rumoured, the paragraph ended, that Sir Cyril would soon receive the Legion of Honour for his magnificent liberalities to France.

And still the flood of war rolled on. Success here, failure there, the menace of disaster elsewhere—Russia retreating to the San, Italy declaring war on Austria and preparing to cross the Isonzo, the British advance at Anzac, and from the near East news of the new landing at Suvla. Through all this alternating of tragedy and triumph ran the million and million individual threads of hope, fear, fortitude, resolve, with which the fortune of the war was obscurely but fatally interwoven. Campton remembered his sneer at Dastrey's phrase: "One can at least contribute an attitude." He had begun to feel the force of that, to understand the need of every human being's "pulling his weight" in the struggle, had begun to scan every face in the street in the passionate effort to distinguish between the stones in the wall of resistance and the cracks through which failure might filter.

The shabby office of the Palais Royal again became his only haven. His portrait of Mrs. Talkett had brought him many new orders; but he refused them all, and declined even to finish the pictures interrupted by the war. One of his abrupt revulsions of feeling had flung him back, heart and brain, into the horror he had tried to escape from. "If thou ascend up into heaven I am there; if thou make thy bed in hell, behold I am there," the war said to him; and as the daily head-lines shrieked out the names of new battle-fields, from the Arctic shore to the Pacific, he groaned back like the Psalmist: "Whither shall I go from thee?"

The people about him—Miss Anthony, Boylston, Mlle. Davril, and all their band of tired resolute workers—plodded ahead

with their eyes on their task, seeming to find in its fulfillment a partial escape from the intolerable oppression. The women especially, with their Providential gift of living in the particular, appeared hardly aware of the vast development of the catastrophe; and Campton felt himself almost as lonely among these people who thought of nothing but the war as among those who hardly thought of it at all. It was only when he and Boylston, after a hard morning's work, went out to lunch together, that what he called the "*Lusitania* look," suddenly darkening the younger man's cherubic face, moved the painter with an anguish like his own.

Boylston, breaking through his shyness, had one day remonstrated with his illustrious friend for not going on with his painting: but Campton had merely rejoined: "We've each of us got to worry through this thing in our own way—" and the subject was not again raised between them.

The intervals between George's letters were growing longer. Campton, who noted in his pocket-diary the dates of all that he received, as well as those addressed to Mrs. Brant and Miss Anthony, had not had one to record since the middle of June. And in that there was no allusion to the *Lusitania*.

"It's queer," he said to Boylston, one day toward the end of July; "I don't know yet what George thinks about the *Lusitania*."

"Oh, yes, you do, sir!" Boylston returned, laughing; "but mails from the war-zone," he added, "have been very much delayed everywhere lately. When there's a big attack on anywhere they hold up everything along the line. And besides, no end of letters are lost."

"I suppose so," said Campton, pocketing the diary, and trying for the millionth time to call up a vision of his boy, seated at a desk in some still unvisualized place, his rumpled fair head bent above columns of figures or files of correspondence, while day after day the roof about him shook with the roar of the attacks which held up his letters.



Four Oaks—*Allegro*.

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY BEATRICE STEVENS.



Four Oaks—*Andante*



Four Oaks—*Scherzo*.



Four Oaks—*Allegro con brio.*

The Great Audience Invisible

BY ORANGE EDWARD McMEANS

Author of "Eavesdropping on the World"

"For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?"



NEW voice is heard in the land. It comes to join the chorus of those whose mission is to amuse, instruct, and advise the people. This new voice, speaking near and far, with

the speed of light, over mountain and plain and sea, to limits which we dare not set short of the uttermost parts of the earth, is radio communication,—particularly its latest phase, radio telephone broadcasting. The printing-press and the motion-picture stand out as epoch-marking instruments in telling the world what the world is doing. But radio broadcasting harks back to the primitive, the direct appeal by word of mouth, giving it new power as yet unmeasured. The orator may now speak to millions with less effort than formerly to hundreds. The "hear ye" of the town crier resounds not only through the village streets but is heard afar in city and country, even out on the trackless deep. The voice of the singer and the sweet harmony of the instrument remain not within the narrow confines of the audience-room but leap forth into space, scorning walls or other barriers, and finding charmed listeners wherever they may be.

Those who have been "listening in" with fair regularity recently must know that radiotelephone broadcasting has advanced in America in the past year or so with strides that are difficult of comprehension. A few days ago I purchased a map of the United States and Canada, and hung it on the wall of the little back room out at my home. This little room for a number of years has been the listening post where we have kept tab on the world's doings. The wall map has printed on it a series of bright-red spots and red letters indicating the location and official

designation of the radio broadcasting stations now operating. Across the room it resembles somewhat the photograph which I once took of the back of our boy scout when his measles were at their worst. In some regions of the map the red spots even crowd each other clear off into the ocean with red extension lines back to the location of the whole bunch, as at New York, Washington, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. How many spots on the map? Fortunately, there is also an alphabetical list printed below the map itself, making counting easy, and this totals up to eight hundred and twenty-five. Is it any wonder that with this number of broadcasters at work the air is full to overflowing any time you tap in? And the map is already a back number, for we have heard several stations we can't find on it.

That is one side of the broadcasting story in cold, statistical, card-index form. What about the audience of silent listeners that form the beach on which break the waves poured out from these more than eight hundred centres of ether disturbance? Here is an incident that may help to frame an answer. One recent Sunday night, sitting in the little back room, we listened with charmed delight to a pipe-organ and church-choir programme. The announcer told that they were that night dedicating the pipe-organ just installed in the broadcasting-room. Some two weeks later we sat again listening to the splendid music from this same station. This time the announcer stated that in the one week following the organ dedication they had received more than seventeen thousand letters commending their programme—and the letters were still pouring in. Up to the time of his announcement, he said, a tabulation showed that the letters came from every State in the Union, all the provinces of Canada, from Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and from hundreds of vessels

on the Atlantic and Pacific. Seventeen thousand letters, and before the avalanche ceased it must have been twenty thousand or more. What percentage do you suppose of those who heard the big pipe-organ that Sunday night took the trouble to write a letter? Was it one in a hundred, or as high as one in ten? Any way you figure it, the result is startling. It shows that the organist at the keyboard of this one particular instrument is playing night after night to the greatest audience ever assembled by any means for any purpose in the history of the world. What a thrill should fill his soul and tingle out into the finger-tips that are privileged to start the melody forth on its light-speed way to the listening ears of a million!

This audience is remarkable and totally different in several ways from anything before known. Not only for the vast numbers is it notable, but in the perfection of the hearing of the music of the pipe-organ, and the choir which sings to its accompaniment betimes. As we all know only too well, in a company of a few thousand, as ordinarily assembled to hear the music of an organ or other instrument, there will be many seated or standing around the outer edge of the throng who cannot hear plainly enough to enjoy the programme. But here we have, say, several hundred thousand, which might just as well be several million, each one of whom is hearing the music as plainly as if he had the best seat in the auditorium. Perhaps it was this satisfaction in the hearing that in part impelled a few thousand to write the letters of appreciation.

Another difference that marks this vast company of listeners is that they do not sit packed closely, row on row, in stuffy discomfort endured for the delight of the music. The good wife and I sat there quietly and comfortably alone in the little back room of our own home that Sunday night and drank in the harmony coming three hundred miles to us through the air. How easy it is to close the eyes and imagine the other listeners in little back rooms, in kitchens, dining-rooms, sitting-rooms, attics; in garages, offices, cabins, engine-rooms, bungalows, cottages, mansions, hotels, apartments; one

here, two there, a little company around a table away off yonder, each and all sitting and hearing with the same comfort just where they happen to be. Work your imagination a trifle harder and see the snow-bound huts of the great north-land, where fur-clad figures silently listen to the strains of the great organ. Then slip down to the islands of the South, where amid fronded palms, little companies clad in summery white sit listening to that same choir and organ. Let fancy take you into hospital wards where helpless sufferers lie, smiling for a time as the pealing harmony rings out, "Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on." Is imagination weary with these flights, or will it still carry you on, hard pressing the flying ether-borne strains far out upon the vasty deep, where, over the sea and under the sky, the great organ and the choir find still other hearers who sit in the great audience?

And all this is about one concert from only one of the eight hundred and twenty-five broadcasting stations marked in red on our map. What were the rest of these broadcasters doing that same night? Going strong, nearly every single one of them we may be very sure, unless by great misfortune they had burned out the last spare bulb, or a storm had blown down the transmitting antenna. And they were all playing to great audiences of unseen listeners. How many radio listeners were there, all told, that Sunday night? Multiply the eight hundred and twenty-five stations by—what figure shall it be? How many thousand listeners will it average to each one broadcaster? If we say a thousand, which seems quite conservative, then we have eight hundred and twenty-five thousand as the total. There is manifestly no way of checking up the calculation, but it is probable that the silent listeners on any one night will average several millions. What a company gathered for one purpose on a Sunday night!

Not long ago, in the pages of this magazine, I told how our radio receiving outfit was built before, and rebuilt after the Great War by the boy scout and myself, with the loyal encouragement and interest of the sister camp-fire girl and her

guardian mother. So this radio set in the little back room is a fully established member of the family with a voice in our daily doings. The boy scout came home from college last spring to land at an editorial desk of a local newspaper, insuring, incidentally, immediate blue-pencil censorship of dad's articles. He also took over the scoutmaster's job with the troop of boy scouts, giving me more time for several things, including radio experiments, and browsing among the broadcasters. During the summer our radio outfit was rearranged and put in good trim for the winter. It behaves much better now, showing less of the barbaric tendency to let out a wild Comanche yell right in the middle of the Pittsburgh church service, or to pick up something like the howl of the coyotes along with the ether-waves crossing the plains from Denver or Los Angeles. We now have a plug-board for a dozen 'phones, and a loud-speaker to tap in when the visitors overflow the little back room.

This loud-speaker, or any similar device that we have tried, must be regarded as only a poor substitute for the far more perfect head-receiver set. Much harm has no doubt been done to the cause of radio broadcasting by the indiscriminate use of loud-speakers of various types for demonstrations or as advertising devices for stores of dealers in radio supplies. Many persons have an impression that the squawking, rasping noise emitted from the blaring horns of these devices is characteristic of radiotelephony in general, and naturally they care nothing for any more of it. Some loud-speakers, it is true, give excellent results when manipulated by a competent radio operator. However for consistent, satisfying hearing by means of the radiotelephone there is nothing that can equal the individual receiver set. It is the results that are to be obtained in this way that form the basis for this article. If you would know what radio receiving really means, put on the "ear-muffs."

The other night the young editor-scout-master came home to find me sitting at the listening post. He dropped on the couch beside the radio desk and slipped on a pair of 'phones. It was a musical programme from San Antonio, coming

through the frosty night air with startling distinctness. For a quarter of an hour we listened in silence, then, in an interval between numbers, I touched the dial slightly. With a crash we were in the midst of a selection being played by a full band. At the end of the number came the query from the couch, "Hey! Pop, where are we now?" Before I could reply, a big bass voice roared out through the 'phones, seeming to fill the little room, "WGY, Schenectady." Just a mere jump of two thousand miles between numbers by the slight crooking of one finger. The listener on the couch had not stirred even the one finger, and knew of the jump that happened to be half-way across the continent only by the sudden change in programme. And we forgot to ask for our checks when we slipped away from San Antonio.

One of our visitors remarked that it is about as much fun hearing the announcements, and thereby finding where you are among the red spots on the map as it is listening to the programmes. And it is even so. This fishing in the far away with the radio hook and line is rare sport. The line is long, the fishing is getting better all the time, and it usually does not take many minutes to find out what you have on the hook. In addition to the formal declaration of the station's call letters, given at intervals through the programme, these broadcasters have evolved a long list of kinks and stunts that identify them on the instant. The locomotive whistle sounding, "too-oo, too-oo, toot, toot," marks the broadcasting station at a railroad division point in Georgia. The weird howl of the siren auto signal is an automobile school in Kansas City that puts out good music between the howls. The "ting-a-ling" of the hand bell announces that the "town crier" of a Detroit newspaper is about to begin his whimsical digest of the day's news. There are several variations of the Chinese dinner-gong, one broadcaster closing his nightly programmes by sounding "taps" on the sweet-toned bells, while Louisville makes the final number a bell solo playing "My Old Kentucky Home."

Considerable ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of slogans for certain high-class widely known stations.

There is "The Voice of the South" from Atlanta, Davenport is "Where the West Begins," from Minneapolis comes "The Call of the North," Kansas City declares itself "The Heart of America," while San Antonio comes along with the inviting phrase, "The Winter Playground of America." Even the voices of the announcers come to be familiar and distinctive to one who listens often enough. There is the deep basso which comes to mean "Schenectady" with the first syllable, the quiet easy round tone which announces "This is WWJ" from Detroit, the sprightly pleasing voice that speaks into your 'phones to tell that you are listening to that pioneer and old faithful station KDKA at Pittsburgh, while the broadcaster at Havana, Cuba, has a blown-in-the-bottle label in his Castilian accent marking every word, even if he did not duplicate all announcements in Spanish. Nearly all vocal numbers from his station are also rendered in that tongue for the benefit evidently of the radio listeners dwelling on the "Pearl of the Antilles." But the wide Gulf is no barrier nor yet the thousand miles of land across which these charming Spanish numbers reach us in Hoosierland. All these stunts, slogans, and voices constitute the bobbing cork to tell where your radio hook is taking hold as you sit fishing out into the unknown with all the patience and keenness of expectation ever displayed by any disciple of Izaak Walton.

The delight in the "catch" often grows as you listen, to find something going on of great timely importance or personal appeal. We heard the brief farewell address of Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France," as he spoke in the ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel, New York, the night before his departure homeward bound. Long years of engineering training and practice caused me to listen with keen zest one night as we happened to cut in just in time to hear Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz, whose name and fame are known to all electrical engineers, speaking from Schenectady to a convention in Swampscott, Mass. There was something of the same delight in hearing Doctor Robert E. Speer speak from Pittsburgh concerning his recent trip through

Mesopotamia, since it happened that, many years ago, I sat in a summer school under Doctor Speer's teaching. During the final game of the last "world's series," in New York, we heard from our listening post the running comment on the game by Grantland Rice, who sat in the press box at the Polo Grounds. Mr. Rice's knowledge of the players and the innermost workings of our national game gave intense vividness to his snappy report. This was accented when he would follow a player around the diamond, finally jerking out "safe at home," and we could hear the crowd cheer wildly. One night a little company of high-school teachers were listening with us when we tapped a ring-side report of a series of boxing bouts. The usually demure teachers nearly laughed themselves into hysterics over the strange pugilistic lingo of the reporter. Of course, we receive the printed advance programmes from many of the broadcasters, and direct our nightly course through the ether from our listening post to points that seem to offer the richest feast according to our own measure of enjoyment. But programmes often change after printing to bring in events of later occurrence or catch the fleeting opportunity for an address or song by the unexpected guest in the broadcaster's own city. Then, again, we grow tired often of checking the schedule and just browse around here and there among the many stations whose tuning we know on the dials and the many more that we don't know until we catch them.

That Southern railroad-station broadcaster one night put on a programme which he said was "for the especial benefit of Train No. 36, the New York and New Orleans Limited, now running between Atlanta and West Point, Georgia." Between the musical numbers he would announce the progress of the train as it passed station after station. And we who listened in Indiana could see in fancy the speeding train whose passengers were being entertained by the music flashing to them through the medium that laughs at slow-going steam. Often we catch a bit of the personal touch that lends the newspaper man's "human interest" to the formal programmes, as when the violinist from the school of

music of Bonham, Texas, playing at Fort Worth, paused a moment before the first number to say in a sweet girlish voice, "Hello! Mama, I just wanted you to know that I arrived safely in Fort Worth." On the night of a serious conflagration recently in the city of Atlanta, the broadcaster stopped his regular programme to tell of the progress of the fire as he saw from his window building after building succumb to the advancing flames. In another city, the building across the alley from the broadcasting station was selected for attack by a gang of burglars, who were detected in their nefarious work by the district patrolman, who called out the emergency squad and the "hurry-up wagons." The broadcaster's description of the exciting scene from his window was punctuated by the clanging gongs and the yells of the crowd which gathered.

The routine of announcing, night after night, "The next selection from broadcasting station XYZ will be," etc., sometimes grows stale, and broadcasting-station crews break loose with a burst of fun that is shared far and wide among their hearers. Drowsy listeners to the announcer of an Atlanta newspaper, shortly before one midnight, were aroused by an invitation to join the new order of "Radio-owls," and then these same listeners sat up and disturbed their respective households by indulging in fits of uproarious laughter over a special programme of initiation. This programme was given as emanating from "Station ICU, the radio-phone broadcasting station of the Midnight Sunrise, located at Moonshine, Georgia." It was further stated that this broadcasting was being sent out "on the wildest wave-length in America." Each musical or other number was preceded by the raucous clanging of cow-bells, which, it was explained in response to an anxious inquiry by wire telephone, was "The Holstein Chimes." The announcer of this rural outburst paused in his fun-making at one time to thank an appreciative member of the midnight audience listening at Terre Haute, Indiana, for relaying the programme back to Atlanta by long-distance telephone, giving the revellers a chance to hear themselves as others heard them five hundred miles away.

There is a suggestive hint of the world-broadening and boundary-obliterating mission of radio broadcasting to those who listen here in "the States" to the nightly broadcasting of news, educational, and musical features from Havana and Winnipeg. The barriers in both these cases are slight, it is true, but the ether-waves know nothing of even the perfunctory official checking at the man-made lines to which everything material and visible is subjected in seeking to make the crossing from the "Dominions of the King" to "the land of the free and home of the brave." It is here that one feels with full force the power of the radio-phone to transport the listener in effect into the very presence of the speaker or other source of transmitted sound. There are countless little details, which we count as mannerisms of the speaker or mere incidents of fleeting and minor nature, occurring in connection with any programme, which jump into importance when we listen a thousand miles away and find ourselves closing the eyes to fly instantly into the very theatre, church, broadcasting-room, or other place of origin of the sounds, loud and feeble, intentional and accidental, which come with marvelous perfection of transmission through the stretches of empty nothingness to spread before us a vivid picture of the very scene at the start of the flying waves. It is this "atmosphere" of local sounds, forming the scenery or setting for the formal numbers of music or spoken word, that carries the hearer from his humble listening post and sets him in a favored seat in the great audience. The broadcaster down there in Havana may not realize it, but he is conducting an English-Spanish class of unprecedented attendance. His bi-lingual announcements will revive in many of his hearers faded memories of college short courses in Spanish, while the songs of the charming señoritas keep the attendance from falling off. Learn Spanish at home? Why not, when it is so easy to tune the dials carefully to the wave bearing the softly rolling R's, and then just sit quietly under the pleasant admixture of instruction and entertainment? See if your ears are sharp enough to identify that regular clucking sound that comes persistently in

the intervals between selections. Sounds much like a big clock ticking. No, it is only the "put-put-put" of the gasoline-engine generator that supplies the electric kick to send the Spanish out into space.

Popular interest in radio came with such a rush in the spring of 1922, that a great deal of unsatisfactory receiving apparatus was hurriedly put on the market. Many broadcasting stations were also set up in a makeshift way, and put out programmes of extremely amateurish nature. At the very first, any sort of a sound which could be recognized as speech or music was interesting. But the public to-day has been trained to expect rapid improvement in any invention catering to their comfort, convenience, or amusement. The fascinating wonder of yesteryear may come to be "rotten service" to-day if it does not meet the popular ideal of perfection. So it is that the broadcaster who allows his generator hum to get into the air, or who announces a "pie-anna" solo, may expect his listeners to tune off his wave in a hurry. But, taking it all over, the broadcasters have done extremely well, considering the absolute novelty of the enterprise and the absence of any direct financial return for the service. Many changes must come in the near future to systematize and standardize conditions which are still crude and haphazard in relative schedules, distribution of broadcasting stations, and nature of programmes. The situation is clearing, and may be expected to improve rapidly.

A recent government-department ruling establishing "Class B" broadcasting stations to operate on four-hundred-metres wave-length under rigid requirements as to equipment, schedule, and quality of output, has lifted a number of the highest-grade stations out of the three-hundred-and-sixty-metre tangle. But even so, the ether-waves at any allowable wave-length are fairly packed with music of every known kind and variety from the jazziest jazz to grand opera and anthems of church choirs. Intermingled with the music we find sermons, addresses, talks on fashion, home economics, science, medicine, art, and on down the list to the end of the index. One of the problems confronting the broadcasters to-day is to

find out what the people want to hear, and to make the mixture in the right proportion. The experience of the talking-machine people affords some light on the question. Good music may be expected to find a receptive audience at any time, with just at present, it must be admitted, a popular demand for jazz. But all the people are not jazz crazy and even the best of music palls after a time. A good speaker with a real message may be very sure as he stands before the mysterious box and speaks out into the unknown, that he is holding an audience literally in tune with him. The preacher who has a little black box mounted on the pulpit comes very soon to know that the congregation seated before him is to the great invisible listening throng but as the sprinkle of a few drops over the baptismal font to the pouring rain outside. One preacher had so many calls by mail and telephone for a certain broadcasted sermon that he printed an edition of ten thousand copies, and two weeks later told that these were exhausted and ten thousand more were being hurriedly printed to mail out to members of the great "invisible congregation." Do folks go to church by radio? There is one preacher who knows they do. William Jennings Bryan spoke one evening to a fairly large congregation in a church in Pittsburgh. His manager was inclined to be sceptical of the little black box on the pulpit. Mr. Bryan did not object, however, and the circuit from the transmitter to the broadcasting station was turned on during his address. In the following few days more than four thousand letters reached Mr. Bryan from hearers in nearly every State in the Union.

The technique of radio broadcasting brings something entirely new into the experience of even the trained speaker or musician. The absence of the expectant throng of faces and the instant response in smile, pealing laughter, clapping of hands, or other signs of reaction to the speaker, with the resulting loss in inspiration leading to increasing power in delivery or execution, presents a difficult situation. There is nothing in an empty room and a small black carton-like object hanging from a music-stand support to suggest a hundred thousand hearers,

each one of whom sits with keen ears right where the black carton is swinging, each one hearing not only the spoken words of the formal address, or the sweet harmonies of voice and instrument, but hearing as well the rustle of the papers in the speaker's hand, the taking of breath between the singer's trilling strains, every sound made or uttered while the switch is turned on. The making of phonograph records is somewhat similar but differs greatly in one respect, the lack of immediate contact with the audience. A poor record can be retaken until the desired perfection in recorded sound is obtained, to be sent out later on to thousands of hearers. But for the radiophone speaker there is no such thing as a "retake." The audience is there, expectantly waiting though unseen, and what is said or done must be delivered then and there, even as over the footlights to a crowded house. It is a new variety of "blind man's buff" with the added ban of silence placed on all the players, save the one in the centre upon whom attention is concentrated. Who can blame this one for showing signs of intense nervous strain in the one-sided game? But speakers and entertainers will soon overcome this "broadcast buckague" as the novelty

wears off and we take this wonder of to-day into the daily life of to-morrow.

For anything that is worth the telling or worth the hearing, this new-found handmaiden of civilization brings a way to tell it with the greatest ease to the greatest audience, and to hear it with the least effort or disturbance to our daily round. Until recently the motion-picture held the field as the latest development in the effective spreading of information to the greatest number. It is a triumph of optics, mechanics, and chemistry in the amusement and instruction of the world through the avenue of sight. Now comes radiotelephony, calling in unmistakable tones to art, science, education, amusement, and religion, to make use of this far-reaching but direct-acting approach to the people through the medium of sound. The call is being heard by artists, teachers, preachers, leaders of thought in every line of human activity, who are addressing the great invisible audience of those who sit at home yet gather to listen, who applaud not with the clapping of hands, but nevertheless are responsive in high degree, an audience even now compelling attention for its overwhelming size, and growing fast into "a great multitude which no man could number."

When I Am Gone

BY W. ELLERY SEDGWICK

If you would think of me when I am gone
 Then think me not on some unearthly shore,
 Prouder of heart in some more ample dawn
 Seeking a larger love I missed before.
 But think of me turned weary of the quest—
 No more for daring, eager for the strife,
 But near to you, a not unworldly guest
 Asking alone the little crumbs of life.

O think of me as just so late returned
 From woods and uplands I have loved to roam,
 And know that in my heart old fires burned
 When once again I crossed the fields for home;
 Then know me well in my remembered place,
 Watching you still—the firelight on your face.



Jim couldn't follow the old trails much more.—Page 419.

A Cowpuncher Speaks

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "Bucking Horses and Bucking-Horse Riders"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



IM up on a knoll. The river-bottom stretches out below me, and far as I can see is a checkered country of little pastures, fields, and alfalfa patches, fences a-cutting up the land and a-stretching 'way up over the ridges. It all looks so peaceful and I wonder if it's as it looks. I wonder if that man out there working in his field, worrying about his crop or mortgage, appreciates or sees what's about him. There's so many gates, ditches, and bridges, it seems like they're down a hole and sort of trying to get out of the entanglements.

How many of 'em would like to see the country as it was; how many have rode across the river-flats when the neighbor was some fifteen miles or so away? When the only fence was a little "wrango" horse pasture and the big pole corrals?

The hills were black with cattle then, more cattle than this country will ever see again; there was a lot of freedom, no mortgages, and you were glad when your neighbor rode in and sat at your table remarking "how good" *his own beef* tasted for a change.

There's old Jim Austin who's got the real-estate office up above the bank—at one time he was paying taxes on fifteen thousand head of cattle (which means he was running closer onto twenty-five thousand of the critters), had a couple thousand horses and twenty thousand acres of land—some of it government land he'd bought for as low as two bits an acre, the rest he got from the homesteaders who'd leave the country and trade their "three hundred and twenty" for a ticket back home. It's the same land I'm looking at now, but you wouldn't know it.

Jim, he'd come up trail into Montana at the "point" of Texas' first herds; the



How many of 'em would like to see the country as it was?—Page 417.

cattle was most head, and horns averaging six foot from tip to tip. He was a "top hand" and reckless as they make 'em; had nothing but a string of brones and good health. He'd traded his wages for cattle, and every fall when the last of the beef was shipped you could see Jim driving his summer's wages home, all good young she-stock he'd bought here and there, along with a few "slicks" he thought *might* be his.

Once in a while he'd get on a rampage and leave all his cattle on the poker-table, but it wasn't long till there'd be another little bunch at the home corrals bearing the Austin "iron," and Jim would make a new promise, till finally a schoolmarm made him keep it—and that was to never touch cards or "likker" again. He got so he wouldn't ride bad horses any more, so interested he was in making a go of what he'd started.

His herds kept increasing and spreading over the government range; his little squatter's right was three hundred and twenty acres and the unsurveyed land about him was same as his. He wasn't crowded for room.

Then out of a clear sky came the smell of sheep; all was O. K. at first, 'cause the cowmen figgered there was plenty of range for everybody, *even sheep*. But soon enough the sheep kept getting thicker and their range poorer, which started the crowding on the cowman's best bits of country. There was a few parleys without the voice of the "smoke wagon" being heard—but sheep and sheep-herders don't have much respect for words or rules or country; so they went at it to start spoiling it all; and the cowmen went on to finishing what the sheepmen had started, with the result that mostly sheepmen and sheep was missing. The government couldn't do much; they'd had to pinch about four States.

The cattlemen won for a spell and all was hunkydory again outside of the damage sheep had done to the range. The dust beds they'd made out of the good grassy "benches" was beginning to show signs of life, the air was pure as ever, and cattle was getting fat. The cattlemen were all good folks once more and tending to their business in the land that was theirs. They were the first to blaze the

trail to it; they made that land a big beef-producing country, it was their home, and naturally they wouldn't allow a stinking sheep coming along and leaving nothing of it but the bad odor.

Jim Austin rode in one day and went on to tell Mrs. Austin what a fine neighbor had just moved in and took a "squatter's" just five miles down the river. A few months later another sets up a tent and starts a shack, up river this time and only two miles away. "Well, that was all right; there's lots of room, but I can't see how they're going to make a go of 'farming,'" Jim said; "this country's too dry." Anyhow, they kept a-coming, and it wasn't long till Jim couldn't follow the old trails much more. He'd bought all the government land he could, but that was nowhere near enough to run even one-fifth of his cattle. His leases couldn't hold the homesteader back, only sheep. Some of his best springs were filed on and taken away from right inside his lease. Then the sheep showed up again; the homesteader wasn't worried about sheep, they couldn't do him no harm, so they were neutral, and the cattlemen went at it again alone. It was a losing fight; their range was being taken from 'em one way or another, and they hadn't much heart to saving what little was left. So they tried it in another way and speculated some. In the meantime their cattle was still eating what little feed the sheep hadn't shoved into the earth, and the cowboy was still swapping a few shots with the sheep-herder and batting him over the ear with the six-gun every chance he got.

The freighters were kept busy hauling out the nester. He'd take them, their lumber, grub, and all, and set 'em 'way out somewhere on the prairie wherever their particular homestead was at. Few of 'em had enough money to buy an outfit like team and wagon, and they went out anyway, figuring on buying the next spring; besides, they'd know better what they wanted when they got there. They did all right, but not till the freighter had already left, and then they realized what a big country they were in. The first few had no close neighbors to go to and borrow from. I guess it seemed they was all alone in the whole world.



Jim, he'd come up trail into Montana at the "point" of Texas' first herds.—Page 417.

The booster had most of the folks who'd come West to homestead believing that all was fixed for them out here. All they'd have to do would be to go on and farm a little; the windmill would be a-running for 'em and the chickens waiting to be fed. Some paradise, and no wonder they flocked after they heard so much about the climate being so fine and the soil being so rich! The soil *was* fine, all right, and

Jim would most always send one of us boys to the nester closest to tell him bring his wagon and scatter this critter among his neighbors.

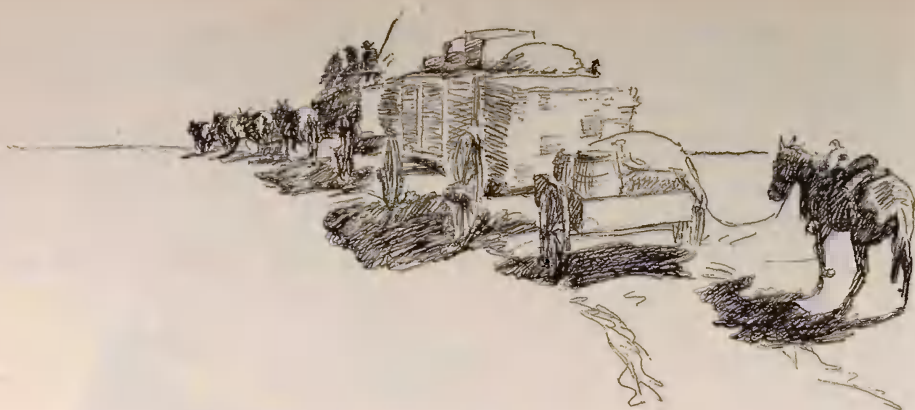
One winter while riding for weak stock, and thirty miles from camp, I see one of them nester shacks in the distance and getting dark. I figgers on putting up at the place for the night, if satisfactory with the owner. I rides up and the place



The cowboy was still batting the sheep-herder over the ear with the six-gun every chance he got.—Page 419.

the climate was good, but it needed water to grow what they planted. Well, they planted and waited, planted and waited in succession for years. The crop would come up fine in the spring, just fine enough for feed, then dry up. It was a cow country and should have been left such; but the nesters kept on hoping and working; the little money they'd brought with 'em was gone, and the little homestead was all they had. Some writers would have it that the stockman hired gunmen to drive the nesters off, but I'm here to say that I've packed many a hunk of beef on the back of my saddle for a certain nester with plenty of family and no grub. While working a herd we'd sometimes break a steer's neck or leg in roping.

looks deserted, no tracks on the week-old snow and no smokes out of the pipe or light to be seen. I gets off my horse and knocks. Some one answers inside and there's a note in the voice that suggests lost hopes coming back. Opening the door I sees an old man in his bunk by the corner; had everything over him he could get—horse-blankets, sacks, and old clothes was piled high. It's a wonder he could move, but he did; that is, his head anyway, and tells me to "come in." I finds he has nothing but eight cans of corn between him and starvation. He kept warm by staying in bed or walking around when he could. He'd burnt his last fuel a month ago, even to the shelves, benches, and table he'd made; said he knew if he'd lose



The freighter would take the nester, his lumber and grub and set 'em 'way out on the prairie.—Page 419.

sight of the shack he'd get lost—and the bleak prairie outside all white without a break nowhere didn't look very promising to a newcomer—town was seventy miles away. He'd had a freighter haul his lumber and grub for him, figgering to stay on the homestead the winter and working away in the summer, and that way get title for the land. But him being a townman had no idea how much grub a human could eat in six months' time, and figgered about three months short. The little tin stove in the corner eats a lot too, and it was too late to gather "buffalo-chips," too much snow over 'em; besides, he'd need a wagon and team; so he'd et his corn cold.

I rides back that night and gets to the ranch for breakfast, tells Jim about it, and in a short while one of the boys is headed for the nester's shack with a little grub and an extra horse to bring the old man to the ranch with.

There was many like that; some families even hit the trail for the prairies that way, with all kinds of hopes and little knowing what they had to buck up against. The pioneer stockman who'd lost his country to 'em was man enough to help 'em; he didn't have to hire no gunman. All he'd had to've done was to ignore 'em and would've got rid of many that way. He didn't, 'cause it wasn't in him. He liked fair play, and even though he didn't get it from some, that's the way he dealt.

Fact is, I know of plenty of times when

cattlemen would find some of their cattle or horses shot down. It looked like it was done just for spite and it always struck me kind o' small for anybody to even scores that way. The sheepman wouldn't do it, it wasn't his style. And I remember, before the nesters came in, the latch-string hung out always; but with the nester or what followed him it wasn't safe to be too hospitable and leave the door open. A 30-30 carbine would disappear, or blankets, also saddles and grub; so the padlock was fastened to the cow camp and will stay there as long as there is one.

One spring, a strong warm "chinook" came, and mighty early. It took two feet of snow off the level, and kept on a-blowing hot; took most of the moisture out, and it was too early for the nesters to plant, for fear of the frost that was bound to come. The moisture that fell after that wasn't enough to wet a cigarette paper and it blew most always. The ground was dry, and where it had been ploughed it shifted fine. They didn't plant that year—they was leaving, out of the prairies back to home or anywhere else they could get, just so they got away.

Jim Austin was squatted by the corral counting the ears off the calves branded that day. "Mighty poor calf crop this spring," he thought; "cattle too scattered." He figgered he'd have to cut down the herd some more and run 'em closer to home.

A few days later Jim straddled his "top-horse" and told his wife not to ex-

pect him back for a few days. He was gone a week—and on his return he told a “wrango” to corral all the broke work-horses on the ranch, and told the ranch hands to grease up all the wagons, and hitch a four-horse team to each. Us cow-boys kept a-branding calves but we were sure a-wondering what was up. Finally it was learned that he bought all the homesteads he could get that was *proved on*, and was helping the nesters what hadn’t already gone to move their belongings and families to the railroad. They was mighty glad to sell for enough to get back home on, and that way Jim was trying to get his old range back. Though he was sorry for the nesters, he knew there was no use—this was a cow country and always will be.

The nesters’ fences was tore down and built up again, but it took in bigger territory. Some places the fence was a solid ten miles long and five wide. It was a winter range, and Jim kept on paying two cents lease an acre for thousands of acres of government land and fenced that in too. Sheep had the rest of the country buffaloe and dying. Some cattlemen still run their stock out on the free range, but they weren’t doing good, and the winters left many a bone pile in the coulées.

Riding up the bottom one day, Jim come across a whole outfit of tents, mules, and men in high laced boots. They were surveyors and engineers looking over the

prospects for a dam and irrigation canal. Jim got on his “high horse” right away and was fighting mad. He felt it was a new trap to heat and crowd him out of what he’d built, scraped together, and saved. He was satisfied to be left alone the way things was. The fact that the irrigation system would make his land worth ten times more didn’t faze him none. He’d forgot about the colts he’d rode out to bring in and started back to the ranch feeling kind o’ tired. There sure didn’t seem to be no use of fighting any longer; progress wanted his freedom.

The dam was built and Jim helped build it with shares. The canal cut through the old stage roads and trails and left a scar of many colors on the side of the river breaks. Most of his government lease was taken away from him; being it was under the canal and subject to irrigation, the land was sold at high price and this time the nesters was called “farmers” and came in to stay. There was water and plenty of it; little ditches run through the river-bottom and alfalfa began to grow. Haystacks and a few head of dairy stock were seen here and there. Jim held on and refused to sell any of his land. The range being overcrowded for years was mostly loco and sage-brush and rocks. The stirrup-high “blue joint” was gone. He had to cut down his herd and saw where what he kept would have to be fed in winter. His own land had to be di-



vided up with more fences and ditches, mowers and hay-rakes bought, and Jim tried to get himself used to seeing it all. It sure hurt, but it had to be. His white and brockle-faced stock crowded the fences at first fall. There was no more rustling in 'em, and the hay he'd cut looked better to them than the dry range. Jim didn't wonder; he knew how it was going to end—and it cut pretty deep when his cowpunchers'd rode in with wire pliers fastened to their saddles instead of the good old shootin'-iron at their belts.

The government didn't seem to care or realize that the cattle industry was being killed. They let sheep run in the country that could be ruined, when there was other States what might have been made sheep reserves and where their sharp hoofs could do no harm. They let the booster bring people out on the prairies that couldn't be dry-farmed. The proof is up on the benches. You'll see hundreds of deserted shacks; the land is ploughed around 'em and only weeds is where the buffalo-grass used to grow. What little is under irrigation don't no more than feed the few cattle, hogs, and sheep. Not much goes out—that is not near as much as when it was a cow country. The land is dying and it will die unless it's given a chance, and the sheep are took off and put away in the burned lava country.

Some folks would call it a great country, a heap greater they think than it ever was; but it don't seem like the United States any more. Take the little town of Garrison, for instance—it used to be our shipping-point—grew overnight, you might say; new hotels was built to accommodate the pilgrims, and there'd be only one hombre out of four what you might call American. The rest was from most everywhere where it was crowded. Two new banks sprang up, and on the second floor of the biggest you could see the gold letters in the big windows saying

JAMES AUSTIN, REAL ESTATE.

Yep, Jim had quit, turned all of his cattle he could into beef and shipped to Chicago. The mixed stock was sold at auction; his ranch was divided into small farms, which accounts for the real-estate office. It was for sale. Antonio Spagaroni had bought a hundred acres; he

didn't need to hire no help. All the young Spagaronis and the Missus was working. He'd take his best pork and chickens to market and keep for himself what he couldn't get rid of. "Oh! yes, thees fine coontree."

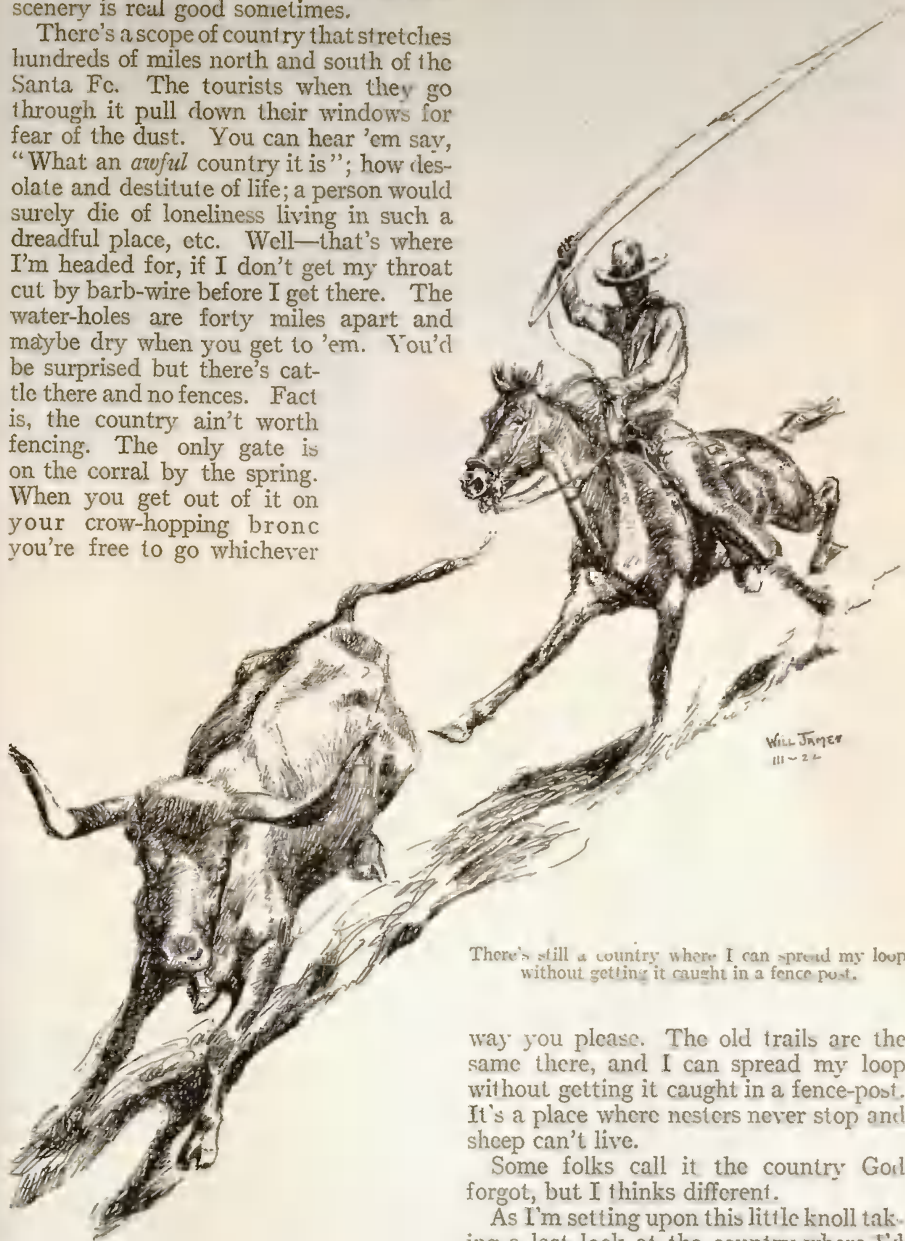
When the armistice was signed the railroad rates went up and the cattle prices went down. The folks in the big cities were paying four prices for beef and the stockmen were losing in shipping; like one told me he'd shipped a car-load of hides and got a bill from the buyer who said the hides didn't pay for the freight; that he'd have to send another car-load. It was a joke but there was a heap of truth in it. The cowmen were in debt and going under; they had to shift for themselves and were neglected and put back for other governmental needs. Nobody seemed to mind if beef was plum out of sight in the butcher-shops.

Jim loaned out all he could to help his pioneer friends, at the same time glad he was out of it. There were no corrals or belling cattle nowheres near him. He'd bought a home in Garrison, and on the walls of the big living-room you can see a few big paintings of Charley Russell's—Montana's cowboy artist. Jim knows every brush-mark on 'em. They represent happenings of the days when the range was free and open. There's no sheep or nesters' shacks to mar the scenery, and he'll tell you it's mighty good medicine for sore eyes and a tired heart.

He was studying one of them paintings as I walked in, and when he saw me he knew what was up. I'd been with Jim ever since he got enough cattle to hire an extra rider. I was his cow foreman and fought sheepmen with him and tried to help him save his little country. I saw it go under but I stayed to the end. When riding got scarce and he had to let the boys go one by one, me being the only one left, he still kept me on the pay-roll. Men for the hay-fields was hard to get, but he'd never asked me to get off my horse and ride the mowing-machine. He knew my feelings as a cowpuncher, admired and respected 'em that way. My wages never would work the way Jim's did. I was willing to let 'em go and have a little fun once in a while. I've got a

home with him if I want to take it, but I feel like hittin' the breeze some; new scenery is real good sometimes.

There's a scope of country that stretches hundreds of miles north and south of the Santa Fe. The tourists when they go through it pull down their windows for fear of the dust. You can hear 'em say, "What an *awful* country it is"; how desolate and destitute of life; a person would surely die of loneliness living in such a dreadful place, etc. Well—that's where I'm headed for, if I don't get my throat cut by barb-wire before I get there. The water-holes are forty miles apart and maybe dry when you get to 'em. You'd be surprised but there's cattle there and no fences. Fact is, the country ain't worth fencing. The only gate is on the corral by the spring. When you get out of it on your crow-hopping bronc you're free to go whichever



There's still a country where I can spread my loop without getting it caught in a fence post.

way you please. The old trails are the same there, and I can spread my loop without getting it caught in a fence-post. It's a place where nesters never stop and sheep can't live.

Some folks call it the country God forgot, but I thinks different.

As I'm setting upon this little knoll taking a last look at the country where I'd put in so many hard rides, a little old coyote ambles up the side of the hill, sees me and stops starts to run some more, then somehow feels that I'm harmless and stops again. I see him limping and no-

tice a trap kept one of his paws. He, too, has been crowded a heap, and somehow I have more admiration for him than I used to. I'd like to let him know we're not enemies no more.

The sun is going down as I straddle my

horse and head south for an all-night ride. It's most dark before I look back. I can see the outline of the river breaks I know so well, and not so far behind I can hear the Yip! Yip! of the little old three-legged coyote—he's follerin'!



The little old three-legged coyote is follerin'.

The Ban on Teaching

BY AN INSTRUCTOR

Author of "Colleges and Religion"

THE student in college claims front-page space, as usual. Presidents, professors, preachers, and star reporters alike are stretching him on the rack. The more recent furor seems to centre around the allegation that the college student is really not a student at all, and that to so designate him is just another twentieth-century hoax. The charge once made reverberates broadly. Hundreds rush forward to lay on or defend. Thus, a simple instructor in one of our larger seats of learning is emboldened to add a word on this ever-recurring problem of the status of our young men in college. And were I asked to designate the roots of the question, I should unearth two—Teaching, or the lack of it, and the Relationship, human or otherwise, which exists between teacher and pupil.

As an instructor in a college, I am particularly impressed by one fact. It is that many professors are actually hostile to teaching. In a recent article entitled "What Do Teachers Know?" the author says that many teachers know little concerning their subject. It is my experience that what knowledge teachers do possess they are certainly not encouraged, but almost forbidden, to transmit to the student. Hence, my bold thesis that a ban exists to-day on teaching. Of course, I know that it is hardly good form for a mere instructor to attempt a discussion of the place of teaching in college. Yet, the point of view of the man of research—the only scholar so-called—has so often and so safely been set forth that perhaps one may be forgiven for presenting the views of those who are interested primari-

ly in teaching. Certainly, if any position is anomalous to-day, it is that of the college teacher. So I have written what I believe true, because I am convinced that, if interest can be aroused, false standards will be swept away.

If students are admitted to college to be educated, which we assume to be unnecessary of demonstration, it seems obvious that instruction must be afforded. And if instruction is to be given it seems equally true that teachers must be provided. Thus it appears a natural, even logical, assumption that, in colleges, teaching—vibrant, inspiring, energizing instruction—should occupy a conspicuous place and be accorded full recognition.

Our colleges were originally founded to mould men. This was the purpose of the institution itself; this the goal of the teacher's efforts. Many an older graduate has testified in my hearing to the pervasive and abiding influence of some of the great teachers of a generation ago. Many men of my father's period have attributed whatever strength of moral and mental fibre they possess to the days spent under the guidance of men great in humanity as well as learning. Are such influences any less needed in our day? Is it true, as some educators aver, that the sole object of a college is to produce scholars?

It seems to me that the greatest service any institution of learning can render still is to send out men equipped to take their place in the world; men who, because of contact with reality while yet students in college, are ready to grapple with the problem of facts when they are graduated. The college needs to be brought nearer the world of every day. The undergraduates can be interested when they discover that the history, the economics, the languages they study embody life and hence fit for life. To-day is the time for a true interpretation of the past, that we may again draw on the wisdom and experience of the ages for our own guidance and salvation. To bring life and actuality to our colleges it is not necessary to turn them into trade or professional schools. Never. It is, however, imperative that live interpretation which builds a bridge from the past to the present, and from the present to the future, be predominant. It is just

this service of being living interpreters which real teachers perform. Boys can read: some of them well and deeply. But only a guide versed in life can teach them how to progress from their reading and study of the past to the solution of the problems of the present. The world needs men acquainted with the history and lore of past civilizations, but even more men able with this knowledge to lead us to new heights of progress and attainment. The world needs scholars, but the world requires leaders also. And no college is worthy of the name which places the emphasis on scholarship at the cost of the development of the qualities of manhood and leadership.

The commanding figure and arbiter of scholastic standards was formerly the celebrated teacher—the man whose chief concern was the making of men. To-day, the teacher, however successful, has little or no standing whatever. On the contrary, the man who devotes himself to presenting his subject in the most attractive and interesting form; who looks upon the development and cultivation of man's physical, mental, and moral faculties as a calling and not mere day labor, or burdensome hack work; who reaches his students, stirs their imagination, and fires their ambition; who even gains their admiration and respect; that man is actually looked down upon by a number of his colleagues in the faculty. I have seen this happen to some of my friends during the past year. To succeed in understanding and interesting the students in certain colleges to-day is to arouse immediately the suspicion of a large number of your confrères. It is also proof positive that you are soft-headed as well as soft-hearted. These are sweeping statements, yet they have their basis in fact, as many who have honestly tried to teach can testify.

But that is only one side—the lesser side. What of the students? If teaching is looked down upon, who does the teaching? What happens to the undergraduates? I am reminded of a young instructor who was a really remarkable teacher. He was interesting and enthusiastic—a source of inspiration and power. The undergraduates universally spoke of him as the best teacher on the faculty. He loved men and they responded. But

he failed to progress in rank or pay. He saw the finger on the wall. And, although his heart lay in teaching, he turned to research. He wrote a book, then another. His advancement became rapid. He is to-day a professor. What of his students? Now they will tell you that he is no longer the force of old. His teaching is listless and uninteresting, his pupils unresponsive and uninspired. A scholar was developed, perhaps, but at the expense of countless students, now and yet to come. A false standard obtains. Teachers suffer? Yes. But more vital still, the undergraduate is harmed.

During the war, in a training-camp in the United States, the slogan seemed to be "Get the candidate." The odds were all against his winning his commission, for the "weeding out" process was in vogue. In France the attitude in one training centre, at least, was entirely different. There the colonel, at the beginning of an instructional period, gathered his instructors about him for a man-to-man talk. The gist of his message was this: "You are to teach men who have been recommended by their commanding officers—many of them for bravery under fire—as officer material. The burden of proof is on you. If a candidate fails, I shall question you gentlemen first as to the reason for his failure." This was in September, 1918, when trained officers were sorely needed. The colonel's appeal produced real teaching. The one thought and purpose of every instructor in that school was to create officers who would be able and equipped. Men sat up nights to effect this result. It seems to me that students who are admitted to college, like the candidates who were recommended from the front, should bear proof of being the proper stuff. Then the burden should be squarely put upon the professors.

In days gone by, one understands, this attitude did prevail in the teaching staffs of American colleges. Then it was the professor's chief concern to educate the students in his charge. A failure on the part of the undergraduate was felt to be a failure of the teacher also. To-day, however, with research in the ascendant, teaching is provided on the "take it or leave it" theory. The students, we are told, have reached man's estate. They

have come to college, presumably, to acquire an education. Now let them get it. We cast our gems before them; there our responsibility ends. It is for the student to take or leave them. Thus, when a young instructor is anxious to inspire and assist his wards, as best he can, along the never "Royal Road to Knowledge," he is constantly warned against coddling or making things easy or too understandable. A certain number of the students, it is held, must be failed or the course is easy. Should any students evince a liking for a course, the teacher must watch himself most carefully, lest his reputation as a scholar be smothered ere it has a chance to stalk abroad.

Need it be said that if one is really a teacher, he will be a scholar too, and interested in scholarly pursuits? His emphasis, however, will be in the investment of his learning and experience directly in the lives of his students, who are hungry for the personal contact and association with their professors which inevitably ensue from true teaching. I was talking with a group of undergraduates not long ago when this subject arose. One student said: "The undergraduates do not appreciate abstract scholarship." Another added: "Students in the university take a certain professor's course because of the man and not because of the subject taught." No professor who really loves men can fail to be interested in teaching, and no one who is really a teacher can fail to be a scholar.

Writing, which at present is the accepted imprint of a scholar, is useful to the advancement of learning. But will one's writing be more or less valuable after some years of teaching? If it be true that many of the world's greatest achievements of scholarship have issued not solely from abstract learning, but far more from the author's knowledge of men, what better way of preparation than the teaching of men? Teaching first and writing later may produce the lasting contributions to the oft-referred-to "sum of human knowledge," but to-day writing first and teaching as slightly as possible make a full professor.

It is the practice of some colleges to send a questionnaire to the faculty annually, inquiring what the members have

published during the year. Those who have something to list are denominated productive scholars. Which reminds one of Plutarch's anecdote of Caesar, who, upon seeing some strangers at Rome carrying dogs and monkeys in their arms and embracing and making much of them, took occasion, not unnaturally, as Plutarch remarks, to ask whether the women in their country were not accustomed to bear children. The learned come bearing their monographs and treatises. But shall no one rise to ask them too whether their labors bring forth men?

We are informed by many that education is failing us. And well it may be so, if producing books is eulogized and repaid by advancement, while the efforts to produce men are scoffed at. It has been dinned in our ears that education must save us at the present juncture. To which, if true, I reply that, unless we regain the love and art of teaching, we are lost.

The truth is that at present the teacher exists by sufferance only, and stands against the current in the scholarly fraternity—a fact recognized by students as well as by faculty. For the educational field has been preempted by the so-called "research men." Their standards of scholarship have been set up as the only norms. At a recent meeting of professors at one of our leading colleges, one professor said that in his opinion no member of the faculty should be advanced except on the basis of articles and books published. Teaching, he affirmed, should have no weight whatever in determining academic preferment. His remarks were well received by his colleagues, and in that institution the policy he advocated is to be closely adhered to.

Research we must have, if high scholastic standards are to be maintained. I have no quarrel with research. I have only admiration and respect for those who are doing real battle along the front lines of science. Such men deserve our sympathetic interest and close co-operation. Their work must be appreciated more widely and better facilities afforded their endeavors. But if we are to keep our institutions open to undergraduates, it is also imperative that we have teaching. And

if teaching is to be at its best, due recognition of ability in that line must be granted. Too many "research men" say to-day—research or nothing. For the best interests of the students and the institutions, research and teaching must go hand in hand. In the other professions research and practice are equally recognized; distinction is gained and recognition bestowed upon one basis—excellence attained in any chosen field. So it runs in medicine, law, engineering, the ministry, in fact in all professions, save teaching. Here alone one single group is able to say: "We are the law and the prophets."

The field of usefulness for real teachers is unlimited. But how can a successful appeal be made to young men to enter a profession where, as they hold, the standard of advancement is wholly artificial? Is it reasonable to expect men to espouse a calling in which, at the present time, even if they succeed, they will be met in many colleges, at best only with the tolerance of a considerable number of their colleagues, and more generally with very thinly veiled or quite manifest contempt?

If one had money to give, he could do no better, in my opinion, than to endow professorships in each department of a college carrying adequate yearly stipends, with the stipulation that the incumbents should meet two requirements: first, that they be inspiring and successful teachers; second, that they be leaders of the students in one of their activities, whether physical, intellectual, or religious. In short, I would set up a goal to which teachers could aspire, and publish abroad the fact that there were still some in the land who believe that he who teaches is of equal consequence, at least, with him who "researches."

I said that the undergraduate is the chief loser because of the cloud under which teaching rests. This is admirably illustrated in the general faculty attitude toward the student. Some college professors to-day labor under the delusion that a complete understanding with their students might lead to too close a relationship. The students would become intimate! Deliberately, therefore, they adopt a stand-off attitude. Fortunately,

the number of such men is not great. But unfortunately there is a sprinkling of them in all faculties. Thus, faculty opinion generally on students and their affairs is tinctured with this point of view. It is true that in many of our colleges we have various forms of student self-government. There are also faculty committees on student affairs and student co-operation. These have been effective aids to a closer union. But I hold that in all relationships mechanism, however efficient, will never suffice. It is the spirit only that "giveth life." And, in the association of faculty and students, it is the spirit that animates the teacher as an individual which is the determining factor.

Teachers and students should be comrades. This idea, however, has never profoundly penetrated the faculty mind. So, instead of sympathetic and understanding associates, the professors, too often, set themselves up as lawmakers. And who will deny that as artificers of statutes they are almost as adept as our average State legislature? It is the principle of legalism and repression usurping the place of interest and sympathy which has made most of the mischief, and which has also deprived teachers as well as students of one of life's choicest relationships.

Faculty and students compose two groups which live in close proximity, where intercourse both intellectual and social can be of the most engaging and inspiring kind. Here it is that young men should come into close contact with those of riper years. The intimate association of undergraduate with undergraduate, the relationship of give and take among men of the same age are valuable, indeed. There is, perhaps, no better training for life than to match one's self with one's fellows in college. It is this side of college life which has received notice. But there is another relationship which ought to be even more stimulating and enriching—that between the student and his teacher. A young man can benefit immeasurably both from those who have just preceded him along the road, and also from those who can look back from a point of vantage gained through a quarter of a century or more of dealing with men.

Youth needs the balance and perspective of maturity. But youth cannot form

the alliance which will bring to it these benefits unless we elders see the tremendous opportunity and stretch out welcoming hands. There are many more men of broad human sympathies on all our faculties than are ever suspected by the students. Such men have a contribution to make to the moulding of human character and ideals. But first they must comprehend this idea as one befitting a scholar. The difficulty has been, I fear, that too many are under the misapprehension that friendliness, sympathy, and intimacy with students are not consonant with academic dignity nor included in academic employment. A similar misconception was prevalent during the war among some officers in our army. But it was a common observation that, as the front lines loomed nearer, the officers and men were drawn closer together. Students and teachers occupy the front lines of life's great testing-ground. Where personality and character are being hammered and tempered into resistant strength, here a superb opportunity for the choicest association and fellowship is afforded. Certainly, no individual is more susceptible to kindness and sympathy, interest and guidance, than is the average college undergraduate. This being so, should the true teacher be satisfied with anything short of a loyal and ennobling comradeship?

I remember, when I began to teach, a professor who has handled students about as skilfully during the past decade as any one I know, said to me: "Whenever you approach any student problem, try your best to put yourself in the student's shoes and see first of all if when you were his age your ideas would not have coincided with his"—a bit of advice containing the wisdom of years of devotion to the undergraduate and his problems. But when a question concerning the undergraduates emerges, there is no attempt on the part of a great number of the professors to discover, if possible, the student view-point; no endeavor to ascertain whether, from the vantage-ground of a younger man, the attitude of the undergraduates may not appear entirely reasonable. Many teachers, forgetting that they are perhaps twice the age of the men under them, argue from premises as if they were deciding a

point with their contemporaries. Small wonder then that, the farther they pursue their line of argument, the greater the rift between the undergraduates and themselves.

In the path toward a closer bond between faculty and students, another obstacle usually crops up. On student matters professors are wont to argue in a mechanical, pedantic—shall I say it?—academic manner. Often have I been aroused on hearing some question of student discipline discussed in a cold, intellectual fashion, with one side advancing and another refuting arguments, all with a relish for the mere intellectual give and take and all seemingly unmindful that the well-being, perhaps the future even, of a human being was at stake. Often the argument simmers down to a question of boiling or frying the student, while the fact that he is an animate object entirely escapes attention. Should a request from the students be formally presented to the faculty, the immediate reactions of some suspiciously resemble those of "alarmed elderly gentlemen." But I suppose that the students are also to blame. For do they not become, when engrossed in the niceties of football, quite as oblivious to the aims of the faculty as our academic "schoolmen," when absorbed in the logical niceties of debate, become oblivious to the fate of the student? Some one, I believe, once said that "students and faculty are much alike, except that the faculty are more childlike."

Then, there are a few members of every faculty who never have understood young men—and they never will understand them. Their opinions, somehow, get abroad. And while perhaps never completely subscribed to, their beliefs tinge the general faculty sentiment to a more marked degree than, possibly, is realized. Students and their affairs, for such professors, live in an enchanted circle where the rays of actuality never penetrate.

The fetish colleges have made of regulations and rules is also a disturber of the peace, although it was long ago held that a "refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion."

There is a member of my college class with whom I seldom converse without his referring to our alma mater in acrid lan-

guage. He was a victim of the rules. His case in spirit was outside the prescribed regulations, but technically within. He was informed that, although the authorities entertained feelings of profound sympathy for him personally, inasmuch as rules were rules he would have to be dismissed. He left embittered. And I scarcely think it too strongly put, when I affirm that his whole life has been colored by what he deemed a rank injustice.

I recall once, when a small boy, hearing Edward Everett Hale speak. The one sentence of his discourse I remember was this: "Law and justice are not yet synonymous terms in this country." It would seem that his observation could be applied to the dispensation of justice according to college rules. I have laid down regulations in my classes and in exceptional cases have broken every one of them. This, it is held, is the most dangerous procedure one could follow. "For," say the college legalists, "make one single exception and the bars are down forever." Nevertheless, I have yet to meet the first man who has attempted to take advantage of the argument that because a special ruling was made in the instance of another, I should rule likewise for him. It may be true in general that the conduct of life requires a technical application of law, though it must be admitted the world is growing more and more restive under technical rules. But it would seem that in a college community substantial justice ought to be above any code, and that in an institution consecrated to the making of men a clear injustice done to a single individual is of far greater moment than the setting aside of a hundred regulations. Surely, in college of all places, a man should be impressed with the spirit of justice by which he is governed. Certainly we can do no greater disservice to a world still debating, after centuries of toil and blood, whether order and justice really are of supreme worth, than to implant a hatred of these terms in the minds of the youth of the land through any blundering or mistaken prejudices to which for years we, as teachers, may have subscribed. Again, I lay the responsibility upon the faculty. We are more mature and experienced; we are supposedly the guides. We then should strain every

fibre in an endeavor to administer true justice.

A fundamental difference in point of view on athletics is another fruitful source of disagreement between faculty and students. I shall not venture here on a lengthy defense of athletic sports, nor do I propose to assign their precise position in college life. Of this, however, I am persuaded—those who attack college athletics most savagely, and inveigh against them most ferociously, have never pictured to themselves just what the colleges and the nation itself would be, were all college games suppressed. In the fall of 1918 France was placarded with appeals to the youth of that land to engage in some form of athletics. The physical fitness of the American army had impressed itself ineffaceably upon the minds of the leaders in France. They had been told that athletics were the secret of American physical stamina, so they were adopting our policy in the whole cloth. Some of us also carry equally vivid recollections of a young France that formerly participated in no more vigorous exercise than the riding of a bicycle.

There are, perhaps, some phases of athletics in college which I should not care to justify. I believe, however, they are the excrescences. That sports as conducted in college to-day are powerful in the upbuilding of those rugged physical and moral qualities—initiative, courage, modesty, magnanimity, patience, and perseverance—of which the world stands ever in need, this thesis I am at all times ready to defend. It is also true that the right sort of man as an athletic coach can be one of the most respected and influential figures on our campuses. Where such men have been found the testimony of former pupils as to the enduring influence of their teaching and character is convincing evidence of the value of college sports rightly conducted.

Yet how few there are in any faculty who come out flatly in espousal of the cause of athletics! A number may boast outside the college walls of a winning football team, but when compassed by the scholarly fraternity it is their wont to deprecate games and the influence they bear. Rarely, indeed, do professors exhibit a friendly interest in athletics to the

students themselves. Why not be outspoken? If some of us, and there are some, believe that sports can be rendered a power for good, let us openly confess the faith that is in us. In doing this, we will gain the confidence of the students on that subject. Thus, when we are led to denounce sharply some abuse, our words will carry weight and not wholly be discounted by the strong suspicion that our real aim is the abolition of all sport. As for those in our faculties who are intent upon completely doing away with athletics, I hold it their first concern to tell us what the students will substitute in their place.

The ideal relationship, it seems to me, is found where members of the faculty are also athletic coaches. Wherever you discover that situation, there you will invariably find athletics the most exemplary. And with good reason. For a faculty coach is, first of all, an amateur. In all that he does or teaches the amateur spirit shines out. Then, being an instructor by profession, he knows how to teach athletics—an ability not always possessed by the professional coach. Being also a thinking man—a person of intellectual attainments—the faculty coach usually has a philosophy of sport. He has worked out the relation of games to the other affairs of life. He is able to give students the proper balance. You will also discover the faculty coaches to be leaders in the community. And not only are they possessed of a rare knowledge and understanding of the undergraduates but of their admiration and respect as well.

There is much yet remaining to be done, to raise athletic standards in our colleges to a new level of amateur sportsmanship. Students and coaches cannot reach this goal alone; the faculty must do their share. And it is only as teachers, generally, evince an interest in the athletic pursuits of their students, that the scholastic standing of the athlete—as to which discussion is endless—can be raised. There is no reason why athletics and scholarship should not go hand in hand. An attitude of disdain and hostility on the part of the teacher, however, engendering as it does a disposition to "uninterest" and dislike on the part of the athlete, are the best agencies I know for divorcing the two.

Akin to athletics as a jousting-field for faculty and students is the region of extra-curriculum activities—publications, dramatics, debating, and what-not. It is true that far too much time and effort are expended in those channels. Too often have the undergraduates slavishly followed the false standard of success outside of classroom work, attained at any cost. But, surely, one must be certain of his position to assert that under no circumstances can benefit accrue from a wise participation in some field of endeavor outside of prescribed studies. Needless to say, the intellectual pursuits for which the student supposedly comes to college must be his first concern. But in the "work" in which he voluntarily engages outside of the classroom a student often finds an opportunity for a measure of real self-expression. There it is that he can test himself, there discover perhaps a hidden talent.

The fact that there is overparticipation by some students in "work" outside of the curriculum, affords insufficient grounds for damning the whole system, as some faculty members do. There is many a man who looks back to his labors as a member of a college debating team or as an editor of a college daily as one of the most fruitful experiences of his college days. He will tell you that he considers such training invaluable. As for the excess of interest in things outside of the curriculum, which it is rather the fashion for faculties continually to deplore, I have had latterly a feeling not far removed from sadness—of course, I should not admit this to my students—when I see how genuinely enthusiastic men can become over the dreariest sort of job, so long as it is not required, and how futile all efforts often seem, to strike just a single spark of

spontaneous enthusiasm in the work of the day. A suspicion lingers that some of us, instead of devoting so much time to bemoaning the students' waste of effort on things immaterial, might better give more of ourselves to making attractive and palatable our daily doses of medicine. Perhaps some of the fault is ours. This hint again is for teachers only.

To understand any individual, time and toil are indispensable. Both, however, seem at a premium in our colleges, when it is a matter of expending them on students and their affairs. Unless we as teachers are willing to invest our lives in the undergraduates, and until we do divest our minds of the notion, when dealing with them, that whatever we do is right, the relationship which should exist will never be realized. I have met some army officers whose thought processes have atrophied on the side of possible personal error. There is the same attitude on the part of some teachers I know, which cheats them of one of life's richest pleasures—the satisfaction of working and living with students as with friends.

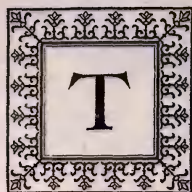
And so this matter of the relation of faculty and students brings us to what seems an inescapable conclusion—no man is fitted to teach men—he may be excellent at research or noted as an author of learned treatises, but I said fitted to teach men—unless he has the love and understanding of men in his heart and mind. When the faculties of our colleges are filled with a majority, and not as in some places possessed only of a regularly outvoted minority, of youth-loving and youth-understanding teachers, then, and then only, will faculties and students be bound together and education become the vital business that the day demands.



The Whirling Dervish

BY FREDERICK WHITE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP



HE simon-pure dervish whirls, voluntarily, because he hopes, through his efforts, to acquire merit in the eyes of his gods.

Harmsworth performed his circumrotary gymnastics against his will; urged by the swirling waters of the Brant and the successful efforts of a pound trout to wind the leader about his stumbling legs. The god for whom he danced was the God of Circumstance, and such merit as accrued to him was long withheld.

"Plain case of funk," Malden declared. "There he was, spinning like one of those what-you-call-'ems, mouth open, eyes popping out, and winding the leader with that darned trout on the end tighter at every turn."

"Regular whirling dervish," Ames suggested. "Did you save the fish?"

"First thing," said Malden. "Scooped him in my net and broke the leader. Then I helped Harmsworth ashore. He was queer—blamed queer—seemed to be coming out of a daze. Then he pulled himself together, and began to swear—not at himself or at me or the fish, but at something general and indefinite. I tell you it was owl to listen to him."

"Funny how the first good fish rattles 'em," said Judge Holcomb. "I'd give something to feel my heart in my throat again, and that nervous chill thrilling along my arm, and making the rod shiver."

"Well, anyway, Judge, be thankful that you can still swear," laughed Norton. "Profanity saved you from exploding to-day, when 'Old Bill' rejected your fly before you could hit him."

"Did you raise him again, Judge?" Malden asked, eagerly. "I haven't had him up since Tuesday."

"Dod gast that fish," the judge protested. "He's a menace to the morals of this community. Two years in the same hole, under the same rock and so darn

smart that the fly isn't made that can fool him."

"He's a faithful riser," Norton put in. "Give him credit for that, but I agree with the judge that he's too smart to be taken on an artificial fly, and heaven help the man that snags him on bait. We'd lynch him for the murder of our dearest enemy."

"Sick the dervish on him," Ames laughed. "If Bill ever took hold he'd give young hopeful a regular whirl. Where'd you leave him, Jim? Jigging on his laurels?"

"Back in the same place, pale but determined," Malden said. "Heaven help him if he hits another fish and get spinning again in that water. He's likely to dance himself dizzy and drown."

Somehow, the name stuck. We were not intentionally unkind, but little things—little incidents—often create careless impressions and the awkward and the humorous seem always fair game for caricature. Harmsworth was not, as yet, one of us. We were not a close corporation, except by virtue of old ties and tried friendships, but newcomers to our little fishing inn on the Brant were informally scrutinized and tested before being admitted to full fellowship.

"He's an ugly brute, isn't he, Uncle George?" Teddy Norton said to me a morning or two later as she balanced her chair precariously with slim, putteed legs on the veranda rail.

Harmsworth was crossing the road on his way to the stream; his head thrust forward aggressively from straight bony shoulders, and his usual awkward gait intensified by the handicap of shapeless waders and heavy brogues.

"What's the trouble, Teddy?" I answered, jokingly. "Can't you bring him to net and creel him with your other victims?"

"Poof!" Teddy exclaimed, disdainfully. "I don't want him. He's a goof!" Then her face dimpled. "I wish you



"He's an ugly brute, isn't he, Uncle George?" Page 134.

could have seen him yesterday when I asked him for a cigarette."

"Well?" I questioned.

"He looked absolutely shocked. Imagine it!"

"I can," I answered. "Did you get it?"

"No," said Teddy. "He said he'd rather not—the prig."

"And what did you say then?"

"Damn," said Teddy, shamelessly.

"Teddy!" I remonstrated. "You don't know Harmsworth well enough to swear at him. What must he have thought?"

"He thought I was a shameless woman," she laughed. "You see, Jim Malden came along just then, and I got a cig from him and smoked it."

"I hope it made you sick," I said, half in earnest.

"Harmsworth was the sick one. It made him look such a fool. He doesn't like Jim, either."

"Jealous?" I asked, and I was glad to see that with all her modern insolence she still had grace to blush.

"Not that way—not the way you mean," she stammered. "You see Jim catches lots of fish and *he* can't—not many. Then he knows that Jim told that story about his getting tangled up and whirling. I don't believe he likes being called W. D. He's a poor sport."

"W. D." I repeated, and then as I recalled our careless joking, "I'm afraid it wasn't a very sporting thing on our part. It may have hurt."

Teddy wriggled uncomfortably. "Do him good," she persisted. "He's an awful fisherman, anyway."

"Perhaps he has not had the advantage of training by a famous father and a patient, if somewhat less expert, uncle," I suggested mildly.

Teddy's feet and the chair legs banged to the floor together. "Sometimes I'm a beast," she said, seriously, and then: "You know my heart is good and there's no real vice in me, Uncle George?"

Surprised at this change, I hesitated. She seized the back of my chair and shook it vigorously. "You do know it! Don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "you're my angel niece—when you want to be. I admit it."

She tapped my head with her palm. "That's for the reservation, and that," brushing the spot with her soft, young lips, "that's for telling the truth. I *am*—when I want to be," and, with this somewhat cryptic utterance, she settled the chair on its four legs and walked away whistling.

It was a good season on the Brant. Plentiful showers between periods of warm and windless days kept the stream in condition, and few were the intervals when what the British angler is still permitted to call "gin" clear water induced overly shy and too critical trout. Many of us adopted a twelve-inch limit, and pound or even pound-and-a-half fish failed to excite more than casual interest and comment.

Under the circumstances it was inevitable that the regulars should concentrate on exceptionally heavy fish whose fixed lurking places were known and marked, and "Old Bill," because of his willingness to "show," received an undue share of attention.

"Let's give him a rest," Ames suggested. "He's insect shy. I'll bet he's seen more unnatural than natural flies drift over him this week. I know five of us tried for him yesterday."

A three-day close season on Bill was decided upon. Then we were to draw lots for first and subsequent whacks at him with the understanding that a day should intervene between each further attempt.

Harmsworth drew number one. My own number was the last of the list.

Harmsworth said: "If there is no objection I should like to exchange with Mr. Weston. I'm not ready."

Malden, who had managed the draw, looked at him with a cynical smile. "Cold feet?" he asked.

Harmsworth's face flushed and the straight line of an old scar showed white across his forehead. Then he said, evenly: "Yes, you may call it that. When I go after that fish I want to be fit to fight him. I'm not—yet, as you know."

Malden looked uncomfortable. "Suit yourself," he said, "—if Mr. Weston and the rest are willing. But, believe me, two weeks won't fit you or any other beginner

to handle Old Bill if, by some miracle, you do manage to get fast to him."

"I'm not worrying about that last," Harmsworth said slowly.

"Fly, you understand? Bait barred," Malden sneered.

It was a nasty insinuation—uncalled for—and I do not think any of us blamed Harmsworth for the single impersonal oath that seemed forced from his lips.

He looked around the circle apologetically. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said. "It's an old habit and a footless one." Then he turned to Malden: "Fly, certainly. Dry, of course. I believe I understand the rules perfectly."

Judge Holcomb ended an uncomfortable situation. "Go to it, George," he said, turning to me. "It's all right with us. Get him if you can and good luck to you. It's time that old cannibal was put out of the way."

This was on a Monday. On Thursday I girded myself for the fray, tested a new nine-foot leader, and chose a "Pink Lady" for the enticement and undoing of "Old Bill."

I invited Harmsworth to accompany me as observer, suggesting that we might fish on together after the event of the day had been decided for or against me. Teddy, who was prevented from fishing by a chafed ankle, offered to give us a lift upstream in the car.

Harmsworth hesitated.

"Oh, hop in," said Teddy. "I never smoke or swear when I'm with Uncle George. You won't be shocked this trip."

I could have spanked her for her flip-pant disregard of the young fellow's feelings, but Harmsworth surprised me.

"Thank God for Uncle George," he said coolly, and took his seat beside me.

Teddy gasped and I chuckled inwardly, for she richly deserved it. Then she slammed in the clutch and we tore up the road at a furious gait.

"Look out, Teddy!" I warned, "you'll smash our rods against the branches."

She slowed down, and we ran along under the overhanging trees at a decent pace until we reached the ford. There, she parked the car in the meadow above the bank and we all got out.

Teddy held out her hand to Harmsworth. "I'm sorry," she said.

He looked at her in astonishment.

Then he smiled and took her hand in his.

"So am I—for my part of it. Is it pax?"

"La guerre est finie, certainement," she assured him brightly.

The smile left his face and a queer eager look took its place. "I wish I had your certainty," he said. "Anyway, I hope you're right."

"Good gracious!" Teddy cried.

"What is this? Fatality or fishing?"

Harmsworth shrugged his broad shoulders and laughed. "Fishing first," he said. "Let's go."

We waded through the long shallow pool below the rapids where, beneath a shelving rock face, Old Bill held domain over a swift but smooth-flowing run of heavy water. Teddy worked her way along the bank to a spot where, high above the water and concealed in the bushes, she could see all that was going on.

Forty feet below the shelving rock a boulder split the current, offering a measure of concealment and footing in the still water behind it. Here I took my stand with Harmsworth, safe from interfering with the back cast to my left and behind me.

The first cast brought no result. The second floated past the rock, and I was about to retrieve it when I saw a dark shadow following slowly behind the fly.

Would he take it before it reached the broken water?

The shadow moved closer and I visioned the eager, open jaws as I waited, alert, for touch and strike. A leaf whirled down through the air, twisted, hesitated above the water, and touched the fly as it bobbed on the first patch of white. A bulge on the black surface, a gleam, and the drowned fly came back to me with quickening slack.

Harmsworth gave a suppressed cry, and I turned to see him staggering uncertainly knee-deep in the current. With an effort he floundered back to the dead water behind the boulder and clung to it, breathing heavily.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Sick?"

"Sick as hell," he said. "Sick at heart."

"That confounded leaf did it," I said disgustedly. "He was just ready to take."

"Yes," Harmsworth agreed, his eyes on the shelving rock, "the leaf—did it. It always does."

I looked at him sharply, wondering. The moment had been soul-stirring, but I could not understand why he was so evidently upset. Malden's insinuations came back to me. Certainly, the incident indicated a lack of the self-control as necessary in trout-fishing as in anything else. Yet, there had been moments when he carried himself well. It puzzled me.

"Oh, well," I said, as I cleared my line and reeled in. "Cheer up. We got some kick out of it, anyway. Let's work along up. Old Bill's through for this day."

"Some kick," Harmsworth repeated as we made our way to the opposite bank. "Some damn nasty kick, I say it was."

He braced himself in the current with upraised rod. "Mr. Weston," he declared, "I intend to get that fish if he's still there when my turn comes."

"All right," I said, amused; "but I'm afraid I'll have to be shown."

"Will you be on hand?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you wish," I replied. "I'll be here."

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I believe you'll see something."

"I hope so," I said, a little nettled by his assurance.

He stood looking up at his rod tip, which was weaving little circles above his head while the water boiled past his stiff knees. "Yes," he said, as he lowered the tip and started again for the shore with sure, cautious steps, "I honestly believe you will."

Teddy met us on the bank. "What happened?" she asked wide-eyed.

I told her how the big fish had followed the fly until frightened by the pesky leaf.

"I thought you scared him," she said, turning to Harmsworth. "Whatever made you carry on like that?"

"Funk," he admitted lightly. "But the fish stopped before I started. I've enough on my conscience without that."

"It was the leaf," I put in. "No question of that."

"Yes," Harmsworth repeated. "It was the leaf."

He paraffined his fly and dried it in the air. "Shall we start on, sir?"

"Go ahead," I said. "I'm going up to easier water and I'll wait for you there."

Teddy and I watched him as he waded in and worked his way slowly up-stream against the rushing, rock-broken water. His wrist action was good and he cast with precision and assurance.

"Uncle George," Teddy asked, "what was it?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "You heard him."

"Do you suppose he's fish shy—like buck fever?"

"I don't know," I repeated slowly, "I can't make him out."

"Yellow?" she almost whispered.

"No!" I said decidedly. "Whatever it is, he's no quitter."

Teddy put her head under my floppy hat brim and kissed me. "Come on, old dear," she said. "I'll run you up to the next pool."

II

HARMSWORTH began to bring in more fish and heavier. One two-pounder carried him down-stream fifty yards before he netted the trout, breast-deep in a slippery pool. Norton saw him do it.

"He may fool us by lifting Bill yet," he said.

"I can't see it," said Ames; "he would not touch you or me, and Malden pricked him so badly that he'll be warier than ever. I doubt if he's taken out this season."

"You forget me," the judge put in. "I'm going to tempt him with one of Mr. Halford's Sherry spinners. I have a notion he's tired of a strictly 'dry' bill of fare."

"Good psychology, judge," Ames laughed. "The old guard dies, but never surrenders. And that reminds me, you are the last of the regulars. It's you—or Harmsworth."

"Watch Harmsworth," I said. "He's improving and getting more fish every day."

Malden broke in: "He's almost too good to be true. It's my belief he'd bear watching. You heard him talking about 'dapping' last night."

"What do you mean—'dapping'?" Mr. Norton asked.

"Live fly on a small bait hook. It's done, but it can't be called ethical."

"Thus ethics doth make cowards of us all," the judge misquoted; "otherwise I'd be tempted to dap a bumblebee or something over Bill to-morrow. It sounds good."

"I don't believe he's 'dapping' or anything else," said Norton. "That two-pounder had a speckle-wing, drab-body fly in his mouth when he netted him. I saw it."

"All right," said Malden; "he's not making a point of fishing alone for nothing. You mark my words."

"That young man," said the judge, as Malden turned away, "has a disagreeable form of bait—in his brain."

Malden was walking across the lawn to where Teddy, a slim, boyish figure in breeches and blouse, was fussing with the car.

"Or else," the judge went on, "he is permitting professional jealousy—or something of an equally disturbing nature—to warp his judgment of values."

The next day was a momentous one on the Brant. In the morning "Old Bill," intrigued by the judge's Sherry spinner, came up, tasted and rejected it with a scornful flip of his tail. The judge's vivid account of this episode remains a classic in the minds of those privileged to have heard it. In summing up, he again affirmed his belief that the fly was not made that "Old Bill" would accept freely and without reserve.

"The wisdom of the serpent is not in it with that fish's knowledge of entomology, natural or unnatural," he declared.

"Suppose he saw something unnaturally natural?" said Harmsworth cheerfully. "That's what I'm counting on."

"Dapping's barred, you know," said Malden quickly.

Harmsworth looked at him steadily. Then without a word in reply he turned and walked away.

Malden laughed. "Got him there, I guess," he said. "His guns are spiked now."

"Look here, Jim," I protested, "it seems to me you're carrying this too far. Give him a fair chance."

"He'll get his chance," Malden muttered, "and I'll take it on myself to see it's a fair one."

"You won't have to," I said quickly. "Harmsworth has asked me to accompany him and I intend to do so."

"Oh!" said Malden shortly; "I hope you'll enjoy the spectacle."

"Come, come," Judge Holcomb put in. "There's too much thunder in the air. Let's go in to lunch and forget it."

If there was thunder in the air, mental or otherwise, it presaged a sudden brain-storm in the early hours of the afternoon, and culminated later on in a terrific down-pour accompanied by lightning.

That afternoon I tore one of my waders on barbed wire, and came back to the house. While I was up-stairs changing into dry things, Norton knocked on my door. One look at his face showed that there was trouble somewhere.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Teddy fell in the bridge pool and got half-drowned—oh, she's all right now, and I've got her in bed with hot-water bottles."

"Too bad," I said. Teddy was always doing something.

"That's only half of it," he went on. "Harmsworth knocked out Jim in a fist fight."

"What?" I cried, shocked that grim war should come to our peaceful valley. "Why? What was the trouble?"

"Teddy—I'm afraid," he answered, with a little slackening of the tense lines about his mouth.

"Go ahead," I said; "tell it."

"This is the way I get it," he said. "Teddy was casting from the ledge on the far side. Jim was fishing the tail end of the pool. Harmsworth came along—he wasn't rigged for fishing—and walked out on the bridge. Teddy waved her rod to him, overstepped, and went in. It's ten feet deep there, you know, and she had her waders on."

I nodded. It was a bad spot, with no hand-hold on the sloping ledge.

"The next thing she knew," he proceeded, "Harmsworth had her under the arms and towed her over to the gravel bank. Then he picked her up, full waders and all, and carried her ashore. Jim came up then and tried to take her away from

Harmsworth. Harmsworth hung on. Teddy says it was so funny that she hung on—to Harmsworth. Jim lost his head, I guess, and slapped Harmsworth across the face."

"Oh, no!" I broke in.

"I'm afraid he did," said Norton. "Anyway, Harmsworth put Teddy on the ground very carefully, and walked up to Jim and knocked him down."

"If it wasn't such a nasty mess I'd be rather glad of it," I said.

"So would I—if it weren't for Teddy. Jim's packing to go home now—where he belongs."

"And Harmsworth?"

Before he could answer, a knock came at the door and Harmsworth strode in. He had changed into his khaki fishing-suit, and the only sign of his recent encounter was a red flush on his left cheek.

"I'm glad to find both of you gentlemen here," he said. "I wish to express my regret to you, Mr. Norton, for my part in a very awkward episode. It was unfortunate—as unavoidable."

Norton said the right thing. Teddy's safety was the first consideration, and Norton recognized Harmsworth's part in it freely and generously. "As for the other," he said, "it was, as you say, unfortunate but unavoidable. I can't blame you."

"Of course," Harmsworth said, "I shall go away. It will relieve—all of you—of any further embarrassment."

"That isn't fair," I protested. "Nothing but credit attaches to you, and there is no need to cut short your vacation."

"Thank you," he said, "but I am sure it is the better way. May I ask you to do one thing for me?"

"Certainly."

"Before I go, I should like to take my turn—the last one—at Old Bill—this afternoon."

"But he's been up once to-day," I objected.

"Not to my fly."

"And it's going to storm. Trout won't rise with thunder in the air—usually."

"I should like very much to try—and have you with me," he said quietly.

"All right," I consented reluctantly; for a storm was brewing, and to my mind he was crowding on an impossible handicap.

"Thank you," he said. "I'll put on my waders and be waiting for you."

"I don't feel right about this either," Norton broke in. "It seems to me that you are showing too much consideration for our feelings, and we too little for yours. Anyway, Teddy will want to thank you before you go."

The flush on Harmsworth's cheek spread over his face, and the scar across his forehead showed white and clear.

"I am very grateful to Miss Norton for what she did for me—inadvertently," he said. "That's an awkward way of putting it, but this afternoon proved to me that I am on my feet again. They've been wobbly, as you both know, and so have I; but I have a great and glorious feeling that the controls are working—at last and permanently."

It was evident that some change had come to him, for he stood smiling, square-shouldered, and alert, with a new look of life and confidence in his eyes.

"I'm sincerely glad," said Norton, shaking hands with him, "for your sake—and my own. Good luck and good fishing."

Harmsworth turned away quickly. "Ready in ten minutes," he called back to me as he left the room.

Outside, thunder-heads were making behind the hills; the air was tense, and a low rumble, almost continuous, presaged the coming of a cracking storm. No fishing for me under these conditions, so I pulled on heavy hunting-boots, and threw my slicker over my arm. On the way down I stopped at Teddy's room.

Teddy lay muffled to the chin, and her big eyes fell after her first smile of welcome.

"Wasn't it awful, Uncle George?" she said.

"I expect it was," I answered. "But don't worry; you're safe; that's the main thing."

"I didn't mind being pulled out," she said brokenly, "but the other—I'm sorry about Jim."

"You might as well spare your tears," I said, a little provoked. "Apparently, he got only what he deserved."

"But that's it," she wailed. "To think he's such a rotten sport. That's what I'm sorry for."

"Oh," I said.

"What must he think of us—of everything?" she whispered.

"Who?" I asked.

She buried her face in the pillow. "He's dreadfully strong, Uncle George," her muffled voice announced, after a pause.

"Fortunately for you—and for himself."

Teddy's face turned to me again. "What do you mean—'for himself'?" she questioned.

"I don't know exactly," I said. "He—Harmsworth—has been up against something hard—I don't know what. But he's found himself, apparently. He's trying for 'Old Bill' this afternoon—before he leaves."

"Is he going—too?"

"So he says; he seems to think it's the decent thing to do."

"It is decent—of him," said Teddy slowly, "but is it decent of us—to let him go—that way?"

"That's what your father thinks," I admitted.

"What?" Teddy demanded.

"That he'd better stay."

"Father's really clever—sometimes," she said, nodding her curly bobbed head.

"See here, Teddy," I said, "do *you* want him to stay?"

Teddy's eyes fell and her voice lacked its usual assurance. "If he wants to," she almost whispered.

"All right," I said sternly. "But if he does stay, no tricks—remember that!"

Teddy looked up at me solemnly; her lips quivered, and two tears trickled down her cheeks. "Not a darn trick," she promised, and buried her face in the pillow.

III

FROM where I crouched in the willows the water before "Old Bill's" rock showed gray-black beneath ominous clouds. Lightning split the overcharged air and sharp thunder crashes volleyed from hill to hill. Down the valley rain-sheets were already dimming the outlines of the distant mountains.

Harmsworth, mouth set and intent, stood behind the concealing boulder, his rod giving gracefully under the weight of line as he lengthened his cast. The fly

touched a good yard above the shelving rock, cocked for an instant, wavered, and cut through the water hopelessly.

Harmsworth retrieved the fly, dried it on his sleeve, and adjusted the feathers carefully before trying again. Then he moved a yard to the right and, after a false cast or two, thrust forward wide-armed. Again the fly settled lightly above the rock, but this time the leader fell across the current in a wide loop; good tactics, if drag could be prevented.

To my amazement Harmsworth twitched his rod tip, straightening the loop and placing the fly under direct influence of the now drifting line. And then a strange thing happened. The fly began to flutter like a living insect, beating the surface with dragged wings in a frantic effort to escape into its own element.

A surge of black water before the rock, a dash of spray, flashing in the lightning glare that preceded by an instant a dulling thunder crash, brought me to my feet. The fly was gone. A rush of wind roared through the tossing branches above, and torn leaves, like lost things seeking shelter, whirled through the air.

I saw the taut line quiver from the tip of the straining rod. Harmsworth's tense figure braced against the strike and his eyes fixed, not on the arrow cleft surface, but on the twisting, twirling leaves that fluttered and fell upon the foam-flecked water.

Then, above the roar of wind and torrent, Harmsworth's voice rang out in an exultant shout, and he turned to his work as the big Brown swung into a deep, narrow run and dashed for the broken water below. Harmsworth stripped the slack and held him on the spring of the rod, yielding the regained line discreetly from the coil in his hand as, broad tail showing, the fish surged past. Then, as the reel shrilled and the reserve line flowed out, he followed after, feeling his way through the rapids with cautious steps, and disappeared in a curtain of driving rain that swept the valley.

Tented in my slicker, I crouched under the bushes, waiting impatiently for the worst of the downpour to pass. Lightning flashed through the murk and thunder rolled across the hills. Some-



Harmsworth held him on the spring of the rod.—Page 441.

where below, in the midst of this tumult and confusion, Harmsworth and "Old Bill" were having it out, with the odds all in favor of the fish.

Slowly the storm moved away; familiar outlines on bank and stream had begun to show, and through the haze below a blurred figure came into view at the head of the long, quiet pool.

I jumped up, for from the intent posture I sensed that the fight was still on, and, keeping close to the bank, I splashed down through the shallow water.

A gravel bank split the centre of the pool. Here Harmsworth stood, water dripping from his shapeless hat and drenched canvas fishing-coat, rod bending easily and straight line pointing to a break in the flat water where a black dorsal fin lazily disturbed the surface. Whatever the vicissitudes of the rapids, the odds were now all in Harmsworth's favor, and nothing but the giving way of the fly could reverse the issue.

"Old Bill" had met his match at last. Aimlessly, his great bulk rolled from side to side as Harmsworth worked him nearer to the shelving bank. The ring of the half-submerged landing-net crept past his slowly weaving tail, reached his middle, and, with a swift flash, encompassed his thick shoulders and gaping jaws in the fatal meshes. "Old Bill" scarcely flopped as Harmsworth heaved him onto the stones. He had died fighting—drowned—in his own element.

I splashed, knee-deep, to the gravel bar and hugged Harmsworth. In the annals of the Brant, no man, in my time, had accomplished such a feat under conditions so unusual and adverse.

"He'll go close to four pounds," I exulted, hefting the net with its shining burden. "It's a marvel you got away with it."

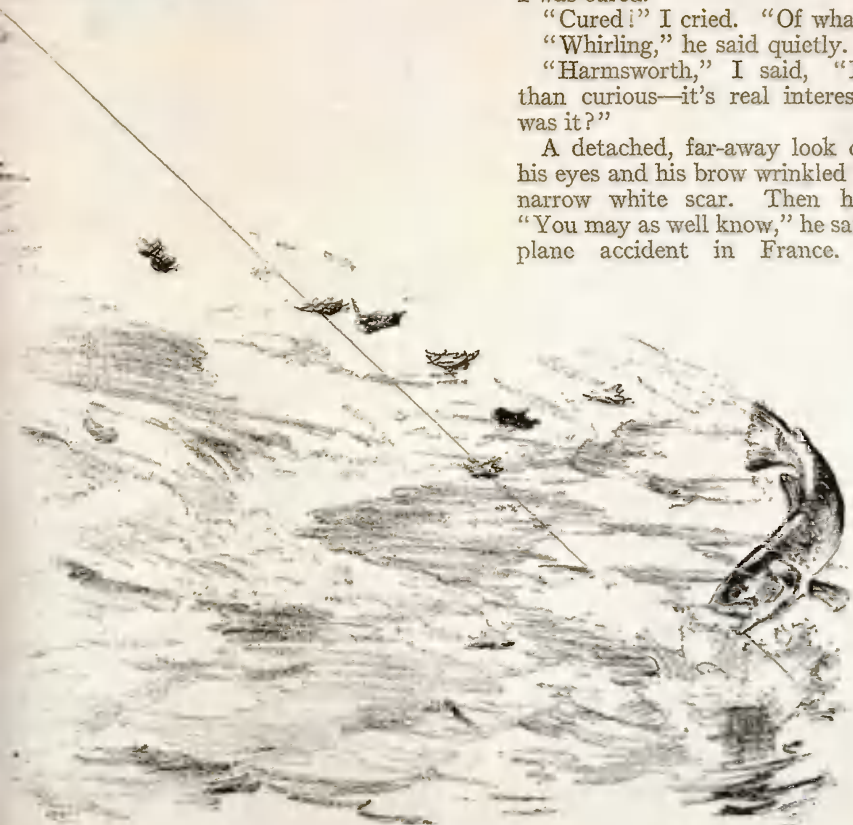
"It was nip and tuck," he said, shaking the rain-drops from his hat. "I couldn't have done it except that I knew I was cured."

"Cured!" I cried. "Of what?"

"Whirling," he said quietly.

"Harmsworth," I said, "I'm more than curious—it's real interest. What was it?"

A detached, far-away look came into his eyes and his brow wrinkled below the narrow white scar. Then he smiled. "You may as well know," he said. "Airplane accident in France. Rudder



jammed; whirled down two thousand metres—and crashed.”

I looked at him in silent amazement. Somehow I felt guilty—that we should not have known!

“Nothing unusual,” he laughed, “except that I’m alive and that, until very recently, any foolish little twirling thing made me dizzy. Water eddies or——”

“Leaves!” I broke in.

“Yes,” he went on, “leaves were the worst. It’s surprising how often a fluttering leaf resembles a wounded plane in a spin.”

“And you’ve been fighting this thing, alone, up here?” I said.

“Well, yes,” he admitted. “Trout-fishing was just what I needed. It gave me lots of practice, above and below. But it was the fly that really did the trick in the end.”

“Go on,” I begged, remembering the twisting, fluttering enticement that had surely lured “Old Bill” to his last fight.

He bent over the landing-net, removed the draggled fly from the big trout’s gristly snout, and blew the feathers into some semblance of fluffiness. “See,” he said, and separating a lower section of one wing he caught it under the curve of the hook. “Tail rudder—set at angle. Given the proper impulse it’s got to whirl—look.”

He cast the fly over a little run between two rocks, with the leader across the current. Slowly it turned, and then, with the gut as a fulcrum, began to whirl madly.

“Water or air, it’s all the same,” said Harmsworth, his steady eyes intent on the gyrations of the fly. “But, believe me, I couldn’t look at it this way two weeks ago without wabbling.”

“Do you mean to say you actually worked that out and made yourself watch it?” I demanded.

“After I had discovered it by accident,” he said, “and seen a fish rise to it—and lost him because I began to whirl myself. I knew I had a good thing for fishing—and for me—if I could stick it out.”

The nerve of the thing and the wonder of it appalled me. Brain-sick from the after-effects of a head-spin crash, deliberately and painfully to work out his sal-

vation through the medium of a whirling trout-fly was an astounding feat of practical psychology.

I looked at Harmsworth with new eyes, seeing in the man behind the fisherman the lonely warrior who had blithely given battle to an infinitely grimmer and more securely entrenched opponent than “Old Bill”—or Malden—and won.

Men seldom voice their inmost feelings. I did say: “The Brant has seen a damn good fight. I’m proud to have been let in at the finish.”

Harmsworth understood. He looked pleased and held out his hand. “That’s mighty good of you, sir,” he said. “I appreciate it, and all your kindness to a rank outsider. I’ll not forget it after I’ve gone.”

“Now look here, my boy,” I warned him. “Don’t imagine you’re going this evening. It’s a time-honored custom here to give a special dinner whenever a fish of three pounds or over is taken on the fly. You’ll be elected an *insider* tomorrow night.”

“But—” he began.

“But—nothing!” I said firmly. “When four middle-aged gentlemen—experienced fishermen—invite a young whippersnapper to dine with them, he can’t, in decency, refuse. It isn’t done.”

He looked at me, embarrassed.

“And when my own niece intimates that she will not be entirely displeased—if he *wishes* to stay, then—” I waved my hands hopelessly.

Harmsworth tapped his rod tip gently on the gravel, and looked at me with a boyish smile softening his firm mouth.

“No,” he admitted. “*Then*—it isn’t done.”

“That fly will have to go on the record board with a card with the date, weight of fish, and everything,” I said, as we prepared to leave. “What’s its name? I can’t place it.”

Harmsworth dandled the nondescript bunch of feathers and silk on the leader, turning it slowly between thumb and finger. “It hasn’t any name that I know of,” he said, “but I’m going to christen it.”

“What?” I asked.

“The Whirling Dervish,” he grinned.

“You’re cured, son,” I said. “Let’s go.”

Glamis Castle

"All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!"

BY M. E. LEICESTER ADDIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY ALFRED BRENNAN AND FLETCHER RANSOM AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



The Beaker of Glamis.

GLAMIS CASTLE is the Scots' seat of the Earls of Strathmore. Its association with Shakespeare's "Macbeth" is explained in the following article, which was written a number of years since. It is the home of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, whose betrothal to the Duke of York, second son of the King and Queen of Great Britain, was announced in January. One who visited the castle in the past summer recalls also the story of the haunted room referred to below, and the supposed lunatic who lived to the age of one hundred years and occasionally caused weird happenings in the castle. He died, it is now believed, several decades ago. The castle contains a remarkable old kitchen with walls eighteen feet thick and the "new kitchen" built in 1600—much the largest room in the castle. The castle roof was burned off and has been replaced with a temporary iron roof. In the meantime, the Earl, with true

Scotch carefulness, is gathering slate from old houses in the neighborhood as they are pulled down, so that in due time he will have good old slate to replace the iron.

"The spirit of a time is writ
Not all in books; but who hath wit
Shall find it in the arrow-head,
The kelt, the barrow for the dead,
And stone-grained power
Beneath the massive tower."

THE study of literature is one of the most striking characteristics of the history of education during the past quarter of a century. But literature and history are handmaidens, and should be studied correlatively. Not the hard, dry facts of kings and parliaments, but a thorough knowledge of the development of our race and its customs is necessary to literature; and so folk-lore and the history of localities have assumed an importance in the eyes of students undreamed of twenty years ago. Shakespeare, above all men, excelled in his knowledge of folk-lore, and when in doubt as to the existence or prevalence of some quaint custom, we have only to turn to his pages to find the heart-life of the people there revealed.

Doctor Horace Howard Furness, the

greatest Shakespearian scholar of the world, once said to me that fortune and power lay before the English teacher in America who had British folk-lore at his command.

Let me here state that Glamis is pronounced to rhyme with *clams* and not in two syllables.

But although the love of history and its heroes is inherent to the great majority, *Macbeth* is to many as shadowy a personage as King Arthur; yet the home of Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, nearly nine hundred years ago, still stands—prouder, grander, statelier—the Warwick Castle of Scotland. Yet greater than Warwick, in that it was the royal residence of Gaelic-speaking kings—Kenneth, who united under his sway Picts and Scots; Malcolm, Duncan, Macbeth, and the great Canmore. Then it became the home of the Stuart kings, and has always ranked as a royal castle and a Jacobite shrine.

The turrets of its central keep and the

wings were built under the direction of Inigo Jones in 1602, but the dungeons, kitchen, deep well, walls, winding stairs, Duncan's Hall, Malcolm's chamber, the crypt, and the present drawing-room were all swept by the robes of Lady Macbeth! Was ever home more worthy of a visit?

It was my good fortune to renew an old acquaintanceship some years since, and again to be invited to spend a day to see the castle's most private treasures, under the guidance of its mistress, the Countess of Strathmore, and her daughter, the Lady Glamis.

The poet Gray and many another notable writer have called it "a princely pile," than which no more fitting term can be made. Standing in the very heart of "fair Strathmore"—a lovely, fertile tract, surrounded by richly wooded hills, and the distant heather-clad Grampians—its natural position is perfect. Entering its magnificently carved gateway, the avenue lined with stately elms soon brings one within the garden enclosure—still marked by the remains of round towers—all that is left of the old walls.

Statues of the Stuart kings guard the drive, and the quaint, richly carved dial, with its eighty plates, is eagerly examined.

Over the low doorway are carved heads and coats of arms, the work of Jan Van Sanvoort; cannon stand by the old gun-holes; the heavy-barred door and ribbed-work iron yett (or gate) call to us with no uncertain voice that they are not of yesterday.

Ascending the winding stone stair we reach the crypt, now used as an entrance-hall—such a hall as is rarely seen. Its walls and vaulted roof are of hewn stone. The old oaken settees, brass-bound coffer chests, coats of mail, stands of arms, deer, wolf, and badger heads carry us back to a time when this same hall rang with the tramp of Macbeth's warriors—Angus, Lennox, Menteith, and Ross.

One leather coat on a stand attracts special notice. It was the riding-coat of the great Graham of Claverhouse, "Bonnie Dundee," the one in which he fought at Killcrankie.

In the roof we see strong iron rings, and can but surmise their original use. Maybe the iron chain from the drawbridge below passed through them, or, as the

Hunter's Hill rises out of the park, these rings may be survivals of the royal hunting days, when the deer and wild boar were borne in and hung up in triumph in the hall.

Toward one dark corner our eyes are drawn with feelings of awe. There, in popular belief, is the walled-up entrance to the noted haunted chamber of Glamis, an entrance known only to the earl, his son, and any third confidant.

The story goes that Earl Beardie, the cruel tiger Earl of Angus, killed his opponent at cards, and so his ghost sits there in penance, playing cards until the Day of Judgment. But good taste ever represses idle curiosity, and so one neither doubts nor questions the family tradition as to the authenticity of the haunted room.

Another turn of the stair brings us to King Duncan's chamber, claimed to be the real scene of his assassination. Its low door, iron-bound and studded, has a "thumbsneck" handle, while a curious grated recess in one corner leads to a secret stairway descending to the foundation and vaults of the castle.

There is little doubt that Malcolm II was assassinated here in 1032 or 1034, and from that time a small room, panelled in black oak, has been known as Malcolm's room. His murderers fled across the snowy fields, and, falling through the ice of Forfar Loch, were drowned. Numerous carved stones in the neighborhood tell in hieroglyphics the story and judgment of their crime, and one large stone in the Manse garden is popularly known as King Malcolm's gravestone.

Higher up in the turret rooms we see the beds in which the Pretender and Sir Walter Scott slept, with their gilded royal arms and faded silk embroidered coverlets, copies of the older furniture when James V, Queen Mary's father, and hero of the Lady of the Lake, resided in the castle.

Still higher, and at last we reach the roof, and only then realize the extent of the wings as we look down on them. What a magnificent panorama stretches on every side, recalling for us the lines:

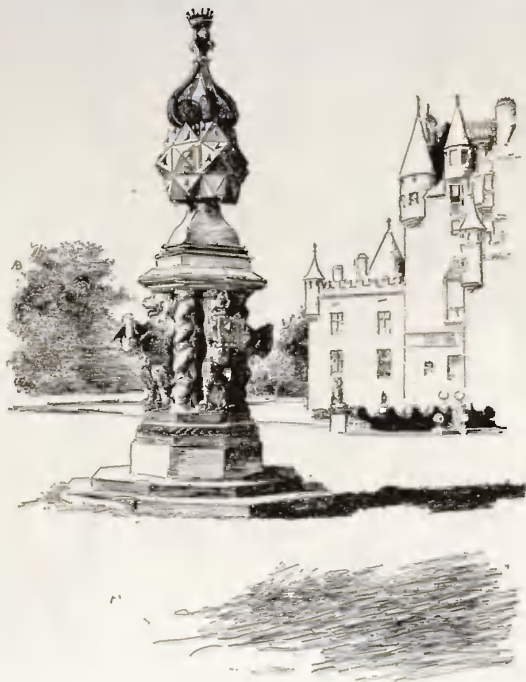
"Scenes must be beautiful, which, if daily viewed,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years."

At our feet lies Thrums, while farther on, as noble background, are the heather-clad Grampians, peak after peak, till on the outline of the northwestern horizon we distinguish Byron's

"Dark frowning glories of wild Lochnagar," where nestling at its base is Balmoral, Scotland's present royal home. Turning toward Perthshire, we can clearly see the

"Tall trees they were,
And old, and had been old a century
Before my day. None living could say aught
About their youth."

Descending by another stair we pass over creaking floors, hearing the sough of the wind through loopholes, and even in broad daylight feel expectant that some wraith will appear suddenly at the grated covering of a secret doorway.



The quaint, richly carved dial, with its eighty plates.—Page 446.

sugar-loaf peak of Schiehallion and the extinct crater summit of Ben Lawers, while close at hand stands Dunsinane Hill, and not far off the locality of Birnam Wood. Turn where we will,

"Nor hill nor burn we pass along
But has its legend or its song."

If the twisted yews and rugged olms in the garden could only tell us the secrets of these haunted walls!

But with all else here, their record is too venerable. Like the Druids' oaks afield—

Passing under these feudal doorways, with bolts shot into the ten-foot-thick stone walls, one can faintly realize the feelings of a prisoner left to the pitiless cruelty of a jailer in such a stronghold—ghost-haunted. We talk contemptuously of our forefathers' credulity and superstitions—how would our twentieth century overworked nerves behave under similar circumstances?

The bump of locality was at a loss here, and speculations as to how new servants ever found their way flitted through the mind; then a door opened and we stood

in a brilliantly lighted billiard-room hung with old tapestry, sewed in feudal days by the ladies of the castle. The colors were beautiful, and the scenes told their own tales—Nebuchadnezzar eating with

stone walls, with arched doorways, embrasured windows, and vaulted, echoing roof. The carved mantel and fireplace, twelve feet wide, arrests attention; the old tiles and rampant lion "dogs," with crowns on their heads, so defiantly submissive to duty.

Then the curtained nooks, dainty with brackets and china, but on closer inspection found to be niches in those terrible walls, covered with tapestry worked by the fair fingers of the indefatigable Countess Helen, and lit at night by genuine copper "cruisey" lamps, hung from the chains and rings of non-electric days.

Looking down in painted royal majesty are the melancholy Stuarts, with their queens and the earls and countesses of former days.

The only one not of the family, but welcomed among them as an honored friend, is Claverhouse, striking in its tints of black and brown, and consid-



Malcolm's Room.

There is little doubt that Malcolm II was assassinated here in 1032 or 1034.—Page 446.

ered Sir Peter Lely's finest work. Seldom is "Bonnie Dundee" in his own place—loan exhibitions ever craving his presence as a most popular attraction.

One large picture, three hundred years old, is valuable. The Earl and his boys are in the foreground, in hunting-dress, with hawks and beagles; the dead mother, as an angel, hovers over them. But its value is its background, where we see the castle as it stood then, its towers, wings, walls, and watch-towers complete.

Turner's painting of the castle as we see it now is not so interesting, if more intrinsically valuable. Here we truly have a perfect union of past and present.

Passing from this magnificent room by

the beasts of the field, Abraham offering up Isaac, Isaac blessing Jacob, etc. Several panels of terra-cotta-colored satin, with embroidered groups of children, flowers, and animals, were as soft and fresh as if they had been sewed last year and not during the fifteenth century.

But a greater pleasure was in store in the imposing drawing-room, sixty feet in length, and immediately over the crypt. What a perfect union of mediæval and modern—my lady's bower and my lady's drawing-room—masses of gay flowers, tall palms, cabinets of old china, soft inviting cushions, well-known photographs, with royal autographs—Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth*—all here within hewn



The Crypt.

The offer the route of mail, and stand of arms carry us back to a time when this same hall rang with the tramp of Macbeth's warriors.—Page 446.

an arched passage formed through the massive walls, we reach the chapel, one of the finest private chapels in the kingdom. Its decorative paintings in panels are unique.

The ceiling is panelled in large and

In panels round the walls are figures of the twelve Disciples; the four Evangelists, two on either side, occupy the posts of honor by the Crucifixion. Beneath each portrait is painted a short account of the manner of death of the disciple.



Passing under these feudal doorways, with bolts shot into the ten-feet-thick stone walls, one can faintly realize the feelings of a prisoner left to the pitiless cruelty of a jailer in such a stronghold.—Page 447.

small divisions alternately. The scenes of our Saviour's life from childhood to his trial before Pilate are strikingly depicted in the larger panels and culminate in a beautiful painting of the Crucifixion over the altar. In the smaller panels are to be seen exquisite angels' heads and faces and the "attributes," the hand, the eye, the ear, the heart.

One starts involuntarily on looking upward to see that human eye, painted so lifelike that it seems as if a living brain must exercise its power.

But one panel attracts attention above all others. Its subject is the embodiment of John, 20th chapter and 15th verse: "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him: Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Christ as the gardener, leaning humanly weary on his spade, looks on Mary so pitifully, but oh! so kindly. It seems so natural at first sight that one realizes only

after repeated gazing that *never before* have we seen the Christ painted *with a hat on his head*. Yet the hat is familiar enough, large and soft and drooping, a *Cavalier* hat. Then slowly our waking perceptions pass from the familiar hat

"This chapel was finished and consecrated in the year of God 1688,"

we know that the resemblance is no fanciful illusion.



The Drawing-Room.

A perfect union of mediæval and modern.—Page 448.

of historic paintings to the face of the gardener. We forget for a moment the sacred allusion and association and we see in this gardener our royal Stuart martyr, Charles I.

It seems impossible! The softened gray light thrown on the figure from the beautiful Franco-Scottish stained-glass of the sixteenth century—such glass as Mary Stuart loved in Holyrood—heightens the startling effect. Then as the eye passes on and reads:

1688. A memorable year in the fortunes of the Stuarts, for William of Orange then landed at Torbay, and James II, the last of the luckless royal line, had fled.

We Scots have been accused by our English brethren of betraying Charles Stuart. This picture is but one of many proofs that to the mass of the people the Stuarts were inexpressibly dear.

It was a bold defiance at such a time, and we could well picture that loyal earl, with his friend and neighbor, Claverhouse

—admiring gazers as we were—an example of fealty copied to the death by a worthy successor, who fell fighting at Sherrifmuir, in 1715.

For the Lyons of Strathmore were devoted Royalists, and afterward, in the chart room, our noble hostess gave the clew to this unique painting.

In the contract entered into between Earl Patrick and De Witt, the Dutch painter, the artist promised to paint Charles the Martyr in some suitable Scriptural scene.

During the Commonwealth the devotion of the subject had to resort to strata-gem, and now, in the twentieth century, this painting in Macbeth's historic castle gives us a truer and more touching conception of the faith and devotion to the Stuart cause than can the most eloquent historian.

How could Earl Patrick admire Cromwell, who had stabled his horses in the castle hall and made a smiddy (shoeing forge) in the Chamber of Dais? The young earl, a minor, was fined £1,000 as punishment because his father had refused to betray Charles.

The Presbyterians of Scotland sympathized most heartily with the Puritans driven from the Old to the New England.

Yet religion and loyalty may be things apart. Who more loyal than the Howards and all the English Catholics at the dread invasion of the Armada? So, too, the loyalty of Scotch Presbyterians is unimpeachable. Even now in Scottish schools—those schools endowed by the wisdom and foresight of the great John Knox—teachers and pupils strive to do unbiassed

justice to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, and John Milton, but there is a sad lack of enthusiasm in the effort. The misfortune and sad fate of Mary and Charles Stuart hang like a shadow over the pages, and still hold a tight grip on Scottish hearts. Surely never before nor since in the history of the world has there been such unswerving devotion to the personality of a race of

kings. From Robert Bruce to Bonnie Prince Charlie everything nearest and dearest to Scottish liberty was entwined and woven with the fortunes of the White Rose.

Where else in Britain is there a more fitting home for such a picture? As a reward for bravery at Bannockburn, Robert Bruce gave Walter, the Steward of his palace, the coveted hand of his daughter Marjory. Their son was Robert II, the first Stewart king, and his

daughter, the Princess Jane, on her marriage with a devoted and faithful subject, Sir John Lyon, received as her dowry the royal castle and lands of Glamis, carrying with it the *right* to quarter the lion and crown on the coat of arms. A royal Stewart home, indeed! Hoary with tradition even in the days of this first Stewart chatelaine.

Ere she entered its gates, the bodies of Malcolm II, Duncan I, and the great Macbeth had been borne therefrom to their last resting-place on the peaceful, fair island of Iona, when as yet England was Saxon, and knew not the Conqueror.

It was in her Scottish court that Queen Margaret instituted the Grace Cup; a cup afterward bequeathed, with her other



Looking down in painted royal majesty are the melancholy Stuarts and the earls of former days.—Page 448.

treasures, to the church, and lost or destroyed at the Reformation.

But the custom was kept up, the cup was still passed, and so from the days of Princess Jane, the beaker of Glamis has been one of its treasures.

It is in the form of a rampant lion, beautifully modelled, and of that exquisite soft gray tint only seen in genuine old silver. The lion's head forms a neatly hinged lid, and the body holds a quart of liquor.

In olden days each peaceful guest must drain its contents, and on the home-coming of brides it still holds the honored place. But we have departed from the drinking capabilities of our ancestors, so a small silver cup, containing a wine-glass in quantity, has been inserted in the lion's gullet, and thus the modern bride and specially honored guest may still be able to drain and pledge the power of the rampant lion. A silver model of the beaker has been made, and rarely is the original cup displayed with the family plate on the sideboard. It has never before been sketched or photographed, and, as a good Scot, I duly appreciated the earl's placing it in my hand for a thorough inspection and the Lady Glamis's offer of a drawing of it. It is indeed a genuine relic of mediæval Scotland. The magnificent dining-room, alas, is not the room in which these

royal hostesses presided, for fire destroyed this part of the old castle. But though modern, it is palatial, with its magnificent oaken wainscot, sideboard, chairs, and mantelpiece, all carved with the lion and national emblems; while round the walls as a dado are the richly colored and gilded shields of the various noble families with whom the Lyons have intermarried. As the sun poured through the high windows of rich glass and made rainbows round the flowers and quaint silver, one could not but be impressed by the educational power of such beautiful surroundings, and the lesson was enforced by the carved mottoes in Latin and Old French:

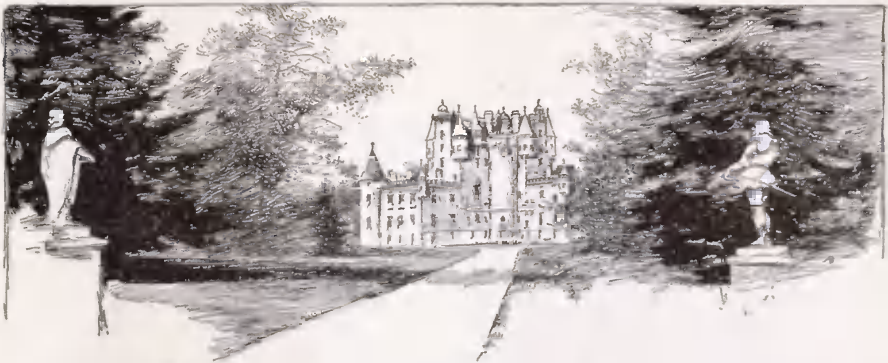
"In te Domine Speravi
Sans variance terme de ma vie——"

the latter most nobly fulfilled in loyalty to the Stuarts.

But his slanting rays also reminded us that the day was waning, and that ere its close we had to reach the Grampian slopes—"the loyal Braes o' Angus." So, with kindest expressions from our courtly host and hostesses we reluctantly said adieu to the venerable pile. Tempted again and again to "last peeps," we knew in our hearts it was but *au revoir*.

Let each one interested go and see that

"I have used no gloss nor varnish
To make things fairer look."



By Due Process of Law

BY F. J. STIMSON

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following story is based on actual facts, though purposely altered somewhat and changed in places to avoid too close identification. The original tragedy may be found recounted in the late Colonel Waring's volume of war reminiscences entitled "Whip and Spur." For the vindication of the common law of English-speaking lands, besides the general history of England since (and before) the Bill of Rights, the reader need only be reminded of the trial for the Boston massacre, the decisions of our Supreme Court during the Reconstruction period, the Dow case, of stealing silver in Louisiana tried years afterward in Maine, and the decision whereby the family of General Lee recovered Arlington.



THE actors in this drama are now all dead. And I think the drama should have permanent record. The memories of our Civil War itself are now overlaid by those more poignant, far more terrible, memories of but yesterday. All the more is it needful for us citizens of our republic to vivify in our minds the understanding of our heritage of English law, and still more so for our citizens of alien birth; for the law of their birth-lands was of world-wide difference. Not too soon, nor too often, can they be taught that difference. And our women too, recently enfranchised, now must hasten to the study of those birth-rights which their sex has made unnecessary hitherto. The Prussians have just given us the object-lesson of their system; this story will remind you of our own.

In the June of 1862 John Brandon—for so I shall call him—was finishing his first year at Harvard College, where his father and grandfather had been before him. His father, though of Massachusetts birth, was possessed of large plantations in the State of Mississippi, where he made his home. Although the war had begun the year before, in view of John's extreme youth (he was then hardly fifteen) he had seen no reason for changing the plan of sending him to college there. The boy was in a Northern preparatory school when the war broke out, and was too young to fight, even if then prepared

to take sides. Augustine Brandon, second of that name, was of course of Northern sympathies, but regarded himself as a citizen of Mississippi; and he was far too old for martial service, John being the younger child of a marriage he had, late in life, contracted with a beautiful young girl of New Orleans, whose father he had befriended. He had died, leaving his orphan daughter to his care. She also had died, in giving John birth, leaving also John's elder sister, Rose Mary, his senior by some seven years. Rose Mary was blond and of very gentle nature, sharing her mother's creole blood; he, on the contrary, was black-haired, determined, and of Northern, Norman type, sharing, as it were, the vigor of both Norman-French and Norman-English ancestry. But, as the family is now quite extinct, these facts are perhaps of little importance, save that he loved this sister with a love that is rarer perhaps in purely Saxon natures, while he adored his father with a reverence that had in it something Roman.

It was to Rose Mary that was due his early homecoming, without waiting for the Commencement festivities. It was still possible—easily possible for a gentleman of Mr. Brandon's position—to get letters through to the North. The Federal troops were already in possession of New Orleans, under General Butler; but without using that channel, it was quite easy for Mr. Brandon, an old gentleman over seventy, living on his estates and highly respected though known to be of Northern sympathies, to have his family

letters passed through the Confederate lines to the North, with a mere pretense at censorship. And her letters of late had grown increasingly anxious. It was not only their loneliness and isolated situation and her father's age, nor fear of the blacks (in that belt of country perhaps the most primitively savage still in all the South), nor of course of the soldiers themselves—it was more than this, something she could not explain, yet something evident in all her letters. Her young brother light-heartedly attributed it merely to the loneliness, however. Perhaps it was; at all events he was glad, at any call of Rose Mary's or his father's, to come home. And there was another secret reason still. It was his fixed resolve after his return to the North to enlist in the Northern army. Next year he would not be too young. But it was necessary to have his father's consent, to win that of his sister (in whom he suspected some Southern sympathy), and then, most of all, to get them away from the old plantation, so far within the Southern lines, and he a Northern soldier.

Furnished with military passes, Brandon had little trouble in making his way as far as Corinth in northern Mississippi. That was the southernmost point of the Northern line. But the main military operations lay to the eastward of his way beyond that point, and he was assured that the country was practically free of soldiers, Northern or Southern; in any case, the latter, being of his State and neighbors, would give him little trouble. Relying on this, he had made no effort to get passes through the Southern lines, as his own route lay to the southwest, the great plantation of his father being on the southern slopes of the very last head of the great Appalachian chain that runs unbroken from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the lower Mississippi. Here the cultivation of rice begins to be possible, as well as cotton and the more Northern staples; and here his father had settled as a young man, and devoted his life to the cultivation not alone of the fields but of the neighborhood. Around Laurel Hill there were schools, the negroes were kindly treated; it was a little oasis of civilization on the very edge of the "Black Belt."

Railroad communication ended at Corinth, and young Brandon had little difficulty in procuring a horse on which to finish his journey. Although nominally all the horses had been seized for use of the Confederate army long before and he had no personal acquaintance in Corinth, his name and need sufficed to bring to the hotel door a fairly well-fed farm horse, in charge of a smiling dorky, "to be returned at his convenience." He lost no time in mounting, as he was anxious to get home. His few belongings were soon bundled and strapped behind the saddle, and, throwing a gold piece to the dorky, he was off.

Almost immediately on leaving the town behind him he entered the woods: the vast sparse growth of oak or pine that clothes these last Northern uplands. The road dwindled to a sandy track, and then a trail; and after a few miles he left it altogether, as the country grew familiar to him, for the forest was scanty and moreover carpeted, on hard sand, by that pretty herbage which we of Alabama call clover—though clover, of course, it is not, but a pleasant footing it makes for horse or man. He had started in the mid-forenoon, determined to get home that night, and was anxious to arrive in still more familiar surroundings ere the dark. The distance—some seventy to eighty miles—his horse was said to be good for with one rest. This he took, with a meal, after sunset; waiting for all twilight to fail and the stars to become bright before he started again. The moon was in its last quarter.

It seemed a very happy ride to him. What journeys can be more so than those of youth, in its first freedom, upon a horse, no care behind and home ahead? "Journeys end in lovers' meeting," how old a catch is that? And though there was no lover in the case, it may be questioned if the love of boy for a single and older sister be not deeper still.

He had met no one so far in all his journey. The few roads (which mainly ran westward toward the great river) when he had crossed them were unpicketed, showing that the country was not under military occupation; nor had there been a sound of distant gunfire nor a light of falling shell. One or two negro cabins he had passed, but they were de-

serted; the negroes evidently fled either to their master's protection, southward, or northward to join the invading army. But the boy had been told at Corinth that it was probable that the present offensive of the Federals had ended; indeed, it had been hinted to him that their next movement might be a retreat.

He was getting very near home now. The country was quite familiar. Beyond that pine-clad height where the last rock cropped out he should see a long range of gentle hills whose slopes were already reclaimed to farming. These were his father's outlying plantations, mostly "truck" farms, given to the favored negroes, whence the supplies came to the great house. And beyond this long last range of hills lay the valley of home, on the farther side of which, on a gentle acclivity in the edge of a fine grove, rose the great mansion house where he had been born, two-storied, with wide veranda framed in high pillars rising to the dormered roof. Beside it his sister's favorite flower-garden; in front, the great lawn slanting to the lake that had been the sea of adventure of his boyhood, Rose Mary always with him, she just enough older to accompany him in all adventure, not so much older that he did not feel himself the protector, as any man should be. Rose Mary! Rose Marie—it was the old creole name his father had chosen for her. Himself had been plain John.

The light of the setting moon still lingered in the western horizon. It was strange how long it stayed. He thought he should lose it as he plunged into the last wood; but no, it was still there. Was it all the light of the moon? Clapping spurs to his horse, he galloped up the last acclivity from the summit of which, he knew, he should see his father's house. But he was never to enter his father's house again. Long before he reached the hilltop he saw that the light was not of the moon alone, but the redder glow of fire; and when he got to where he could look down across the valley he saw that it was his father's house that was burning.

The fire had apparently started in the servants' quarters, for the "offices" and household servants' cabins to the westward of the main house were already wrapped in flames, in the light of which

the great façade now shone like marble, gleaming white, as yet untouched. No figures appeared on its broad veranda, and there was still light in the bedroom windows.

Brandon dropped the bridle and drove the spurs into his horse. So he fell down the mountain, and spurred across the lawn by the little lake. Then as he dashed upward through the jasmynes and magnolias, the house now already on fire, he saw the great door open, both wings thrown inward, and his father, followed by his sister, appear on the veranda. At the same moment his horse stumbled, his bridle was seized, and he himself thrown to earth and held. The boy struggled, though he saw that they were Union soldiers, when the event occurred which made captors and captive motionless for the moment. "That's the Cossack!" one of them had said. A squadron of cavalry had been drawn up in front of the house, and the man who seemed to be in command had shouted, "— you, come out!" and his father had come in his black coat and hair gleaming white; Rose Mary in her night-dress, her blond curls still unbraided; she seemed mad with fear or anger, the old man calm. He saw some of the family servants, armed but white with fear, behind them. "Don't speak to the villains, shoot them down," he heard his sister cry. It was at that moment and before he could wrench him free that he heard the man they called the Cossack give the order Fire!

He saw his father fall, riddled with many bullets; his sister, too. The shots seemed to come from every side. He struck at one of his captors with the hand he had struggled to free and the butt of his pistol, and the other struck him down with the clubbed gun, unconscious.

They left him there; and in the morning, a long time after sunrise, the negroes, his own servants, found him and brought him to. The house was now in ashes. Some of the negroes had gone away with the Northern troops, but his sister, they told him, was being nursed by the old mammy, her foster-mother. They seemed strangely loath even to tell him this, though voluble as to the other events of the night, the raid (for such they had dis-

covered it was) of the Union cavalry; how they said they had come to take massa as a rebel spy, but had, after killing him, packed up and taken off with them all the silver. "But take me to Rose Mary," he cried, he ordered—and at last they did, and he found her struggling in her old mammy's arms—raving mad.

Rose Mary never recovered her reason. For a year or more John Brandon hardly left her, day or night. He got her North, to his nearest relations, in Massachusetts. Then, when all the doctors assured him that her case was hopeless, he enlisted in the Northern armies.

In the May of 1874—it was the Sunday before May 31, Decoration Day—the town, or rather, as it called itself, the city, of Centreville, situated in what is known as the Black Belt of southern Illinois, lay under a particularly hot sun even for that time of year and in that latitude. Main Street lay almost deserted, save for a few hogs that roamed at will through its miry centre (for there had been recent rains), and were only prevented from invading the plank sidewalks by the elevation at which these were set above the mud—or perhaps that the centre street made better hunting for refuse from the houses or, worse, in the gutters old peelings or tomato-cans. Centreville was not a new town; and the plank sidewalks that stretched up from the railroad depot in long perspective were old and worn, in some spots out of repair, so that a jump was necessary; and it looked as if this condition had lasted a long time. The houses that faced the sidewalks were for the most part wooden, too; though the Bank was of brick, and the Court-house. The Opera-house, however, was of wood, and so were the two rival churches that faced each other with crossless spires at the upper end of the street, and the only building that had more than two stories was the Centreville Hotel. Indeed, most of the shops had but one, but this was often eked out by a false front above with an elaborate wooden cornice, thus making an imposing façade and justifying Main Street's metropolitan pretensions. There were few dwelling-houses upon Main Street, the

price per front foot not justifying their improvement for merely domestic uses. For one corner lot in the post-war boom times had been reported sold at \$200 the front foot, a fact which other lot-owners (though all were mortgaged, and all but one for sale) had never let escape their memory.

This one lot not for sale was covered by the most modern structure in all Centreville. Of brick, with Indiana stone facings, it occupied the corner across Lincoln Street from the Centreville Hotel, just opposite the Soldiers' Monument in the park. In it was there lodged the I. O. O. F. and the Masons, and here were held the meetings of other fraternal or charitable societies; for the one that was proprietary was hospitable, one might add generous, not to say thrifty, and willingly let out for evenings that were not its own lodge nights its halls to more houseless organizations, or to Chautauqua lectures, or even to political rallies or caucuses not so big as to necessitate the city hall—the more secret arcana on such occasions being temporarily removed. Here also had its headquarters and met, when it met, the local post of the G. A. R.

That was not very often. Comparatively few soldiers had gone from Centreville, and fewer still had returned. Then there had been some disagreement about the Post's leadership. Its titular leader was, of course, dead, and the present head was the proprietor of the Centreville Hotel, a burly, black-haired, coarse-grained Hoosier whose name was Max Conrad, not, however, without much of what is called magnetism, and distinctly a good "mixer." Only, it was charged by his enemies, that he mixed too much; and that the meetings, post or lodge, held too lengthy adjournments around the iron stove's railing in his bar.

To-day, of course, being Sunday, there was no formal meeting of the Post; nor ordinarily would many of them, on that day, have congregated after meeting about the Centreville Hotel bar. But to-morrow was Decoration Day, their great day of the year. It was a spectacle then; it is perhaps more touching now—to see the survivors of those who saved the Union marching once a year in their worn uniforms to the graves of their dead com-

rades, feeble, each year with more halting steps, in fewer numbers and with more graves to deck. But in that year, 1874, they were husky still and strong, and as an organization would march to their brass band, proudly, with all the consciousness of a great political power. Particularly in these remote and still rather primitive Western towns, where life offered few diversities and not so many counter ambitions, the local post leader was apt to become the political one, at least of one party. And what the G. A. R. said, went—as the saying goes.

"And where would they be but for us?" concluded Conrad, bringing his hairy fist down on the counter with a crash that caused the glasses to ring. They were discussing the subject of service pensions then already being agitated. Conrad was the oracle of his own bar, and there was no dissent. "That's the talk," said "Heinie" Wagner, his sycophant and understudy, approvingly. Grimes Walker, the local lawyer and candidate for Congress, nodded his head. "What do you think, Tom?" continued Conrad.

Tom Rymer, the person addressed, a sunburnt, delicate-featured farmer, his black clothes still reddened with the dust of the prairie road through which he had driven in to church, had been Conrad's rival for the local leadership, and the latter lost no opportunity of setting him at a disadvantage. But it was evident that the others held him in some consideration, for they waited without interruption for the reply. Only "Al" Hicks, visibly the worse for liquor, spat noisily in the ashpan encircling the stove. "It seems to me," said Rymer hesitatingly, "the country first should more fully compensate those who are disabled or sick. We healthy ones can wait our turn."

Conrad banged open the hinged rail and came out from behind the bar. "And what do you think, sir?"

The form of address was so unusual that all turned with some curiosity toward the person indicated. He was a stranger, obviously an Easterner, who had been sitting a little back from the stove, watching the others.

"Oh, I forgot," Conrad continued.

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. —, Mr. —. He only came in this morning. Mr. —?"

"My name is John," said the stranger.

"John? John what?"

"I said my name was John," said the stranger in a voice that left no room for further discussion.

"The Scripture said call this man John," interposed Charley Baker, the popular member.

"That's so! and the drinks are on me!" answered the jovial host. "Well then, Mr. John, give us your own opinion."

"Why, I would only add the widows and orphans—and perhaps, after a time, old-age pensions. We did not fight for money."

"And that's right, too! A member of the Grand Army, sir?"

"I am." And then, as if fearing he had been too curt or uncommunicative, John Brandon added: "The Thirty-. . . th Massachusetts."

"Well, have a drink on that. To be long in Centreville, sir? You must come to our Post meetings." And Conrad drew forward a couple of black bottles.

"Thank you very much," said Mr. John. And, as all the others except Tom Rymer crowded up to the bar: "But as for the drink, you must excuse me."

"Well, if you won't—Tom Rymer?"

"You know I never drink, Conrad."

"I was just going to say you would keep Mr. John company."

"The Thirty-. . . th Massachusetts? I remember the Thirty-. . . th Massachusetts. It saw some fighting."

"Not so much as we of the West, though," said Conrad.

"Not so much as we Westerners," echoed Wagner.

"I was in at the very beginning, under Grant. At Fort Donelson—at Pittsburg Landing. Hardly ever saw a Yankee regiment."

"Hadn't much use for the Bluebellies," said Hicks.

"Except for that Louisiana expedition when Mr. Rymer saw us, I was in the Army of the Potomac all the time," said Mr. John.

"Fighting behind trenches," hiccupped Hicks. But Charley Baker hastened to add an explanation.

"Of course the Army of the Tennessee saw more open fighting at the start. But we all came to trenches in the end."

"You should have seen Pittsburg Landing," persisted Hicks.

"And Chattanooga," said Charley Baker.

John Brandon turned to the hotel-keeper. "What was your regiment?"

"The Hundred and . . . th Illinois. But I left before Chattanooga." And Brandon, who was watching the party closely, thought he saw a half-smile on some faces. Conrad went on hurriedly: "Them first days were the best. Pittsburg Landing won the war."

"Them was the days," nodded Wagner. He was now almost as drunk as Hicks was.

"I thought we might 'a' moved on Vicksburg then," went on Conrad, with an air of mastery. "But the Old Man wouldn't."

Wagner nodded, with an air of drunken gravity. "His staff was bum. Why, we got miles beyond him, to Corinth and beyond. The country was all open to us. Cossack, you remember?"

At this word, "Cossack," John Brandon could not prevent the slightest possible start. To cover it he rose from his chair. Conrad made no reply to Wagner's question; only he asked the stranger if he knew Corinth—"in Mississippi," he added.

"I told you I was in the Army of the Potomac," Mr. John replied. Tom Rymer was going to the door, and he joined him. "Must have a bit of air before dinner."

Max Conrad looked after him suspiciously. But the others went on drinking.

It was the evening of the following Fourth of July. The day had been very hot and exhausting to all members of the Centreville G. A. R., who had joined in the procession and listened to the oration, all save "Cap" Conrad, and were now collected in his barroom, the civic centre of Centreville, partaking of well-earned refreshment. Thence they were to go for their annual election to the Post hall, across the street. Hicks and Wagner had been drinking heavily, and Con-

rad had joined them rather more than was his wont. Rymer was also there, and Charley Baker, and Sam Jackson, an old veteran of the Hundred and . . . th, who had recently returned from California. The door opened, and in walked he whom they knew as Mr. John. Greetings were exchanged; none too cordial on the part of Conrad. "Ain't seen you since you lit out last Decoration Day," he said. "Rather sudden, wa'n't it?"

"I had business in the South," said John.

"The South, eh? Thought you said you was an Easterner——"

"My business was in the South, this time."

"Come to stay a while this time? Put up with me?"

"No. I have a room in the town."

"We had hoped to see you at our Post meeting," interposed Charley Baker.

"I intend to come to-night. I only dropped in to have a word with Colonel Rymer."

Tom Rymer had been brevetted lieutenant-colonel after the war, a rank which ever rankled in the thoughts of Conrad, who had never got beyond that of captain. But he had not re-enlisted after the second year, whereas Rymer had served the war through. He got up as "Mr. John" spoke, and after a word or two more they went out together, John interchanging a glance with Jackson as they went, a thing which did not escape the notice of Conrad. "Known that feller before?" he said.

"Never saw him except once until I met him in New Orleans on my way back from California," said Jackson simply.

"What d'yer come back for?" queried Conrad bluntly. He got no answer to his question, and there was an awkward pause.

"I never cottoned to that feller," said Hicks.

"Nor me neither. But I can't stand Bluebellies." It was Wagner who spoke. "What's he doin' hereabouts, anyhow?"

"You may search me," grinned Conrad. "All I know is he lit out that next mornin'. But he paid his bill."

"And where'd he come from this time?"

"He blew in on the Central Limited from New Orleans," said somebody.

"Excuse me, fellers, I must go. I've

got an old aunt still living in this burg. See you to-night." It was the man called Jackson who spoke, and as he spoke he left, giving no opportunity for further questions. Baker went with him, while the others remained to drown their curiosity in another round of drinks. All drinks were on the house this day; for it was the annual election for Commander of the Post, and Conrad was again a candidate. Some of the members took to sleep, others to throwing dice. Hicks and Wagner became incapacitated from going to the hotel supper, and were shown to rooms up-stairs by Conrad himself, cheerfully assuring him that they "would be all right in the evenin'." But to make assurance doubly sure, he dowsed a pitcher of cold water over each as he left them.

The contest at the election was close. Conrad seemed to have lost some popularity during the preceding year. John was there, but of course took no part in the voting. The election was determined only by the vote of Jackson, who cast his for Tom Rymer. Conrad, who had alternately bragged of the benefits he had conferred on Centreville and blustered of his record in the war—his loud voice in this giving him great advantage over the quiet Rymer—could not control his rage.

"I have my own opinion of fellers that don't care a damn about the town, or the Post either, and only skulk back in time to vote," he yelled, glaring at Jackson. "And of damned bluebellied interlopers," he hissed, almost in John's face. "The rest of ye can come and take a drink."

The latter made no reply, but Jackson did.

"It was necessary for the good name of the Post."

"The hell it was! Well, come along, you others."

But now Brandon stepped forward, a paper in his hand.

"Stop where you are! You cannot go back to your hotel. You are arrested on a charge of murder. I have extradition papers from the Governor of Mississippi."

"Murder? That's a good one! What the hell—" blustered Captain Conrad.

"Of murder—of Augustine Brandon, in Jackson County, Mississippi, in June, 1862."

Conrad still threatened, with a purple face, but Hicks and Wagner blanched.

"By God, Cossack, you remember—the night we burned that ranch—the old man was killed——"

"What if he was?" roared Conrad. "A damned rebel, and a spy!"

"A civilian and no spy, I am sure," replied John.

"Anyhow it was war time, and under orders!"

"You can try that out in a court of law."

"And how do you know? Who the hell are you?"

"I am his son," said Brandon.

There was a moment of tense silence in the hall. It was a strange scene. The gaunt, bare room with its scattered insignia and its torn flags behind the platform, on either side of a crude lithograph of General Grant; the startled group of men, many still in their old service uniforms; and calm among them all; this Eastern comrade come to beard their braggart leader in his very den. But after one tense minute, he began to swagger again.

"Well, young feller, I'm sorry. But he was a damned spy just the same. And, anyways, it was the fortune of war. Come on, boys——"

"Stop!" It was Brandon who threw the door open. On the stairway were two men in police uniform, with them an old negro dressed in clean black. With his white hair and dignified bearing, he looked like some ancient body-servant or butler. "Marshals, take your prisoner!" And Brandon pointed his finger at Conrad. The two policemen stepped forward, one of them jingling a pair of handcuffs. Jackson joined them.

"I am the messenger of the Governor of Mississippi, charged with the arrest and extradition of Max Conrad, indicted there for the murder of Augustine Brandon in June, 1862. These officers are under my command. And here is the extradition warrant signed last week by Governor —— of Illinois."

As Conrad whipped a pistol from his pocket he was seized. "Will you go quiet, or shall I have to put the handcuffs on?" said one.

"Go quiet? Hell! Fellers, comrades,

will you stand for this? A couple of damned rebels from a rebel State come and take a citizen of Illinois?"

Up to that moment the members of the Post had stood quiet, spellbound; but this appeal moved them. There were several cries of No!

"We'll see them in hell first!" "Raise the whole city!" "Hold the train!" "Mob them! Mob them!" cried Hicks and Wagner and several of the others. But then, unnoticed in the excitement, Wagner bolted down the stairs, and it was Charley Baker who spoke.

"It may be right—I don't know the law—but how do we know he'll have a fair trial?"

"In Mississippi—hell!" said Hicks.

"Why can't he be tried here?" suggested another.

"They tell me that can't be," said Brandon. "It must be in the State of the crime. Of course he'll have his habeas corpus here, if he wishes, and he can get a lawyer."

At this moment was heard a clamoring at the door below. It was a number of excited citizens, led by Wagner. The chief marshal looked at Brandon inquiringly.

"Let him up," said he quietly. "Let them all up." And the crowd pressed into the hall.

"There he is! There's the feller!" shouted Wagner, pointing to Brandon. "Wants to take our captain down to Mississippi to try him there on some cock-and-bull charge of murder in the war, twelve years ago! In the war! D'ye ever hear o' such a thing? I never did in Germany, and I was a soldier there too. Will ye stand it, men?"

There was a general murmur. It seemed evident that they would stand by their comrade.

"I have an extradition charge against you, too, if your name is Wagner," said Brandon. "But it is not for the murder, though I know that you were there, and it might well have been. It is for stealing silver."

There was a little laughter at this, but the effect was to enrage Wagner still more, though now he spoke in fear as well as anger. "I say we'll stand by one another against all the blasted rebels in the

South. Captain Conrad won't get no court trial down there—they'll just lynch him, that's all."

There was a very general assent to this. Many shook their heads.

"Gentlemen, I have come here to have this man duly tried. I should be glad to have the trial take place here, anywhere, where he could have a fair trial. Many, nearly all, of the witnesses are here. But all tell me it is impossible. But I promise you, I give you my word of honor, as a gentleman, as a comrade, that there will be no lynching." Brandon's words had effect, but only with some. He had a whispered conference with Jackson, the marshal, and Rymer. Then he turned and faced the hall, already crowded, and others still pressing up the stairs.

"Gentlemen, I have no authority to propose this. No authority under the law. But you say you will oppose the extradition of this man. It is not only that I want to avoid rioting, possibly bloodshed—I want first and only to convince the members of this Post, loyal soldiers in the war to save the Union, that this man should stand his trial. I have said the witnesses are here. [Conrad gave a start again at this, and looked furtively around, but seeing none but friends he forced a smile.] I propose we hold a trial here. It can have no legal validity, of course. Whatever be the result I shall do my best to carry the prisoner away. But it may determine you in your resolve whether to oppose it. Our train does not leave until to-morrow morning. We will have no lawyers, just the facts. We will have it here, in this room, and now."

"To-night," said somebody.

"Now," said Brandon. "Do you agree?"

There was a long pause. Conrad looked puzzled and dubious. Baker nodded his head. All seemed to wait for some one to speak first.

"It seems fair," said at last the oldest member of the Post.

"It can do no harm," assented another.

"Trial be damned," yelled Wagner. "Trial for what? I tell yer there ain't no offense. I say we pack the marshals down to New Orleans and ride the damned Bluebelly on a rail out o' town!"

Hicks assented loudly, and one or two others; but Conrad was silent. The sentiment, even of the Post, seemed to favor the proposal.

"Shall we let the people in?" asked Rymer, who had not yet spoken for or against the strange proposal.

"I have no objection," answered Brandon.

"I think it matter for the Post," said the oldest member. "We can advise the people afterward." And so it was agreed.

Then, for the first time, the prisoner spoke. "Take these damned things off," indicating his handcuffs.

Brandon looked at Rymer and the oldest member. A glance of understanding passed between them. Brandon turned back to the marshal.

"Take them off," he said. "I am sure they will attempt no rescue here." The handcuffs were removed, and Conrad shook himself, and sank heavily upon a chair. It was announced that there was to be a Post meeting, and strangers were requested to vacate the hall.

The crowd behind the benches, murmuring or stilled, grew speechless as they saw Rymer mount the rostrum and seize the gavel. He struck it but twice. "Those not members of the Post will please withdraw. Marshals, make way—you may bring your witnesses to a front bench."

The white-haired negro, trembling, took a seat there, and with him Sam Jackson.

"I—I want a lawyer—" Conrad spoke with dry lips.

"This is a Post matter, not a lawyer's trial," said Rymer. "However, Comrade Grimes Walker is a lawyer. He will act for you."

The candidate for Congress looked uneasy. He held a whispered colloquy with Conrad. The two officers in blue coats had resumed their place at the door, and the women and children that Wagner had led in were marshalled out reluctantly. "I object," shouted Walker. "I object to the presence of Federal marshals. Illinois is not a State under reconstruction."

"Those are not United States marshals, but officers commissioned by the State of

Mississippi to carry out this extradition." It was Brandon who spoke, but Rymer interrupted.

"The colonel's point is well taken. This is a Post matter. The officers will please leave the room." Brandon signalled them to go. Meantime Hicks had returned to Conrad with a glass of whiskey. He drank it neat, and his voice was heard.

"You mean to say they can try me for anything I did in the war?"

Walker hushed him, as he began to bluster, and turned to Rymer, presiding, with a touch of his professional manner. "My client," he began, "would like to know who is prosecuting this case, what the charges are, and to be confronted with the witnesses."

"I am." It was Brandon who spoke. "That is, in so far as there is a prosecution. I am here to bring my father's murderers to justice. The State of Mississippi has indicted this man Conrad. But so far as the Post is concerned, this is but a private inquiry among gentlemen to discover the truth and decide them whether they wish to intervene."

"The State of Mississippi," sneered Walker. "Where are your witnesses? That State doesn't allow a white man to be convicted on the testimony of one old nigger."

"I have other witnesses. And they are men of this Post."

Conrad started. He looked hastily around. Hicks could be trusted. Wagner had vanished. None others of those present he remembered in his company that eventful night. "Put on your nigger."

"Stand up, Cæsar."

The white-haired old servant stepped forward, and made a courtly bow to Rymer as president, another to the score of members present of Post No. —, Grand Army of the Republic in the State of Illinois. Though made up of farmers, mechanics, traders, one or two professional men, they were not a motley group. Black coat or shirt-sleeves alike were covered by the old blue coat; in speech, in thought, in ideals they were alike; poor with the poverty of a southern Illinois town before its underlying seams of coal were opened; product of our common schools, they were, in our now

much-abused phrase, more truly than "one hundred per cent American."

"Your name?"

"Cæsar Brandon."

Rymer interrupted. "Will you have him sworn? Comrade Baker, fetch the Bible."

"This is no court trial. An oath would be meaningless. This is just an inquiry among gentlemen. But he can be sworn, if you wish."

Conrad leaned eagerly forward and whispered to his counsel. Hicks took a swallow of his own glass of whiskey. "The damned nigger doesn't understand the nature of an oath," said he.

Grimes Walker nodded. "I agree with the—er—prosecution that an oath would be meaningless. These—irregular—proceedings can have no binding force."

"None at all," assented Brandon.

"You were body-servant to the late Augustine Brandon?" The ancient negro nodded assent, his voice failing him.

"Any relation?" sneered Conrad, and Hicks snickered, but no one else responded. The negro wiped his eyes, but now his voice came clear. "It is the custom, sir, among us colored people that have been many generations in the service of the older families in the South to take our masters' names. And I was born on the plantation only a few weeks before my master."

"Tell us what happened on the 28th of June, 1862."

The old negro had bent his head to hear John Brandon's question, but now he stood erect and addressed the Post.

"My old master, and Miss—Miss Rose Mary," he sobbed, "were expecting Massa John."

"You mean John Brandon, now here," Tom Rymer interposed. The old negro nodded. "And Rose Mary?"

But the aged negro had sunk upon his chair. Charley Baker hurried to him with a glass of water.

"Rose Mary is my sister," John Brandon said for him.

"If the Post has no objection, we will allow the witness to testify seated," said Rymer. No one had any objection.

"I was in the great hall, givin' orders for the dinner to be ready. We done expect young massa home from the North

by horseback from Corinth, that very night, but just naturally we don't know when he like come. It might 'a' been an hour after sundown. Sudden, I hear a rifle-shot. At first I thought it might 'a' been young massa signalling. But then quick come others, many others. And pretty soon, the niggers, they come a-rampin' and a-rushin' up to the great house. And the windows was thrown wide open down to the piazza, and I see the blue-coat soldiers come out from the woods in front and from the right where the nigger quarters were, and I see their houses all in flame. And master come in, and Miss Rose Mary in her nightgown, and now I see the house was burning, and she say, 'Shoot the villains,' but he say—"

"I object," shouted Grimes Walker.

There was a murmur of disapproval. The lawyer took backwater. "As you say, this is not a court of law, you may say what he said after she said, 'Shoot the villains.'"

"The massa he just put his hand upon her mouth, and say: 'They'm Union soldiers. They'll not harm an unarmed old man.' And he step out on the veranda, and he say: 'What do you want? We make no resistance.' And I think he say he was for the Union. But just then some one holler 'Fire!' and we had no guns, and the massa he fall and the niggers run away and Miss Rose Mary she and I lift him up and he tell us how he free we all niggers and then he kiss Miss Rose Mary and we carry him and he die on his own bed while the house done burn."

"That is all," said Brandon. There was a long pause. At last Grimes Walker got up.

"I see nothing to connect this—sad story—with the . . . th Illinois."

"Young massa tell us when he come to next mornin'. I find him in the woods myself, and he was gagged and tied and knocked down senseless." The lawyer, taken aback, muttered something about "hearsay," but was evidently unprepared for the old man's quick response. "They soldiers pass the night, all robbin' and plunderin', and I see the number on their caps."

"I submit, Judge Rymer, that there is nothing to identify—to connect this un-

fortunate occurrence with the pris—with Comrade Conrad."

There was a pause. Then Rymer spoke kindly. "Can you tell us, Cæsar, who was in command of the Union soldiers that night?"

"That man." Cæsar pointed to Conrad.

"You mean to say you see that officer once in the dark ten years ago and you come here and swear to his identity?"

"I see him twice—once in the mawn-in', after I lay my old master out. I kill him then, but I have no gun."

"Gentlemen, you will observe the animus. Now this old negro——"

"He will tell the truth," interpolated Brandon.

"I hope so. Now, Cæsar, tell us this. Do you know who gave that order, Fire? Was it the prisoner?"

"I do not know, sir."

Grimes Walker turned triumphant to the members of the Post. "And yet you heard the lady give the order shoot. Why don't you bring her here!" He spoke to young Brandon, but it was Cæsar who answered.

"She can't remember, sir. She lost her mind. When we took her father's body out of the burning house, she ran away to find her brother, so she said. But we found her, the other servants and I found her, the next mornin' in the woods. And she was ravin' mad."

There was dead silence in the Post-room of the . . . th Illinois. The old negro had placed his hand upon the Bible. From their frames on the wall the likenesses of Lincoln and of General Grant seemed to look down on the proceedings. Walker made no effort at further cross-examination. At last John Brandon rose.

"I may be permitted to corroborate the witness to this extent, that there was no defense on the part of the people in the house, and I too heard the order given, Fire! though I did not then know from whom the order proceeded. As for my sister, I have letters from the superintendent of the asylum showing that she has always been insane; I presume the Post will take my word for it. Samuel Jackson!"

"I submit that nothing sufficient is proved. The marshal——"

"I don't call him as marshal, but as

witness," said Brandon dryly. "You were there?"

Conrad started up and scanned the stranger closely. "You were no member of the . . . th," he said.

"No, but of the 77th. I was with your company that night. I had come to see the fun."

"Did you hear who gave the order, Fire?"

"It was after the old man had quieted his daughter. He was telling us that he was a Northern man and that all his house was at our service; and the order was: 'God damn you, fire!'"

"How many shots did you hear?"

"Only a few—perhaps half a dozen—and I saw some men aim into the air."

"Who gave the order?"

"Captain Conrad."

There was a long silence in the hall. Conrad was consulting with his lawyer. From down the street, where some band was still practising for the Fourth of July, came the blare of the refrain "Marching through Georgia."

At last Grimes Walker stood up. "It is yet to be proved who fired the fatal shot," said he.

"Not necessarily, I believe," said Brandon. "Still——" He turned to the door. No one had heard any knocking, but it opened, revealing "Heinie" Wagner, drunk but frightened, in the grasp of Charley Baker. Brandon went on, as if determined to suffer no interruption. "Corporal Wagner, Jackson has testified that it was Max Conrad who gave the order to fire on Augustine Brandon, an unarmed old man, that night when you were with your company beyond Corinth, Mississippi. The house was being burned and looted, but he—and you—are not now being tried for that. This case is murder. The question is, who fired the fatal shot——"

"It was him! It was him!" cried Wagner. "He grabbed my gun, and fired himself."

Conrad made a lunge at Wagner, but was held tight by the officers. There was another long pause. Again it was Brandon who broke the silence.

"It is for the defense now."

But Grimes Walker was silent.

No one laid hands upon Wagner. But the cold sweat beaded on his brow as he cowered behind the two marshals. Conrad made an effort to rise.

"Do not let him go!" shrieked Wagner.

"Schweinhund!" shouted Conrad; then, turning to Rymer, "Have I right to speak?"

"Surely."

Conrad controlled himself. He ceased to bluster.

"Comrades!" He looked around.

"Listen to me, comrades!" He looked in vain. No friendly eye would meet his. Even Hicks affected to be busy with his glass of whiskey. "All what I did was sacred under the laws of war. You have heard, she give the order, shoot. I was acting captain of my company. Of this Post." Failing other encouragement, he looked at the old lithographs of Grant and Lincoln on the wall. "Perhaps I saved their lives. And the life of a Union soldier is more important than any damned old rebel."

It was his climax. Nothing came.

"You cannot try me for what I did as a Union soldier." He wiped his forehead. He sat down. Still nobody spoke.

At last an old man—he was lame and poorly clothed—rose awkwardly and limped slowly down the aisle. He went through the door, and they could hear him stumbling down the stairs. He was the oldest member of the Post. Another followed, then another. They emptied the hall, until at last there remained only Conrad and the drunken Hicks. For Wagner, too, seeing that he was not restrained by the officers, had slunk out unobserved.

"Marshal, take your prisoner," said Charles Rymer, presiding.

At early dawn the next morning as the C., St. L. & N. O. limited pulled up at the Centreville station two handcuffed men were placed in the caboose by two men in sheriff's coats. They made no resistance; one seemed cowed, but the other with a fiery eye looked up and down the long platform as if for succor. But there was no one visible save two men who were guarding either exit of the station with rifles in the hollows of their arms. These wore the uniform of the G. A. R.

The Romancer

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

FROM common things and blatant light of day,
And trough-like wallows where the swine-folk swill,
Suddenly and impatient he turns away
To silver horns that blare beyond the hill,
And with an exaltation they know not
Sees in the clouds, as light upon them shone,
The distant shining roofs of Camelot,
The far sea-hidden isle of Avalon.

Say he evades life's issue: must all be
The chroniclers of dust-encumbered things?
He dares to drink full draught of poetry,
And scorns drab sober prose; no Puritan,
Relishes dreams, the finest gold for man,
Nor fears the ache of dull awakenings.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VIII.—STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



EVERY period in the history of mankind had its revelation in science. Some periods were most fortunate in this respect. The first half of the nineteenth century saw the great scientific revelation called the Principle of Conservation of Energy, and considered it its greatest glory. Our own American philosopher, Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, Massachusetts, known in Europe as Count Rumford, was one of several early prophets in science who foresaw the advent of this great dynamical doctrine. Its importance to mankind cannot be overestimated. I am sure that many a scientific man of those days felt grateful to heaven for the blessing of having lived during the age when that great revelation was received by mankind. The scientific men of to-day are grateful for having lived during the second half of the nineteenth century, when the great electromagnetic theory was revealed to man. Its importance, likewise, cannot be overestimated. But there is a radical difference in the historical progress of these two nineteenth-century revelations in science. The existence of the first was intuitively foreseen and may be said to have existed in one form or another in the minds of many scientific men long before it received its final form of statement. Its formulator, Helmholtz, thought that he was not announcing anything new, but was only stating his own view of something that was already well known. After his announcement, in 1847, every scientific man accepted the revelation as an almost self-evident truth. The electromagnetic theory of light and of matter had a different history. It was born as a dim vision in the mind of a single man, Faraday, and nearly fifty years elapsed

before it was formulated by Maxwell and experimentally demonstrated by Hertz. It was only then that the world began to understand that a great scientific revelation had appeared to man. To-day we know that new physical concepts requiring a new language for their expression had to be created in the minds of scientific men before the modern electromagnetic doctrine could be revealed to the world. The first glimpses of that revelation I caught on the slope of Goat Fell mountain, and two years later I saw in Berlin what I believed to be a clear outline of its meaning.

When I look back to those days and consider how few were the physicists who had caught this meaning even twenty years after it was stated by Maxwell in 1865, I wonder whether it is possible to-day to convey that meaning to people who are not trained physicists. I think it is, and I believe that the attempt should be made, because the electromagnetic doctrine is to-day recognized to be the very foundation of all our knowledge of physical phenomena. I also think that one of the best methods of conveying that meaning is to describe my early attempts which failed to catch it.

Faraday's discoveries in the electrical science during the first half of the nineteenth century attracted world-wide attention and admiration. I knew that much at Arran, and I also knew of the rapid growth of the practical applications of his discoveries to telegraphy, to generation of electrical power for electrical lighting, electrical traction, and electrochemical work, and finally to telephonic transmission of speech. The world understood that all these wonderful things, which contributed so much to the comforts of mankind, came from those sources in the realm of abstract science which were opened up by Faraday's discoveries.

Scientific research began to assume a different aspect even in the eyes of the captains of industry who in those days showed lamentable indifference to science which did not promise immediate tangible

tions of Faraday and of his work convinced me that Faraday's exalted position among his contemporaries like Maxwell, Henry, Tyndall, and Barnard was due not so much to the immedi-



From a photograph by John Watkins, London.

Michael Faraday.

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returns. The advocates of scientific research, like Tyndall, and his American and British friends, pointed with pride to Faraday's work whenever a question arose concerning the practical value of research in the domain of the so-called abstract physical sciences. This helped very much to arouse in this country and in Great Britain a deeper interest in what Andrew White called "strength and hope for higher endeavor."

But Tyndall's and Maxwell's descrip-

ate practical value of his electrical discoveries, great as that value certainly was, as it was to the clear vision with which he searched for and revealed new morsels of the *eternal truth*. It was clear to me even at that time that inventions are the handwork of mortal man and that, though at first they appeal to us, as they ought to, as wonderful creations of human ingenuity, their ultimate fate is to become more or less commonplace. The telegraph and the telephone,

the dynamo and the motor, the light of the electrical arc and of the incandescent filament, had lost much of their awe-inspiring character even at the time when I was a student at Cambridge. Inventions grow old and are superseded by other inventions, and, being the creation of the constructive schemes of mortal man, are themselves mortal. But the laws which the stars and the planets obey and have always obeyed in their paths through the heavens are unchangeable; they never grow old, and therefore they are immortal; they are a part of the *eternal truth*. We do not know of any natural processes by which eternal things have been evolved. Their existence is the best philosophic proof that back of all this changeable visible world there is the unchangeable, the eternal divinity. Archimedes, Galileo, and Newton co-operated in the discovery of immutable laws, and thereby revealed to mortal man morsels of the *eternal truth*. Oerstedt, a hundred years ago, discovered a morsel of the eternal truth when he discovered the magnetic force which is produced by the motion of electricity. Discoveries of immortal things and of the immutable laws which direct the mission of their immortal existence are themselves immortal. Their discoverers are, and deserve to be, immortal. Tyndall and Maxwell were the first to show me that Faraday occupied a distinguished place among such immortals as Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, and Oerstedt.

The closing sentence of Maxwell's biographical sketch of Faraday, in vol. VIII of "Nature," referred to above, reads as follows:

We are probably ignorant even of the name of the science which will develop out of the materials we are now collecting, when the great philosopher next after Faraday makes his appearance.

To me these prophetic words indicated that Maxwell had something in his mind which was not explicitly expressed in Faraday's discoveries, but which enabled Maxwell to speak like a prophet. The words of a prophet are not always easy to understand. I discovered later that, when the world with the aid of the Hertzian experiments had caught Maxwell's meaning, then a new and wonderful epoch in the

history of the physical sciences was inaugurated. Its end is not yet in sight. This inauguration I witnessed during my student days in Berlin. It is, I believe, of considerable interest to record here how the scientific world, as I saw it at that time, appeared to be preparing to receive the great revelation which was delivered to it on that historical inauguration day in 1887.

My communion with Faraday on the island of Arran began my own preparation for this inauguration day by developing gradually in my mind new physical concepts, which I discovered later to be fundamental physical concepts in the modern views of physics. Long before I had finished my reading of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," I began to understand why Tyndall, referring to them, said: "Read them; their story is just as new and as stirring to-day as it was when these volumes were first printed. They will help you much to interpret Maxwell." The same statement is true to-day, and therefore I proceed now, with much trepidation, to tell a part at least of that story as briefly as I can, in order to describe, even if it be quite inadequately, Faraday's relation to the present great epoch of modern physics, the epoch of the electromagnetic view not only of *light* but also of *matter*.

The gradual development of this view was due to the gradual development of new physical concepts which were born in Faraday's mind and existed there as a poetical vision; but in Maxwell's mind they appeared as physical quantities having definite quantitative relations to other well-known physical quantities, which a physicist can measure in his laboratory. In every creative physicist there is hidden a metaphysicist and a poet; but the physicist is less apt to persist in his occasional errors as metaphysicist and poet, because the creations of his speculative mind and of his poetical vision can be subjected to crucial experimental tests.

Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity," published in three thick volumes, looked like very long reading. But my studies at Arran soon convinced me that no reading is long which continually stirs up the interest of the eager reader. Faraday was a pioneer in science,

and the descriptions of his explorations read like tales from a new world of physical phenomena, full of poetical visions which his discoveries suggested to his imagination. It must be said, however, that in spite of his wonderful imagination and his free use of it, no investigator ever succeeded better than Faraday in drawing a sharp line of division between the new facts and principles which he had discovered, and the visions which his imagination saw in the still unexplored background of his discoveries. For instance, his discovery that a perfectly definite and invariable quantity of electricity is, as we express it to-day, attached to every valency of an atom and molecule, expresses a physical law which his experiments revealed and which he illuminated with all the light of his brilliant intellect. But when this new and precious morsel of the eternal truth had been disclosed by his experiments, then Faraday the scientist stepped aside, and Faraday the poet disclosed his visions about the constitution of matter suggested by what I called at Arran the atomic distribution of electricity in material bodies.

A man who discovers one of the most remarkable facts in modern science, namely, that in every atom and molecule there are definite and equal quantities of positive and negative electricity, and that the forces between these electricities are by far the largest known forces which keep together the components of chemical structures, cannot, if he has the imagination of a discoverer, refrain from asking the question: "What is matter?" The reader of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity" rejoices whenever Faraday, the poet and prophet, asks an apparently speculative question of this kind, because he knows that he will be thrilled by the poetical fancy which dictates Faraday's answer. Faraday's new facts and principles revealed by experiment are steeped in the honey of his fancy; they are rich food made delicious by the flavor of his poetical imagination, even when that flavor leaves the ordinary mortal guessing as to its exact meaning.

Two other questions Faraday often approached in these researches; they may be stated as follows: What is electricity? and, What is magnetism? He discovered

that motion of magnetism produces electrical forces in a manner similar to that in which, according to Oerstedt's discovery, motion of electricity produces magnetic forces. This remarkable reciprocal relation between electricity and magnetism stirs up the imagination, and makes it eager to look behind the curtain which separates the region of the revealed truth from that which is still unrevealed. It was undoubtedly this eagerness of the explorer which encouraged Faraday to approach the questions, What is electricity? and, What is magnetism? Faraday never gave a final answer to these questions, but his magnificent efforts to find this answer gave birth to new ideas which are the foundation of our modern electromagnetic view of physical forces. One of the great pleasures of my life has been the contemplation of the gradual unfolding of this new view, and if in the course of this simple narrative I succeed in describing some of its beauties, I shall consider that this narrative was not written in vain.

Since, as explicitly stated by Faraday, electricity and magnetism are known by the forces, only, which they exert, it was plain to him, as his books, "Experimental Researches in Electricity," testify, that the first question which must be answered was the question: How are the forces between electrical charges and between magnetic charges transmitted through the intervening space? The same way as gravitational forces, or are they transmitted in a different way? In his unceasing efforts to answer this question Faraday made a radical and fundamental departure from the view of the natural philosophers of his time. He stood alone and devoted a very large part of his experimental work and of his philosophical thought to the justification of his position. He stood alone for a very long time, because he was formulating a radically new physical concept which the world knows now to be one of the most fundamental concepts of the electromagnetic science of to-day, and it was difficult for his contemporaries and for his students of forty years ago, including myself, to understand him. In an address on Faraday by Helmholtz, which I read during my student days in Berlin, the following sentence

refers to Faraday's difficulty just mentioned:

It is generally very difficult to define by a general statement a new abstraction, so that no misunderstandings of any kind can arise. The originator of a new concept of that kind finds, as a rule, that it is much more difficult to find out why other people do not understand him than it was to discover the new truths.

It was very consoling to me to find out in Berlin from no less an authority than Helmholtz that I was not the only poor mortal who was guessing in vain about the exact meaning of Faraday's visions.

Newton's law of gravitation enables the astronomers to calculate accurately from a simple mathematical formula the motion of celestial bodies, without any assumption concerning the mechanism by which gravitational force is transmitted from one body to another body at a distance, say, from the sun to the earth. Newton's formula says nothing about the time of transmission. The action can be assumed to be direct action at a distance and therefore instantaneous. Experience seemed to indicate that this assumption is correct, because no detectable errors are committed when one assumes that gravitational force travels with infinite velocity. Faraday refused to accept this belief in direct action at a distance for electric and magnetic forces. A few words, only, will suffice to describe how Faraday attempted to eliminate the belief in this direct action at a distance for electrical and magnetic forces. These attempts will always be recorded in history as the first steps in the development of the modern electromagnetic science.

Faraday, starting from points in the electrical and in the magnetic charges, drew numerous curves which indicated at every point in space the direction of the electric or of the magnetic force, and in that manner the whole space surrounding the charges he divided geometricaly into *tubular filaments which he called the lines of force*. Every one of these filaments was constructed in accordance with a simple rule, so that it indicated at every point in space not only the direction but also the intensity of the force. A specific example, often employed by me at Arran, will illustrate this. A conducting sphere, say of copper or brass, is charged

with positive or with negative electricity. When that charge is in equilibrium it is, as was well known, all on the surface of the sphere and uniformly distributed. Its force of attraction or repulsion, for electrical charges in the space outside of the sphere, is obviously along radii drawn from the centre of the sphere. These radii, drawn in every direction and sufficiently numerous, envelop little cones the vertices of which are at the centre of the sphere. Adjust the size of the cones in such a way that the area of the section of every one of them with the sphere is the same, and make their total number proportional to the charge on the sphere. These little cones are then in this particular case the Faraday lines of force, because their direction gives the direction of the electrical force, and their number per unit area of the surface of any concentric sphere is proportional to the electrical force at any point of the surface of this concentric sphere. According to this picture there are attached to each little element of the total charge a definite number of these conical filaments or lines of force, and each element of the charge on the sphere is nothing more than the terminal of these filaments. When the charge on the sphere is increased or diminished the number of these filaments is also increased or diminished proportionately, and therefore they are more densely or less densely packed in the space which they occupy.

Should the charge on the sphere be set in motion, then the filaments or lines of force attached to it would also move. Thus far I followed Faraday, but went no farther; if I had gone just a little farther I should have met Maxwell. But, unfortunately for me, this simple picture which I constructed, in order to aid my understanding of Faraday's "Experimental Researches in Electricity" over which I pondered at Arran, suggested nothing more than a mere geometrical representation of the electrical force which the charged sphere exerts at any point in space. It conveyed no additional information which a simple mathematical formula, well-known at that time, did not convey. Additional information, however, was added by Faraday's imagination, which introduced here what I and many other mortals at that time consid-

ered a strange hypothesis. He described the hypothesis at great length in his books, and here is a brief statement of it:

Faraday claimed that all electrical and magnetic actions are transmitted from point to point along his lines of force; and, impelled by a remarkable intuition, he insisted that his lines of force are not mere geometrical pictures but that they had a real physical existence, and that there was something like muscular tension along these lines of force tending to contract them, and a pressure perpendicular to them tending to expand them; and that these tensions and pressures give the same numerical value for the mechanical force between the charges as that calculated from Coulomb's law, but with the fundamental difference, which Faraday pointed out, that his hypothesis demands a definite finite time for the transmission of electrical and magnetic forces; whereas according to the hypothesis of direct action at a distance, which Coulomb's law neither favors nor opposes, these forces are transmitted instantaneously. The question of the velocity of transmission of electrical and of magnetic forces through space became, therefore, a crucial question in the decision between the old view and Faraday's view.

In a letter addressed to Maxwell in 1857, and quoted by Campbell, Faraday said:

I hope this summer to make some experiments on the time of magnetic action . . . that may help the subject on. The time must probably be short as the time of light; but the greatness of the result, if affirmative, makes me not despair. Perhaps I had better have said nothing about it, for I am often long in realizing my intentions, and a failing memory is against me.

This letter was written ten years before Faraday's death, and nothing was ever reported about the result of the experiment planned by him. We know, however, that the result which he expected from the experiment was obtained thirty years later by Hertz, a pupil of Helmholtz.

I imagined at Arran that I could hear Faraday say:

Where the lines of magnetic force are there is magnetism, and where the lines of electric force are there is electricity.

Faraday's answer to the questions, "What is electricity?" and, "What is magnetism?" was, therefore, according to my understanding at that time, that they were manifestations of force; and where these manifestations exist there is electricity and there is magnetism, in the sense that there are pressures and tensions which are the result of a certain state of the space which may be called the electrical or the magnetic state. Faraday's visions, as I found them nearly forty years ago, disclosed in his "Experimental Researches in Electricity," went even so far as to suggest that matter itself consists of centres of force with lines of force proceeding from these centres in every direction to infinite distances, and where these lines are there is the body; in other words, every material body, like every electrical and every magnetic charge, extends to infinity by means of its lines of force; and hence all material bodies are in contact, explicitly denying the existence of ether. No mortal man ever suggested a bolder conception! And yet to-day we know that a conception regarding the structure of matter very similar to that first conceived by Faraday is rapidly gaining universal recognition, not merely as a new metaphysical speculation but as the logical and inexorable demand of experiment. But when Faraday told me all these strange things as I listened attentively on the slope of Goat Fell mountain at Arran, I could not see anything in them except geometrical pictures and a lot of what appeared to me like pure metaphysics in the background of simple geometrical structures. Although I was sure that Faraday's metaphysics had some definite physics back of it, I was unable to disentangle it from the hypothetical notions which I did not understand clearly. Maxwell, I thought, must have disentangled that physics, and I often thought of my Scotch friend at Arran who asked me the question: "Can you see in Faraday as far as Maxwell, the Scotchman, saw?"

When I came to Berlin my head was full of Faraday's lines of force starting at electrical and magnetic charges and winding in all sorts of shapes through space, like stream lines which start from the sources of a river and follow it in its flow

toward the ocean. The physical facts and principles which Faraday discovered stood out sharply defined like the bright stars in the firmament of a clear and quiescent summer night; but the conception of the new view of attracting and repelling electric and magnetic forces, which he represented graphically by his lines of force, endowed with strange physical powers residing in pressures and tensions, left in my mind impressions which made me feel that my faith in the new doctrine was not very strong. Faith without conviction is a house built upon sand. Helmholtz said once:

I know too well how often I sat staring hopelessly at his descriptions of the lines of force, their number and their tensions.

Little I thought during my journey from Arran to Berlin in October, 1885, that two years later all the nebulous notions in my perplexed mind would lift like the mist before the early rays of a sunny autumn morning. I continued my studies of Faraday during my first year in Berlin, reserving for that purpose the necessary time for extra reading. What did the physicists of Berlin think, I wondered, of Faraday's tubes or lines of force?

I went to Berlin to study experimental physics with Herman von Helmholtz, the famous professor of physics at the University of Berlin, the formulator of the principle of conservation of energy, and the first interpreter of the meaning of color both in vision and in music and speech. He was then the director of the Physical Institute of the university. His title, conferred upon him by the old Emperor, was Excellenz, and the whole teaching staff of the institute stood in awe when the name of Excellenz was mentioned. The whole scientific world of Germany, nay, the whole intellectual world of Germany, stood in awe when the name of Excellenz von Helmholtz was pronounced. Next to Bismarck and the old Emperor he was at that time the most illustrious man in the German Empire.

I had letters of introduction to him from President Barnard of Columbia College, and also from Professor John Tyndall of the Royal Institution. Professor Arthur Koenig, the right-hand man of Helmholtz and the senior instructor in the Physical Institute, took me to the

office of Excellenz von Helmholtz and introduced me as Herr Pupin, a student from America, and the proposed John Tyndall fellow of physics of Columbia College. I was awarded the fellowship three months later. Koenig bowed before his master as if he wished to touch the ground with his forehead. I bowed American fashion, that is, with a bow of the head which did not extend below my shoulders, the same kind of bow which was practised at the University of Cambridge at that time, and I called it the Anglo-Saxon bow; it was entirely different from Koenig's bow. Helmholtz seemed to notice the difference and he smiled a benevolent smile; the contrast evidently amused him. He had much of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins; his mother was a lineal descendant of William Penn. It was understood in Berlin that he was the most "hoffaehig" (presentable at court) scientist in the German Empire.

He received me kindly and showed deep interest in my proposed plan of study. His appearance was most striking; he was then sixty-four years of age, but looked older. The deep furrows in his face and the projecting veins on the sides and across his towering brow gave him the appearance of a deep introspective thinker, whereas his protruding, scrutinizing eyes marked him a man anxious to penetrate the secrets of nature's hidden mysteries. The size of his head was enormous, and the muscular neck and huge thorax seemed to form a suitable foundation for such an intellectual dome. His hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped, and his mouth gave evidence of a sweet and gentle disposition. He spoke in the sweetest of accents, and little, but his questions were direct and to the point. When I told him that I never had an opportunity to work in a physical laboratory and had paid exclusive attention to mathematical physics, he smiled and suggested that I should make up this deficiency as soon as possible. "A few experiments successfully carried out usually lead to results more important than all mathematical theories," he assured me. He then requested Professor Koenig to map out for me a suitable course in the laboratory and to look after me. Koenig did it and I shall always be grateful to the sadly deformed and extremely kind little

man with bushy red hair and distressingly defective eyesight, which he tried to correct with the aid of enormous spectacles employing lenses of extraordinary thick-

I attended Helmholtz's lectures on experimental physics. They were most inspiring, not so much on account of the many beautiful experiments which were



Herman von Helmholtz.
From a painting by L. Knauts.

ness. Helmholtz was always mellow-hearted to little Koenig, partly because, I think, Koenig reminded him of his own son Robert, who was deformed in hand and foot and back, but had the magnificently shaped head of his distinguished father.

During my first year's study in Berlin

shown, as on account of the wonderfully suggestive remarks which Helmholtz would drop every now and then under the inspiration of the moment. Helmholtz threw the search-light of his giant intellect upon the meaning of the experiments, and they blazed up like the brilliant colors of a flower garden when a

beam of sunlight breaks through the clouds, and tears up the dark shadows which cover the landscape on a cloudy summer day. These lectures were attended not only by students in physics, mathematics, and chemistry, but also by medical students and army officers. The official world, and particularly the army and navy, paid close attention to what Excellenz von Helmholtz had to say, and I had much reason to believe that they consulted his scientific opinions at every step. I have often been called upon to correct the opinion that Helmholtz was a pure scientist *par excellence*. There is no doubt that his great work dealt principally with fundamental problems in scientific theory and in philosophy, but there is also no doubt that, like many other German scientists, he was intensely interested in the application of science to the solution of problems which would advance the industries of Germany. His earliest career is associated with his invention of the ophthalmoscope. The optical glass industry of Germany was being developed by some of his former students, who led the world in geometrical optics, a part of physics to which Helmholtz devoted much attention in his younger days.

One day I was on my way to the institute; in front of me walked a tall German army officer, smoking a big cigar. When we reached the entrance of the institute the officer stopped and read a sign which said: "Smoking is strictly forbidden in the institute building." He threw his cigar away and walked in. I recognized Crown Prince Frederick in the officer. Two years later he became Emperor of Germany and ruled for ninety days. I watched his footsteps and saw that he entered Helmholtz's office and stayed there over an hour. He undoubtedly consulted the great scientist on some scientific problem which was then interesting to the German army and navy.

Helmholtz's personality was overpowering and seemed to compel one's interest in problems in which he was interested, and at that time his principal interest was outside of the electromagnetic theory. Nevertheless, I kept up my interest in Faraday, which interest I brought with me from Arran; but I found no opportunity to ascertain Helmholtz's opinion concerning Faraday. Finally the oppor-

tunity came toward the end of my first year at the University of Berlin.

Gustav Robert Kirchhoff, the famous discoverer, formulator, and interpreter of the science of spectrum analysis, and the founder of the theory of radiation, was at that time professor of mathematical physics at the university. He was considered the leading mathematical physicist of Germany. His contributions to the electrical theory occupied a very high place. The most important of these was undoubtedly his theory of transmission of telegraphic signals over a thin wire conductor stretched on insulated poles, high above the ground. It was a magnificent mathematical analysis of the problem, and it showed for the first time that theoretically the velocity of propagation of these signals along the wire is equal to the velocity of light. The university catalogue announced that he was to deliver a course of lectures on theoretical electricity during the first term of my residence at the university. I attended the course and waited and waited, but waited in vain to hear Kirchhoff's interpretation of Faraday and Maxwell. At the close of the semester the course ended and the electromagnetism theory of Faraday and Maxwell was referred to on two pages only, out of two hundred; and the part so honored was not, even according to my opinion at that time, the essential part of the theory. In this respect the lectures were disappointing, but nevertheless I was most amply rewarded for my pains. I never heard a more elegant mathematical analysis of the old-school electrical problems than that which Kirchhoff developed before his admiring classes. That was the last course of lectures which he delivered; he died in the following year, and was succeeded by Helmholtz as temporary lecturer on mathematical physics.

Helmholtz was rather reserved and could not easily be approached by his students, unless they had some physical problem or a question which was unquestionably worthy of his attention. I made up my mind to ask him, when suitable opportunity presented itself, why Kirchhoff in his lectures paid so little attention to Faraday and Maxwell. It was a very significant sign of those days and I did not understand its meaning. Professor Koenig threw up his hands in holy horror

when I informed him of my intention, and prophesied that all kinds of dire consequences would result from my daring proposition, pointing out that such a question would betray a lack of respect on my part both for Kirchhoff and for Helmholtz. Koenig himself could not answer my question except to say that he did not see why the German school of physics should worry much about the English school, particularly when there was a radical difference between the two in the realm of the theory of electromagnetic phenomena. I admitted that if Kirchhoff was the spokesman of the German school then there was a radical difference, intimating however, in the mildest possible way that, in my humble opinion, the difference counted in favor of the English school. I really did not know enough to express that opinion, but I did it under provocation. Koenig flushed up and there would have been quite a lively verbal contest if Helmholtz had not entered my room at that very moment, like a *deus ex machina*. He was making his customary round of visits to the rooms of his research students, in order to find out how their work was moving along. Both Koenig and I looked somewhat perplexed, betraying the fact that we had been engaged in a heated argument, and Helmholtz noticed it. We confessed that we had had a lively discussion; when he learned the subject of our discussion he smiled and referred us both to an address which he had delivered before the Chemical Society of London, five years before. It is entitled, "Recent Developments in Faraday's Ideas Concerning Electricity." The same day saw me with two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses in my hands analyzing his Faraday address. I felt as I went on with this study as if the heavy mist were lifting which had prevented me from seeing a clear view of Faraday's and Maxwell's ideas. Tyndall's fame for clearing up obscure points in physical science was deservedly great, but when I compared Helmholtz's interpretation of Faraday and Maxwell with that which Tyndall gave me in his book entitled "Faraday as Discoverer," I marvelled at Helmholtz's superiority. It must also be remembered that Tyndall was for many years in almost daily contact with Faraday, and, as I pointed out

before, he must also have had close personal relations with Maxwell during the period 1860-1865. To me it seemed a miracle that Helmholtz, a German, saw, so much more clearly what was in the minds of two great English philosophers, although he never had met them personally, than did another great English physicist Tyndall, who knew Faraday and Maxwell personally, and one of them at least intimately. In the article in *Nature*, to which Tyndall first referred me and which Maxwell had written, will be found the following closing paragraph:

Helmholtz is now in Berlin, directing the labors of able men of science in his splendid laboratory. Let us hope that from his present position he will again take a comprehensive view of the waves and ripples of our intellectual progress, and give us from time to time his idea of the meaning of it all.

Helmholtz's address on Faraday was one of those comprehensive views of which Maxwell spoke in 1874. Now what did Helmholtz see in Faraday and Maxwell which other physicists, like Tyndall, and even so famous a mathematical physicist as Kirchhoff, failed to see? It was, I thought after reading Helmholtz's address, the simplest thing in the world, particularly for one who, like myself, had been wrestling with Faraday's lines of force, and with the hypothetical powers with which Faraday had endowed them. So simple, indeed, that I venture to describe it here. But in order to make the description as brief and as simple as possible I must go back again to the charged spherical conductor which always rendered good service in those days when I was trying to solve the riddle of Faraday's new physical concepts.

By means of an electrical force generated by an electrical machine we can increase or diminish the charge on the surface of the conducting sphere. Now, the charge on the sphere increases or diminishes because the electrical force generated by the machine drives through a suitable conducting wire additional electrical charge to the sphere, or takes it away from it. This motion of the electrical charge through the conducting wire to or from the sphere is the electrical current. Here comes now the historical question: Does the electrical current stop at the surface of the charged sphere?

The old electrical theories said "Yes," but Maxwell, interpreting the ideas of Faraday, said, "No." Helmholtz was the first to tell me that clearly and distinctly, and I understood him.

Since, according to Faraday, each particle of the charge on the sphere carries attached to it a definite number of filaments or lines of force, it is obvious that the rate at which the charge on the sphere increases is, as I described above, the same as the rate at which the number of these lines of force are crowded into the space surrounding the sphere. Motion of the charge to the surface of the sphere is accompanied by a motion of the Faraday lines of force through every surface which surrounds the charged sphere. Since, according to Faraday, electricity is everywhere where the lines of force are, it follows that the motion of the lines through any surface means motion of electricity (in the sense in which I use this word) through that surface. Maxwell said, according to my understanding of Helmholtz, that motion of electricity, as represented by the motion of Faraday's lines of force, is an electrical current just as much as the motion of electrical charges is. Electrical charges are terminals, only, of the lines of force; and why should the motion of the terminals be endowed with a power which is denied to the remaining parts of the lines of force? The principal power is, according to Oerstedt's discovery, the generation of magnetism; that is, magnetic lines of force. According to Maxwell, then, the electrical current (that is, the motion of electrical charges through conductors) does not stop at the surface of the conductor, but continues in the non-conducting space beyond as motion of Faraday's lines of force, as motion of electricity. The extension of the meaning of the word electrical current, just described, was, according to Helmholtz, the cardinal difference between the old electrical theories and the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, and Helmholtz declared in favor of the last. I applauded Helmholtz and took off my hat to his clear vision of things which other people, including myself, failed to see. But can any one blame ordinary mortals, who were always accustomed to look upon the electrical current as motion of electrical charges in

conductors, when they failed to see that the electrical current can take place even in a vacuum where there are no electrical charges at all, and therefore no motion of them? That was the physical concept which found its way so slowly into minds polarized by preconceived notions even after Helmholtz's lucid explanation. This is substantially all there is in the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory as I gathered it directly from the Helmholtz address. But there is another very important element which I ought to describe here.

A corollary of Maxwell's extension of the meaning of electrical current, which Helmholtz did not mention explicitly but which I soon found in Maxwell, is this: Electrical charges move because a force acts upon them; similarly the number of Faraday's lines of force, passing through any surface in space, increase or diminish because there is a force acting upon them. Wherever there is an action there is an equal and opposite reaction, according to the most fundamental law of Newton's dynamics. Hence space, including the vacuum, must react when Faraday's lines of force, that is, when the electricity represented by them, moves through it. But if this reaction really exists in space, how can it be expressed? Faraday and Maxwell devoted much thought and many experimental investigations in search for a definite answer to this question, and they found it.

Faraday showed by experiment that if the charged sphere is immersed in an insulating fluid, such as one of various kinds of oils, or in a solid insulator like rubber, or even if a piece of an insulator is brought near it, then the reacting force for a given charge on the sphere is smaller than when the sphere is surrounded by a vacuum; or, in other words, liquid and solid insulators are more *permeable* to the electrical lines of force (that is, to electricity) than a vacuum is. Therefore, an electrical force which is acting in order to increase the charge on the sphere and, as a result, increase the number of lines of force through the surrounding space, will experience the less reaction the more permeable the surrounding medium is. The reaction of an insulator against the action of an electrical force appears therefore as a reaction against the passage of electricity, that is, of electrical lines of force, through it.

That picture of the process has stayed with me ever since my Berlin days.

The same line of reasoning which I followed above, regarding electrical lines of force, leads to similar results with regard to the magnetic lines of force. The reaction of the medium against an increase of the electrical and of the magnetic lines of force through it was the second new physical concept introduced into the electrical science by Faraday and Maxwell.

The Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory extended the well-known electrical and magnetic actions and reactions from conductors to non-conductors, including the vacuum. If this theory is correct, then electromagnetic disturbances will be propagated from their source to all parts of space, and not along conductors only, by definite waves travelling at a definite velocity.

Maxwell's calculation showed that electromagnetic disturbances are propagated through insulators in the same manner as light is propagated, and that, therefore, *light is in all probability an electromagnetic disturbance*. This is the substance of Maxwell's electromagnetic theory of light; it is his answer to the question: "What is light?"

That, broadly stated, was the information which Helmholtz first conveyed to me in terms which I understood clearly; and for this service I have always been profoundly grateful to him. He showed me that the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory was incomparably simpler than I thought it to be and also much more beautiful. I do not believe that in 1881 there was another physicist in continental Europe who could have given me that information, and perhaps not even in 1886, when I first read that wonderful address. My friend Niven in Cambridge, editor of the second edition of Maxwell's great mathematical treatise, never volunteered to tell me how Maxwell answered the question: "What is light?" Neither did Tyndall. I do not know whether Rayleigh or Stokes or anybody else in Cambridge when I was there could have done it as well as Helmholtz did. I shall describe later an historical event which indicates that they probably could not.

Toward the end of that semester I felt certain that I understood Helmholtz's

interpretation of Faraday, and of Maxwell's answer to the question: "What is light?" I then managed to have another discussion with Professor Koenig. He listened most attentively to my description of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory as I had gathered it from Helmholtz, and it was, as far as I can recall it now, very similar to the description given above. This was my first lecture at the University of Berlin, delivered to a very intelligent audience of one person, dear little Doctor Koenig. It would have been a signal success if I had not closed it with a tactless remark, to the effect that Helmholtz, in his Faraday address, rejected every one of the four German electrical theories, and declared himself in favor of Faraday and Maxwell. Helmholtz intimated, and unfortunately I did not hesitate to say so to Doctor Koenig, that physicists of continental Europe had not accepted the English theory because it was above their heads. Finally I said that all this explained most satisfactorily why Kirchhoff paid so little attention to Faraday and Maxwell. Koenig looked at his watch, and, as if suddenly remembering an important engagement, he turned on his heels and left without his customary bow and greeting. His national pride was evidently wounded. I regretted it deeply. I did my best to make up with him and succeeded finally, by admitting unreservedly that, after all, the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory rested upon several bold assumptions which had not yet been verified by experiment. The German electrical theories also rested upon unverified assumptions, but I said nothing about that for fear of endangering the re-established *entente cordiale* between Doctor Koenig and myself.

Excellenz von Helmholtz had left Berlin for his summer vacation; among my German fellow students at the Physical Institute there was not much interest in Faraday and Maxwell. I do not know how difficult it is to conceal a deep secret, because I never had one to conceal; but I do know how hard it is to keep imprisoned in one's heart the joy which one feels when the light of new knowledge rises above one's mental horizon. I had planned to visit my mother during that summer; I had not seen her

for nearly two years. Perhaps, I thought, I might find somebody in my native Banat to whom I could disclose the joy which I received from the revelation which came to me through Helmholtz. Kos, my teacher of fifteen years before in Panchevo, was no longer among the living; in fact, that school was no longer in existence, the Hungarian régime having replaced it by a Hungarian school. I would have liked nothing better than to tell him how Maxwell answered the question: "What is light?"

In the beginning of August of that summer I was in Idvor again, carrying with me the two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses. My mother received me with a heart which she described as overflowing with blessings which my visit and the visit of God's grace upon Idvor was pouring into it. The golden harvest was all in, and it was the richest that Idvor had seen for many a year; the grapes in the old vineyards were beginning to ripen, and the peach-trees among the rows of vines in the vineyards were heavily loaded with the juicy fruit of ambrosial flavor; the melons in the endless melon patches looked big and flourishing, and suggested that at any moment they might burst with the fulness of their exuberant prosperity. The dark-green corn-fields seemed to groan under the heavy load of the young ears of corn, and the pasturelands alongside of the corn-fields were alive with flocks of sheep, carrying udders which reminded one of the abundance of milk, cream, and cheese such as Idvor had seldom seen. All these things my mother pointed out to me, and she assured me that by the grace of God she was enabled to be a bountiful hostess to me, because she had everything in great abundance which she knew I always liked. Melons, cooled at the bottom of a deep well; grapes and peaches picked before sunrise and covered up with vine-leaves to keep them cool and fresh; young corn picked late in the afternoon and roasted in the evening in front of a wood-fire; cream from sheep's milk supplied by the blessed sheep the day before. All these were sweet and delicious things, but have you ever tasted them when their sweetness is flavored by the love of an indulgent mother? If you have not, then you do not know what

sweetness is. I warned my mother that her hospitality might transform me, as three years before, into a pampered pet who would be too slow to return to Berlin. Reminding me of the story which she had told me two years before, describing my climb up the steep and slippery roof of Bukovala's mill in search of a star, she said: "You have done much climbing during the last two years, and I know that in your climbing you have found several real stars from heaven. One of them is now in Berlin and no sweets in Idvor will keep you away from it." She guessed right, undoubtedly because she observed with what joy I kept up, during that vacation, my reading of Helmholtz's addresses.

Many a night during that summer I spent in my mother's vineyard sleeping on sheepskins under the open sky and looking at the stars at which I looked fifteen years before, when I helped the herdsman to guard the village oxen during the starlit summer nights. I remembered the puzzles which I tried to solve at that time concerning the nature of sound and of light, succeeding in the case of sound and failing in the case of light. I rejoiced at the feeling that I had finally succeeded in finding from Faraday and Maxwell through Helmholtz that sound and light resembled each other, one being a vibration of matter, and the other a vibration of electricity. The fact that I did not know what electricity is did not disturb me, because I did not know what matter is. Nobody knows the exact nature of these even to-day, except, as Faraday suggested, that they are manifestations of force. David's nineteenth Psalm, which I recited so often fifteen years before during my training in herdsman-ship, conveyed a different meaning, and so did Lyermontoff's line which says that "star speaketh to star." They certainly spoke to me during those glorious August nights, when, covered with sheepskins, I lay in my mother's vineyard and amid the deep silence of slumbering earth I listened to their heavenly tales. The more I listened the more I became reconciled to the idea that the language of the stars reaches me in the same way as human language does, when it speeds on over the telephone wire, conveyed by vibratory electric and magnetic forces;

except that in the transmission of the telephonic message the vibratory forces glide along the conducting wire, whereas the stars pour out their waves of vibratory electromagnetic forces in ever-expanding spheres so that they may carry the heavenly message to every other star and to everything that lives, and to everything that has a being. I could not help telling my mother of my new knowledge which persuaded me that light is a vibration of electricity, very much like the vibration of the melodious string described in the Serbian figure of speech, familiar to her, which says:

My heart quivers like the melodious string under the gouslar's bow.

She always was the most attentive audience that I ever had, and the most responsive. Her wonderful memory, even at that time when she was seventy years of age, assigned to every essential event of her experience a suitable place, so that it became a vital chord in the symphony of her life. She never heard anything worth hearing without responding with one of these harmonious chords, and this was particularly true when I was speaking to her. On this particular occasion, referring to my new knowledge which I brought to Idvor from Berlin, she reminded me of my new knowledge about lightning which I had acquired from my teacher Kos, in Panchevo, some fifteen years before, and afterward tried to explain it to my father and his peasant friends, who accused me of heresy; and she recalled her defense of me. She suggested, jokingly, that if my father and his old friends had still been living they would perhaps accuse me again of heresy on account of some old legends which clashed with my new knowledge, and she assured me that she would defend me again. "God sends sunlight," she said, "to melt the ice and snow of the early spring, and to resurrect from death everything that lay lifeless in the cold grave of the bosom of mother earth, chilled by the icy breath of winter. The same sunlight," she continued, "awakens the fields, the meadows, and the pasturelands, and bids them raise the daily bread of man and beast; it also ripens the honey-hearted fruit in orchards and vineyards. If that is all done by the

same heavenly power which hurls the lightning across the sombre summer clouds pregnant with showers, and also carries, as you say, the humble human voice over the wires between distant peoples, then I see in it a new proof of God's infinite wisdom which uses one means only to do great things as well as small. Ko che ko Bog! Who can fathom the power of God!" I reminded her of her saying which she often addressed to me when I was a boy and which I quoted before, namely: "Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven," and asked her whether she included in this the knowledge which I was describing to her.

"I include every knowledge," she said, "which brings me nearer to God, and this new knowledge certainly does. Just think of it, my son: God has been sending his messages from star to star and, according to David, from the stars to man, ever since the creation of Adam, employing the very same method and means which man, imitating the divine method, is beginning to use when he employs electricity to carry his message to a distant friend. Your teachers who gave you that knowledge are as wise as the prophets and as holy as the holiest saints in heaven."

When I told her of Faraday's vision, that all things extend to and exist in every spot of the universe at the same time and that, therefore, all things are in perpetual contact with each other, every star feeling, so to speak, the heart-beat of every other star and of every living thing, even of the tiniest little worm in the earth, she answered:

"Faraday's science is that part of my religion which is described in the words addressed to God by King David:

"'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

"'If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.'

God is everywhere, and where he is, there is every part of his creation." Her religion taught her how to catch the spirit of science, and I was always certain that science can teach us how to catch the spirit of her religion.

Fairer Greens

BY MCCREADY HUSTON

Author of "His"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS



THE small caddies fell back as Cyrus Mefford summoned from the locker-room steps a grown Hungarian, a stalwart striking coal-miner, with long mustaches. Though Big Savage was a new club and though Cyrus wore a celluloid collar when he played golf, the caddies, who still lacked discipline, always gave him respect.

Taking the driver, Mefford settled his flexible straw hat over his eyes and ran a thumb under the suspenders that drew his trousers well under his armpits. These were the simple preliminaries to his daily round on the links that lay across the State highway from his old home. He never sought a partner, playing stolidly and methodically in many honestly recorded strokes. This had been his land until he sold it to the club, and he played over it much as he had ploughed.

As he drove, another solitary player left the green ahead and began to climb the rise toward the second tee, her caddy dawdling after. On the line of the horizon she turned and took a long look back to where he was coming up to his ball for the second stroke. She watched him make it, then turned and passed from view.

When Mefford had at last holed out on the first green and came marching up the hill behind his Hungarian, he found her sitting on the bench at Number Two. It was, he saw, the Carrier girl—Norma, he recalled her name after a moment. He supposed she wanted him to pass through and nodded to his caddy; but she stopped him.

"Would you be furious if I asked you to let me go around with you, Mr. Mefford?" she drawled, smiling up at him. In her tan shirt with its black tie, her sand-colored trousers and gray stockings, she was a pleasant and effective figure.

Her hair, Cyrus noted, was not cut but rolled under her soft felt hat.

"I've always wanted to play with the man who owned the land, but you'd never ask me," she added.

"You won't get much fun out of it," answered the man shortly. He had never played with a woman. "You play too good," he went on. "An old man like me is no company for a girl like you. I'll get out of your way."

"You're not old," said Norma, rising and taking a pinch of sand.

"I'm sixty."

"Well, even so," said the other, "we'll finish the round, and then if you want to drown me in the water hole, all right."

Without preliminary fidgeting she sent a hard, straight ball down the middle of the fairway, beautiful to see. Mefford's ball dribbled ineffectually thirty feet from the tee.

They found the second green dotted with a dozen ragged little girls digging crab-grass in the sun under the direction of a gardener. Mefford picked up both balls at the edge and gave his Hungarian a handful of nickels to distribute among the children. Norma, frowning, remonstrated.

"You oughtn't to do that. Rich members like you spoil the club help with money. The rest of us can't get any service."

"You don't need much, do you?" he responded. "Those are the children of miners who haven't worked for months. I sold the land and the coal under it. I have too much, in a way."

It was the first comment he had made since Norma joined him. The third tee was in the shadow of an elm and there Norma dropped on the bench in the shade, motioning her odd-looking partner to a place beside her.

"Nobody coming behind us," she said. "Let's loaf a little." She handed her boy

a coin and motioned him toward the club-house for ginger ale. "Let your man go and smoke a pipe."

Cyrus sat down at the end of the bench and dug absently with his putter. He was disturbed, but in a moment, strangely, he was not surprised when the girl moved over beside him. Her pretext, he discovered, was to offer him a cigarette from her case. He shook his head.

"See here, Mr. Mefford," said Norma, after her first deep inhalation, "I've been wanting to talk to you. Why don't you play around more with the girls and men of the club? You have the time, and you admit you have more than enough money. You could have a wonderful time; and it would keep you young."

Cyrus coughed and fumbled with his made-up bow tie.

"I play around on this land, I guess, because I've been on it for sixty years, and my father and his father. It was in the family ninety-two years. From the coal I got enough to be called rich, I guess; and then I sold the surface. I been sort of lonesome. It's a feeling you don't know unless you've owned land and lived on it. The club-house—that was our old home. My father built it."

"But walking over these hills alone, dubbing at a golf-ball," Norma cut in sharply. "You need to dance; play in the matches; be with people more."

"I couldn't dance in the club-house after what we went through there. Both my girls were born there."

"But——"

"We raised 'em there, my wife and me. Our dancin' was all done forty years ago, before you were born. I couldn't dance there, especially this new way, all shakin'."

"I know other men—" began Norma, but the other went on:

"My wife, she never had any fun on this land, or in that house; what you'd call fun. Nothing but work; for while we had some money even then, while father was living we couldn't live any different from the way he was used to. I'm not saying he wasn't right; but it was mighty hard on my mother and my wife. They both died too soon from too much work."

He stopped, finding himself looking at

her and noting her eyes. Women were prettier at all ages to-day than they used to be, he reflected.

"You oughtn't to die without any fun," she said in a low voice, and suddenly clasped a warm, strong hand over his as it rested on the bench. In a moment it was gone. "Go on," she said.

"Well, a man my age don't see much fun in what they do now. I guess I expect young folks to settle down. Amanda and I were married when I was twenty and she was eighteen—that's a little younger than you, isn't it?"

"I'm thirty-two years old," said the other.

"Well, now, you don't look more than twenty!" exclaimed Cyrus, his voice rising in the first real interest he had shown.

"I don't dare to. Competition is too keen."

"Competition?"

"Don't you see? I'm thirty-two and poor. I've got to get married."

"Girls used to do something when they were left."

"Go on; I don't mind. You were going to say 'left over.' I could do something; I could teach. But it's funny; our crowd is essentially honest. I know I'm not fit to teach, so I wouldn't do it. I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."

For the first time since he had known this Big Savage Club crowd, Mefford was really interested.

"You don't think of being in—in love, then, in order to be married?"

"I don't; not at my age. And a good many of the younger girls don't. Neither should you, if you should think of marriage again."

Cyrus looked at her. He never had thought of it. He was embarrassed and grew silent again. His relief at the arrival of the boy was plain. The pail in which ginger-ale bottles and glasses were embedded in ice was placed on the bench between them, and Norma motioned the boy away. She uncapped a bottle and let it fizz into the glass.

"I reckon Isabelle doesn't think of me marrying again," remarked Cyrus, after a taste of the cold drink.

"Isabelle Tripp can look out for herself," was Norma's cool response. "And

Eunice, too. You think of yourself a little, once in a while."

Norma, Cyrus noted as they climbed the long hill to the fifth tee, was pleasant to look at. He had known her mother years ago but not her father. She led a rather precarious life among her mother's relatives since the death of her parents, he had heard Isabelle Tripp say. Her remark about thinking of himself stuck in his mind. He had never done that. His father, Eli Mefford, and his grandfather, the first Cyrus, had taught against that; the slightest indulgence, relaxation, was ruled out. When Norma brushed past him at the sand-box he caught a peculiar and pleasurable fragrance, an air of her presence that he had never known in his life. He felt invigorated, smiled, and addressed his ball with confidence. His drive brought a note of approval from the other.

"A few lessons and you would be in tournaments."

At Number Seven they looked directly across a deep ravine at the tenant house Cyrus had taken for his own use when he sold the homestead. At the bottom of the ravine a dam had been thrown across, backing the water up into a reservoir for the greens. It was deep, dark, and forbidding, among many low trees. It was not a water hazard, for the fairway lay the other way, but it was used for a bathing-pool, and with the motions and shouts of swimmers to distract him and the possibility of a sliced ball going into the reservoir, a player had to drive carefully.

"That Velma at your house," remarked Norma, as if casually, catching sight of Mefford's housekeeper hanging clothes in the little yard on the opposite hill, "who is she? She doesn't look to me like an ordinary servant."

"I don't know much about her," responded the man. "She was our girl before my wife died, a year or so. I told her she could go; I thought she might mind staying, a young girl like that; but she said she would rather stay and do for me. She's a good cook."

"Cook? You can hire lots of cooks. She's a beauty. Didn't you know it?"

Cyrus teed his ball.

"No. Well, of course, she always looks nice. But I haven't thought about women being pretty since my wife was young."

"It won't hurt you," said the other in a low, insistent voice. And then, in a change of tone, she said: "I am having a little dinner at the club to-morrow night; it's Isabelle's tenth wedding anniversary. I know you never go to the club to eat, but this is different. There'll be only a few; about eight o'clock."

"Isabelle married ten years? Well, now, it don't seem that long. I guess I can come to that, all right."

Norma looked away across at Mefford's house on the hill.

"I want you to come—on my account partly. Will you?"

He smiled.

"Well, maybe," he answered.

"Good! I'm going now and let you finish the round in peace. Until to-morrow night!"

Norma smiled, pressed his arm for a brief moment that seemed an age to Cyrus, gestured to her caddy, and was gone. Instead of driving, the man picked up his ball and started along the foot-path toward the club-house.

At the breakfast-table in the little tenant-house kitchen next morning Cyrus said:

"You don't need to get supper for me this evening, Velma. I am going over to the club. There's going to be a little party for my daughter Isabelle."

The girl paused, the coffee-pot in her hand, and regarded her employer. Her arms were bare to the elbow, and for the first time Cyrus noted their roundness and their strength.

"Then that'll make it easy for me," she said. "The steward wants me to go over and wait table, there are so many reservations for dinner at six."

Her voice always made Cyrus think of the sound he obtained when he pulled out the stop on the old parlor-organ labelled "vox humana." She was always quiet; never surprised. Cyrus would have used the word "repose" if he had known it.

He tipped his chair back and contemplated her, feeling in his waistcoat pocket for a cigar.

"How old are you, Velma?" he asked.

"I'm twenty-nine," she answered directly and simply.

"Funny you've never married; a girl like you."

"I had a fellow; he died in the war. He was a fine boy. I have never thought of anybody else. He was not a handsome fellow, but he was a maker of things. He could make a whole car. He could make

Cyrus rose and strolled out to the little front porch. Across the ravine the morning sun was dimpling the hills of Big Savage, and from where he stood he could see three greens, like emerald pools, among the rolling fairways.

"There's a pretty shade of green over there," he observed, pointing with his cigar.



"I'm not trained for anything but getting married to somebody with money."—Page 451.

a house; and he was quiet and kind. After the war we were going to a Western wheat country and farm."

"Were you born in this country? Sometimes you talk——"

"My people came over from Sweden when I was a little girl. We lived a long time in Minnesota. I was East to see my fellow in camp; he was so sick. And he died. I could not go back right away, so I got housework."

"You like it—here?"

"Yes; but I think of the wheat, the green, and then the yellow we used to watch. I think if I had my man I would go there."

Velma, in the kitchen behind him, did not reply.

Norma, by some magic known only to herself, had the room called the grill empty of other parties by the time she sat down with her guests at the largest of the round tables. At her left Cyrus, in his black Sunday suit, looked around curiously. He had not been in the old house since he had left it. The architect, he saw, had managed this grill-room by tearing away partitions and throwing together the old back parlor, dining-room, and kitchen. The result was a pleasing, almost square, room with gray panelled

walls and smooth birch floors, waxed for dancing. The base-boards, Cyrus noted, were the same, for behind him, as he peered around, he found a bruise in the woodwork Eunice had made with a heavy toy locomotive.

Eunice sat across from him now with Kelly Williams beside her. He did not see much of Eunice, he reflected. After her mother's death she had withdrawn, going into Brownsville to live with her sister. She was twenty now; or was she twenty-one? She was born the year the bank barn was struck by lightning. She was a fair, tall girl with light-blue eyes, set far apart, her yellow hair short in the prevailing graceful style. Cyrus watched here as she sat and played with her fruit cocktail and listened absently to young Williams, who was leaning toward her, talking earnestly. Eunice had recognized her father's presence with a light pressure of the arm as he had stood in the hall waiting nervously for Norma. Then she had disappeared with Charlie Tripp. The pair was immediately sought by Isabelle, who had come up to her father breathless. Isabelle was getting heavy.

"Oh, daddy! I can't stop a minute; but isn't it scrumptious of Norma? And to make you come too! Well, see you at dinner. I must find Charlie."

Cyrus looked around for Charlie now. Norma had placed Isabelle Tripp on her right and Charlie next. Cyrus could see his son-in-law only in profile, but he noted how old he was beginning to look. Well, Charlie must be forty-two now. The sole owner of the Bootery in Brownsville, he was a considerable business personage, Cyrus had heard. The Bootery, under old Elam Tripp, had been simply Tripp's Boot and Shoe Store.

Cyrus pushed back his cocktail cup and ran an appraising eye over the round white shoulder the hostess on his right turned to him. Norma's dress was such as he had never seen—black. He wondered what it was made of, so soft-looking, revealing such arms and shoulders as he had never supposed existed. There was a faint fragrance that disturbed him. Surprising himself, he asked the name and had the word "heliotrope" to ponder.

The waitress—it was Velma—was placing before him an enormous plate con-

taining fried chicken, ham, green corn, and a waffle. He looked at it uncertainly.

"I gave the dinner for Isabelle and Charles, but I planned what I thought you might like," said Norma, turning to him for the first time.

Around the table the ten of Norma's party were applying themselves to the serious business of eating. There were exclamations, sudden bursts of harsh laughter, comments on the food, but little conversation. Cyrus noted how greedily the men, in particular, ate, and how little they seemed to be aware of the presence of the women. In a moment, it seemed to him, the plates had been carried away and the air was full of cigarette-smoke. Then the appearance of the dessert, a rich peach shortcake, demanded and received a brief tribute of greedy diligence.

Again the cloud of smoke, and then suddenly attention was fixed by young Howard Graham, who rose in his place and rapped for quiet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, with a coarse attempt at a travesty on a side-show barker, "we are gathered here to-night to celebrate the tenth wedding anniversary of our respected club fellow, Charles Albert Tripp, and his charming wife, our little Isabelle."

This caused inordinate laughter from Alena Grover and Graham's wife. Isabelle smiled acridly at the reference to her lost slenderness. Eunice, Cyrus noticed, was still bored with her attentive Williams, and was listening eagerly to Graham, who was going on:

"We are also delighted to welcome Mrs. Tripp's handsome father, Mr. Cyrus Melford. It is Norma Carrier's dinner, but I as a committee of one am furnishing an extra and added course for which there will be no charge. Let us drink to the health, long life, and happiness of Charlie and Isabelle!"

Amid shouts, it seemed, from all but Norma, who frowned and picked at the cloth, Graham dived beneath the table and came up with two large bottles of what seemed to Cyrus to be water. He held them above his head.

"Gin!" he cried. "Eight dollars a quart. The real thing."



"I had a fellow; he died in the war."—Page 483.

In a moment he had uncorked both bottles and had handed them right and left.

Mrs. Grover took the bottle that came to her and poured herself a liberal drink in an empty tumbler, then handed it to Williams, who poured for Eunice and then for himself. In a moment Norma was offering Cyrus the other bottle, and when he shook his head, frowned, hesitated, and then poured some of the gin for herself.

"You see, it's my party. I mustn't spoil their fun. They mean it all right," she said to Cyrus.

But Cyrus was watching his daughter. Eunice sat revolving the tumbler on the cloth, but she was merely waiting, he saw; for when everybody was served she raised her glass and drank with the rest to her sister's future happiness. She took the gin with a toss of her bobbed hair and with

a peculiar, defiant glance at her father. When everybody sat again, the bottles were started around and formalities were forgotten. Eunice had more gin; so did Norma. Beyond, Isabelle was becoming talkative.

"I suppose it is strange to you, in a way?" Norma leaned toward Mefford, narrowing her eyes.

"Well, I don't suppose I can get used to seeing Eunice drink and smoke. I used to put the girls to bed in this room in the winter when we couldn't heat the upstairs——"

"There's a lot you don't know about Eunice; I can see that. But everybody else knows it. She doesn't care for young Kelly Williams; it's funny, but she likes Charlie."

"Charlie who?"

"Why, Charlie Tripp, you old goose. And Isabelle's furious with her and jeal-

ous as a cat. She's afraid they will run away some day."

Cyrus suddenly felt himself growing rather faint and sick. For the first time since he sat down in the familiar old house he thought of the gentle woman who had been his wife here and who with him had cared for the children in these rooms. He suddenly wanted her very much. He felt helpless. Across the table Eunice was letting Williams pour something brown into her glass from a bottle that had come around the table. The Tripps and Norma had started to sing a melancholy song about somebody's mammy. Howard Graham and Grover's wife were dancing to music from the phonograph in the corner.

"I guess I'll be going. You excuse me, please," said Cyrus. "I don't belong in here with the young folks and I think I'll go on over home."

Norma rose with him, a little unsteadily. She had been tasting the brown liquid too. Isabelle tried to fasten a dead flower in her father's lapel.

"Poor old dad," she crooned. "He has to go home early and get his beauty sleep."

"I know!"

It was Eunice's voice, shrill, insistent. "This party has no pep! Let's all go down and take a plunge, just as we are!"

"You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. I'll dare any of you. I'll race any of you to the pool and out to the raft."

"It's almost midnight!"

"So much the better; I love swimming at night. Come on!"

"You're on!" croaked Graham, kicking a chair over and making for the door.

"I'll give you all twenty yards' start and be on the raft first," said Charlie.

"You'll not go a step," said Isabelle in his ear. "You're drunk now. So is Eunice. If she wasn't she'd never suggest it."

But Eunice was already at the door, and Charlie wrenched himself away from Isabelle and followed. The rest streamed out to the porch and into the night.

"They'll be all right," said Norma, turning to Mefford and putting her arm through his. "It's a foolish stunt, but they all can swim. Let's walk across the course, under the moon."

They stood at the first tee, Norma close to him, stroking his hand. Up the hill, a hundred yards away, the others were panting and screaming after Eunice, who had disappeared.

"Shall we go up and sit where we sat yesterday, under the big elm? We can watch the moon from there; it's wonderful."

She turned her face up toward his and drew him toward the fairway.

"But Eunice—I can't leave her!"

Mefford took Norma's arm and with a sudden powerful aversion forced her away from him.

"She's my baby! We used to be so close. She's gotten away from me; and now she may need me. I'm going."

He turned and ran up the hill. Norma stood at the tee-box and watched him. She saw him running as a man who had dropped thirty years, and as he ran he tore off his coat and his collar—the collar that had so amused Norma.

As he disappeared over the sky-line the woman turned and made her way toward a short cut she knew to the pool. In a moment she was followed by another, also a woman.

When Mefford reached the top of the hill that dropped down to the black water of the reservoir the moonlight was flooding the whole scene so that he could see far below the midnight bathers as they stood in a huddle on the little pier that ran from the dressing-room. He stood for a moment and gazed down, and as he gazed the huddle divided and one figure separated itself and ran back a few yards, then dashed along the pier and hurtled into the water in a headlong dive. He knew it was Eunice.

One by one the others jumped or plunged into the reservoir and then began the splashing, shouting, screaming progress toward the raft, lying out in the middle. Somehow Cyrus reached the little dock, where Isabelle Tripp was still standing wringing her hands.

"Daddy, daddy, make them come in. They'll all be drowned. They're all full. I couldn't make them stop. Oh, please, daddy, make Eunice come in. They'll all follow her."

Some of them had turned already and were coming back. They knew their

danger, apparently. Graham and the Grover woman clambered out and began an idiotic dance on the dock in their soaked clothes. In a moment Grover climbed out.

"Water's too cold," he muttered. "I'm going up and get my car and go home. Coming, Alena?"

Far out at the raft, Eunice, Charlie, and Kelly Williams were swimming. Eunice had reached it, winning the race, and now she and Tripp were wrestling and splashing each other, with Williams looking on.

Then, as Cyrus stood on the pier and watched, Eunice screamed and disappeared. In a moment she was on the surface again, for a moment, giving one loud terrifying call:

"Daddy, come!"

The man on the pier leaped into the water and in a second was swimming toward the group with powerful, terrible strokes.

"She's tryin' to kid us!"

It was Tripp, shaking the water out of his eyes and hair, and pointing to where Williams was struggling with Eunice in the water ten feet away.

At that moment Williams lost her and she went under.

"She's drowning; don't listen to Charlie," gurgled Williams, going under and groping for Eunice.

Then Cyrus Mefford went under the water, too, for a crazing, torturing age. At the last moment of consciousness he fastened his hand in Eunice's hair; with his final strength he drew her slender body close to him, and down there under the black water he felt something he had not known for years. To die like this if Eunice, his little girl, understood that her daddy had not failed her; it was not such a bad ending—

Was that a hand in his collar? Such a strong hand. Holding Eunice by the hair, Cyrus felt himself rising.

On the dock a little later he heard somebody say, "Let the damn fools go; I'll take care of them," and opened his eyes. It was Velma, half dressed, soaking wet.

Eunice, able in two days to creep out to the little porch of the tenant house, found her father sitting on the step, gaz-

ing across at Big Savage course. White and still, she found a place at his knee, leaning against it, her head against his arm. Neither spoke for a long while. It was Eunice who broke the communion of early-morning silence.

"Is it true what they said about Charlie, daddy?"

"I guess it is; when he saw you and I were goners, or he thought we were, he streaked it for the shore. Velma passed him when she swam for us."

"I didn't really care for him. I was just crazy. Girls get like that—these days. Velma is packing her trunk. Where is she going?"

Cyrus stirred uneasily. "I don't know. Maybe out West. She comes from out there."

"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"

He turned toward her sharply; then, at sight of her white, drawn face, he softened and kissed her hair.

"No; what made you ask that?"

"Something Velma said. Norma Carrier was on the dock at the reservoir when Velma got there. She said something to Velma."

"Something? What could she say?"

"I don't know; anyhow, Norma's been intending to marry you. I could see that."

Mefford rose.

"I wonder what she said to Velma?"

"You'd better ask Velma."

"That's true; I guess I had. I didn't think of that."

He sat down, and after a while Eunice slipped away.

Mefford's eyes were fixed on the greens across the ravine. They had fascinated him by their coloring since the art of the course architect began to be apparent. They told him of pure beauty, something he had never considered or known, and he had searched them out from every angle and vantage-point on the hills around, in the varying moods of light and shade. He was so absorbed in them now that he did not hear Velma when she came and stood behind him on the porch.

"Miss Eunice says you wanted to speak to me."

It was the tone of the old *vox humana* stop on his mother's little old parlor-or-

gan. He looked up at her with one of his rare smiles.

"I am not going to get married to that lady who spoke to you the other night," he said.

She looked away from him, twisting her hands in her apron, and turned to go into the house again.

"You saw me the other night swimming," he remarked, his tone stopping her. "I'm still pretty good; I'm sixty, but I'm as sound as some of these fellows of forty."

He saw at once he had said something wrong. She was crying quietly, her apron lifted to her eyes.

He got slowly to his feet.

"What I mean is—well, you said if you could get a man——"

She started into the house, but he caught her wrist.

"I am a man; I'll be kind and quiet and I'm rich—take me to some of that wheat land you know about. I want to farm again."

"It's such a wide, clean sweep of green—miles—you cannot see." She had wiped her eyes and stood smiling, her hand in his.

"Is it prettier, that green, than what you see yonder?" he asked, pointing across the valley.

"That's nothing; you have ahead—much," said Velma.



"Daddy, are you going to get married again?"—Page 487.

Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

IV. FAITH VS. FEAR INSIDE THE FACTORY AND OUT

TEN MILLION TONS! That's the size of the order we're workin' on." So my companion explained as we pushed through our great "cold-rolls" ton after ton of steel sheets for the sides and fenders of automobiles. The figure sounded impressive, until I recollected that the country's entire yearly output of fabricated steel was less than forty millions—with little likelihood that more than a fourth could be used by one customer!

"I dunno. Somethin' about steel." During the preceding ten years of my miner friend's working life every ton of coal he and his neighbors raised had gone to the mine company's steel plant; when that ran out of orders, the mine stopped. Yet "Somethin' about steel" was as close as he could come to explaining the near-tragedy of his life: namely, the weeks in which the come-to-work whistle blew only two or three times.

"The Reign of Rumor"—that describes the situation which I have found throughout the mines and factories of America—and, for that matter, of western Europe as well. Of that reign the cause—also the result—is the worker's unbelievable ignorance of his employer's plans and purposes, his aims and his ideals. That unbelievable ignorance is unequalled by anything I know—except the employer's amazing ignorance of the plans and purposes, the aims and ideals of his employees.

It goes without saying that the maintenance of such law and order as exists throughout this twilight realm of "Old King Idunno" is put upon the strong but unfeeling, cruel shoulders of his Prime Minister and shadow-companion, old General Fear.

For plotting the overthrow of this mighty pair which curses our modern industrial world, no better time will ever come than *now*. A Europe of Bolshevism,

invasion, and Fascismo; an America of the flapper, the jazz cow-bell, the hooded Klan, and the Herrin Massacre—all these unite in broadcasting the same unanimous and universal announcement:

"The old loyalties are hereby laid aside. Pending further examination, the age-old leaderships are herewith discontinued. It's 'anybody's ball'!"

Such a condition is largely the result of the war. But something like it was bound to happen, war or no war. The wireless and the turbine, the movie and the Sunday supplement—these have increased the geographical and the numerical size of the operating groups in both industry and politics too fast for the old leaders to hold them within the bonds of united thought and action. In the absence of that bond, old groups have split and strange new ones have formed. What is most to the point is this: that this splitting-off has taken place along new lines of cleavage, I mean the lines of "class"—lines which are dangerous even though they appear inevitable. Naturally enough, when it's anybody's ball, we all find it easy to join up with those whose thought and feeling is like our own because they are living our kind of life. That is bound to be the result of that truth which bears repeating: We tend to *live* our way into our thinking enormously more than we tend to *think* our way into our living. And that living of our way together into our thinking and feeling must, in these industrial days, be determined by the living we do there where we earn it—on our job.

In such wise a strange thing happens—strange, yes, and sinister: the coal-miner in West Virginia's Panhandle finds himself closer in thought and feeling, because in work and therefore in life, to the miner in England's Rhondda or Europe's Ruhr than he is to the mind of a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in Pittsburgh! So, too, all those who go through Manhattan's subways to their jobs at 6:30 in the morning are likely to feel themselves

in greater communion with their fellow early-risers in Chicago or San Francisco than with the bankers or lawyers who hang to exactly the same subway straps three hours later.

Thus it comes about that such leadership as there is tends more and more to lodge with him whose appeal is directed only to his fellow steam-fitters, coal-miners, farmers, or legionaries—his followers because they are his associated sharers in the common emotions of that common experience which follows inevitably upon the common liberties and limitations of a common job.

The Reign of Rumor stands thus to be displaced by the Kingdom of Class Conflict—unless there can be found in the common emotions of some common experience the bond which will tie into something like unity great hosts of men of more than one level of education, intelligence, and training.

Can such a bond of emotions be discovered?

I believe it is presented by exactly that same department of our modern doings which has created the yawning rifts. I mean the department of industry. That deep-going and universal wish for demonstrated worth as a man because of demonstrated worth as a *workman*—this main-spring wish of men furnishes us to-day, I contend, the common emotion for the new unity which somewhere and somehow we must contrive to find.

I submit the underlying unity of such testimonies as these:

"You see, if I fall down on my job," says the inspector as we go over the great locomotive for the last time out on the yard's "ready tracks," "there's the devil to pay—and maybe scores of lives lost. (Tap, tap on the piston cross-head pin.) If they pull into 'old Chi' even fifteen minutes late because this here works loose—(tap, tap on the dowel-pin on the eccentric or the valve-stem)—it gets right back to me, you understand? You see, this is the 'power' [engine] for Train Number Eight, the pride o' the road. And the engineer—well, I'll say he's some particular guy!"

"Yes, it's like this," says the engineer himself. "There's probably a lot of fellows back there who will miss their engagements up at the Chamber of Com-

merce unless I get down to the round-house on time, give the old girl a proper look-over, and hook up at the station on the dot—with me feeling fit-like myself. But I can't get my 'power' at the 'house' unless the street-cars get me down on time—and the conductor and the motor-man can't make sure of that without the chaps over at the power-house, or the gang that puts the new rails in. And then—but watch now, how a real driver [engineer] ought to put his air on to slow up around this curve without shakin' them Chamber fellows up too much."

"You understand, of course," inquires in turn the president of the road, "that America has been called 'an experiment in transportation.' Without our keeping the rails down and in shape, these United States just *aren't*—they may be states but they aren't united."

In spite of all the bitterness of the recent railway strike, I found that every railroader continued to feel closer in spirit to the executive he was fighting than to the rest of us outsiders. As to us, he is only sorry that we are so unfortunate as not to know the joys and thrills of rail-roading—of playing a part in providing service so indisputably essential to the life of our country. When, incidentally, our railroaders cease to feel that common joy in their common undertaking, in meeting a common necessity, then all those monster engines will suddenly cease their pantings and grow cold—nor will all our gold suffice to get them going again until within the hearts of their masters the joy of service is brought back again.

In steel, too, it is the same—except that every steel worker is sure it takes more "guts" to serve in steel than on the railroad. And in the mines, down in the pitch-dark galleries where men joy in the danger, and get to liking the smell of dust and powder and sweat as they dig their coal or other metal, the same song is sung; and the same common pride in having a shoulder to the wheel serves as the tie that binds them all together, high and low, in a common thrill of the certainty of self-justification.

Furthermore, the differences indicated by the white collar of the company president and the flannel shirt of the track-walker or repairer furnish, I fully believe, no knife of division and enmity sharp

enough completely to sever that tie that binds them together so inextricably, simply because it binds them where they really live—in their heart's-bottom wish for a worth which can be demonstrated by means of their respective parts in their common and indispensable enterprise. For all of them alike, it is their job, their common job, that is making them important not only to themselves but to each other and to us outsiders. In turn, it is their job that is making other people important to them.

"But if that is true, why then do these men find themselves so often opposed to each other?"

The answer, I believe, is this: on our railways, in our steel plants and mines—everywhere throughout our new multiple-unit industry—the man in charge has grown too firmly into the habit of trying to draft men's co-operation by the fear of punishment instead of aiming to secure it by the promise of satisfactions—he has too long depended upon compulsion instead of leadership.

That is the natural result of the Reign of Rumor which came into power when our factory roofs grew much too fast to permit manager and man to continue shoulder to shoulder. Of the resulting mutual ignorance, one consequence is sure—the mutual fear which, as its shadow, walks hand in hand beside it. Because he fears that his workers wish to lessen his share of the spiritual and economic satisfactions of the common enterprise, the manager conceives it necessary to base his appeal for their co-operation upon their fear of him.

"What's it to you?" so the foreman expresses his fear that you are after his "know-how," and therefore his job when you inquire as to where the steel sheets go when you have lifted them from the rolls and watched them, in the clutches of the overhead crane, soar off down into the smoke of the grimy "hot-floor."

"Why, don't ye see, Jack," the young inspector's eyes glow with pride as he explains how "if you'd 'a' side-stepped this little blemish here, that sheet 'ud be an 'A' prime. A d—d shame, I call it."

"You're right. But we didn't know!" you protest. "Why doesn't somebody tell—?"

"Here, young fellow!" interrupts the

plant policeman. "Beat it back to your department—and be quick—unless you're ready to quit your job!"

"And in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."

Of vast hosts this can be said to-day. Their prayer is in their work because they know that by that handiwork they "maintain the fabric of the world." But of these vast hosts, there are literally millions—needless millions—who in all their lives have never seen the completed whole of the article of which for years they have been making parts!

It is to-day all but impossible to overstate the length and breadth of the worker's ignorance as to the underlying facts of the particular industry of which he is himself a member. In like measure, it is all but impossible to overstate the length and breadth of the opportunity in industry to-day for a new leadership of co-operation—a leadership of co-operation based upon the worker's wider understanding of the facts which underlie his enterprise and its service. For these facts are sure to favor the enjoyment of those feelings of worth which manager and man unite in wishing more fully to enjoy.

Such a change from the compulsions of fear exerted through ignorance to the "sweet influences" of knowledge and confidence is not easy. But it is easier than it looks. For the reign of ignorance has been the result decidedly less of purpose and design than of the failure to keep up with the sudden expansion of the working world and its units.

"How can we tell these workers of ours anything! Why, they speak eighteen different languages—without mentioning English!"

The employer's protest would surely be our own under such bewildering conditions—if we were so convinced as he is that we can *think* together only as we talk or read together.

"Sure, moocha monee in breecks," so Nicola in the steel plant showed me the message he got direct from the president's office every time he looked about him at the careless and disorderly destruction of costly fire-brick. "But deesa companee no care—want da beega monee from da beega furnace.—Lak dees!—(Business of rubbing finger and thumb together.)

You?—me?—damn breech?—too littla!—too small!—W'at da hell!"

As a matter of fact, he had learned more accurately about his employer than if he had read all the notices of his company or spent a month in careful research. As a matter of fact, also, the bricks, and their precept via example, could not fail to cost the company a pretty penny. Undoubtedly, such an example was responsible for all those instructions in the saying of physical energies and social standing with the "gang" which never failed to come in whispers to the newcomer who started to move the bricks too fast:

"Pss't! Hey, boodie! Take easy! Go slow! W'at da hell!"

After taking some pains to view the field, I am sure of this:—the ill feeling of such a situation is, on the part of both the president and Nick, more apparent than real. The great majority of employers, I believe, possess toward their co-workers an abundant measure of good-will. The trouble is that by far too few of them possess a good-will that *understands* the worker and so knows how to *demonstrate* itself to him.

For, needless to say, good-will simply is not visible to the eye of the worker unless he can see it operate and operate *for him*—unless somehow it can be *felt by him* in his experience. So the word of the president or of the company fails to reach its destination until it has been translated into the job—into life as it is lived by the laborer in the presence of the superintendent, the foreman, the gang boss, and the paymaster's clerk. For it is these who together incarnate the company and the president to the wage-earner.

**"LEMME TELL YE
MY EXPERIENCE!"**

More than any other, I should like to see this placard on the desk of every business executive—and, for that matter, of every one else who wishes to project his influence out upon the thought or action of persons far beyond the reach of personal contact. More than any other phrase, it makes plain the one unfailing coinage into which thought or feeling must be put before it passes current from mind to mind among the vast majority

of our fellow citizens throughout not only the industrial but the political and social world around us. And, for most of the minority, the only change required is that "my experience" should be given a little wider base by means of those two stalwarts: "I see by the papers—" or "A chap was saying the other night in the smoker—"

"How do you explain this?" a village pastor asked his boyhood chum, the League's most famous pitcher. "I used to study while you were playing hookey. To-day you draw your \$10,000, and I manage to exist on \$1,500. What's the answer!"

"Well," his friend began to impart the secret, "it's all in the delivery!"

In a company of thousands of employees, such a "delivery" of the message of the company's fairness and squareness in the coinage of the worker's actual experience is certainly part of the job of any fair-and-square executive who really "executes." But that is not enough: he must also make sure that throughout his organization this complete "delivery" becomes an unvarying habit! Where an executive accomplishes this, he is entitled to our praise—unless his organization is so small as to make the matter as easy as in the case of my hobo friend:

"No," he explained one of the satisfying simplicities of his life, "I don't have no monicker [professional name]. 'Cause why?— Well, you see, if you get into a crowd of 'boes and somebody starts something that ends up with a murder or two, then all the 'bulls' [policemen] broadcast to everybody everywhere to pick up 'Frisco Fred' and 'Pennsy Pete.' Nosiree, *in my business I don't want no reputation.*"

The distance from him to the head of the modern business organization with its "branches in all cities," is the distance which modern society has travelled from primitive Crusoe-like simplicity. It is not a little, but a long, long journey in responsibility. That responsibility is an unavoidable necessity at every single point where the action of the company touches a human being or a human need. Also it is a responsibility that must be met year after year with something like an abiding consistency. For without something like consistency in the "delivery" and demonstration of whatever convictions the company possesses, the execu-

time's aggregation of men, machines, and money has no character. In that case it cannot live because it has no means by which to secure the recognition and confidence of any one, stockholder, customer, or co-worker.

"The most even-tempered man in Cleveland: he's always mad!" The phrase describes, it must be admitted, a man of character because so marked a consistency establishes a working "expectability" as to the future. To an extent far beyond the hopes of a generation ago, our business friend has learned that successful selling is impossible until he has demonstrated for his products not only character, but *good* character. That is impossible until he has developed a high degree of sensibility—sympathetic sensibility—to the need and the demand of his potential customers:

"Ask the man who owns one."

"Our profit depends on your service."

"To Serve and De-Serve": our Aim."

As soon as the president and the "super" begin to see exactly the same necessity for consistent character and consistently *good* character in connection with the problem of production as well as distribution, then the "labor problem" begins, if not to vanish, at least to fold up its tents of war. For one-tenth of a good sales-manager's sensibility, once the situation is freed from that slimy film of mutual ignorance and fear, would be more than enough to discover all that is necessary: namely, that both man and manager unite in desiring, more than anything else in the world, the opportunity to justify their existence by means of exactly the same thing—the utmost of diligence and fair-minded workmanliness.

"We want to stop this eternal fighting," testifies a leader in the recent transportation trouble, "and help put railroad on its feet. After all, we workers have more to gain or lose through the condition of the industry than anybody else. It's not only our bread and butter but our ice-cream and cake."

"Where the boys get out of humor with their jobs," reports one of his fellow union heads, "they try to get all their grouches out of their system by means of wage demands. We no sooner get one raise for them than they want us to get another.

It gives a leader a dog's life—until we can help get 'em interested in their jobs again."

A really good "super"—one with that ten per cent of the real sales-manager's sensibility—knows the reasonableness of these testimonies as to the worker's deeper interests in his work, wherever his mainspring wish for worth has not been overstimulated and misdirected by needless ignorance or abuse. He knows also the truth of this further finding of my studies:

The normal worker under normal conditions wants a larger share of the satisfactions of doing his job much more than he wants a larger share of the satisfactions of managing the enterprise which furnishes the job.

Only where management demonstrates too little capability or sensibility to provide these indispensable satisfactions in the job, does the worker's protest go the length of demanding a share in the executive councils. That is why the Industrial Workers of the World want to "make the managers go to work": it is the only way they see in certain industries to make the job such that it entitles the worker to respect himself and so enables him to "hold up his end." Of their unhappiness one cause looms up above all others—joblessness, the unsteadiness, the irregularity of most of the world's unskilled employment. The unhappiness caused by unemployment makes it plain that beyond question the deep-down cause of the various radical protests against the present capitalistic system is a desire not for less work but *more* work—not a larger share of management but a fuller and more regular enjoyment not simply of the economic but of the accompanying spiritual rewards of work. We miss our best means of meeting the objection of our most troubled worker friends if we fail to see that it is their appreciation of these underlying spiritual rewards that justifies, in their minds, their request for such an exchange of responsibilities as the skipper and the engineer arranged one day.

"I say there, you on the bridge!" the captain roared up the tube from the engine-room. "I can't get another turn out of your blamed old machine here!"

"Well," answered the chief from the bridge, "it ain't so all-fired necessary—we're aground!"

Most workers are not radicals simply because in most industries the result of

such an exchange of function is known to be too risky. But the fact that the worker does not want his executive's job does not mean that he is entirely happy in his own. Every worker knows that from hour to hour he has a big margin within which either to release his energies or withhold them—and still keep his job. I am somewhat ashamed to recall the unholy glee we laborers used to get out of making a needlessly grouchy foreman think we were working when we knew we weren't. But, after all, he had to *think* so in order to save his face as a foreman. Likewise, we had to *know* the opposite in order to save our own. Such waste will go on until the end of time—unless manager and man can come to a better understanding of what both of them desire. For not one amongst us but will direct—and should direct—all the energies of our being against the threat of him who assumes that the only way he can secure the energies of our hands and heads is to do his utmost to displace us from the captaincy of our souls.

That is exactly why our industry is today so largely a matter of needless, costly inefficiencies and needless, super-costly conflicts. And that is exactly why higher wages and more regular work for the worker, in so large a proportion of modern industry, will not fail to bring *lower labor costs* for the executive—and so either lower selling prices or larger profits. Inside the factory and out we are all paying the price of the industrial captain's failure to see that in the thrill of the common enterprise he has the basis of an appeal for the utmost of men's energies, through his appeal to his men's highest selves—to their hearts'-bottom and soul-stirring main-spring wish to think better of themselves.

The labor leader has not failed to make full use of the field thus left to him:

"'Tis befoer the mon in ye thot I lay my case," so the leader of the "Bolshies" in the Welsh mine used to plead. "Not for ourselves but for our kiddies thot will coom after oos—'tis for them thot we moost fight for decenter conditions! Coom! Hov ye no love of God or mon in ye?"

Needless to say, the executive cannot make his high appeal until he can build a corporate character which can be trusted

unfailingly to "deliver" the promised satisfaction. Otherwise some "Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" makes his appeal in vain. It is to be hoped, accordingly, that the new schools and colleges of administration will help the new crop of executives to build organizations which will stand the strain of such appeals. No citizen among us but can pray for such a consummation. For besides the obvious wastes of industrial energies which stand to-day available but so largely unused, there are all those demoralizing efforts to find in class conflict—or, as earlier mentioned, in the degradations of alcohol and vice—those face-saving recognitions and satisfactions which they would so infinitely prefer to find in work.

In addition to all this loss due to misapplication there is that huge store of fresh potential energies and capacities which stand ready to be grown and developed; for not one of us but knows that our effort to master the responsibilities of our job is the chief factor of our personal growth. These new abilities and capacities stand ready to be brought forth in amazing degree by all, from the vice-president and the superintendent down, once the dislodgment of King Ignorance and General Fear can be brought about. For then there will be enough responsibility to go around—without the foreman "hogging face" from his men, because the "super" is forced to "hog" it from him. Then employer and employee will be quite willing for their mutual advantage to agree upon this fundamental assignment of rewards: for the young worker or executive, the maximum feasible *opportunity* to demonstrate by his job the caliber of his manhood; for the old, the maximum feasible security in the assurance, not merely of his food and shelter, but of the status and standing which he gained through the manliness demonstrated by his acceptance of that maximum opportunity.

Only on such a basis of unflinching reward for unflinching effort can industry be called efficient. Only so can it return the maximum of value to its owners, its managers, or its workers. By means of the demonstrated certainties of such efficiency we can lessen the number of those who punch the clock and await the orders of the whistle—and the costly oversight

of the inspector, and the inspector of inspectors—and thus increase the number of those who can be trusted to do a better day's work without these so-called aids to regularity and reliability.

To make the change is not as difficult as might appear. It demands only that we make faith easier by giving a more continuous and more consistent delivery and demonstration of the unfailing connection between physical or mental effort and social and spiritual reward. That requires nothing except that we establish for our industrial and commercial corporations, unions, and other institutions, the same kind of character—the same certainty of expectability—that is known to be indispensable to any worthy individual. Sooner or later, whether we like it or not, we have simply got to do exactly this. When the successful administration of a modern corporation or other so-called "impersonal concern" is understood to require nothing less than this, then the discipline of fear with all its wasteful clock-watching and restriction of output will begin to give way to the larger and more effective discipline of confidence and faith.

The character—the "expectability"—thus required for the successful career of any organized group of persons is pretty sure to require the practice of a certain rule called golden. It goes without saying that such practice is far from simple where, as in modern business, it is a matter of dealing justly not only with tens of thousands of employees but also thousands of stockholders and perhaps millions of customers. But this complicated responsibility has seldom had a fair chance. It has always suffered from the manager's tendency to exercise his sensibilities in connection with his customers while depending upon his sense—his logic—in connection with his workers. In order to save valuable time he has been too likely to use his imagination and his logic to tell him the wishes of his workers, instead of asking them. "Besides, I know what's good for them better than they do. You know, I used to be one of them myself." But even the logic of the Golden Rule may bring trouble unless it is guided by the Eleventh Commandment:

"Thou shalt not take thy neighbor for granted."

In my opinion only ignorance can claim that the sellers of brawn and skill are in the nature of the case more certain to make unreasonable and unfair demands than are the sellers of brains or money, though it is true that market conditions are not entirely the same. There are, of course, many who believe that no fair and reasonable — no golden — co-ordination and balance of the interested and competing though indispensable groups can be achieved under the present system of society. What they are really seeking is some convenient simplicity by which the hoped-for balance and co-ordination can be made easy. Of their programme, the real enemies are the turbine, the wireless, the movie, and all that multitude of other agencies which are continuously spreading out the boundaries of the word "neighbor" and complicating the problem of deciding how in his shoes we would be done by.

No, such a change of system is both impossible and unnecessary. Our modern complexity cannot be side-stepped. It must therefore be captured. That capture is within the limits of the powers already in our hands. For these powers, Karl Marx and others to the contrary notwithstanding, are not the powers of "economic determinism." They are the powers of *social determinism*.

With the sceptre of our approval and the sword of our disapproval, we have to date failed to accomplish what we should for the children of men because we have been too quick to use the dollar as the yardstick for determining who should be marked as worthiest among us. Men set about to gain dollars as the surest means — no, not to power, but to honor — the esteem, the approval, the kowtowings of so large a group as to make it impossible longer to doubt the high success of this "break-through" on their life's "Western Front." The moment we decide that financial profit may be without honor — that mere dollars alone will not buy our kowtowings unless they register value — social value received because delivered in terms of service — then, and only then, will men begin to seek the satisfaction of their own best wish for their own worth *through, and not at the cost of*, the satisfaction of that same deep-down desire for worth in the hearts of others.

The power to make our demand that profit shall represent the measure of service lies ready in our hand. To exercise it is to secure a genuine and a practicable co-operation, because it will enable us to give to the common enterprise all those energies which we now must devote so largely to saving ourselves against the threats of those whom we must fear because they fear us. To exercise it is to bring the profitable and gratifying co-operation of the willing bird that flies farther than a thrown stone. Such co-operation is indispensable to the better world we all desire. But it is not easy to attain, and there is no system, no institutional short cut, which will make it so. Under any system the path must lead through two difficult defiles. One is that we must train our youth to prefer to obtain that longed-for substantiation of their favorable thought about their worth from a discriminating minority rather than from a careless and unthinking majority. The other is that we must all do our part to help this great majority to hold its priceless kowtowings at a higher figure—to save them for those—dollar-getters or others—who really register real service.

"Of course, I'd rather die than not play the man," the soldier wrote from the trenches. Of course—of course, because he knows that the pouring out of his last full measure of devotion can not by any chance fail to secure for him in death what he might have missed in life—the everlasting banishment of that fear which haunts the heart of every one of us—the fear that we may somehow fail to count in the great total of the final worth and ultimate nobility of man.

It is not strange that these days which follow in the wake of the Great War are days of gloom—days when we lose our belief not only in the old leaderships and loyalties, but, worst of all, in ourselves and in the nobility of our common human nature.

It is only a natural consequence of those high moments of supreme emotion required to resist the Great War's threat against our lives and souls. If only the extreme intensities of such crucial moments could be ended the instant they have served their purpose! On the contrary, they appear always to subside only as the waves subside long after the storm

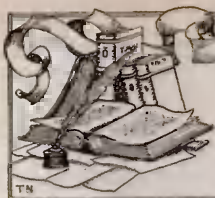
has passed and gone. On the day that brings a sudden peace with their ancient enemy, the Irish direct their unexpended hatreds against each other: it is, after all, only a normal means of starting back to national calm.

So with ourselves. Returning weary and disappointed from the war, shaken rudely out of the old confidences in ourselves and in things as they were, we try to save our face by seeking the weaknesses of each other and of all the institutions which we have built up for our security. Shortly we shall be rested from our fatigues. Then we shall set about the task of discarding the bad and restoring the good, of building a better civilization than we have ever known. In it "Old King Idunno" will not be able to keep us from seeing that our neighbors are everywhere, like ourselves, seeking to find the longed-for reassurance of their worth to themselves through the demonstration of their worth to others in the hours not of their leisure but of their labor.

"The only member of the faculty who shed tears when I left," reports a college president, "was the head janitor. He knew I knew the importance of his job. 'Of course, we professors,' I told him, 'know that cleanliness is next to godliness, but we can only try to teach it to the students by *talking* about it. Your job is higher—you can *demonstrate* it!'"

"Sure, I might make a whole auto myself," says the "specialist" as he swings back and forth, adding his single screw, number B77, to the chassis as it glides past him. "But think of all the millions of my fellow workin' men that could only *dream* of takin' the wife and the kids out in the flivver, if I did!"

No, we cannot—and we need not—do away with the vast and complicated machine of present-day living and working which science has put into our hands. But—when our wearied faith is rested and restored—we can capture that machine. We can capture it by seeing deeper into the souls of men. For it is there that the ultimate motive power of it all resides. Coal or steel, fire-box or screw, text-book or broom—of them all the final force that makes them move is the force of your desire and mine—our common desire together—rather to die than not to play the man!



AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



A*FTER all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."*

I taught English at Harvard one year, and at Yale thirty-one, an equitable division of my time between the two universities. My year at Harvard was 1891-1892, and my instruction was confined to English composition. There is no doubt that I learned more than I taught. I had one division of freshmen, one of sophomores, and one hundred and twenty picked seniors and juniors. Coming from Yale, I had previously spent only one year at Harvard, and that chiefly in monastic seclusion, being engaged upon a doctor's thesis; so that this invitation to teach gave me my first opportunity to become acquainted with Harvard undergraduates. I cannot remember much about the freshmen, the Class of 1895; but I remember awarding to my sophomore pupils only two As, the recipients being Lindsay Todd Damon, who is now professor of English in Brown University, and Edwin Francis Edgett, who is now literary editor of the Boston *Transcript*.

For many years Barrett Wendell had given a course in daily themes, open to juniors and seniors. Every student who had the temerity to elect it was compelled to write a long composition every other week, and a short one every day. Mr. Wendell read the biweeklies, and I read the dailies. This meant that during the academic year I read every day the diary of one hundred and twenty representative Harvard upper-classmen, which to a visitor from Yale was deeply interesting. Professor Briggs told me that I probably knew more about undergraduate life at both Yale and Harvard than any one else. If I did not, it was my fault. Among the pupils were William Vaughn Moody, Percy Atherton, Oswald Garrison Villard, and other later notables; also David Wells, who, in the short interval between his graduation and his death, made a bril-

liant reputation as a novelist. These senior and junior diarists were exceedingly frank, both in their themes and in "consultation hours." A fine lot of fellows they were, and courteous to the Yale barbarian.

During that winter Jean and Edouard de Reszké made their first appearance in Boston. Maurice Grau brought over the whole Metropolitan company from New York, and they sang in a big barn called Mechanics Hall. What singing! Never has there been an operatic troupe like that.

One Saturday afternoon I heard Adelina Patti stop in the middle of "Martha" and sing "Home, Sweet Home." But on the same evening I heard the de Reszké brothers and Emma Eames in "Faust," and I forgot all about Patti.

Lewis Gates, instructor in English, was one of the most brilliant and inspiring men on the Harvard faculty. He was a recluse, seeking no acquaintances, and sitting up all night in his room. But he was an enthusiast about good music, and this gave me a chance to draw him out, and become intimately acquainted with him, for which I have always been grateful. We used to go in to Boston together to hear the opera, and walk back to Cambridge over the Harvard Bridge at one o'clock in the morning, eagerly discussing the music and the performers. As the curtain fell on the departing figure of Lohengrin one evening, I heard Gates murmur, "There goes the ideal—it can never stay!"

The next afternoon I read among my themes one written either by a senior or a junior—I wish I were able to remember the man's name—which was a glowing appreciation of the opera I had just heard; and I have never forgotten the young critic's final sentence—*After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."* If, by some miracle, he should see these lines, I should like to have him know that even if I have

forgotten his name, I have not forgotten his theme.

After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin." Thirty years of listening have strengthened my conviction that the boy was right. It is my favorite opera, because it is the most dramatic and the most beautiful. I am quite aware that this is not the proper thing to say; "Lohengrin" belongs to Wagner's "earlier period," when he was "feeling his way to a method," and hence it ought not to be nearly so great music as "Tristan," "Siegfried," or "Meistersinger." It is, though. To put "Lohengrin" at the head of all the operas in the world may be an indication that one's musical taste is untrained, unelevated; but I don't care what the vote indicates; I had rather hear "Lohengrin" than anything else. I am a shameless Wagnerite, an uncompromising worshipper; I never get too much of Wagner. I like to hear his works presented without any cuts; and in symphony concerts, I particularly delight in a "Richard Wagner Abend." I enjoy the whole "Ring"; I enjoy "Tristan"; I enjoy "Meistersinger"; I enjoy "Der fliegende Holländer"; I enjoy "Parsifal." I believe the operas of Wagner are superior to the operas of all other composers put together; but I also believe that the Vorspiel and first act of "Lohengrin" have never been equalled either by Wagner or any one else. *After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."*

Probably no one in the next two or three centuries will witness so fine a performance of "Lohengrin" as we saw in the early nineties. Jean de Reszké as the Holy Knight, Edouard as the King, and Emma Eames as Elsa were just as inspiring to see as to hear—they were ideal representatives of ideal characters. Their intelligence was as subtle as their voices were glorious. "Lohengrin," as they gave it, was a perfect materialization: it left nothing to be desired. It pleased the ear, the eye, and the mind. If the angels in heaven sing oratorios as well as these artists sang operas, I shall be satisfied. To hear the ravishing and climactic music of Elsa's dream, to see the swan approaching, the noble dignity of Jean de Reszké's figure as he stepped ashore, to feel the ineffable beauty and tenderness of his Fare-

well to the Swan—these are imperishable memories. *After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."*

The Vorspiel is an example of crescendo, beginning faintly, and rising to a climax. Of course it cannot be translated into words; but one of the best verbal interpretations I have ever read occurs in George Moore's novel, "Sister Teresa," the sequel to "Evelyn Innes." (I remember once asking Madame Nordica if she thought these two novels by George Moore contained any suggestions on music that were of value; and she replied emphatically that they were worthless, that the music-stuff in them was bogus and absurd. Later I asked Horatio Parker the same question, and he said that the musical suggestions were most valuable, even profound. The two authorities were alike only in the emphasis with which they uttered their irreconcilable opinions, by which we see that there is as much divergence in musical as in literary criticism.)

Evelyn Innes plays the Vorspiel to a nun in the convent and asks her for her idea of the music, to which the sister said, "It seemed to me as if I stood waiting on some mountain top, somewhere where there is no boundary. The dawn seemed to be breaking, light seemed to increase, the rays grew brighter, and my soul seemed to be waiting amid the increasing light."

Greatly as I enjoy hearing the Vorspiel played at symphony concerts, it is always tantalizing; for as the last notes die away, I long to see the curtains open, and reveal the King, Telramund, and the Herald in their familiar positions. Nothing in any other opera is so dramatic as the first act of "Lohengrin." The defenseless figure of Elsa; the horrible accusation by Telramund; Elsa's dream; her unexpected consent to trial by combat; the challenge of the trumpets followed by absolute silence; Elsa's request for a second summons; again the trumpets, and the silence; Elsa on her knees in prayer; the thrilling promise of the violins; the apparition of the swan, bringing the knight in armor; the swelling excitement of the crowd; the consternation of Telramund and Ortrud; the entrance of Lohengrin; the fight; the triumph. It is a complete play in itself.

After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."

When the Knight appears, he is radiant with celestial glory; we know he is the divine ambassador—*der Gottgesandte*.

I am always reminded of two poems by Browning and Milton. In "Count Gismond," we have a similar scene; the defenseless orphan girl publicly slandered by Gautier, and the unexpected appearance of her champion.

"Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?"

And in "Comus," we have the couplet, summing up both poems and the opera:

"Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

After all, there is no opera like "Lohengrin."

The players of the Moscow Art Theatre made a profound impression in New York—both on the spectators, and, as a normal school, on professional actors. I went to see "The Cherry Orchard," by Chekhov. The play was first produced in 1904, by this same company in Moscow. The author, although in his last illness, attended the performance, and his wife played the same part she still adorns. This play has been repeatedly translated into English, but the honor of making the first English translation belongs to Max S. Mandell, M.A., instructor in Russian at Yale. His version was published in 1908 by the undergraduate editors of the *Yale Courant*. The most illuminating interpretation and criticism both of this drama and of Chekhov as a dramatist was written by the late George Calderon, a brilliant young Englishman who lost his life in the war. In his introduction to "Two Plays by Chekhov," published in 1912, he makes Russian drama as clear as it can be made to English-speaking people. He points out the real difference between our theatre and theirs; our plays are *centripetal*, theirs *centrifugal*. That is, the English playwright endeavors to draw the attention of the spectators to a group of people on the stage; the Russian's idea is, that by looking at the *dramatis personæ* we shall be

forced to consider life in general—universal humanity. This method accounts for the lack of plot, incidents, and coherence that so many Occidentals feel in reading a Russian play.

Chekhov must be seen to be appreciated. One who had formed an opinion of "The Cherry Orchard" merely by reading it, would be amazed at the revelation of the play's possibilities on the stage. There was literally not a dull moment, and the close was inexpressibly affecting. I heard an American woman say, after the fall of the final curtain, "How strange it is that I should be crying at the performance of a drama, not one word of which am I able to understand!" The secret of the success of the Moscow company lies in one word—team-play. They know what ought to be self-evident, that team-play in acting is as necessary as in football. There are just as good actors in other countries as in Russia, but it remained for the Moscow company to show what could be done by intelligent training and co-operative effort. The men and women seem to be living rather than acting.

The two all-important elements seem to be these: 1. A good play. 2. Good acting. With these two conditions, everything else is subordinate and secondary. I thought the scenery in "The Cherry Orchard" so inadequate that it seemed amateurish; it was certainly inferior to the average American production on Broadway; but one was so interested in the progress of the play and in the persons on the stage, that the cheap scenery was forgotten. But it was cheap.

How times have changed since Orlov and Nazimova first came to America! They nearly starved. Americans had to be browbeaten to be induced to hear them. The same is true of the visit of Madame Komisarzhenskaia, who gave the best performance of Ibsen's "Doll's House" that I have ever seen—there were perhaps twenty-three persons in the audience. I thought of those pioneer expeditions last week at "The Cherry Orchard"—one of the largest theatres in New York (all orchestra seats \$5.50) jammed and packed to the last inch, hundreds standing up. I wonder what the weekly receipts would be in rubles—one

would have to calculate them in logarithms or light-years. I dare say that the actors seem no more strange to us than America must seem to them. They come from a country where death by starvation has ceased to attract any attention; where epidemics and normalcy mean the same thing; where for years no one has seen any actual money.

New York may or may not be the largest city in the world. It is certainly the earth's musical and artistic metropolis. Simply stay on Manhattan Island, and you will see every person in the world most worth seeing. Authors, actors, composers, musicians, scientists, statesmen, physicians, prophets, and prize-fighters—they all come to New York. And the quality of hospitality is not strained.

Among new novels in English, the success of the season has been won by a young man's first book—"Futility," by William Gerhardt. This author was born in Russia of English parents, and with a family name neither Russian nor British. Bilingual from childhood, he is a cosmopolitan. Just as an American who knows French can teach that language better to Americans than the average Frenchman, so Mr. Gerhardt interprets the Russian temperament better to Occidentals than was possible to a genius like Dostoevski. He knows the Russians; they were round about him in his infancy; but he sees them also with the eye of the Englishman. A sincere humorist, he loves them and laughs at them. Ever since Turgenev in his novel "Rudin," revealed to the world and to Russians themselves the national incapacity to do anything, the Russian fiction "hero" has run true to form. Sienkiewicz, in his psychological novel, "Without Dogma," said the whole race was cursed with what he called *improductivité slave*. It is true. They are the most eager, brilliant, original, and profound conversationalists in the world; one reason why they need no athletic sports is because their ordinary conversation is more effective than any setting-up exercises; they are eternally expecting the impossible to happen; had Dickens lived longer, he would have made Micawber a Russian. In Russian novels and plays, various projects are discussed with such ardor, such expense of energy, that to

realize them would seem to require considerably less effort; yet they are never realized. An impatient Anglo-Saxon reader wonders why the Russian characters don't "do something"; for he can see no real obstacle in the path. But the obstacle is in the Russian himself, in his lack of practicality. The machine has no motor. They are at once the most lovable and the most irritating of human beings. Nor is this will-power missing only in the intellectuals. One of the best books ever written on Russia is that by E. Nelson Fell, called "Russian and Nomad." His experiences as a business man with Russian muzhiks should be read by all who are interested in the Slav temperament. Had he not possessed a magnificent sense of humor, he would have given up in despair.

Mr. Gerhardt's book, absolutely up to date, describing a Russian family in 1922, shows that the national characteristics, as set forth by Turgenev in the fifties, have not changed. In addition to the light thrown on the central theme, Mr. Gerhardt has given us a story so charming, so brilliant, so subtle in characterization, so unusual, that the average intelligent reader will find it irresistible. A new force has appeared in fiction. Hats off!

Chekhov was a physician, whose medical training appears in the power of diagnosis revealed in his stories and plays. (In the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for 4 November, 1922, there is an interesting article on him by Doctor Herbert Thoms, of New Haven.)

In his story "On the Way," Chekhov remarked: "Nature has set in every Russian an inquiring mind, a tendency to speculation, an extraordinary capacity for belief; but all these are broken into dust against our improvidence, indolence, and fantastic triviality."

"Futility" may be taken as a foot-note to Chekhov: but what a foot-note! It seems more like a foundation.

Yet Chekhov furnished the point of departure for this new novel, and perhaps also the impulse. The hero goes with three Russian sisters to see Chekhov's play, "The Three Sisters," and in his blind optimism, he wondered where Chekhov got his characters, not then realizing

that his three companions were to illustrate Chekhov's powers of portraiture fully as well as the persons on the stage. Could anything be more opportune than the appearance of "Futility" just as "The Three Sisters" appears in New York?

Mr. Gerhardt's powers of irony are sufficiently displayed in the following passage. The people are watching the play:

"You know the manner of Chekhov's writing. You know the people in his plays. It seems as though they had all been born on the line of demarcation between comedy and tragedy—in a kind of No Man's Land. Fanny Ivanovna and the three sisters watched the play with intense interest, as if the Three Sisters were indeed their own particular tragedy. I sat behind Nina, and watched with that stupid scepticism that comes from too much happiness. To me, buoyant and impatient, the people in the play appeared preposterous. They annoyed me. They distressed me intensely. Their black melancholy, their incredible inefficiency, their paralyzing inertia, crept over me. How different, I thought, were those three lovable creatures who sat in our box. How careless and free they were in their own happy home. The people in the play were hopeless."

He relieved his mind to Nikolai, insisting that the people in the play were impossible. But Nikolai said, and the remark turned out to be prophetic, "Chekhov is a great artist."

Now I submit a good subject for a novel, which I present free to any one who wants it. Take a determined, practical, efficient, common-sense Yankee spinster, full of gumption—the kind of female whom we New Englanders call "a capable woman"—and plant her in a large Russian family in Moscow. Things would shortly begin to happen. Aunt Ophelia in St. Clare's family would be nothing to it.

Modern fiction is just now being discussed from the astronomical point of view, owing to the fashion in which Mr. Galsworthy and others have treated the moon. Thirteen years ago, in an essay on Hermann Sudermann, I endeavored to call the attention of fiction-writers to

this phenomenon, but I fear my words made little impression. Stevenson came to grief with the moon in "Prince Otto," and he repentantly declared that the next time he wrote a novel, he would use an almanac. All novelists seem to need the harmless, necessary almanac. In "Es War," Sudermann placed a young crescent moon in the eastern sky! And in "Der Katzensteg," the moon follows the heroine even as in the theatre the calcium-light follows the star. In other words, the moon in novels is not scientific, but decorative. To see it used correctly is exceptional. Francis Brett Young, in his novel called "The Crescent Moon," represents that slim object as frequently climbing the heavens. Shakespeare, in the "Merchant of Venice," has the full moon and all the stars visible at the same time, which happens never in the sky. The late Hugh McCulloch, a poet of distinct promise, wrote a poem for the *Century Magazine*, and the last line of every stanza was

"And in the west the waning moon hangs low."

I found him in a state of rage, because the editor had changed "waning" to "weary." He wrote to his mentor angrily, saying he was a poet, not an astronomer, and he would place his moon where he jolly well pleased. The answer was to the effect that he might place his moon wherever he liked in other periodicals, but not in the *Century*. He surrendered to science.

I wish I might read one American novel where the heroine's eyes were not compared to pools. Every new one I read fills me with a vague sporting interest as to exactly on what page the pool will make its first appearance. Violet pools, deep pools, dark pools, troubled pools, untroubled pools, forest pools—how I wish this ocular geography would change! But as nearly all novelists follow the prevailing fashion, I have little hope. The girl model of 1923 must be fitted to a pair of pools.

In reading Esther Singleton's interesting and valuable book, "The Shakespeare Garden," I newly lament my ignorance of flowers. I have a perfect literary knowledge of them. I know the names of all the flowers but cannot remember their

faces. The common-or-garden rose and the lily-of-the-valley are the only two flowers I know by sight. I should hate to pass an examination in a garden; I cannot tell a begonia from a four-o'clock. Why is it that all women know the names and faces of flowers by intuition? An enormous number of man-made novels have what I call the Botanical Beginning. The first three pages sound like D. M. Ferry's catalogue. Yet the truth is, that very few men know anything whatever about flowers. A distinguished Bostonian scholar told me that if no flowers at all came up in the spring, he would be unaware of their absence. Yet how explain these man-made novels, where, in the first three pages specifically named flowers trail all over the veranda, rage like Herod all over the lawn, and almost smother the reader with their incense? My own belief is that in nearly every case the botanical beginning is either a queen's gambit—that is, the flower-names are all supplied by the author's wife—or it is pure bluff.

"The Shakespeare Garden" should interest all who love Shakespeare or flowers and particularly those who are acquainted with both. It is a valuable and important contribution to the subject, is written from the heart, and the numerous illustrations help an ignoramus like me to obtain some notion of the actual appearance of Elizabethan flowers. Fortunately it requires no botany to appreciate such magic lines as

"And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes."

What really is plagiarism? One of our popular magazines recently published a short story where the entire plot, except the conclusion, was taken from Browning's "In a Balcony." The editor announced that the woman who signed her name to the story "proves that the most powerful stories are not necessarily written by men." Did she feel that Browning's tragedy is so well known that any one has a right to transcribe it? Or did she think that the readers of this particular periodical would never detect its source? Even the title was taken from Browning, though from another poem. Surely the editor did not guess its origin,

else why did he point with pride to what he thought it proved?

In the February number I stated that the Ninth Symphony was not played in the Eastern States during the season of 1921-1922; I am grateful to a correspondent who corrects my error. He gives chapter and verse. It was played in New York April 26 and April 30, 1922.

The justly distinguished dramatic critic of *The Nation*, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, writes the following sentence concerning Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool," one of the most popular plays now running in New York: "Its spirit is so fine, its intentions so honorable to the author, that it seems difficult to characterize it as a work of art." Just exactly what does that pronouncement mean? If the spirit of a work is fine, and its "intentions honorable," is the thing therefore doubly and fatally handicapped? I have during the last year seen so many books, where the spirit was abominable and the intentions worse, characterized as great works of art, that I was for the moment non-plussed. But I suppose that the accomplished critic merely meant to say that the play contained such earnest pleading, and showed so sympathetic a heart, that it was difficult to judge it simply on its artistic merits.

Another dramatic critic, George Jean Nathan, is so disgusted with Barrie's "Mary Rose," that he solemnly announces he is beginning to lose faith in Barrie's earlier works; "It brings one to turn again to a closer scrutiny of its author's antecedent plays that one has admired, and to ponder . . . and to ponder. . . ." I can only imagine with what heartrending suspense J. M. Barrie must be awaiting the result of this portentous and ponderous pondering. . . .

A novelist that may make us all sit up some day is young Waldo Frank. His philosophy of life is the opposite of mine, and I should not wish to be born into the kind of world in which he believes; but he is an original writer, with an original method. His radicalism in art begins where that of others quits; but he has a great deal to say, and he is both honest and sincere. To those who are interested in the newest developments in the art of fiction, I recommend "City Block." But

it is not, as the French say, for all hands.

Charles D. Stewart, the author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence," has proved that his creative powers as a novelist are as fresh and vigorous as in his youth. He has proved it by his latest book, "Valley Waters," a well-constructed, well-written, and altogether delightfully populated story. The citizens of Zanesville, Ohio, should give him the freedom of the city and erect a monument to him while he is yet alive; for the interesting and astounding fact is, that although he was born in Zanesville, *he loves the town*. Before I had finished reading the book, I made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Zanesville. I thought I had been in every part of Ohio, but in some unaccountable manner, I missed Zanesville. The theme of "Valley Waters" is as old as literature; but the characters are so real—even the minor ones—and the style is so masterly in its restraint, that I shall be sorry for any one who does not like it. The author's varied and detailed experience of life stands him in good stead; the novel abounds in shrewd observations. "Valley Waters" is solid without being heavy; it is solid like a perfect apple, the kind that come from Hood River, good all the way to the core. Mr. Stewart, who knows the worst phases of humanity, seems to believe in life; that the custom of birthday congratulations springs from a true instinct.

To turn from an excellent to a notorious writer, I was much amused to see in a newspaper this morning the following publisher's advertisement of Robert Keable's latest novel. "Some of the early reviews . . . criticise the author because he has not 'told a story' in the conventional style." This is like criticising a murderer because he wears detachable cuffs.

Those who are not yet familiar with John V. A. Weaver's poems, "In American," had better lose no time; it is the sort of book that eventually becomes much sought after by collectors. Now he has just printed another one, "Finders." It is impossible to describe John Weaver's poetry; one must read it, or still better hear Mr. Weaver read it. He has humor, pathos, and tragic force in his New York slang poems. I have seen nothing I enjoyed so much in this fashion since Wallace Irwin's incomparable "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Will any one tell me why that work is not in freer circulation? There ought to be fresh editions of it every year, but several lustra have passed since I have seen any copy exposed for sale. In my opinion, the "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" by Irwin, and "Casey at the Bat," by Somebody-or-other, are representative and permanent specimens of American literature.

Carl Sandburg has written a charming, quaintly nonsensical, and highly imaginative book, called "Rootabaga Stories." I confidently recommend this to all children and their parents, relations and friends. Personally I think it far better than his other prose works, such as "Smoke and Steel," and "Chicago Poems."

Nearly every post brings some candidate for the Ignoble prize. A Texas professor suggests the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. A woman votes for "Jane Eyre," and I agree with her to this extent. I always resent Charlotte Brontë's being bracketed with Jane Austen and George Eliot as the three great women novelists of the nineteenth century. She lacked what the other two richly possessed—genius.

Question. What is the best novel ever written by a woman?

Answer. "Pride and Prejudice."





THE POINT OF VIEW

The
Truth

SCOTT FITZGERALD, in a magazine article, has put into print the feelings and the outlook upon life of a twenty-five-year-old. Booth Tarkington, in his "Seventeen," has given to his readers the impressions of a seventeen-year-old. However, in this article and novel from the pens of two of the foremost writers of to-day there lies one essential difference: Mr. Fitzgerald is twenty-five and Mr. Tarkington is not seventeen. Mr. Fitzgerald can, with perfect safety, tell us how he feels at his age, but Mr. Tarkington cannot with an equal amount of assurance successfully depict seventeen.

Mr. Fitzgerald is living in the time of which he writes, and his material is every-day matter. Mr. Tarkington must exercise his imagination and observation, and perhaps a bit of memory. Consequently the seventeen depicted by Mr. Tarkington is not the seventeen of to-day. It is the seventeen of imagination and of humor. The seventeen of to-day is the twenty-one of yesterday, with the significant exception of sophistication, on which point the twenty-one of yesterday fades deeply into the background.

But this is not to be a criticism, nor is it an attempt to set forth the evolution of the modern seventeen. It is merely an effort to present the outlook upon life of youth, including the impressions, the desires, and the every-day emotions. Unfortunately, it would give me greater pleasure to depict Booth Tarkington's seventeen as it really exists, but since I am two years past that age I must content myself with the next best thing. I am nineteen—therefore I shall depict nineteen. And yet it is such a short step from seventeen to nineteen that one might almost concede that I am setting forth the reality of youth, with its genuine heartaches, its follies, its ambitions, and its innermost secrets. Perhaps you of lesser years will agree with me—perhaps you will not. Perhaps you of mature years will scoff at me—perhaps you will not. But nevertheless, this is to be my idea of youth. It is to tell, regardless of pride, the truth; and

this truth will be told by one who is experiencing that of which he is writing.

To every one whose lot it is to be among the average and to experience the average trials of life, there are three great stages of fear. First is the fear of childhood: of the bogey man, of darkness, of material objects. It is the time when mother is the only solace. It is the time when the shaggy dog and the queer-looking man send terror through our hearts. It is all imagination, but it is fear.

And second is the fear of youth. To many this fear is varied, but to the average it is the same. But let me tell the fear of youth—my fear—later in this article.

The third fear of life is the fear of age. It is the fear of the business man for his business. It is the fear of a man for a more weighty concern. It is perhaps a more mature fear, a fear of more worldly worth, but it is not one degree more sincere nor one degree more worthy than the fear of childhood or of youth.

And now let me tell you of the fear of youth, of the fear under which I and all others of my age live. The fear of youth is past the fear of childhood with its material and spiritual haunts; it has not yet reached the fear of age. The fear of nineteen is the fear that acquaintances will consider him—nineteen; the fear that acquaintances will consider him the nineteen of Tarkington's and the others' pens. It is the fear of being considered a child or a "kid." Nineteen wishes to be considered upon the threshold of manhood. He wishes to be considered a man with a youth's body. He dislikes to be babied; he wishes to be thought handsome; he wishes to be considered refined, cultured, and, most of all, sophisticated. He wants to be thought blasé and well informed of the shadowy part of the world. He wishes to be known as leading a double life, to be considered a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

That is the fear of youth. It is the fear that rests upon and overlaps the fears of younger and older life. It is more heart-rending than either of the others, and means as much to the individual's happiness as both of them together.

And during this time of youth and during the physical growth, there is also a growth of liberality, a growth of mind. And there is the period of the shattering of ideals and the period of the religious disbelief.

At seventeen the ideals of youth are in full bloom. Womanhood is placed upon a pedestal of immortal worth. There is nothing mortal about her; she is superhuman. A woman whose sophistication allows her to indulge in osculation is considered near the dregs of the cup. It is not because of innocence; it is because of the idealistic stage. And somewhere between seventeen and nineteen the youth discovers that women are mortal and that they possess the same human desires and emotions as he himself. It is here that he finds that women who permit themselves to be kissed are not of the very worst, and often he finds them to be of the very best.

At nineteen we are philosophers and reformers. Discussions of morals and current events are our favorite diversion. We have our own unswayable opinions, and we expound them whenever we can obtain an interested and sympathetic listener. When our opinions are met with disfavor, we are angry and are disappointed and we go over our philosophy until we have again formed the same unshakable opinions. If we are agreed with, we are gratified and we make it known by the expounding of more philosophy.

At nineteen we feel that life is before us with a thousand opportunities. We feel that our talents are many and great, and need but a little development. We are optimists to the end. We are ambitious for financial gain. We are desirous of "making a hit" with women from sixteen to sixty. We wish to appear in a thousand ways what we are not, and, if we succeed, we feel that we are the vilest of hypocrites. Nevertheless, we bask in our own good graces and enjoy the reward of pretending to be what we feel we are not.

I should like, by way of conclusion, to consider Booth Tarkington's Willie Baxter as the youth of to-day. If the modern Willie Baxter should meet such a baby-talk lady as is presented in the novel, he would not fall madly in love with her. He would be hugely disgusted, and would avoid her gushiness as much as possible. He would say she was a "kid," and would go in search

of a girl with "sense." And the modern Willie Baxter would never dream of listening with envy to fabulous tales of premature marriages. He might wish it were possible to marry the lady of his heart, but he would never consider any consuming desire to sacrifice everything to do so. The modern seventeen would never listen to stories of unusual lads who had begun to grow beards. The seventeen of to-day is just beginning, or has already begun, to shave. The modern Willie Baxter is older in sophistication, in good common sense, than he is painted.

And let me say—you may agree or you may not—the average or typical American youth between the ages of seventeen and nineteen is vastly superior to the youth of fiction or the stage.

EVEN for a man of high imaginative genius, to attempt the minute description of a region that he has never visited is at best a hazardous undertaking. Such a venture is liable to betray him into the most ludicrous mistakes, and they are of a character which renders escape from downright blame impossible. Of course, some writers exercise the security of a wary choice of localities, selecting those which, though they themselves have not visited them, no one else can visit; for example, Dante's descriptions of hell and of paradise are accurate in the sense that we know no more than he did about those diverting regions. Much the same case is that of Virgil, who gave us a description of a city and of a civilization and of a queen long vanished into the mists of the silent past. They were actually here on earth; but Virgil's account, whether accurate or inaccurate, cannot be criticised by us who have no reasonable hope of seeing Carthage or Dido. Possibly some day we shall see both Virgil and Dido; and I can imagine no more interesting dialogue than would ensue between this pair. I fancy that no woman cares to be immortalized as one who took her life because a mere man scorned her. Both Dante and Virgil were more naïve in their choice of subjects than some modern authors.

An example in point is that great poet, William Vaughn Moody, whose early death was a dreadful blow to American letters. In his superb "Ode in Time of Hesitation,"

Local
Discolor

he is describing the burial of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who was killed on Morris Island at the storming of Battery Wagner. In an exquisite lyrical outburst, Moody sings:

"Now heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose
In Nature's busy old democracy,
To flush the mountain-laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea."

As poetry, this is arrestingly beautiful; but one would search the whole Atlantic seaboard in vain, from the Virginia capes to Key West, to find a mountain laurel. With the particular locality in question I happen to have been familiar since boyhood; and I can attest that there's no mountain laurel nearer than the Blue Ridge Range, which is more than a hundred miles to the northward. I had the temerity to call Mr. Moody's attention to this slip; and he charmingly answered, with most disarming frankness. He said that he was like Doctor Johnson, who, when taken to task by a learned lady for having defined in his massy dictionary the term "pastern" as "the knee of a horse," instead of making some elaborate defense, merely said: "It was ignorance, madame, pure ignorance."

Just across the harbor-bar from Morris Island is Sullivan's Island, the scene of Poe's "The Gold Bug." Poe was never in that part of the country, and to natives his description of the island is, to say the least, distorted. But it is Poe's description of the mainland adjacent to the island that is most highly discolored. He writes:

"Ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland . . . we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined."

Poe, who was a stickler as a rule about accuracy, should have made some inquiries concerning the character of this seacoast. It has no hills of any kind whatsoever. There assuredly are no valleys. And there are not only no boulders; there are no rocks of any kind in this flat, dead sea-line coun-

try. Had Lowell been aware of the error in the description quoted, he might have had some more ammunition for "A Fable for Critics."

Perhaps the most perfect example of local discolor is supplied by Goldsmith. His "History of Animated Nature" is flamboyant with it. He tells us, for example, that "the insidious tiger roams the wilds of western Canada"; that "the rattlesnake advances to attack on the tip of its tail"; and that "the catamountain, an American animal, is like a cat, larger yet more slimly formed, the color reddish, the color interspersed with black spots and stripes." To this day, no one seems to know what creature poor Noll had in mind. "If he knows the difference between a horse and a cow, that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology," said his friend Johnson.

Probably during the American Civil War we experienced the greatest riot of discolor in our literature's history. I've an old book called "War Poetry of the South," edited by William Gilmore Simms. In it I learn that all Federal soldiers were Huns, myrmidons, vandals, and Goths. I also have Whit-tier and Longfellow's antislavery poems, and in these I discover that every Southerner was a brutal slave-driver. It seems that no two nations in the world's history ever so misunderstood each other as did these two sections of the same country. Happily, the misunderstandings now are of a much milder sort; though writers of fiction from the North are liable to make every Southern heroine a dark beauty belonging to one of these old or Southern families, and to make the hero a young man of energy—a stranger from the North, whose amazing willingness to work captivates the heroine's stormy heart. On the other hand, the Southern story-teller sees too little of the quiet dignity, the poise, the thrilling progress of life in the North.

Perhaps writers should limit their descriptions to those scenes with which they are familiar; or else, like Swift or like Milton, they should rear realms of fancy, whose very unreality renders depiction of them safe. For where is the author who can, with any degree of accuracy, imitate Whitman's "Man-o-War Bird"?

"At dusk thou lookest on Senegal,
At morn, on America."



The Sculptor at His Work

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD'S OLDEST AND LEAST-KNOWN ARTIST

BY LOUISE EBERLE

DECADES of centuries ago the cave-man sat carving a picture of the hunt on a bone of the deer he had slain—a full-fledged artist with a hoary history of sculpture behind him. For, decades of centuries earlier, Elie Faure tells us in his "History of Art," round sculpture had developed.

As it was more decades of centuries before his descendants began to use pigment on a flat surface, the human family has had its sculptor countless years longer than its painter. But it does not know him half so intimately.

The public looks at pictures. It feels a friendly warmth in their color, and the accessories of the background help it to make the picture into the story which it wants in its art. Moreover, this public has looked over the artist's shoulder so often as he paints out in the fields or in art-galleries that it feels a bit of proprietary interest. His sketch-book, too, into which it has occasional peeps, gives it a sense that it pretty nearly knows how itself, and might also make pictures but for more pressing interests.

The sculptor is not so. He lives and works in secret by the mere accidental fact of the ponderosity of his materials. The public does not think of him as having a sketch-book at all. It only puzzles itself, when looking at a bronze or marble statue, as to how it was made. And the figure—a simple fact in a severe monotone—tells nothing of the labor that went to produce it, or the multiplicity of processes involved.

The sculptor does have a sketch-book after the fashion of the painter. But he has, besides this, another and more characteristic sketch-book, though the average visitor to his studio would never notice the half-hid-

den shelf with the dusty bits of plastilene thereon that look as if children, tired of their play, had left them there. To the sculptor each of these is an anchored kite, an idea that may soar while he is at work on another piece, but that he can bring back at will. Sometimes these are completely worked-out figures, but sometimes even the artist could scarcely name a concrete object that they represent. For it is one of the mysteries of his trade that he does not necessarily say to himself, "I will make a 'Diana' or a 'Penitence,'" but that a certain combination of lines and masses appeals to him as revealing some of the great law governing line and mass, which gives them an effect upon the minds of men entirely aside from their objective meaning. Later, as he works on it, it will suggest something in human experience, and he will develop it accordingly. This is the ideal way for a statue to have its inception. But of course it is not the only way, and the statue as often takes the opposite direction, from subject to idea, as when a great national event inspires a sculptor to represent it symbolically, or when a statue is ordered, and not left to the artist's choice.

No story of how a man may labor within himself to fulfil and express his own idea of beauty is attempted here, these words being solely to convey an idea of external processes in answer to the question: "How does the sculptor make it?" From this point of view one successful sculptor's experience is like another's in general, and his story gives a fair outline of all. Such a man, whom the writer knew, had a studio filled with work which the wise could divide into three parts. There were monuments and portrait busts that he was commissioned to do. There were figures at various stages of incomple-



1.



2.



3.

1. The first step in the making of any statue is the lead-pipe armature.
2. The heads of the nails which stud this colossal plaster core indicate the statue's correct outline.
3. Head of enlargement shown in figure 2, coated with pitch before applying clay between the nails.

tion, some swathed in cloths, some exposed, which were the artist's own conceptions and dreams. Lastly, in a corner on a rowdy shelf, was a mass of the small sketches already described. And the following happening was typical and periodical:

He had labored for weeks on an important commission. Then, one day, he began walking over to the shelf at intervals and looking at the little sketches. Whenever any one came near he returned to his work. The next day he was found hunched in a chair, in his hand one of his long modelling tools on the end of which was stuck a lump of plastilene which he was forming, with great swiftness, into a somewhat larger version of one of the small sketches. He laughed as he laid it down and went back to his statue.

The next day he was as busily at work as ever. Only this time his model was not posing for the Victory of the monument, but for a half life-size version of the sketch, recognizable now that it was taking more definite shape.

"How is the monument getting on?" his visitor asked. He gave it a far-away look.

"Oh—it's all right. How do you like this?"

From now on he gave his lovely conception every thought until he had satisfactorily recorded the idea in its fulness—

though there would be much finishing to do later. Then, with a cover over her, the piece was relegated to a corner and work on the commission resumed. This man worked finely at all he did, and maybe the ideal pieces were the better for the discipline of the commissions—as certainly the commissions were better for the vitality brought from his days of sheer inspiration. There are, of course, men who will lend their art to nothing but their own inward visions. But the artist who will put his fine work on commissions and monuments gives the public about the only sculptural food it gets to feed upon, whereas the man who works for himself alone, or, at most for the few who are "in the know" with him, may bless the future with his genius, but may, equally, plant for it a sterile tree.

One of the commissions of this particular artist, being a colossal thing, involved about as much in the way of processes as a statue can, so by following it a sketchy outline of the making of almost any statue will be obtained. The piece was for a national monument, and because it was very important the competition for it was not what is known as "open," for open competitions rarely attract artists of great reputation. Our artist was one of six men invited to submit sketches, and this preliminary sketch, a few

inches high, modelled in plastilene and cast in plaster of paris, was submitted to the commission that had the monument in charge. Winning the competition, there came the first process in the making of any statue—the armature. An upright rod was firmly planted in a heavy wooden base and to this rod were attached, with copper wire, some lengths of small lead pipe which, being pliable, could be twisted about until the whole looked like a caricature of the statue to be. But the whole was a carefully measured, accurately adjusted support for the

alone, the contemplative and full-lidded eyes of this statue needing special care.

Though this statue was draped, its creator began it from a nude model, for he must be as sure as Gibraltar of the anatomy. But when the time came to work from drapery he assembled as properties several yards of *crêpe de chine*, a big bowl, and a can of cooking-oil. And each day he dipped the silk in the oil and draped it upon the model. The advantage of this was that, where the outline of the figure was necessary, the silk adhered perfectly, while, where folds were



The sculptor's sketch-book ranges from masses of plastilene intelligible to himself alone to perfect miniature models.

masses of clay or plastilene that were to be used, and when sufficient of this was brought to a rough resemblance to the sketch, then began the artist's task of putting into a clod an idea, into a lump the mysterious potency that would make it speak to every man in his own tongue. The sculptor must see nothing but this idea until, so far as was humanly possible, he had it imprisoned in the clay. Yet he had constantly to mingle his work with consideration of such distractions as the fact that his model (who, at best, could merely suggest the external form of his idea) went into vaudeville, and he had to find another of the same type, who came late in the mornings and sometimes omitted to come at all. Before he had finished he had used the bust and arms of one model, the head of another, the torso and hips of a third, and even tried model after model for her eyelids and the contour about her eyes

wanted, these could be definitely arranged, and remained exactly as placed instead of changing with every breath.

When this three-foot figure reached a stage that fairly embodied its creator's conception, it was examined by the commission that had the monument in charge. Their disapproval might have sent the artist back to the beginning again. But it was accepted and he could now forget for a while the ramifications of sculpture and be only a sculptor until his soul let him call the statue finished. One had better not say, "When the artist was satisfied he pronounced the statue finished," lest he merit the reply which another sculptor made to a friend who—looking at a newly finished piece of his work—said, "Well—now that you are satisfied—" only to be savagely interrupted with, "My God, am I ever satisfied!"

This piece, being rather small, was done in plastilene, which takes and holds small detail better than clay, and which always remains in the same state; while clay, which obeys the hand more readily and is used for all large pieces, must be kept at a certain degree of moisture and has to be sprayed every evening and covered with wet cloths, applied with care lest some detail of modelling be flattened.

But clay or plastilene, the work is done with practically the same tools—tools like

"I have worked on that pose for six years," he said quite casually, "and I expect to go at it again. Some of it is good."

Such years of making changes, imperceptible from day to day, mean "modelling." Nor is that the whole tale of the patience that is demanded of the man who, as an artist, is popularly supposed not to have, along with his wings, the ability to plod. The artist of this article did his statue—as he does most of his large pieces—in four sizes. And a great French sculptor told the



Plaster casts of small sketches which have assumed definite form.

rasps, tools with wooden handles and loop ends of twisted wire, wooden tools subtly curved like racing-sculls, each sort in many sizes, and the human finger, which this artist loved best of all, especially with a bit of wet rag over it.

That brings us to the modelling itself. From the point of view of art this is the whole of the making of any statue, yet it admits of less description than any other part. Day after day this artist covered, apparently, the self-same ground. Sometimes he scraped a thin layer of plastilene from a small area; sometimes he rolled pills of the plastilene, sticking them to the surface and spreading them with his thumb, and when days had grown into months he was still doing the same thing. He was getting off more easily, however, than one sculptor who showed a friend two female figures in almost identical poses—standing, with the weight on one foot and a slight turn of the body to one side.

writer that he had modelled one of the figures for a colossal monument in ten sizes before he became convinced that the proportions would hold good when the parts of the monument were finally assembled, the piece being so big that it could not be done as a unit.

When the model of the statue was done—and how easy it is to say "when it was done" regarding that which involves the labor and travail of mind and soul, and the mystery of giving a body to an idea—but when it was done there came the process of casting in plaster. The artist knew how to do this himself, for he had done it when he was young and poor, but now an expert who does nothing else makes the casts. The operation destroyed entirely the artist's own handiwork and gave him back a copy in unsympathetic but accurate and permanent plaster that keeps every detail of form, but that lacks distinction, vitality, and "aura."

A plaster is the transitional step toward

either marble or bronze, if the work is to remain the same size. But as this statue was to be monumental there was still a complete array of facts to be faced that would drive many another sort of artist mad, and that had little relation to the actual art of sculpting.

Among these was photography, whose importance varies with the nature of the work. As clay or plastilene photographs far better than bronze or marble, the work is generally done at this stage of obtaining pictures by means of which exhibitions at distant points, or even sales, are arranged. And, of course, little publicity is possible without them.

But there is a special use for photography in connection with sculpture, and it was a part of the history of the piece in question. Any monument, of course, must bear a definite relation to its surroundings, and size is a great factor in this relationship and the one least easily judged of in a studio. So, as clay cannot be carried to a proposed site and be modelled and remodelled in trial sizes, a photograph of the sketch was made and enlarged to the dimension that was considered correct for the final work. The degree of enlargement made it blurry, and it had to be printed in pieces. But when the background was cut away, and it was pasted together and set in place, it enabled the sculptor and the consulting architect—who is almost sure to be called in at this stage—to come to a decision about the delicate matter of balance between architecture and sculpture that any monument involves. And such is the importance of this step that our sculptor went all the way from New

York to the Northwest of Canada to have a brief look at the photograph of his statue set up in place.

This, however, is not the only way of gauging a statue's relation to its surroundings. There is another method used when conditions are so exacting that the piece should be seen in the round, and, as it might have been used in the present case, a digression to describe it will fit in comfortably

here. A man is called in to "point up" the figure from the plaster cast of the sculptor's finished model. That is, with the aid of a machine built on the compass principle, and adjustable to any scale, a copy many times larger than the model is made, in plaster of paris. This was the method used to make the figures which decorated the buildings at the World's Fair, but it does not serve any permanent purpose, as plaster permits very little remodeling. This trial statue is shipped to the proposed site, set up, subjected to anything but indulgent gaze by its creator, and then,



The artist sees in these suggestive bits of plastilene his finished monument.

right size or not, all that painstaking work is cast out, to become the sort of junk that no one knows how to get rid of. But the artist goes home knowing what size to make his statue.

Whether this method or that of the photograph has been used, the next step is the same, so we may go back to the statue of this story and relate how the artist called in the pointing-up man again, and how he once more pointed up the figure, from the same model, in the size now known to be correct. Only now the pointed-up figure was done in clay instead of plaster of paris, and the artist set about making this not

merely an enlarged copy of his work, but his work itself, with the vitality and authenticity that only the artist's hand and mind could give it. On this figure minor changes could be made. A surface could be lowered by pulling out some of the nails, or raised by the simple means of adding more clay. And this was, at last, the end of the modelling for the sculptor, for, when the enlargement was thus finished, it was cast in plaster, and the plaster was cast in bronze, supervised and retouched by him, of course.

The new bronze was as garish as a new cent. It must have a patine (color). And the artist who cares for the finish of his work knows patines as well as he knows modelling, and oversees their making and application in every detail.

That was the end of the statue, but not the monument, for there was a pedestal to be considered. Consideration of it had, in fact, begun long before, when an architect had worked with the sculptor to design a pedestal that would make the monument right from the point of view of both of them. Months before, also, the block of granite of which the pedestal was to be made had been contracted for, and, when it came to light in the quarry, had been sent to the stone-cutter's to be carved and polished.

But, even with the entire monument finished, there remained labors for this sculptor. For, being thoughtful for his work's future, he wished to make sure of its foundation. Would it remain level, unsunken? To answer this, he had learned the difference between a gravel foundation and one which was built on driven piles, and he always saw to it, in his contracts for monumental pieces, that, where the nature of the ground required it, his work should rest on piles.

And, as that brings up the subject of contracts, one might complete the picture of this man who has to know so much besides his art to be wholly successful in it, by saying that he has to be just a little bit of a lawyer,

for this subject of contracts follows him from start to finish of any big public commission. There is a contract for the first sketch he makes, and then come contracts for the monument itself—a pledge that it shall be done in such a material, with a pedestal so and so; he must state when it will be finished, small size, in the clay; when the enlargement will be done in the clay, and when the bronze or marble will be ready for delivery. For the performance of all this he has to give bond, and he tops it off by taking out an insurance policy on his work. And the entire process may have extended over years.

Thus, the reader may have been led to surmise that there is more expense attached to the making of a statue than he had at first imagined. When one reads of a sculptor receiving \$50,000 for a monument, one is inclined to believe that his genius has been richly rewarded. But against this sum place, not such obvious items as studio rent and model hire, but the expert service of the plaster-caster and the pointing-up man; the bronze casting or marble cutting, each of which is enormously expensive for material as well as labor; an architect's fee of ten per cent of the entire amount for designing the pedestal (if the statue require one); and the cost of the granite, granite polishing and cutting, which the writer has known to come to \$15,000 on a \$50,000 commission; and, if there be a plaster enlargement to be transported any distance for a study of size, this adds another item of \$1,000.

This, indeed, is a conservative statement. There is in Washington a monument for which the sculptor was paid \$250,000, which cost the sculptor—who worked on it for many years—\$250,000.

So, when your young sculptor friend gets his first big commission congratulations will be in order. After that may come commiseration when—maybe for lack of experience—he finds a hole in his pocketbook that even fame cannot fill.



Drawn by Gerrit A. Bencher.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN IS A SEA-GULL, FLYING HOME ON STRONG WINGS, . . .

—“Peter Wing,” page 623.

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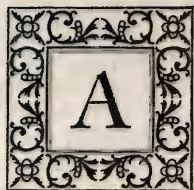
MAY, 1923

NO. 5

"Dearest Portia"

THE FRIENDSHIP OF GEORGE MEREDITH AND ALICE MEYNELL—TOLD
FROM MEREDITH'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BY GRIFFIN BARRY



AFTER the death of Alice Meynell last winter a folio scrap-book was found among the papers of the woman poet, filled with the unpublished letters of George Mere-

dith to herself. Personal, intimate, literary, political, the letters are chiefly Meredith's record of what seems to have been the happiest relationship of his later life. Even to the eye, the folio suggests an age already lost, concentrated in two dissimilar leaders who shared its delicacy and its strength. The rugged and involved scratchwork from the hand of Meredith lies curiously beside the precise, fluent, graceful, and studied forms in which Mrs. Meynell wrote her annotations. The pages show here and there an unconventional snap-shot of Meredith, or pressed violets of his giving. A sonnet to Mrs. Meynell, hitherto unknown, in Meredith's handwriting, is included.

The Meynell family will shortly publish the contents of the scrap-book in full. In the meantime passages from the letters may be allowed to tell their own story.

In July, 1895, when Meredith at sixty-seven made his first speech at a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club, he inquired of the journalists present who was the author of a certain weekly column in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. "That," he told the men from Fleet Street, "is princely journalism." Alice Meynell, the poet, was named. Shortly afterward, a mutual acquaintance informed Mrs. Meynell that

"Meredith says he has few wishes left, and one of them is to lure your acquaintance." With the acceptance by the poet and her husband of an invitation to Meredith's cottage, came the first letter:

"Box Hill

February 11th, 1896

"DEAR MRS. MEYNELL,

"I would have you know that I am very sensible of your graciousness in consenting to come. I beg you will take assurance that you and Mr. Meynell may count on my receiving you as among the most beloved of my friends. I can say it, for I have long been attached to you in spirit, and am indebted past payment.

"My daughter, who is married and of the neighborhood (a simple damsel, observing literature through an eye-glass), undertakes to preside at table. . . .

I am,

Your most faithful,

GEORGE MEREDITH"

Meredith was then an aging celebrity, most of whose intimacies had succumbed to death or the probing of his restless tongue; a novelist convinced that he was admired for his worst work and hated for his best; a poet hailed as a master, but hardly read; a tailor's son, who by force of genius had compelled the upper classes to take heed of the fastidious pattern of thought and manners he spread for them. Reflectiveness and revolt, ardor and waywardness and a matchless faculty contended in him still.

Alice Meynell, thirty years his junior,

was the wife of Wilfrid Meynell, the author and publisher, and the mother of seven children. She was already a famous poet and was to become a great woman of letters; her finest work was not yet done. In her own circle she was a deeply loved woman, to whose capacity for friendship the devotion of Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson attested. She was beautiful and she was a Catholic. Orthodoxy in life and letters was deep and delicate and articulate in her.

The meeting having been achieved, the full Meredithian battery of gallantry was brought into play. "I think there is nothing you would like that I should not esteem," Meredith wrote after the first visit. "I long for one word of her," he informs Mr. Meynell ten days later, fearing the poet may be ill. "My day has lost its heart," he writes when Mrs. Meynell writes that she cannot at once visit him again. "We have been waltzing together on celestial heights," he remarked to a friend after a week-end with her.

The letters' forms of address make a brave procession. "Dear Mrs. Meynell" soon gives way to "Dearest of Friends," then to "Dearest." A second sequence, when the first ardor of the friendship was done, begins "Most Beloved of Sisters" and turns to "Dear Portia" or "Admired Portia" later. Notes filled with shop talk are superscribed "Dear Chief of Journaliers" and "Reviewer! Reviewer!" and "Dear Lady of the Critic Orchestra."

Meredith writes in an early note:

"When you come to me we will talk of the art and the aim of verse, and of sentiment, and the good thing it is when not pretending to a kingdom of its own. I shall teach you nothing that can be new to such a mind as yours, but I shall leaven your deeper thoughts of Earth and life."

Anticipating a June visit from the Meynell children with their mother, Meredith executes a flashing arpeggio on the wind:

"At last we have the South West with his own face and his watery feathers. You are brave as larks, you will not fear him. Though I would save you from risks, let me remind you that he is a splendidly and suddenly variable monster, who jumps from black to bright over a marvellous earth between your shudder and your sigh. You must refrain if he is very

black. But he will rather smile, to please me. Let him but lure you thither! He can do as he lists after."

The first result of the encounter to reach the public was a piece of acute criticism. Meredith wrote that summer in *The National Review* of Mrs. Meynell's essays: "Her manner presents to me the image of one accustomed to walk in holy places and keep the eye of a fresh mind on our tangled world, happier in observing than in speaking; careful to speak but briefly to such ear-beaten people. . . . The essays leave a sense of stilled singing in the mind they fill." Meredith names his friend, moreover, as the most perfect medium of the comic spirit England then has. "Her paper on Pathos . . . would alone be sufficient to show me that she has the comic insight eminently among modern writers. . . . Seeing that she is critical chiefly to admire and courteous when her delicate stroke is mortal, we have to seek her peers—that is, in England." The disparagement of Meredith's countrywomen as writers later in the article is broadened to: "Englishwomen of letters at present count humbly beside their glorious French sisters in the art." Here Mrs. Meynell must have smiled—much later, when she knew her friend better—for she has left a note beside his words:

"This reference to Frenchwomen of letters is very characteristic. Meredith had an indiscriminate reputation for French letters as such. 'He lost his sense of proportion' in that matter, said Henry James to me. It was so. He sent me a book of aphorisms—'*Chemin Faisant*,' by a Frenchwoman—which, written in English, he would have glanced at once, and never again. He would have been puzzled to name the Frenchwomen at whom he hints as the superiors, say, of George Eliot, Elizabeth Browning, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Lucy Hutchinson. He had a very good accent in French, because he was a most dramatic mimic, as must be every one who is to pronounce a foreign language well; but he was not absolutely conversant with French, and—as his little improvisations and imitations of French verse testified—unacquainted with the laws of French versification. A most dramatic mimic I have named him, recall-

ing his imitations of Alfred Austin Tennyson and a certain lady who, bringing her book and asked by him what was her principal theme in poetry, replied 'Passion!' He did this admirably."

Meredith's fee for the article was twenty guineas, which the author insisted on spending for the Meynell family. Mrs. Meynell designed four Maltese crosses, which were bestowed on the Meynell little girls, with a large one for their mother.

Box Hill Cottage, in Surrey, is separated from the Meynell home in London by a tiresome rail journey. Often Mrs. Meynell made the trip, accompanied by her husband, or her American friend, Miss Agnes Tobin, or selections from among her children. Meredith was already a semi-invalid, and in his isolation the friendship ripened fast. Violets were grown in a special frame in Meredith's garden and sent to the poet every spring until her admirer died. A series of sonnets was written which, Mrs. Meynell records, the author meant to publish under the title, "The Lady of the Time." At her death the woman poet possessed only the following, written of a blue iris in Meredith's garden, which he named "*Alicia Cœrulea*" for her. "He thought this iris to be a likeness of the friend he addressed, in frankness and reserve," noted the lady.

"To A. M.

"A stately flower in my garden grows
Whose color is the dawn-sky's maiden blue:
The loveliest to my lady's thinking too:
And when the Lord of June bids her disclose
Her very heart, all bashfully she throws
An inner petal o'er the orange hue,
As one last plea; submitting to his view,
Yet virginly majestic while he glows.

"For reasons known to us we give the name
'*Alicia Cœrulea*' to that flower,
Sweet as the sea-born bourn on the sea-wave:
That innocent in shame where is no shame;
That proud Reluctant; that fair slave of power,
Who conquers most when she is most the slave."

GEORGE MEREDITH

About this time a friend of J. M. Barrie thought to please Meredith by making him a present of her portrait of Mrs. Meynell. The recipient mailed from Box Hill:

"A 'portrait' has come, a vision of sepulchral pathos. It recalls to confound

an image of someone I know. But not she; it is a presentation of a sister of Lazarus, risen beside him, with eye looking out of the underworld, breathing of grave mould. Yet there is a most pathetic effort to appear as the very person. I am generously asked to keep it for my own: I would voyage to Klondike to escape the sight. After some sheepish glances I had it covered, and tomorrow it journeys back. What to say to the damsel!"

Veteran of the verbal flourish as he was, Meredith could be telegraphically direct when he wished to stir to action. A year later, when Mrs. Meynell was half-ill from overwork, he writes:

"Box Hill

Sunday, August 29th, 1897

"MY FRIEND,

"Will you listen to me? I have felt very urgently of late that you want rest. I am in my present condition because of working on a starved physical system for years. Now, next Wednesday Riette goes to Overstrand, to prepare her house for husband and children. I go with her, to Lord Battersea's. Will you not come here as my treasured guest and occupy the cot in perfect repose?—doing only the Autolycus article, if that. Husband and children might visit, but you ought to have a complete change. Perhaps, after two or three days, you would like to have Miss Tobin for companion. The phantom host would bid her warm welcome. I may be back before the end of two weeks. I should like to be with you for a day. I trust to hear on Tuesday afternoon that you will do this really wise thing, under the inducement to make me happy, as it is a sister's duty when her brother's heart presses it. He does.

Your devoted,

GEORGE MEREDITH"

Meredith, the poet and gallant, could change in a flash to Meredith, the warrior-critic. Toward Mrs. Meynell's work there is no dispraise, save of detail; but his critical weapons were kept sharp for other writers. Once he half raised his lance against his adored friend, then lowered it.

"I have got through 'Cyrano,'" he writes when Rostand's play was at the height of its popularity, "and I marvel at

the cleverness of the hand which could hold me all but to the end over such a group of '*fantoques*.' Near the end I chafed, and read only to have done with a conscience." Swiftly, here, his concern with Rostand changes to a doubt at the critical worth of Alice Meynell's habit of kindness. "Then I bethought me of the extreme lightness of your critical touch when the spirit of kindness is, or seems to be, an atmosphere over tolerance. And I questioned—is it nature, or the crafts-woman? I fear I decided that she is not always to be taken seriously. As for me, my opinions, when I do not dress them expressly to amuse myself by making the modern reader gape, are blunt hammer-strokes. . . ."

Meredith could be roundly prejudiced toward certain of his competitors for popular favor. He had written elsewhere: "Not much of Dickens will live, because he has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of Cockneydom; a caricaturist who aped the moralist . . . Mr. Pickwick is to me full of the lumber of imbecility."

Against his opinion Mrs. Meynell armed herself, and wrote a reply which appeared in England and in the United States in 1898. Thereupon her friend answered her royally:

"Box Hill

January 29th, 1899

"Portia as advocate is not to be withstood. When she cites her instances in defense of a slumbering popular favorite, he awakens, lively as ever. Shylocky critics are confounded, and she carries the court—though growls are heard of her being a dealer in plums. But if she restores his Homer to the Cockney, what matters the means? I will confess that I am won by her. She hands me a plum, and I must own her client to be a lord outside Cockaigne. It was very handsome pleading.

"I am grateful for the gift of the little book.* I knew the contents, and I read them again with the first freshness, the delight in the delicacy of a touch that can be so firm. It is the style of a queenly lady walking without her robes. Adieu,

*NOTE: Mrs. Meynell's book of essays, "*The Spirit of Place*," now included in "*Collected Essays*," published by Scribners.

dear Friend. Health and serenity to you all.

Your devoted,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

Of the Dean, a character in Coventry Patmore's long poem, "*The Angel in the House*," Meredith writes in March, 1896:

"I have read the Patmore extracts. . . . As to the '*Angel*,' the beauty must be felt, and I have been impressed in old days by the Dean. The measure of the verse, correct as it is, with an occasional happy jerk, recalls his elastic portliness, as one of the superior police of the English middle class, for whom attendant seraphs in a visible far distance hold the ladder, not undeserved, when a cheerful digestion shall have ceased."

Often the elder craftsman despatches sound professional advice to the younger worker:

"A. M. in the '*Pall Mall*' is good to see, and she may lash her Gibbon in these columns; but when she darts a sneer at him in parenthesis out of a book, she seems, under the public eye, to betray a sentiment deeper than the disapprobation of style, and this is inartistic on her part."

Regarding the first draft of Mrs. Meynell's poem, "*The Modern Mother*," he stipulates:

"The last line in the first verse cannot stand. It reads as if purposely dark for ushering in a portentous rhyme—a very beadle instead of the Lord Mayor. . . . Again, the last line of the last verse is iteration, masking a weakness under an appeal to the sympathetic. But as you please in that respect."

Mrs. Meynell notes humbly: "I altered my verses."

Meredith touches but lightly on the substance of his friend's poems. Their temper was opposed to that of his own poetry; they were, indeed, written from an experience of life the contrary of his. Mrs. Meynell was happily married; and to her, moreover, a Catholic and a deeply religious woman, marriage was a sacrament. Meredith's poems were struck glowing from a revolt at the sordid tragedy of his own early marriage. Protectingly, in a remarkable passage, he warns his friend away from his poetry's tumult:

"Give no time to poetry of mine. You will find no sentiment in it, except the

tragedy of sentiment; it is wild, hither and thither, following nature, opposed to your classical scheme."

He approaches the woman behind Alice Meynell's poetry rarely, and with a most delicate step. When, in 1896, Patmore proposed Mrs. Meynell for the vacant poet laureateship of England, in a letter to *The Saturday Review*, Meredith writes:

"Coventry Patmore's article in the 'Saturday.' Good intention and I like him for writing it. But why did he quote, of all things, *that*?* . . . Patmore stirs a demon imp in me. I chide, I chide the dame, and then I hear her out and cease to chide, but analyze, and can own her sweet to the ear, wondering what it is in her that can extract her deadly bitter from a sugar refinery; till in the end I have her as a figure of High Comedy, my new Célimène, and she becomes mine against her will; but she has waxed intelligible, perhaps to be better satisfied with herself . . . Irreverent? But whose the fault?"

"Your devoted friend salutes you at your knees.

GEORGE MEREDITH"

Here shows the faunlike male, fused with intellect, that was George Meredith fundamentally. The tenuous passion has subsided a fortnight later; he replies to his friend's concern over a hurt she fancies may have been given:

"I wonder whether you can read into other breasts than your own? I sometimes think the great ability stops fluttering at my breast bone. If you read into me, you would know that I have too strong a surety of your gentleness ever to take chance wounds from you. In dealing with others, I get confirmations incidentally which send me deviating from them, for a word or a look. *You*, I trust, and I cannot do that save wholly, just as I give myself. However, I am glad you recalled the passing wrinkle in the tide, if

* Mrs. Meynell's poem, "Why Wilt Thou Chide?" on the refusal of an offered love, had been cited, beginning with the verse:

"Why wilt thou chide,
Who hast attained to be denied?
Oh learn, above
All price is my refusal, Love.
My sacred Nay
Was never cheapened by the way.
Thy single sorrow crowns thee lord
Of an unpurchasable word."

there was one outside of your charitable tenderness to the friend. It brings your voice off the note paper to my ears, and it is besides a licensed peep into that Alician temple where I would have a resident corner." A postscript is added: "By the way, touching the heart—never expect it to be perfectly simple. Not the most educated can be that. . . ."

Eventually Meredith comes to lean always, with a touching boyishness, on the profound maternal quality in his friend. When she had conveyed to him a gentle reproof for chattering, he replies with head hanging, just discernible:

"You write of not being a talker. I find the substance I want in your silences, and can converse with them. Your plea in excuse makes me ashamed of my prattle. Let me tell you that my mind is not always with my tongue in the act. I do it for the sake of sociability, and I am well disposed either to listen or to worship the modest lips that have such golden reserves."

Slowly Meredith sank to the full condition of an invalid, while Alice Meynell grew to her later power. All her steps he paces with encouragement. In the first summer of their acquaintance he had written: "Much have I been reading you these days, and then I must away to a correction of my own books. And, troth, it is as if from worship in a cathedral I were dragged away to a dancing booth." Years later, when Mrs. Meynell employed her meticulous taste in compiling her anthology of poetry, "The Flower of the Mind," Meredith supported her choices and, what was more, her exclusions. She notes to a letter from him touching on the Anthology:

"Meredith's approval . . . referred particularly to my omission of Gray's 'Elegy' and to the reason I gave in my preface. He was delighted with my courage in that exclusion. He called the 'Elegy' a funeral march headed by the undertaker. He was pleased to see it go to its own burial and, chatting to me about it, he assumed an undertaker's strut on the gravel path of his garden."

Mrs. Meynell, who was in San Francisco in 1901 with Miss Tobin, sent to Meredith "The Greater Inclination," by Edith Wharton, a star then seen but

dimly on the eastern side of the Atlantic. "Herewith is Mrs. Wharton's book of sketches of tales," writes Meredith, returning the stories to the poet's husband in England. "She has only to rebuke her facility, and she will do very good work."

The week-ends of "waltzing together on celestial heights" were spaced with serious talk, for during the most intense period of the friendship the Boer War was in progress. Mrs. Meynell was wholly pro-Boer, and Meredith agreed with her, for he writes early in the struggle:

"This exposure of Cecil Rhodes, and the masterly attitude of the Boers in fence, should be a lesson to England. Foiled at every turn by a body of wild Dutchmen! We see the first result of our turning under Haggard's wand to beast with bloody jaws for auriferous Africa." Three years later, when the war still dragged on, he added: "I need patience even to speak of the Boer War, and the Outlander, and the Suzerainty. Most of my friends are against me. . . . If anything, my loss of legs would bowl down the mind as well. This war is the cloud on it. My only feeling for the Boers is that for brave men. Notwithstanding their intimacy with the Almighty, they are hard to deal with. But it might have been done."

The King conferred the Order of Merit on Meredith in 1905. The order was a new one, limited to twenty-four recipients, and the highest yet awarded to a man of purely literary achievement. Meredith's acceptance of a greater honor had been sounded, and he had refused. Even as he was canonized, the ancient heretic made a wry face. He wrote to Alice Meynell:

"I, with my present hatred of the pen, have to write replies to congratulations. Imagine it, for one feeling as I do about worldly honors! It would have been churlish to refuse. A title would have roused too much distaste."

When Mrs. Meynell returned from a lecture tour in the United States in 1902, Meredith was too feeble to see her, writing:

"Box Hill
May 10th, 1902

"MY DEAREST PORTIA,

"The day before your letter came I read of the glad return, and saw the chil-

dren crowd and leap about you, the husband beam like a ripe grape on the burst between thumb and finger; you feeling at rest . . . with a side eye on your gathered riches. I shall rejoice when it is my turn to see you. I would propose to come, but age is telling horribly on my legs, and I go nowhere. I need an arm when I walk, and enliven conversation with the frequent 'Eh!' You will be charitable, I know. Meanwhile I am part of you and the family in the happiness of being together again.

Ever most warmly,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

Death had now taken all of Meredith's intimates, and was bearing down on him. When Admiral Maxse died in 1900, the original of the revolutionary hero of "Beauchamp's Career" and Meredith's closest friend, he writes:

"I would so willingly have gone in his place had there been the choice. For he was active, still in the cradle of those illusions that wake the energy. . . . I have lived so close to the dead that we converse; he in his tones as I know them, and so patient of my rallyings, with the reluctant laugh."

He adds to the theme the following year: "Why did I not go when I was so near it last year! Friends are the leaves of the tree of life, and I am getting bare, fit only for cutting down." After a lengthy abstention from the sight of his Portia he still longs for her. "You are with me daily, at the finish of most of my readings," the old hand writes, in July, 1905.

Toward the end is a nobly conscious farewell:

"Box Hill
October 20th, 1906

"DEAREST PORTIA,

"I do not see you, but I look about for your work, to see where the mind of Portia is still active. I cannot ask you to make the journey by rail and back, for I am not worth seeing to converse with. . . . For the rest, I am wearing on, weak on the legs, and looking back with wonder on the days when I ran up hills; fairly at peace, and satisfied with Nature's ways. Would you have more wisdom? . . .

Ever warmly,
GEORGE MEREDITH"

The London Stage as Seen by a Frenchman

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

"Monsieur, combien avez-vous de pièces de théâtre en France?" dit Candide à l'abbé, lequel répondit: "Cinq ou six mille." "C'est beaucoup," dit Candide. "Combien y en a-t-il de bonnes?" "Quinze ou seize," répliqua l'autre. "C'est beaucoup," dit Martin.—*Voltaire, "Candide," Chapitre 22.*



FINDING myself in London last winter for a prolonged stay, the notion struck me of making the rounds of the theatres. One goes to Vichy, or Carlsbad, for the "season"—why not give myself a London theatrical "cure," I argued; and accordingly, for a fortnight, I went nearly every evening to one or another of the dramatic offerings in town and saw very nearly everything worth seeing.

I like the theatre—preferably when it is good; but I am enough of a philosopher to realize that if one wishes to have the pleasure of applauding a worth-while play now and then, one must be prepared to risk seeing a good many mediocre or even frankly bad ones. Long ago I made up my mind to that, and I invariably preserve my good humor during the trying ordeal.

The English stage was no novelty to me. During the two years I had passed in London, some fifteen years ago, I was a constant visitor to the theatres, which, at that time, had certainly nothing very wonderful to offer. With the exception of Barrie, Bernard Shaw, and Pinero, there were few stars of the first magnitude shining in the British dramatic firmament.

At that era the public impressed me as being so keen about the theatre, as having such a voracious, one might say gluttonous, appetite for all things theatrical, that it swallowed everything that came its way, the bad with the good. I remember one evening, at an actors' banquet to which I had been invited, one of the producers most in the public eye at that time, Charles Frohman, describing the play market in this fashion: "The

sort of comedy the public wants," said he, "and the kind I am always ready to buy, is the one in which two lovers are mutually attracted and ceaselessly pursue each other—she because she sees in him a heart of gold and courage personified, he because he finds in her all the purely feminine attributes, gentleness, the spirit of sacrifice, devotion." As any one can easily see, nothing more simple, more elementary than this dramatic recipe!

Most of the plays which I had the opportunity of seeing at that epoch hinged on the word "proposal." "To propose or not to propose" was the eternal question which kept the spectators breathless with suspense. The two lovers, both young and handsome, are kept apart by a thousand obstacles; they pursue each other, quarrel, make up, separate, and "get together" again. While this is going on, time passes and also the acts. Eleven o'clock strikes and the solemn moment arrives; the young lovers are reunited at last; the audience is keyed up to the highest expectancy; it senses that a great event is about to happen; this extraordinary event *does* happen—the young man proposes and kisses the young girl on the lips. The proposal, the kiss, is the eleven-o'clock rule. After which, that the spectators may not be dismissed on too sentimental a note, the "character" actress, mother or aunt of one of the lovers, enters and gets off the traditional jokes that never fail to amuse the public. The curtain falls; the music strikes up, and the audience, in great good humor, goes home to bed.

Almost all of the plays I saw at that time were of the foregoing type. On the other hand, the theatre itself was most comfortable; much cleaner, much more roomy, much better kept than nine-tenths

of the theatres in Paris. The iron curtain was regularly lowered after the second act, so that the audience felt assured that even if the play was not always interesting, at least they ran no risk of being burned to death. As to which is the worst fate—being roasted alive or enduring three hours of a boring play—I leave my readers to decide.

I was extremely impatient to revisit the London theatres after so long an absence. I wanted to make the tour of them as my fancy dictated and to discover for myself if the theatrical fare had not improved and if I was to again encounter the "safety" curtain and the eleventh-hour kiss.

I did not see any of the Shaw plays on this last visit to London. None of them were being given. They are put on in Paris now and then—badly translated and badly played, it must be confessed. But Bernard Shaw, at least the Shaw of "Man and Superman," "You Never Can Tell," and "John Bull's Other Island," has become a classic. As for myself, I reread his plays almost as often as I do those of Molière or Beaumarchais—which is saying a great deal.

I saw two of Barrie's pieces: "Shall We Join the Ladies?" and "Dear Brutus," which last has been played in America. "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is a curtain-raiser which the programme facetiously informs us is the first act of a full-length play that the author has not had time to finish. Of course that is simply one of Barrie's little jokes. The detective story and "mystery play" being in high favor with the public just now, Barrie has amused himself by turning out the first act of a "thriller," written with his unfailing adroitness, his consummate skill, so that the "little joke" is a little masterpiece of its kind and a popular and artistic success.

A dinner-party is in progress at the country house of Mr. Smith. In the midst of the conversation the host rises and informs his guests why he has asked them all to dine with him that evening. It seems that a short while previous his brother had been murdered at Monte Carlo, under the most mysterious circumstances. From that day he has devoted

himself to a search for the assassin. He had followed up the clues, one by one, but he had not yet laid his hand on the murderer. However, all the guests assembled had been at Monte Carlo the day of the crime and everything points to the conclusion that the murderer is one of those present. Nothing is left but to unmask the villain.

Who is the assassin? Is he one of the gentlemen, one of the ladies, present? Here is the thrill of the detective play carried to the *n*th power. Barrie handles the situation with consummate mastery. Sam Smith, magistrate as well as host, conducts the investigation like some skilful, terrible criminal lawyer. The interest, the suspense of the spectator, increases with every passing moment. At the conclusion of the dinner the ladies, according to the English custom, pass into the drawing-room while the gentlemen remain to smoke and drink. The investigation is continued and pushed rapidly. We are told that in a few moments, in the drawing-room, the mystery is to be solved for us, the assassin named: "And now, shall we join the ladies?" Whereupon the curtain falls. The author, like some magician, shuts up his box of tricks, makes a bow and disappears, leaving the audience flat. The spectator suddenly realizes that the author has played a most amusing joke on him, that the murder plot was all "hokum," an ingenious and witty invention, and that Smith (just the choice of the name should have put the public on its guard) was only a puppet which Barrie had cleverly manipulated throughout the act. "Shall We Join the Ladies?" is a sort of literary *feu d'artifice*; and, like it, when the last sparkles are extinguished, there remains nothing but the memory of a few delicious moments.

At the present time, I know of no dramatic author in any other country, France, Germany, or America, who compares with Barrie in originality of talent. He seems to be *sui generis*, almost miraculous.

It is said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven to earth. Barrie has taken the theatre, which had sunk to a low level, and raised it from the dust, from the very mud, to the heights, to that fairy domain where mor-

tals, for a little while at least, are magically transformed from their every-day selves.

How does he effect this metamorphosis? Ah, that is Barrie's secret, a secret that savors of the marvelous. It is accomplished by the simplest methods—one might almost say, without method at all. It is rather as though the author touched his characters and audience with some fairy wand and lo and behold, they are transferred from this world to another! Any one who has gone up in an airplane is familiar with the curious sensation that comes over one as the machine leaves the earth, and yet it is impossible to tell the exact moment when the plane ceases to taxi across the ground and takes the air. One has the same curious experience while watching a play of Barrie's.

This magic wand with which, to our great joy, Barrie touches all his creations is nothing more nor less than the poetic gift. Barrie is first and foremost a poet, a great poet. Like all poets, he divines instantly the "true inwardness" of men and things. Poet-like, he is the possessor of rare perceptions, exquisite delicacies of sentiment with which he adorns, as though they were precious jewels, the creatures and the fantasies of his brain.

Now, along with the poet (and this is the miracle) there coexists in Barrie the playwright, the most skilful and knowing of dramatists, one who has all the technique of the profession—one might almost say, all "the tricks of the trade"—at his finger-tips. The art of presenting, of "planting," his characters in a few words; of delineating them for the public in an unforgettable fashion; the art of logically developing one situation from another; of constructing the framework of a play; of skilfully handling the plot; of steadily building up the interest—that art Barrie possesses in the highest degree. Add to that wit, humor, fun, and an intuitive gift for dialogue and repartee and one gets some idea of his many-sided genius. The possession of such dissimilar, one may even say, such contradictory, talents—the most delicate poetic temperament coupled at the same time with the experience and adroitness of a consummate playwright—presents an almost unique phenomenon in the history of the theatre and is the secret of Barrie's success.

"Dear Brutus" brings out these two distinguishing traits of his genius. Of these two it is distinctly the first that predominates. It is the poet who is always in the foreground. In "Dear Brutus" the art of the playwright is, so to speak, merely the background upon which the poet has embroidered the fantasies, by turns delicate and brilliant, of his imagination.

When one studies closely a work of art, of the highest art—when one tries to discover of what magic stuff it is made, one realizes that it is made of nothing, so to speak. That is the way with Barrie's comedies. In "Dear Brutus," as in "The Admirable Crichton," the transition from reality to fantasy is accomplished in the simplest manner. The characters of the play set out for a magic country and the audience goes with them. They remain there a short time and then, behold them returning! The airplane which carried them up into the clouds must descend to earth—an even more difficult feat than the ascent. But with as marvelous a pilot as Barrie, no accident need be feared. He manages his dramatic "landings" with the most astounding skill. Simplicity, naturalness, are the chief factors of his success. Back again in the drawing-room which they had left and after a few minutes in familiar surroundings, his personages begin to wake up, little by little, from their dream and resume the personality which they had temporarily lost. And, as the dramatist never misses a chance—certainly not Barrie!—the return to the original personality affords great opportunities for admirably developed scenes, wonderfully handled, by turns amusing and touching.

In no other play has Barrie's poetic gift been displayed so prodigally or with such unalloyed beauty as in "Dear Brutus." During the second act one is reminded at every instant of the greatest of all dramatic poets, Shakespeare, and "Dear Brutus" triumphantly bears this comparison and reminder, than which there can be no greater praise.

It is most unfortunate that a play of this caliber should be so little suited to any but an Anglo-Saxon audience. Barrie knows his public *à merveille*. The understanding between him and the spectators

is perfect. For him the public is a medium ever susceptible to auto-suggestion, never unmanageable, always ready to yield to his spell, to play the game according to his rules.

Last winter there was produced at special matinées of the "New Theatre" a tragedy, little known and rarely played, by the great poet Shelley. Written during the poet's stay in Rome in 1819, it has had to wait three-quarters of a century before being honored with a production. And even this honor was bestowed by stealth, so to speak, for it was staged in the strictest privacy by the society of the friends of the poet.

Why did it have to wait so long before being presented to the public? British censorship undoubtedly had a great deal to do with it. It was feared that the lord chamberlain would refuse to pass a play based on a particularly revolting form of incest. But, after all, the theme of "*Œdipus Rex*" is identical and no one would dream of calling the tragedy of Sophocles immoral.

Every one is familiar with the fearful story of the Cenci, one of the most tragic of sixteenth-century Rome. It was natural enough that Shelley, always tempted by the dramatic muse, should have been powerfully drawn to this widely known story of the Cenci as the subject-matter of a tragedy.

The great French novelist Stendhal took up his residence in Rome only a very few years after Shelley's sojourn there. Although nothing of a tragic poet, yet, being affected instinctively by the bizarre and passionate, Stendhal also was deeply impressed by the Cenci legend. In it he found everything to arouse his interest—action, unusualness, the purely Italian "color." Stendhal, who had above everything a taste for the concrete, a love of detail and realism, immediately began a study of Beatrice Cenci's history. He came upon a complete and minute document written by one of her contemporaries on the day following the tragedy.

It is a curious fact that both Shelley and Stendhal must have drawn their information from the same sources, for all the details which each has borrowed from historic accounts are practically identical.

One can easily convince oneself of this by comparing the tragedy of the English poet with the short study by the French novelist included in one of his collections of Italian stories entitled "*L'Abbesse de Castro*."

But if the theme and the sources of information are alike, it can easily be imagined that the treatment of the story by the two writers is as different as possible. What interests Stendhal more than anything else is the character of the old Count Cenci. He studies him, dissects him, like the subtle analyst that he is. He makes us see him as the type of the Italian Don Juan, with all that differentiates him from the Spanish and French Don Juans. His analysis and reasoning are extremely keen.

Shelley has drawn his characters with far less penetration, for, although a great lyric poet, Shelley was almost without dramatic gifts. To compare him with Shakespeare is to honor him far above his deserts. The psychology of his personages is limited, almost non-existent. Shakespeare's creations breathe, live, while Shelley's are mere lay figures, pale, ineffectual abstractions.

It is hardly more than a schoolboy's composition. One would say that it had been written to order, after a great effort, by some one who had determined on being a dramatist in spite of an entire lack of talent for that *métier*. But it is the work of a poet, of a great poet, and that alone should keep it from being forgotten. Certain of the speeches have an incontestable beauty, especially that of Beatrice in the prison scene. Her grief finds expression in a chant, in a sort of funeral dirge, melodious and moving, which possesses a real grandeur.

On the occasion of her fiftieth birthday, the many friends and admirers of Princess Pauline Metternich, one of the celebrities of the court of Napoleon III, foregathered at Vienna to pay their respects to her. While all were complimenting her on her unimpaired health and youthfulness, one somewhat tactless well-wisher remarked enthusiastically: "After all, what do fifty years amount to?" To which the princess wittily replied: "Nothing—for a cathedral, but a good deal—for a woman!"

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which

I saw last winter at London, is nearly thirty years old, the piece having been produced for the first time in May, 1893. Thirty is nothing for a woman, especially nowadays when the fair sex seems determined to remain eternally young. (It is no rare thing at Paris, for example, to see the members of the Comédie Française, assuredly not far from the half-century mark, gaily undertaking the rôle of Cherubino!) But if *la trentaine* is nothing for a woman, it is a whole lot for a play. When I decided to see "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" again, I wondered, with a curiosity mingled with anguish, if I were not going to find it terribly old-fashioned. Nothing is more capricious, nor in certain respects more baffling, than the way plays have of becoming *démodé*. They are like fine wines. Some age splendidly, others, after having been bottled for a few years, go flat the moment they are uncorked.

Since the ending of the World War, we have had at Paris a veritable epidemic of theatrical revivals. Everything has been revived, the bad with the good. This indiscriminate resurrection of buried plays has given us the opportunity of finding out just which ones were worth the trouble of bringing back to life. The test was interesting and most conclusive. Certain plays, among those most popular ten or fifteen years ago, were as superannuated, as *démodé*, as though they dated from the days of Scribe or Emile Augier. Others still older, a deathless minority, have worn much better.

Generally speaking, the "problem play" quickly becomes old-fashioned. That is the reason that the plays of Alexandre Dumas no longer have a "punch." The themes of his pieces, which were audacious—sometimes shocking—novelties when first presented, soon lost all interest for a public grown accustomed to the exploitation of such ideas.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has worn surprisingly well, on the whole. Connoisseurs see it again with real pleasure. The great London public applauded it month after month—the best of all tests. The secret of its continued popularity lies in the simplicity, naturalness, and truth both of the thesis itself and of the characters who present it.

A man of about fifty meets a young and pretty woman who attracts him irresistibly. He is thinking of marrying her, although he knows well enough that she has had a "past." It is one of those affairs that happen every day.

Paula Tanqueray, with her past, could not adapt herself to her new life, the narrow, provincial existence which her husband had blindly and foolishly planned for her. She wasn't, she couldn't be, "in the picture." And suddenly from out of that past which she thought dead and buried there rose up something living which made it impossible for her to continue any longer that new existence. The two forces of her life, that of her past and that of her present, clashed. One cannot change the past; it is therefore the present which must yield. There was only one logical ending for the play—Paula's suicide, death.

It is impossible to think of a plot at once more dramatic and less complicated. Pinero has employed all his art, his supreme skill, to set forth simply, clearly, the conflict between the people of his play; and by so doing he has saved it for posterity. He propounds no problems, paints no pictures of the times or customs. He is content to present, to develop in the most straightforward manner, a dramatic situation infinitely moving, infinitely human.

Moreover—and this is another great reason of the play's vitality—it is magnificently constructed. It would be impossible to imagine action more closely knit or more logically developed. Never has the technique of the "*métier*" been carried to greater perfection. There are moments when it seems even too perfect. In the last act, for example, the scenes fit together so marvellously; all the effects, without exception, are so skilfully worked up, that the play, especially to the spectator familiar with the theatre, gives the impression of automatic precision, mechanical perfection. The lifelike quality, the human interest of the play, suffer in consequence. But that is the only flaw in an otherwise excellent piece of work.

My old teacher, Bergson, whose classes I attended for several years at the Lycée Henri IV and the Collège de France, once

wrote a famous little book on "Why Do We Laugh?" It is one of the most difficult, one of the most intriguing, of questions. It is as hard to grasp it with the mind as it is to grasp an eel with the fingers.

In a series of arguments which are a delight, an enchantment, to the intellect, Bergson, proceeding from the lowest forms of humor to the highest, proves that laughter is a social punishment inflicted by the community on any one of its members too stiff and unbending to adapt himself gracefully to it. This social side of laughter is one of its essential characteristics. Nothing is truer, and every day's experience proves it. Change the setting, the *milieu*, and the comedy appeal is entirely different. What would make an Englishman laugh heartily might leave a Frenchman absolutely cold.

I saw the Ziegfeld Follies in New York this year, and the best-known comedian in America—certainly the best-paid one—took the part of a cowboy in the show. All the time he was doing "stunts" with a lasso and chewing gum in typical American style, he was convulsing the audience with his running fire of comment. But most of his "jokes" are also typically American. The audience is in a gale of laughter, but the European present, English or French, especially the Frenchman, can't for the life of him see what is so funny. It's all very amusing for the others, but not a bit so for us.

I have the notion that in every-day life the French laugh much more than the English. But, paradoxically enough, at the theatre it is just the contrary. The English public, as a whole, is much more easily amused than the French public. It is less critical, more impressionable, less bound by proprieties and prejudices. Molière, actor as well as author, knowing his public absolutely, realized just how difficult it was to amuse it. "It is a strange business," he wrote, "that of making *les honnêtes gens* laugh." In the vernacular of that day "*les honnêtes gens*" meant cultivated, educated people, people of distinction who only laughed when there was something really worth laughing at. The only trouble is that when it is so difficult to be amused, one runs the risk of dying without ever having laughed!

Let us take, for example, one of the best

of English low comedians, George Robey, whom I saw at the Hippodrome in "Round in Fifty." It is the old story of a trip around the world which enlivened our infancy. George Robey possesses in the highest degree those talents essential to the low comedian: an almost inexhaustible "bag of tricks," variety in his effects, the faculty of inventing the drollest, most original costumes that never fail to tickle the risibilities of the audience.

The English comic actor counts far more on physical effects—gestures, attitudes, acrobatic stunts, or the automaton-like rigidity of the clown—than does the French actor. George Robey even turns handsprings with great agility. Since he is no longer young, it is evident that he keeps in training to preserve that youthful suppleness which he considers indispensable to his art. The French "comique," on the other hand, depends far more on what he says than on what he does to amuse his public.

As a rule, those who may be styled "professional fun-makers" have an almost irresistible tendency to overact. I noticed with great satisfaction that Robey has not fallen into that error. His gestures, his "jokes," are never vulgar. This restraint, this tact are noticeable among English low comedians. Their fun never exceeds the bounds set by decent society. In this respect they show a decided superiority over continental "comiques," who very often, especially in the music-halls, are guilty of the most offensive and shocking vulgarity.

The two most successful plays which London saw this past winter were "The Laughing Lady" by Sutro and Galsworthy's "Loyalties." They both seemed to me mediocre. They prove that a play of slight merit can fill a theatre month in and month out. This fact has already been demonstrated many times, not only in London and New York, but also in Paris. Directors use it as an admirable alibi when one is trying to impress upon them the literary merits of some dramatic offering. They are apt to retort that merit has nothing to do with the success of a play—a statement that is hardly exact, however.

The commercialism of the theatre

which regards it in the light of a business enterprise, like any other, governed only by the law of supply and demand, having but the one end and aim, to make money by every possible means—this spirit, so disastrous to the future of dramatic art, is to be met with in pretty much all countries. It developed enormously after the war, naturally enough, when the *quality* of the audiences was lowered in all theatres. In fact, commercialism of the theatre has been carried to such an extent in the last few years that it has caused a lively reaction. Such an enterprise as the *Théâtre du Vieux Colombier*, in Paris, or the *Theatre Guild*, in New York, proves that it is possible for a theatrical organization to be pre-eminently literary and artistic and, at the same time, a financial success. I know, of course, that there are those who will retort by saying that the *Vieux Colombier* and the *Theatre Guild* appeal only to a limited and “highbrow” class and that, in consequence, their success proves nothing. This objection has no weight whatever. The *Vieux Colombier* reaches a very large public, a public made up of the lower and middle classes. It has succeeded so well this year that it has had to split up the company. The same thing has happened to the *Theatre Guild*, which has been so successful that it sells its plays, as they are taken off, to other theatres for large sums.

It is a great pity that London has no such theatrical organization as the *Vieux Colombier*—at least I know of none such there. It would serve both as example and a lesson. It would act as a stimulant to the directors of other theatres—call their attention to something besides the phenomenal success of “Chu-Chin-Chow” or “Phi-Phi,” which, unfortunately, seem to have absolutely hypnotized the theatrical managers.

One bemoans often, and not without reason, the disastrous rivalry between the theatre and the moving pictures. The only way the theatre can compete successfully with the *cinema* is to preserve carefully its distinctively literary and artistic side and to prevent it from falling into the stupidities, the sillinesses, of the moving pictures.

The stage-setting of the plays I saw in London seemed to me, on the whole, very

satisfactory. It is distinctly ahead of what it was ten years ago. Serious progress has been made in this regard. The manner, for example, in which the “Cenci” was presented reflects great honor on the stage management. In the modern plays the scenery, the “sets,” and the costuming are designed, first of all, to produce an impression of *reality*. This impression is nearly always achieved. As much can be said of the art of the actors. On the whole, the men seem to me to be distinctly superior to the women. I received the same impression in the United States. Generally speaking, it is just the opposite in Paris. In England and America the actors intrusted with the rôle of “gentleman” dress, carry themselves, and speak like gentlemen. On the continental stage, unfortunately, most of the actors aren’t the least bit in the world like real “gentlemen,” but more nearly resemble lay figures.

The English actor seeks, before everything, to produce the effect of naturalness. Nothing, of course, is more to be commended—on condition that it is not carried too far. For, if the theatre offers a picture of real life, it is perforce a picture somewhat “touched up,” artistic, not a simple photographic reproduction, still less a cinematographic reproduction. However, that is what it does become now and then through the fault of the actors who talk in an elliptical, fragmentary fashion. It is easy to perceive that most of them have an instinctive horror of “tirades.” When, by accident, one creeps into the text, they do their best to shorten it up. This horror is more easily understood when one reflects that the majority of actors are quite unequal to properly delivering a “tirade.” It is true that tirades do not occur frequently in ordinary conversation, but now and then the situation absolutely demands one. Moreover, as has been said, the dialogue of the theatre is in no sense a photographic reproduction of ordinary conversation.

A very intelligent French *comédienne*, who had frequently played in London with English actors, had already called my attention to the same fact. My recent experience has made me realize the full truth of it. When, for example, a long speech occurs in the translation of a

play from the French—as sometimes happens—the English actor never rests until he has shaved it down to almost nothing. That is one of the reasons—that and the scurrilous tricks of the so-called “adapters”—that French plays often appear so silly; sometimes, one might even say, downright stupid.

A dramatist who respects his work should not permit undue liberties to be taken with it on the pretext of “adapting” it to the taste of a foreign public. He should not allow the plot or the characters to be altered; in a word, something entirely different from his own conception to be made of his play. If a piece is good, if it has real value, it ought to be possible to produce it very nearly as it is written. The public is far from being as stupid as most people think, and is quite capable of appreciating the differences in locale and in those fundamental characteristics which differentiate the imported play from the domestic drama. When a play has really to be “adapted,” it is the sign, nine times out of ten, that it doesn’t amount to much; that it is merely a scenario which the adapter will develop according to his own fancy—not always the happiest—and with which he will take the greatest liberties.

As regards the comfort, cleanliness, and convenience of the auditorium, its elegance and good taste, the English theatres

are, as always, by far the best in Europe. The spectator having paid his 10s. 6d., which at the present rate of exchange represents just about the twenty-five or thirty francs that an orchestra seat in a boulevard theatre at Paris would cost—with this difference, however, that *for a real Frenchman*, one who is not a Spaniard, nor Peruvian, nor Yankee, thirty francs means a great deal more money than 10s. 6d. means to an Englishman—the spectator having paid this sum, obtains in exchange a comfortably big seat, with sufficient space between it and the next row in front for his legs, even when nature has made them a trifle long.

These small conveniences cannot make a bad play into a good one, of course, but they are not to be underestimated. Far from it! My own experience is that I frequently want to go to the theatre; then the prospect of a whole evening spent in a cramped seat or a narrow box, in a badly ventilated auditorium, with interminable entr’actes, makes me hesitate and ask myself if the pleasure of the play will compensate me for all these discomforts. I am reminded of Rabelais’ Panurge, who was forever imagining, in advance, the advantages and disadvantages of the married state. He ended by remaining a celibate. The theatregoer sometimes “takes a tip” from Panurge—instead of going to the play he remains comfortably at home, in his armchair.

The Lovers

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE robins round the lilac-tree
 Were bathing in the rain,—
 Before we knew—the cloud had fled,
 The sky was fair again.

Before we knew—the young, sweet moon
 With rose was drifted o’er,
 The dusk had drowsed the stream and lit
 The lights along the shore.

The stars were faint—before we knew
 The night was on the lawn:—
 Before we knew—a shadow stirred
 It must have been the dawn.



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WITH PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DONOR

BY LOUISINE W. HAVEMEYER

Author of "Memories of a Militant"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE ARCHITECT, CHARLES A. PLATT, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A COLLECTION of Chinese paintings and jade, of bronzes and sculptures, of porcelains and potteries, given to the nation and accepted through an act of Congress, places the name of Charles L. Freer among those of the Lord Elgins and the Rougés and Champolliens of the world.

This splendid collection has been placed in a fine building erected, through the munificence of Mr. Freer, upon the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

The white-marble building is beautifully classic, with two splendid portals, one opening upon the street and the other, which has been adroitly managed so as to become the main entrance, looks out over the broad park which holds the other buildings of the Smithsonian Institution. There are many galleries in the museum, affording ample space not only for the Chinese collection, but also for a collection of modern pictures by American

painters and a group of many paintings, pastels, and etchings by the late James McNeil Whistler, who was a lifelong companion and friend of Mr. Freer.

Another friend whose work is shown among the American painters is Charles A. Platt, the architect of the building. During the long years of the war Mr. Platt never forsook his task. Through anxieties, delays, and difficulties, he persevered and brought the building to a satisfactory completion, and we expect the museum soon to throw open its doors to the waiting public.

Those who enter these galleries, must take with them a keen love of art and a rare discretion, for it is a long step from the stone statues of the early Chinese Dynasties to the art of the nineteenth century. It may take years for Mr. Freer's museum to be understood by the modern tourist, but it will ever prove a mine of delight and instruction to the serious student and afford him opportunities to

study an art which has but recently been revealed to the Western world.

I have been asked to write this appreciation of Charles L. Freer, because we were old friends, and we were both interested in the movement which stirred the art world in the early eighties. We formed a little group of enthusiasts, gathered together to listen to the talented Ernest F. Fenollosa tell us of the great art of China and Japan, which some day we should see and acquire.

For many years this group continued to purchase and admire the many objects that poured into this country from the Orient. But as time rolled by Fenollosa died, leaving a memory which has been preserved to this day in a beautiful tribute in Japan.

It was also Fenollosa's enthusiasm and influence that inspired Mr. Freer to complete his collection and give it to the nation. About this time began those memorable journeys to China, and I did not see my friend for a number of years—ten or more. No less than five journeys did Mr. Freer make to China, penetrating without regard to danger into the very heart of the turbulent provinces, in order to see the ancient capitals with rock-hewn temples and the hidden treasures. Sometimes Mr. Freer had a military escort, which the bandits rendered necessary; sometimes he went with just a few trusty companions; but always with indomitable courage and perseverance, true to the character of that remarkable creation the ardent collector, who, with his artistic antennæ alert, is always seeking new clues, and interesting others in his search.

Wonderful are the tales he tells us of those journeys into the heart of China! The records of Marco Polo, in the land of Kubla Khan, would read like modern literature to a man who was seeking the land of Chou, the land of the Emperor Wu, the kilns of their ancient potteries and those wonderful specimens of jade formed and carved three thousand years before the Christian era. We often sat—a little group of friends—and listened as he told us of the dangers he encountered and the primitive ways of warfare against the dangerous bandits. He related how

once he had naïvely complained of the noise his guards had made during the night, and which was done to frighten the troublesome bandits away.

"Can it not be stopped?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, if you wish it," was the answer. And, as the following night all was quiet, he asked how they had accomplished it, and he was led out and shown a long row of dead bandits.

"We killed them," the guards complacently said, and our traveller added: "I felt like a murderer."

This was Mr. Charles L. Freer, an intrepid discoverer, a sagacious collector, and a munificent donor.

He again told us of a great danger he was exposed to when visiting a rock-hewn temple, one of those incredible performances of human skill and perseverance, for it was carved in the solid rock, high above the great river which rushed violently along in the depths below.

"I was admiring it," said Mr. Freer, "when I suddenly felt the ground giving way beneath my feet. I had just time to jump backward when a good bit of the embankment slipped down, carrying some mules and part of our outfit with it. When it was safe to approach the rim again, I looked down and saw a beautiful carved head I had admired a few minutes before lodged in the slide, but quite beyond our reach, and we were obliged to go on our way and leave it there.

"What a pity!" we exclaimed.

A curious smile crossed his countenance and he answered:

"Several years afterward I saw that head again, it was bought by a friend of mine from a New York dealer."

Charles L. Freer was a New York State man, born in Kingston, N. Y., but spending most of his active business life in Detroit, Mich. Like a few of his contemporaries, he had an innate love of art, which, with knowledge and cultivation, became almost a passion in the deep strong nature. His exacting, arduous business life did not prevent him from seeking an artistic environment, and his beautiful home in Detroit was filled with paintings as well as with Oriental art. He bought the works of American painters, many of whom were his associates

and friends. Whistler was his very dear friend, and Mr. Freer probably owned more of his paintings, pastels, and etchings than any other amateur. It was to please Whistler, and in order to find a singing lark for Whistler's dying wife, that Mr. Freer penetrated into the heart of India and caught the jungle fever from which he suffered for many years.

death, telling me how much she had enjoyed the rare singing of the lark I had sent her." And Mr. Freer read me Whistler's tender note of thanks. It would take a long, long chapter to relate the many things Mr. Freer told me of Whistler and their years of friendship, and how, when all was over, he took Whistler's remains to the Chelsea studio and tenderly placed



Thousand temples carved out of the rock at Mountain of Lung-Mien, Honan.

This is the boat which took Mr. Freer and his party up the Yellow River.

"Tell me about it," I said to him one day.

"Well," he answered, "I had secured the larks—a splendid pair—but as I was returning to the coast I felt very ill. I lay in my rickshaw, and suddenly I lost consciousness. Many days passed before I became myself again, then I was told that my attendant had hurried me to the military station where an English officer, an old friend of mine, recognized me, took me in, and looked after me. I know I should have died but for his care."

"And the larks?" I asked impulsively.

"Oh, one of them reached Paris safely," he said; "the other died on the way. Whistler sent me a letter after his wife's

death, telling me how much she had enjoyed the rare singing of the lark I had sent her." And Mr. Freer read me Whistler's tender note of thanks.

It would take a long, long chapter to relate the many things Mr. Freer told me of Whistler and their years of friendship, and how, when all was over, he took Whistler's remains to the Chelsea studio and tenderly placed

them in the old familiar spot to await burial and to be viewed by old friends and comrades.

One of the artists Mr. Freer knew well, and whose works he collected, was Charles A. Platt, the man who, many years later, was to be the architect of the fine building in Washington which was to hold the Freer collection.

Finally Mr. Freer came to New York, to be near his physician; we met again and we saw each other constantly. Mr. Freer would saunter up Fifth Avenue to my home and we would spend hours—yes, days—looking over the accumulations of the preceding years, or I would go to his hotel to see some new consignment

from China, which Stephen, the faithful guardian of Mr. Freer's treasures, would unroll for us; and we would examine with exclamations of delight and clapping of hands the masterpieces which are hanging to-day upon the walls of the building in Washington as part of "The Freer Collection."

I wonder if the public can ever know the joy of being really intimate with a masterpiece! There is an exhilaration, an inspiration about being able to touch it, to examine it, to turn it to one side and then to the other, to put it in this light and then in that, looking for new beauties, talking it over with some one who "knows." It is the best way to learn its merits, the surest education, and would make collectors of us all!

Day after day, month after month, Mr. Freer and I would spend hours together looking over my collection, applying the acid test of knowledge to the purchases made during our years of inexperience, and we would laugh together over the mistakes *we* had made and, what was worse, over the deliberate mistakes that had been "put over" on us.

"Why, I won't have any paintings left," I said one day, when the discards lay in a heap upon the floor and the "chosen few" made a pitifully small showing.

"Oh, wait until you have seen my graveyard!" Mr. Freer answered encouragingly. "I have culled hundreds to your tens." It was cold comfort, but I had to be content.

One day, when we were eating our simple luncheon together (for his health had now failed), I asked Mr. Freer to tell me about his collecting and what led him to make so many journeys to China. I observed Mr. Freer as I had never observed him before. A casual observer might have said: "Mr. Freer is tall, strong, and square-shouldered, with a bristling sandy mustache and with strength that could easily swing the hammer that had helped to make his fortune"; but if one knew anything about physiognomies, or had ever read Lavater's description of the two men whose countenances were types of resoluteness and determination they could not look at Mr. Freer without thinking of George Wash-

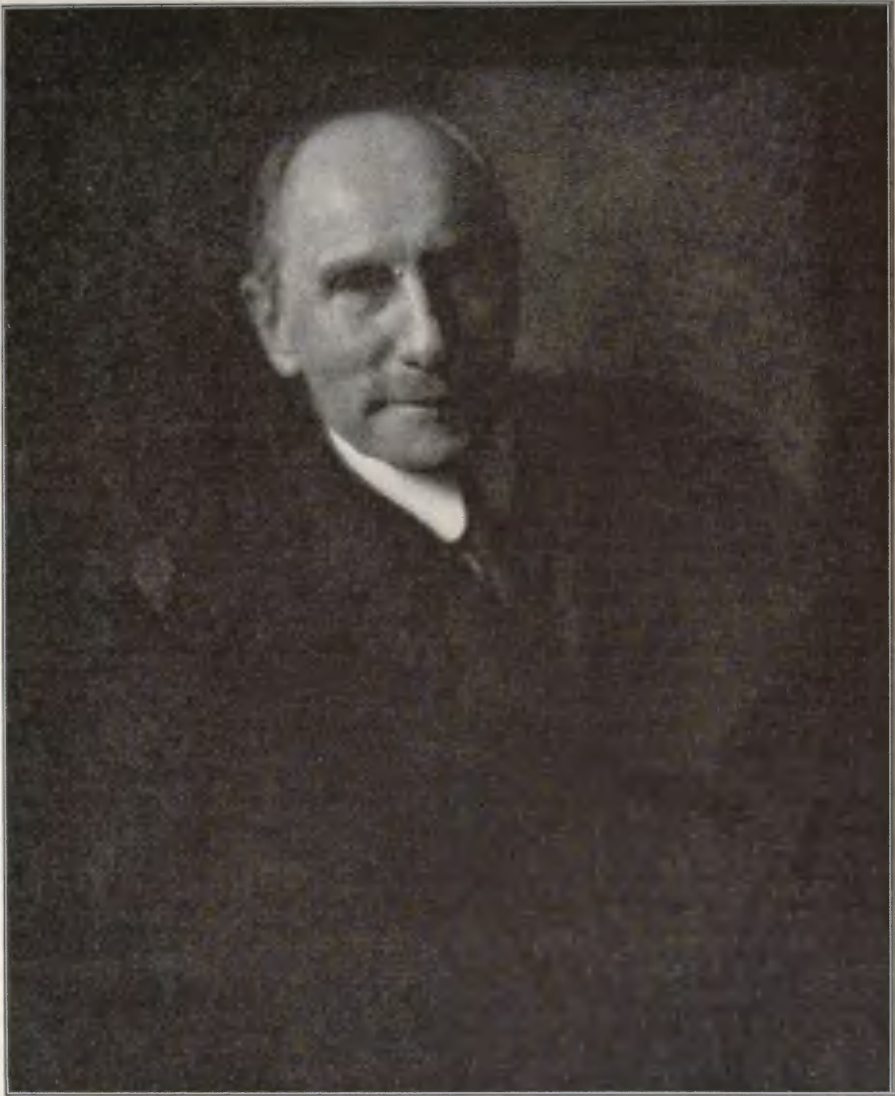
ington and of Charles XII of Sweden. It was the same long face with the firm chin and the straight though gracious mouth. It was surely a perpendicular countenance—long and perpendicular. You felt the temples straight and smooth as the surface of a rock, the straight nose supported the straight high forehead. It was the physiognomy of a man of desperate strength and determination, but a face which nature had made genial through a kindly glance and a smile that responded to an ever-ready sense of humor. His attitude toward his friends was always generous and kindly, and his manners dignified and courteous. Some said he had a "sandy disposition" to match his sandy hair, but as I never observed it, I cannot write about it.

"Do you really want to hear about my journeys?" he said, and as I answered in the affirmative, he continued:

"Well, after buying, here in America, many so-called Chinese paintings, often of the same subject, I became suspicious of their genuineness; and I went to Japan to find out something about them—about Japanese art and about Chinese art, and how these attributed Chinese paintings came into the Japanese market. In Japan I visited many fine collections, and I saw a few very fine Chinese paintings. I became convinced we were buying copies—ancient copies of still more ancient Chinese paintings. I heard some of the Japanese collectors speak of masterpieces which they had seen in China, and I determined I would go there, too, and see what I could find." Here Mr. Freer became restless, as if the memory of five visits to China were too vivid for him not to live them over again when telling of them to me. After resting a few minutes in silence he turned toward me and resumed:

"It was hard work, but I succeeded better than I expected. I was in competition with dealers, I was seeking works of art for my own benefit, I did not speak the language, and I was in a strange country. Nevertheless, I managed it." Here a twinkle of the eye was added to his smile, and I knew he was enjoying the recollection of his success.

"At times, I had as many as five men working for me. I paid them daily,



From a photograph by Edward Steichen.

Charles L. Freer.

whether they found anything or not. I bought a great deal which I have since discarded, but I followed trail after trail; I went into province after province, north and south, east and west; I visited as many porcelain factories as I could; I met several viceroys who owned important collections; among others the unfortunate Twuan Fang, who was viceroy of Chi-li. One day some of the Dowager Empress's officials appeared in his home. He knew the summons, walked into his garden, threw open his coat and said: 'Gentlemen, I am ready'; it was over in a moment; one of the tragedies of the fierce times of the Boxer revolt. I also went up the Yellow River, marvelled at its scenery which I knew had furnished subjects to so many of the great landscape painters of the ancient dynasties. I met Mr. Pong, whom I believe to be as great a connoisseur and collector as there is in China. I learned much from him and I heard of much from him; I just kept at it until—well, you know what I have collected, and you have seen the jade, the bronzes, the potteries, and the paintings which are constantly arriving for my inspection. There is one man working for me to-day in China whom I educated from a boy. He used to run after my rickshaw when I made my long tiresome journeys into the interior."

Mr. Freer smiled as he thought of those days, and gave me a humorous description of how he taught the bright Oriental to ferret out collectors and how to negotiate a purchase. I could write more, but I will finish, as Mr. Freer did, by telling how he acquired his famous "Ma Yuan" landscape—perhaps one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the landscapes of the Sung dynasty. He said:

"I had heard, when I was in Japan, of this painting, and I was determined, if possible, to find it. After I was once on its scent I had to work quietly and quickly. I knew I would have to pay a large sum for it; but when I found the price was forty thousand dollars, do you wonder I was staggered?"

"No," I gasped. "I should think that sum would have bought the art of the whole Sung dynasty. What did you do?"

"I looked at it and succumbed," he said quietly, while a smile of satisfaction passed over his face. "Now that I have

had a delicious luncheon, let us continue our inspection."

Mr. Freer was quite right when he said I knew of the consignments which frequently arrived for him. For several years after his health failed, and he was no longer able to travel, I would be summoned to the hotel to see the "new-comers," to marvel over new beauties revealed through some unfamiliar painter; or to gaze upon a great masterpiece of the Tang dynasty, or on art objects done way back in the period of the Wei or Chin dynasty.

Only a short time before his death I went to see the patient sufferer. I mounted to the highest floor of his hotel, where the hot air of sultry August was less oppressive and the noise of the great city did not disturb his nights. I found him, as usual, seated by the window, with a warm greeting for me when I arrived. I never heard a complaint from him, no murmur that he was unable to go to his beautiful Berkshire home he had built upon a high hill, commanding a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains. It was scarcely completed, and was never to be occupied.

A fine landscape, freshly unrolled from a new consignment, hung upon the wall, but I did not refer to it, for I knew by a glance from the nurse as I entered the room that he was not "up to it."

Miss R— was there, and we sat down together for a quiet chat. I always tried to bring him something that would divert or interest him. On this particular occasion I was especially fortunate. I carried a small brown-paper pamphlet, which I put into his hand, saying:

"Look at that."

How his face lighted up as he opened it, he exclaimed:

"Look K.," our nickname for Miss R—, "look, Whistler's 'Ten O'clock.' See, he sends it to Mrs. Havemeyer with his compliments and his signature!"

"Yes," I answered; "but that is not all. Here is a letter to me, pasted inside, and observe the date—the very time he selected for me the pastels I gave you for the museum."

Mr. Freer read the letter which was to say "Bon Voyage" to me and to express the wish that I would soon return to England. It was signed not only with Whis-



One of the large statues in Lung-Mien.

The party standing at the base of a colossal Buddha near the spot where the earth gave way and Mr. Freer narrowly escaped death.



Mr. Freer made a visit to this beautiful temple of Kwan-Kung at Honan-fu.



The tea-room of the temple in Kyoto.

In this room of the temple a tea ceremony was held in honor of Mr. Freer which was attended by the great art connoisseurs of Japan. They all "bowed respects" to Mr. Freer, according him a very great and universal honor. The memorial tablet which is back of Mr. Freer's photograph was then hung on the altar of the temple, November 23, 1921.

ter's name, but also with the well-known "butterfly."

Tears came into the eyes of our poor invalid as he held the little book in his thin hands, and he read the letter, looked at the signature, then he handed it again to Miss R——, saying:

"Observe the butterfly! How sharp

when he dropped the teacup, and passed beyond, that was the Omega, the end. And yet, to-day we—you and I—who are still in the race, are sitting here together talking about him as if he were with us! It seems uncanny, doesn't it?" And I continued, in order to change the subject.

"I think I must put that letter into my



Iron pagoda at Kai-feng-fu, Honan.
One of the sights on Mr. Freer's journey.

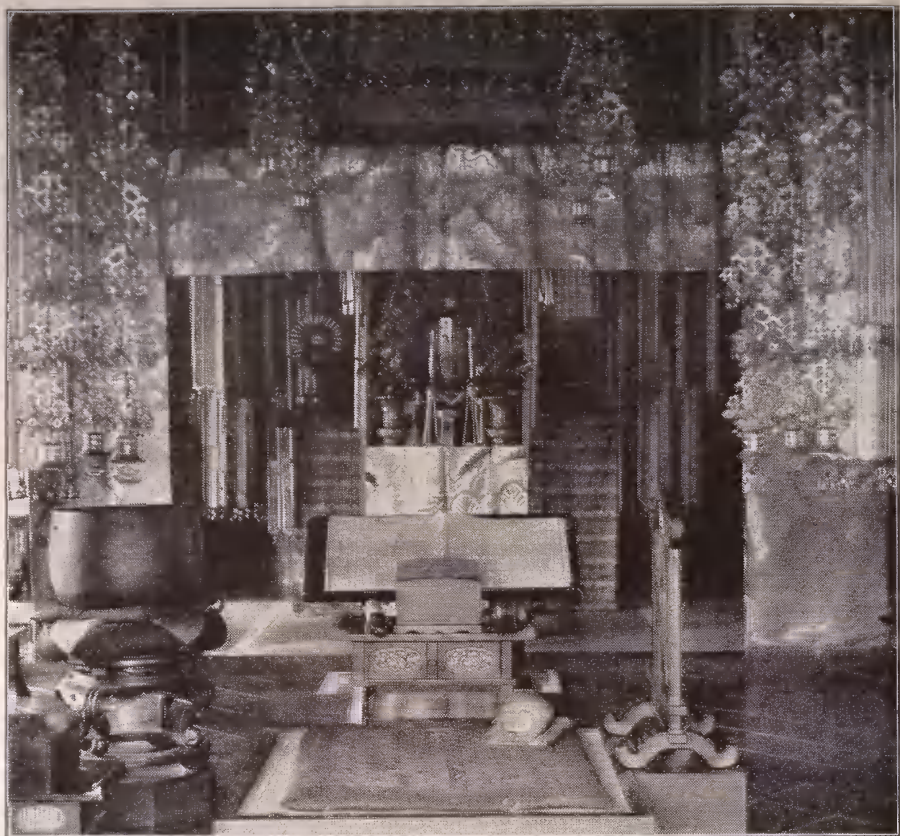
the edges are, and how firm, like the touch in the Venetian set! Ah, how well I remember him in those days!" It was becoming too sad, and I was not accomplishing my object, so I added hastily:

"It is the 'Alpha and Omega' of life, dear Mr. Freer. Whistler signed himself; 'yours most sincerely' to me long, long ago (not to Mrs. Havemeyer, for it was years before I married); before I even knew you, that was the beginning, the Alpha. You caught him in your arms

Memoirs, for my children, don't you think so, K.?" I asked Miss R——, for I did not want to make Mr. Freer speak just then. Miss R—— rose to the situation.

"I think you ought to put Mr. Freer into your Memoirs," she answered. "No one has done it yet and you could do it better than any one; there are many things the coming generations ought to know."

Mr. Freer was smiling again, and suggested that he would prefer to be known as "My Mr. Freer," and then told K.



Charles L. Freer's wooden tablet seen in centre of the altar in the temple at Kyoto.

to show me a certain painting. Instead, she brought a number of boxes, and, sitting down by us, she opened one of them.

"Just the jades which K. has brought from Detroit. I haven't seen them yet. Do you mind?"

"Did I mind? Did I mind seeing Miss R—— open a box and take from it a small hatchet-shaped piece of carved amber jade, which made us start from our chairs with an exclamation of amazement! Mr. Freer gave a glance at me, then took the piece of jade from Miss R—— and clasped it to his breast.

"The Bing!" he exclaimed. "Twuan Fang's precious 'Bing,' and the 'Chang' also! His widow has sold them to me at last!"

Mr. Freer showed me the "Chang" or sceptre of jade. It was of the Chou period, the exquisite lines, the proportion, the color, the texture, and the quality of the

jade, are almost beyond description, while the carving of the "Bing" both as workmanship and design was bewildering to me.

"What was it for?" I asked, breathless.

"A musical instrument," answered Mr. Freer. "The Chou emperors, at some great ceremony, would have it brought out and gently struck, and then they would all listen to the musical note it would produce. It was the best and the most refined entertainment the emperor could offer to his guests. I have long known of these pieces of jade. They belonged to the unfortunate Twuan Fang, and are probably the finest in China. The 'Bing' is three thousand years old and the 'Chang' twenty-eight hundred." There was much pathos in the simple way Mr. Freer spoke of the "long ago," and the earnest eyes were growing sad again.

I soon left—looking back from the doorway as I passed out for the usual

friendly wave of the hand with which we always parted. Indelibly in my memory is impressed the figure in the twilight by the window, the wasted sufferer waiting for the call, the shadowy substance of the man we had loved and admired; the man who had first made something of himself,

dore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, was much interested in the project and soon arranged that through an act of Congress Mr. Freer's collection should be accepted by the nation. The wise decision of Mr. Freer to keep control of the collection during his life enabled



A nearer view of Mr. Freer's memorial tablet on the altar of the temple.

then made his fortune, afterward found an object worth spending it for, and lastly, and greatest of all, he then offered the results of his life-work to his fellow countrymen.

As I recall it, I think it was in his early days while enjoying the comradeship of Ernest Fenollosa, a remarkable man and a great enthusiast over Oriental art, that Mr. Freer decided to give his collection to the nation, and offered it to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Theo-

him to improve and enrich it as well as to cull anything of doubtful origin from it. His object was not only to leave a beautiful collection for the layman to enjoy, but to leave a vast storehouse of material for the student of art, a storehouse by no means filled with examples of all the great Chinese painters, for as Mr. Freer said to me: "We have but scratched the surface." There will be enough, however, to show the Chinese technique in sculpture, in carving, in bronze, in pottery, and in porcelain; and in their wonderful drawing

and brush-work, where a single stroke may be the key to a composition, or a line flowing in light and shade, or winding broad and narrow, like the ebb and swell of the great river they live by, may set the rhythm vibrating on the panel of that marvelous twisted silk without which no painting could touch an Oriental's heart. Enough will be there to convince the student of the Western world that Chinese art, besides a complete mastery of the subject, besides the love and devotion to a vocation, must translate a thought, must find a poem expressed or unexpressed, in every production, whether it be a disk of jade, a bit of bamboo, or a pair of birds twittering to each other from the branches of the gnarled pine growing by the rugged rock.

Introspection is everywhere expressed in Chinese art. Laotse's influence was never displaced by Buddha's, and the sages and Kwan-yins look within, no matter what symbols they hold or what legend they illustrate. A beautiful landscape speaks from the heart to the heart, so earnestly that not infrequently there will be several poems written upon the spaces of the silk—poems inspired by the thought expressed in the painting and executed by some famous calligraphist.

I once said to Mr. Freer:

"Do you realize how much you are doing for the future of art by giving this collection to the people?"

"Do you think so?" he rejoined. "I sometimes doubt it, I am sometimes discouraged, when I see so much that is mer-

etricious—yes—real trash—in the market, I wonder if they—I mean the people—will understand Chinese art!"

"Not at first," I answered; "but you are not giving this collection for now, but for the future. Don't you believe in the future of art? Of course you do, and you know, as well as I do, that a nation to progress *must* have an art; and are you not raising a standard for the people to aspire to?"

My remark seemed to please Mr. Freer, for he said more cheerfully.

"I hope so! Oh, I hope so!"

No man was ever more sincere in a wish than Mr. Freer when he spoke those words, and the scope and breadth of his institution prove it. Every facility for study, observation, and comparison is thoughtfully arranged. Catalogues, books of reference, rooms for study, rooms with special lighting to facilitate examination of textiles—for the quality of the silk or the manner of the weave may determine the period of a picture or help place a painting in a school or in a dynasty. Classification, as far as possible, is arranged. As in other museums, objects may be called for and examined or studied. It is to be a great school of art, as well as a museum. The ablest director that can be obtained will be at its head, and he in his turn will select the ablest assistants.

All that remains to do now is for the people to show they appreciate Mr. Freer's generous gift, and for art students to take advantage of it.



Freer Gallery, Washington, D. C.



Waiting for a command.

The German Shepherd-Dog

BY FRED G. MORIES

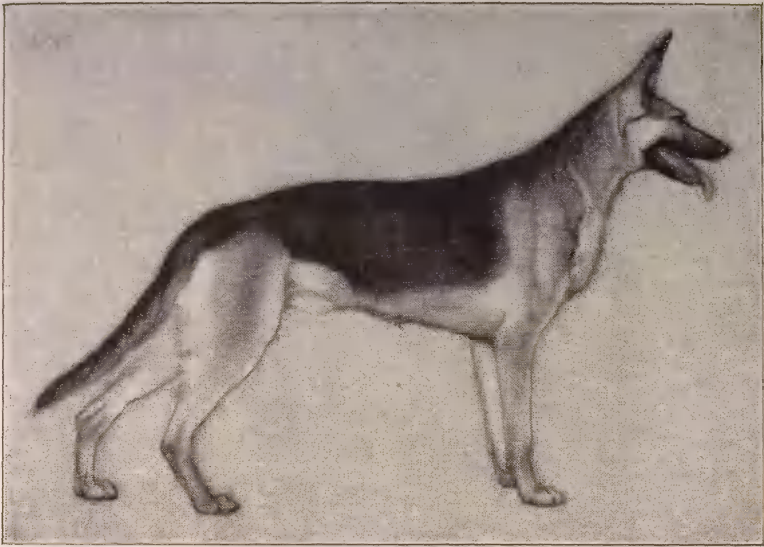
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THE German shepherd-dog, which is now registered in the United States as "The Shepherd-Dog," in some countries as the "Alsatian Wolf-Dog," "French Police-Dog," "Belgian Police-Dog," etc., has within recent years become the most fashionable, if not the most popular, dog in the country.

There are good reasons for its sudden rise to fame; the chief of these being its intelligence, for this dog can easily be taught to do what any other dog of its size

can, and, generally speaking, a great deal more.

Among many people there is a fallacy that the German shepherd-dog was originally bred from the wolf. This is entirely fictitious and should be dismissed as a piece of folk-lore. The animal as we know it is in every essential a dog in outline, bone formation, and shape of head, and is now said by experts to be one of the oldest breeds of dogs in Europe. It is older than the Spitz, and no dog need be older. Its



This drawing shows the graceful line, from the ears to the end of the tail, of a well-formed shepherd-dog.



Slinking away.

From a drawing owned by Mrs. James Cox Brady.

ancestors date back to times earlier than the Swiss lake villages.

At any rate, the dog that interests us is the dog that has been bred in Germany for long and known there as the "Schäferhund." In its earliest days it was used as a hunting-dog and later almost entirely for herding, until within recent years it

them including Belgian, Russian, and de la Brie.

Fortunately, Monsieur van Wesemail was a humane man, a real lover of dogs, and his method of training one of pure kindness; in fact, so far did he carry this idea into practice that any member of the force found striking a dog was at once



This drawing shows the bulk, power, and weight of the dog that is essentially a worker with a love for work.

was chosen for work in the police service, and became known, with other breeds, as "Polizeihund" (police-dog).

This idea was first conceived in the brain of Monsieur van Wesemail, then chief commissioner of police in Ghent, Belgium, who saw the possibilities of dogs as assistants to the police force in hunting down criminals so plentiful along the docks and canals of the city. For this purpose he found sheep-dogs the most easily trained, and used several breeds of

dismissed. He was also one of the first trainers to use the dummy figure by means of which he not only trained the dogs to capture criminals but also taught them to save drowning people. These activities in Ghent occurred about 1898, the year the Germans first started the stud-book of the shepherd-dog.

Later the Germans took up Monsieur van Wesemail's idea and perfected it. They tried many breeds for their "Polizeihund," finally deciding on their own

shepherd-dog, as the most intelligent and tractable of any.

They trained them for use in the army also, so that at the outbreak of the war the German army had a corps of dogs trained as couriers, which often got through the lines when all other communication failed.

They were also, at first, trained to find the wounded and report by barking; but this easily drew the attention of the enemy, who soon learned the positions of the dogs and fired their guns in that direction, killing many.

This method was obviously a failure, so the dogs were completely retrained, being taught to bring back a piece of the wounded man's clothing. The dogs were invariably attracted by white, and if that happened to be a bandage they tore it off and carried it back to the lines.

This procedure was a manifest failure, too, so once more the dog was completely retrained. This time a piece of leather eight inches long was attached to each soldier's collar and hung under his neck. When the dog found a wounded man he seized this leather attachment in his mouth, returning to his master showing his sign. He was then accompanied by

the ambulance man to where the wounded soldier lay. This last system was so successful that it was used during the remainder of the war.

The dogs were also trained for supplementary work, such as carrying rolls of telephone wire which they learned to bring from post to post.

Of the twenty-four thousand dogs used by the German army during the war, twenty thousand were shepherd-dogs.

This information the writer of this article had from Doctor Roesebeck of Hanover, who was a physician in the German army during the war, when he had every opportunity to watch the dog at work and who, as the best authority on the German shepherd-dog, was brought to this country by The Shepherd-Dog Club of America to judge its recent show. Doctor Roesebeck also says that since peace was declared these dogs have been trained to lead the blind soldiers, for which new job

they have been named "Blindenführer," or guides for the blind.

For this work the dogs have a wooden yoke attached to the collar which stands up for the blind man to hold. If the dog comes to a congested corner where it sees



Falko vom Isarwinkel.

A dog famous in Europe and America owned by Mrs. James Cox Brady.

a danger in crossing it sits down and in so doing pushes back the yoke that lets the blind man know when to stop. When the dog sees its way clear it moves on. This new work is proving most successful especially since the authorities find the bitches quieter, less fond of fighting and, therefore, more adaptable for the work.

From the foregoing it is obvious that the German shepherd-dog, like the Scotch collie, the airedale, the St. Bernard, to name only three, is essentially a working dog. It loves work, and any one who owns one of the breed must readily admit that the dog is happiest when it has something definite to do.

In countries such as Germany, Belgium, and Holland, dogs have been trained for long to pull light wagons, and in all sheep-raising countries dogs have been taught to help the shepherds. So happy are these dogs when working, and in such perfect physical condition, that those who have been privileged to watch the Scotch collie and the English sheep-dog at work on their native heaths must admit that these breeds in this country are fast becoming merely show-dogs; that is to say, bred so completely for "points" that the Scotch

collie, at least, has lost its brain, and in most cases is tending to become an imbecile. This may be the fate of the Ger-

man shepherd-dog in this country if work is not made a part of its daily life.

Some one has said that if the dog had always been bred for intelligence instead of points it would have been able to speak by now, and in this statement there is much truth, for the Germans have developed their shepherd-dog almost to the jumping-off stage. One often feels when watching its intelligence that it is on the borderland of speech.

One other fallacy about the German shepherd-dog besides the wolf-ancestry theory is the fixed idea in the minds of many dog-lovers that this dog is fierce. The dog has gained this reputation from two causes. First, many breeders have their young dogs trained as "police-dogs"—that is, taught to guard the house, suspect all stran-

gers, and protect their masters. These dogs are sold to people who want a "trained dog," and are disappointed to find them guarding the house against all comers, even their new masters. The servants, too, come in for a share of this acquired ferocity with the result that the



Dolf von Dusternbrook.

Mr. P. A. B. Widener's dog of international fame.



Quiet yet alert.

dog is sent back to the kennel as a fierce animal that cannot be tamed.

On the other hand, many people buy the dogs when they are six months to a year old, that is to say, at a time when the dog has more vitality than its owner can help it to use up. These dogs are housed in the city or some confining place in the suburbs where there is neither room for the dog to be exercised nor time for its owner to give it the exercise, with the result that the dog's excessive vitality is suppressed and he becomes fierce.

The writer has had a good deal of ex-

perience with these dogs in strange kennels, working with them for weeks on end without any of the unpleasant experiences we so often hear of, and the only secret of this is a lack of fear. This is true of any spirited breed—dogs respect only human beings of temerity.

The German shepherd-dog is abnormally vital—excessively vivacious, spirited, and tenacious of life. It can be man's best friend in play, often a real assistance in work, above all, a fine, affectionate, and obedient companion.

We owe the Germans much for having given us this canine masterpiece.



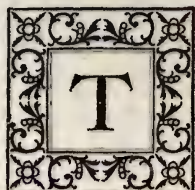
In repose.

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

BOOK III

XXIV



HE gates of Paris were behind them, and they were rushing through an icy twilight between long lines of houses, factory chimneys and city-girt fields, when Campton

at last roused himself and understood.

It was he, John Campton, who sat in that car—that noiseless swiftly-sliding car, so cushioned and commodious, so ingeniously fitted for all the exigencies and emergencies of travel, that it might have been a section of the *Nouveau Luxe* on wheels; and the figure next to him, on the extreme other side of the deeply upholstered seat, was that of Anderson Brant. This, for the moment, was as far as Campton's dazed perceptions carried him. . .

The motor was among real fields and orchards, and the icy half-light which might just as well have been dusk was turning definitely to dawn, when at last, disentangling his mind from a tight coil of passport and permit problems, he thought: "But this is the road north of Paris—that must have been St. Denis."

Among all the multiplied strangenesses of the last strange hours it had hardly struck him before that, now he was finally on his way to George, it was not to the Argonne that he was going, but in the opposite direction. The discovery held his floating mind for a moment, but for a moment only, before it drifted away again, to be caught on some other projecting strangeness.

Chief among these was Mr. Brant's presence at his side, and the fact that the motor they were sitting in was Mr. Brant's. But Campton felt that such enormities were not to be dealt with yet.

He had neither slept nor eaten since the morning before, and whenever he tried to grasp the situation in its entirety his soul fainted away again into outer darkness. . .

His companion presently coughed, and said, in a voice even more than usually colourless and expressionless: "We are at Luzarches already."

It was the first time, Campton was sure, that Mr. Brant had spoken since they had got into the car together, hours earlier as it seemed to him, in the dark street before the studio in Montmartre; the first, at least, except to ask, as the chauffeur touched the self-starter: "Will you have the rug over you?"

The two travellers did not share a single rug: a separate one, soft as fur and light as down, lay folded on the grey carpet before each seat; but Campton, though the dawn-air was biting, had left his where it lay, and had not answered.

Now he was beginning to feel that he could not decently remain silent any longer; and with an effort which seemed as mechanical and external as the movements of the chauffeur whose back he viewed through the wide single sheet of plate-glass, he brought out, like a far-off echo: "Luzarches . . . ?"

It was not that there lingered in him any of his old sense of antipathy toward Mr. Brant. In the new world into which he had been abruptly hurled, the previous morning, by the coming of that letter which looked so exactly like any other letter—in this new world Mr. Brant was nothing more than the possessor of the motor and of the "pull" that were to get him, Campton, in the shortest possible time, to the spot of earth where his son lay dying. Once assured of this, Campton had promptly and indifferently acquiesced in Miss Anthony's hurried sug-

gestion that it would be only decent to let Mr. Brant go to Doullens with him.

But the exchange of speech with any one, whether Mr. Brant or another, was for the time being manifestly impossible. The effort, to Campton, to rise out of his grief, was like that of a dying person struggling back from regions too remote for his voice to reach the ears of the living. He shrank into his corner, and tried once more to fix his attention on the flying landscape.

All that he saw in it, speeding ahead of him even faster than their own flight, was the ghostly vision of another motor, carrying a figure bowed like his, mute like his: the figure of Fortin-Lescluze, as he had seen it plunge away into the winter darkness after the physician's son had been killed. Campton remembered asking himself then, as he had asked himself so often since: "How should I bear it if it happened to me?"

He knew the answer to that now, as he knew everything else a man could know: so it had seemed to his astonished soul since the truth had flashed at him out of that fatal letter. Ever since then he had been turning about and about in a vast glare of initiation: of all the old crowded misty world which the letter had emptied at a stroke, nothing remained to him but a few memories of George's boyhood, like a closet of toys in a house knocked down by an earthquake.

The vision of Fortin-Lescluze's motor vanished, and in its place Campton suddenly saw Boylston's screwed-up eyes staring out at him under furrows of anguish. Campton remembered, the evening before, pushing the letter over to him across the office table, and stammering: "Read it—read it to me. I can't—" and Boylston's sudden sobbing explosion: "But I *knew*, sir—I've known all along..." and then the endless pause before Campton gathered himself up to falter out (like a child deciphering the words in a primer): "You *knew*—knew that George was wounded?"

"No, no, not that; but that he might be—oh, at any minute! Forgive me—oh, do forgive me! He wouldn't let me tell you that he was at the front," Boylston had faltered through his sobs.

"Let you tell me——?"

"You and his mother: he refused a citation last March so that you shouldn't find out that he'd exchanged into an infantry regiment. He was determined to from the first. He's been fighting for months; he's been magnificent; he got away from the Argonne last February; but you were none of you to know."

"But why—why—why?" Campton had flashed out; then his heart stood still, and he awaited the answer with lowered head.

"Well, you see, he was afraid: afraid you might prevent... use your influence... you and Mrs. Brant..."

Campton looked up again, challenging the other. "He imagined perhaps that we *had*—in the beginning?"

"Oh, yes"—Boylston was perfectly calm about it—"he knew all about that. And he made us swear not to speak; Miss Anthony and me. Miss Anthony knew. . . If this thing happened," Boylston ended in a stricken voice, "you were not to be unfair to her, he said."

Over and over again that short dialogue distilled itself syllable by syllable, pang by pang, into Campton's cowering soul. He had had to learn all this, this overwhelming unbelievable truth about his son; and at the same instant to learn that that son was grievously wounded, perhaps dying (what else, in such circumstances, did the giving of the Legion of Honour ever mean?); and to deal with it all in the wild minutes of preparation for departure, of intercession with the authorities, sittings at the photographer's, and a crisscross of confused telephone-calls from the Embassy, the Préfecture and the War Office.

From this welter of images Miss Anthony's face next detached itself: white and withered, yet with a look which triumphed over its own ruin, and over Campton's wrath.

"Ah—you knew too, did you? You were his other confidant? How you all kept it up—how you all lied to us!" he had burst out at her.

She took it firmly. "I showed you his letters."

"Yes: the letters he wrote to you to be shown."

She received this in silence, and he followed it up. "It was you who drove

him to the front—it was you who sent my son to his death!”

Without flinching, she gazed back at him. “Oh, John—it was you!”

“I—I? What do you mean? I never as much as lifted a finger—”

“No?” She gave him a wan smile. “Then it must have been the old man who invented the Mangle!” she cried, and cast herself on Campton’s breast. He held her there for a long moment, stroking her lank hair, and saying “Adele—Adele,” because in that rush of understanding he could not think of anything else to say. At length he stooped and laid on her lips the strangest kiss he had ever given or taken; and it was then that, drawing back, she exclaimed: “That’s for George, when you get to him. Remember!”

The image of George’s mother rose last on the whirling ground of Campton’s thoughts: an uncertain image, blurred by distance, as indistinct as some wraith of Mme. Olida’s evoking.

Mrs. Brant was still at Biarritz; there had been no possibility of her getting back in time to share the journey to the front. Even Mr. Brant’s power in high places would necessarily have fallen short of such an attempt; and it was not made. Boylston, despatched in haste to bear the news of George’s wounding to the banker, had reported that the utmost Mr. Brant could do was to write at once to his wife, and arrange for her return to Paris, since telegrams to the frontier departments travelled more slowly than letters, and in nine cases out of ten were delayed indefinitely. Campton had asked no more at the time; but in the last moment before leaving Paris he remembered having said to Adele Anthony: “You’ll be there when Julia comes?” and Miss Anthony had nodded back: “At the station.”

The word, it appeared, roused the same memory in both of them; meeting her eyes, he saw there the Gare de l’Est in the summer morning, the noisily manœuvring trains jammed with bright young heads, the flowers, the waving handkerchiefs, and everybody on the platform smiling fixedly till some particular carriage-window slid out of sight. The scene, at the time, had been a vast blue to Campton: would he ever again, he wondered,

see anything as clearly as he saw it now, in all its unmerciful distinctness? He heard the sobs of the girl who had said such a blithe goodbye to the young *Chasseur Alpin*, he saw her going away, led by her elderly companion, and powdering her nose at the *laiterie* over the cup of coffee she could not swallow. And this was what her sobs had meant. . .

“This place,” said Mr. Brant, with his usual preliminary cough, “must be—.” He bent over a motor-map, trying to decipher the name; but after fumbling for his eye-glasses, and rubbing them with a beautifully monogrammed cambric handkerchief, he folded the map up again and slipped it into one of the many pockets which honeycombed the interior of the car. Campton recalled the deathlike neatness of the banker’s private office on the day when the one spot of disorder in it had been the torn telegram announcing Benny Upsher’s disappearance.

The motor lowered its speed to make way for a long train of army lorries. Close upon them clattered a file of gun-wagons, with unshaven soldiers bestriding the gaunt horses. Torpedo-cars carrying officers slipped cleverly in and out of the tangle, and motor-cycles, incessantly rushing by, peppered the air with their explosions.

“This is the sort of thing he’s been living in—living in for months and months,” Campton mused.

He himself had seen something of the same kind when he had gone to Châlons in the early days to appeal to Fortin-Lescluze; but at that time the dread significance of the machinery of war had passed almost unnoticed in his preoccupation about his boy. Now he realized that for a year that machinery had been the setting of his boy’s life; for months past such sights and sounds as these had formed the whole of George’s world; and Campton’s eyes took in every detail with an agonized avidity.

“What’s that?” he exclaimed.

A huge continuous roar, seeming to fall from the low clouds above them, suddenly silenced the puny rumble and clatter of the road. On and on it went, in a slow pulsating rhythm, like the boom of waves driven by a gale on some far-distant coast.

"That? The guns—" said Mr. Brant.

"At the front?"

"Oh, sometimes they seem much nearer. Depends on the wind."

Campton sat bewildered. Had he ever before heard that sinister roar? At Châlons? He could not be sure. But the sound had assuredly not been the same; now it overwhelmed him like the crash of the sea over a drowning head. He cowered back in his corner. Would it ever stop, he asked himself? Or was it always like this, day and night, in the hell of hells that they were bound for? Was that merciless thud forever in the ears of the dying?

A sentinel stopped the motor and asked for their pass. He turned it about and about, holding it upside-down in his horny hands, and wrinkling his brows in the effort to decipher the inverted characters.

"How can I tell—?" he grumbled doubtfully, looking from the faces of the two travellers to their unrecognizable photographs.

Mr. Brant was already feeling for his pocket, and furtively extracting a bank-note.

"For God's sake—not that!" Campton cried, bringing his hand down on the banker's. Leaning over, he spoke to the sentinel. "My son's dying at the front. Can't you see it when you look at me?"

The man looked, and slowly gave back the paper. "You can pass," he said, shouldering his rifle.

The motor shot on, and the two men drew back into their corners. Mr. Brant fidgeted with his eye-glasses, and after an interval coughed again. "I must thank you," he began, "for—for saving me just now from an inexcusable blunder. It was done mechanically... one gets into the habit..."

"Quite so," said Campton drily. "But there are cases—"

"Of course—of course."

Silence fell once more. Mr. Brant sat bolt upright, his profile detached against the wintry fields. Campton, sunk into his corner, glanced now and then at the neat grey silhouette, in which the perpendicular glint of the eye-glass nearest him was the only point of light. He said to himself that the man was no doubt suffer-

ing horribly; but he was not conscious of any impulse of compassion. He and Mr. Brant were like two strangers pinned down together in a railway-smash: the shared agony did not bring them nearer. On the contrary, Campton, as the hours passed, felt himself more and more exasperated by the mute anguish at his side. What right had this man to be suffering as he himself was suffering, what right to be here with him at all? It was simply in the exercise of what the banker called his "habit"—the habit of paying, of buying everything, people and privileges and possessions—that he had acquired this ghastly claim to share in an agony which was not his.

"I shan't even have my boy to myself on his death-bed," the father thought in desperation; and the mute presence at his side became once more the symbol of his life's disaster.

The motor, with frequent halts, continued to crawl slowly on between lorries, field-kitchens, artillery wagons, companies of haggard infantry returning to their cantonments, and more and more vanloads of troops pressing forward; it seemed to Campton that hours elapsed before Mr. Brant again spoke.

"This must be Amiens," he said, in a voice even lower than usual.

The father roused himself and looked out. They were passing through the streets of a town swarming with troops—but he was still barely conscious of what he looked at. He perceived that he had been half-asleep, and dreaming of George as a little boy, when he used to have such bad colds. Campton remembered in particular the day he had found the lad in bed in a scarlet sweater, in his luxurious overheated room, reading the first edition of *Lavengro*. It was on that day that he and his son had first really got to know each other; but what was it that had marked the date to George? The fact that Mr. Brant, learning of his joy in the book, had instantly presented it to him—with the price-label left inside the cover.

"And it'll be worth a lot more than that by the time you're grown up," Mr. Brant had told his step-son; to which George was recorded to have answered sturdily: "No, it won't, if I find other stories I like better."

Miss Anthony, who had assisted at the conversation, had reported it triumphantly to Campton; but the painter, who had to save up to give his boy even a simple present, could see in the incident only one more attempt to rob him of his rights. "They won't succeed, though, they won't succeed: they don't know how to go about it, thank the Lord," he had said.

But they had succeeded after all; what better proof of it was there than Mr. Brant's tacit right to be sitting here beside him to-day; than the fact that but for Mr. Brant it might have been impossible for Campton to get to his boy's side in time?

Oh, that pitiless incessant hammering of the guns! As the travellers advanced the noise grew louder, fiercer, more unbroken; the closely-fitted panes of the car rattled and danced like those of an old omnibus. Sentinels stopped the chauffeur more frequently; Mr. Brant had to produce the blue paper again and again. The day was wearing on—Campton began again to be aware of a sick weariness, a growing remoteness and confusion of mind. Through it he perceived that Mr. Brant, diving into deeper recesses of upholstery, had brought out a silver sandwich-box, a flask and glasses. As by magic they stood on a shiny shelf which slid out of another recess, and Mr. Brant was proffering the box. "It's a long way yet; you'll need all your strength," he said.

Campton, who had half turned from the invitation, seized a sandwich and emptied one of the glasses. Mr. Brant was right; he must not let himself float away into the void, seductive as its drowsy shimmer was.

His wits returned, and with them a more intolerable sense of reality. He was all alive now. Every crash of the guns seemed to tear a piece of flesh from his body; and it was always the piece nearest the heart. The nurse's few lines had said: "A shell wound: the right arm fractured, fear for the lungs." And one of these awful crashes had done it: bursting in mystery from that innocent-looking sky, and rushing inoffensively over hundreds of other young men till it reached its destined prey, found George, and dug a

red grave for him. Campton was convinced now that his son was dead. It was not only that he had received the Legion of Honour; it was the appalling all-destroying thunder of the shells as they went on crashing and bursting. What could they leave behind them but mismatched fragments? Gathering up all his strength in the effort not to recoil from the vision, Campton saw his son's beautiful body like a carcass tumbled out of a butcher's cart. . .

"Doullens," said Mr. Brant.

They were in a town, and the motor had turned into the court of a great barrack-like building. Before them stood a line of empty stretchers such as Campton had seen at Châlons. A young doctor in a cotton blouse was lighting a cigarette and laughing with a nurse—laughing! At regular intervals the cannonade shook the windows; it seemed the heart-beat of the place. Campton noticed that many of the window-panes had been broken and patched with paper.

Inside they found another official, who called to another nurse as she passed by laden with fresh towels. She disappeared into a room where heaps of bloody linen were being stacked into baskets, returned, looked at Campton and nodded. He looked back at her blunt tired features and kindly eyes, and said to himself that they had perhaps been his son's last sight on earth.

The nurse smiled.

"It's three flights up," she said: "he'll be glad."

Glad! He was not dead, then; he could even be glad! In the staggering rush of relief the father turned instinctively to Mr. Brant; he felt that there was enough joy to be shared. But Mr. Brant, though he must have heard what the nurse had said, was moving away; he did not seem to understand.

"This way—" Campton called after him, pointing to the nurse, who was already on the first step of the stairs.

Mr. Brant looked slightly puzzled; then, as the other's meaning reached him, he coloured a little, bent his head stiffly, and waved his stick toward the door.

"Thanks," he said, "I think I'll take a stroll first . . . stretch my legs . . ." and

Campton, with a rush of gratitude, understood that he was to be left alone with his son.

XXV

HE followed his guide up the steep flights, which seemed to become bouyant and lift him like waves. It was as if the muscle that always dragged back his lame leg had suddenly regained its elasticity. He floated up as one mounts stairs in a dream. A smell of disinfectants hung in the cold air, and once, through a half-open door, a sickening odour came: he remembered it at Châlons, and Fortin's murmured: "Gangrene—ah, if only we could get them sooner!"

How soon had they got *his* boy, Campton wondered? The letter, mercifully sent by hand to Paris, had reached him on the third day after George's arrival at the Doullens hospital; but he did not yet know how long before that the shell-splinter had done its work. The nurse did not know either. How could she remember? They had so many! The administrator would look up the files and tell him. Only there was no time for that now.

On a landing Campton heard a babble and scream: a nauseating scream in a queer bleached voice that might have been man, woman or monkey's. Perhaps that was what the French meant by "a white voice": this voice which was as featureless as some of the poor men's obliterated faces! Campton shot an anguished look at his companion, and she understood and shook her head. "Oh, no: that's in the big ward. It's the way they scream after a dressing. . ."

She opened a door, and he was in a room with three beds in it, wooden pallets hastily knocked together and spread with rough grey blankets. In spite of the cold, flies still swarmed on the unwashed panes, and there were big holes in the fly-net over the bed nearest the window. Under the net lay a middle-aged bearded man, heavily bandaged about the chest and left arm: he was snoring, his mouth open, his gaunt cheeks drawn in with the fight for breath. Campton said to himself that if his own boy lived he should like some day to do something for this poor devil who was his room-mate. Then he looked about him

and saw that the two other beds were empty.

He drew back.

The nurse was bending over the bearded man. "He'll wake presently—I'll leave you"; and she slipped out. Campton looked again at the stranger; then his glance travelled to the scarred brown hand on the sheet, a hand with broken nails and blackened finger-tips. It was George's hand, his son's, swollen, disfigured but unmistakable. The father knelt down and laid his lips on it.

"What was the first thing you felt?" Adele Anthony asked him afterward: and he answered: "Nothing."

"Yes—at the very first, I know: it's always like that. But the first thing *after* you began to feel anything?"

He considered, and then said slowly: "The difference."

"The difference in *him*?"

"In him—in life—in everything."

Miss Anthony, who understood as a rule, was evidently puzzled. "What kind of a difference?"

"Oh, a complete difference." With that she had to be content.

The sense of it had first come to Campton when the bearded man, raising his lids, looked at him from far off with George's eyes, and touched him, very feebly, with George's hand. It was in the moment of identifying his son that he felt the son he had known to be lost to him forever.

George's lips were moving, and the father laid his ear to them; perhaps these were last words that his boy was saying.

"Old Dad—in a motor?"

Campton nodded.

The fact seemed faintly to interest George, who continued to examine him with those distant eyes.

"Uncle Andy's?"

Campton nodded again.

"Mother—?"

"She's coming too—very soon."

George's lips were screwed into a whimsical smile. "I must have a shave first," he said, and drowsed off again, his hand in Campton's. . .

"The other gentleman—?" the nurse questioned the next morning.

Campton had spent the night in the

hospital, stretched on the floor at his son's threshold. It was a breach of rules, but for once the major had condoned it. As for Mr. Brant, Campton had forgotten all about him, and at first did not know what the nurse meant. Then he woke with a start to the consciousness of his fellow-traveller's nearness. Mr. Brant, the nurse explained, had come to the hospital early, and had been waiting below for the last two hours. Campton, almost as gaunt and unshorn as his son, pulled himself to his feet and went down. In the hall the banker, very white, but smooth and trim as ever, was patiently measuring the muddy flagging.

"Less temperature this morning," Campton called from the last flight.

"Oh," stammered Mr. Brant, red and pale by turns.

Campton smiled haggardly and pulled himself together in an effort of communicativeness. "Look here—he's asked for you; you'd better go up. Only for a few minutes, please; he's awfully weak."

Mr. Brant, speechless, stood stiffly waiting to be conducted. Campton noticed the mist in his eyes, and took pity on him.

"I say—where's the hotel? Just a step away? I'll go around, then, and get a shave and a wash while you're with him," the father said, with a magnanimity which he somehow felt the powers might take account of in their subsequent dealings with George. If the boy was to live he could afford to be generous; and he had decided to assume that the boy would live, and to order his own behaviour accordingly.

"I—thank you," said Mr. Brant, turning toward the stairs.

"Five minutes at the outside!" Campton cautioned him, and hurried out into the morning air through which the guns still crashed methodically.

When he got back to the hospital, refreshed and decent, he was surprised, and for a moment alarmed, to find that Mr. Brant had not come down.

"Sending up his temperature, of course—damn him!" Campton raged, scrambling up the stairs as fast as his stiff leg permitted. But outside of George's door he saw a small figure patiently mounting guard.

"I stayed with him less than five minutes; I was merely waiting to thank you."

"Oh, that's all right." Campton paused, and then made his supreme effort. "How does he strike you?"

"Hopefully—hopefully. He had his joke as usual," Mr. Brant said with a twitching smile.

"Oh, *that*—! But his temperature's decidedly lower. Of course they may have to take the ball out of the lung; but perhaps before they do it he can be moved from this hell."

The two men were silent, the same passion of anxiety consuming them, and no means left of communicating it to each other.

"I shall look in again later. Shall I have something to eat sent round to you from the hotel?" Mr. Brant suggested.

"Oh, thanks—if you would."

Campton put out his hand and crushed Mr. Brant's dry fingers. But for this man he might not have got to his son in time; and this man had not once made use of the fact to press his own claim on George. With pity in his heart, the father, privileged to remain at his son's bedside, watched Mr. Brant's small figure retreating alone. How ghastly to sit all day in that squalid hotel, his eyes on his watch, with nothing to do but to wonder and wonder about the temperature of another man's son!

The next day was worse; so much worse that everything disappeared from Campton's view but the present agony of watching, hovering, hanging helplessly on the words of nurse and doctor, and spying on the glances they exchanged behind his back.

There could be no thought yet of extracting the bullet; a great surgeon, passing through the wards on a hasty tour of inspection, had confirmed this verdict. Oh, to have kept the surgeon there—to have had him at hand to watch for the propitious moment and seize it without an instant's delay! Suddenly the vision which to Campton had been among the most hideous of all his crowding nightmares—that of George stretched naked on an operating-table, his face hidden by a chloroform mask, and an orderly hurrying away with a pile of red towels like those perpetually carried through the passages below—this vision became to the father's fevered mind as soothing as a

glimpse of Paradise. If only George's temperature would go down—if only the doctors would pronounce him strong enough to have the bullet taken out! What would anything else matter then? Campton would feel as safe as he used to years ago, when after the recurring months of separation the boy came back from school, and he could take him in his arms and make sure that he was the same Geordie, only bigger, browner, with thicker curlier hair, and tougher muscles under his outgrown jacket.

What if the great surgeon, on his way back from the front, were to pass through the town again that evening, reverse his verdict, and perhaps even perform the operation then and there? Was there no way of prevailing on him to stop and take another look at George on the return from his tour of inspection? The idea took immediate possession of Campton, crowding out his intolerable anguish, and bringing such relief that for a few seconds he felt as if some life-saving operation had been performed on himself. He stood watching the great man's retreat, followed by doctors and nurses; and suddenly Mr. Brant touched his arm, and the eyes of the two met. Campton understood Mr. Brant's look and gasped out: "Yes, yes; we must get him to come back."

Mr. Brant nodded. "At all costs." He paused, again interrogated Campton's eyes, and stammered: "You authorize—?"

"Oh, God—anything!"

"He's dined at my house in Paris," Mr. Brant threw in, evidently trying to justify himself.

"Oh, go—go!" Campton almost pushed him down the stairs. Ten minutes later he reappeared, modest but exultant.

"Well?"

"He wouldn't commit himself, before the others——"

"Oh——"

"But to me, as he was getting into the motor——"

"Well?"

"Yes: if possible. Somewhere about midnight."

Campton turned away, choking, and stumped off toward the tall window at the end of the passage. Below him lay the

court. A line of stretchers was being carried across it, not empty this time, but each one with a bloody burden. Doctors, nurses, orderlies hurried to and fro. Drub, drub, drub, went the guns, shaking the windows, rolling their fierce din along the cloudy sky, down the stone corridors of the hospital and the pavement of the streets, like huge bowls crashing through story above story of a kind of sky-scraping bowling alley.

"Even the dead underground must hear them!" Campton muttered.

The word made him shudder superstitiously, and he crept back to George's door and opened it; but the nurse, within, shook her head.

"He must sleep after the examination. Better go."

Campton turned and saw Mr. Brant waiting. A bell rang twelve. The two men, in silence, walked down the stairs, crossed the court (averting their eyes from the stretchers) and went to the hotel to get something to eat.

Midnight came. It passed. No one in the hurried confused world of the hospital had heard of the possibility of the surgeon's returning. When Campton mentioned it to the nurse she smiled her tired smile, and said: "He could have done nothing."

Done nothing! How could she know? How could any one, but the surgeon himself? Would he have promised if he had not thought there was some chance? Campton, stretched out on a blanket and his rolled-up coat, lay through the long restless hours staring at the moonlit sky framed by the passage window. Great clouds swept over that cold indifferent vault: they seemed like the smoke from the guns which had not once ceased through the night. At last he got up, turned his back on the window, and stretched out again facing the stairs. The moonlight laid a white strip along the stone floor. A church-bell rang one . . . two . . . there were noises and movements below. Campton raised himself, his heart beating all over his body. Steps came echoing up—the steps of several persons.

"Careful!" some one called. A stretcher rounded the stair-rail; another, and another. An orderly with a lantern

preceded them, followed by one of the doctors, an old bunched-up man in a muddy uniform, who stopped furtively to take a pinch of snuff. Campton could not believe his eyes; didn't the hospital people know that every bed on that floor was full? Every bed, that is, but the two in George's room; and the nurse had given Campton the hope, the promise almost, that as long as his boy was so ill she would keep those empty. "I'll manage somehow," she had said.

For a mad moment Campton was on the point of throwing himself in the way of the tragic procession, barring the threshold with his arms. "What does this mean?" he stammered to the nurse, who had appeared with a little lamp at the end of the passage.

She gave a shrug. "More casualties—every hospital is like this."

He stood aside, wrathful, impotent. At least if Brant had been there, perhaps by some offer of money—but how, to whom? Of what earthly use, after all, was Brant's boasted "influence"? These people would only laugh at him—perhaps put them both out of the hospital!

He turned despairingly to the nurse. "You might as well have left him in the trenches."

"Don't say that, sir," she answered; and the echo of his own words horrified him like a sacrilege.

Two of the stretchers were carried into George's room. Campton caught a glimpse of George, muttering and tossing; the moonlight lay in the hollows of his bearded face, and again the father had the sense of utter alienation from that dark delirious man who for brief intervals suddenly became his son, and then as suddenly wandered off into strangeness.

The nurse slipped out of the room and signed to him.

"Both nearly gone . . . they won't trouble him long," she whispered.

The man on the third stretcher was carried to a room at the other end of the passage. Campton watched him being lifted in. He was to lie on the floor, then? For in that room there was certainly no vacancy. But presently he had the answer. The bearers did not come out empty-handed; they carried another man and laid him on the empty stretcher.

Lucky, lucky devil; going, no doubt, to a hospital at the rear! As the procession reached the stairs the lantern swung above the lucky devil's face: his eyes stared ceilingward from black orbits. One arm, swinging loose, dangled down, the hand stealthily counting the steps as he descended—and no one troubled, for he was dead.

At dawn Campton, who must have been asleep, started up, again hearing steps. The surgeon? Oh, if this time it were the surgeon! But only Mr. Brant detached himself from the shadows accumulated in the long corridor: Mr. Brant, crumpled and unshorn, with blood-shot eyes, and gloves on his unconscious hands.

Campton glared at him resentfully.

"Well—how about your surgeon? I don't see him!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Brant shook his head despondently. "No—I've been waiting all night in the court. I thought if he came back I should be the first to catch him. But he has just sent his orderly for instruments; he's not coming. There's been terrible fighting—"

Campton saw two tears running down Mr. Brant's face: they did not move him.

Mr. Brant glanced toward George's door, full of the question he dared not put.

The father answered it. "You want to know how he is? Well, how should he be, with that bullet in him, and the fever eating him inch by inch, and two more wounded men in his room? *That's* how he is!" Campton almost shouted.

Mr. Brant was trembling all over.

"Two more men—in his room?" he echoed shrilly.

"Yes—bad cases; dying." Campton drew a deep breath. "You see there are times when your money and your influence and your knowing everybody are no more use than so much sawdust—"

The nurse opened the door and looked out. "You're talking too loudly," she said.

She shut the door, and the two men stood silent, abashed; finally Mr. Brant turned away. "I'll go and try again. There must be other surgeons . . . other ways . . ." he whispered.

"Oh, your surgeons . . . oh, your ways!" Campton sneered after him, in the same whisper.

Are Our Universities Overpopulated?

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching



THE discussions of present-day educational difficulties have taken the form of intimations from one quarter and another that too many young men and women are to-day enrolled in our universities, and that the country would be better off if that attendance were, by some process or other, cut down. College presidents, editors, and other makers of public opinion have tossed this ball from one hand to the other without finding any comfortable resting-place for it.

Before undertaking to judge the present situation with respect to the relation of numbers to the effectiveness of the work done by the universities, it is well to bear in mind a few fundamental conditions that are closely related to the rise of the present difficulties.

We have in this country no universities in the strict sense. Institutions in the United States that bear that name are a mixture of the undergraduate college and the graduate university. In most institutions, even the older ones such as Harvard and Yale, the undergraduate college contains so large a number of students, its activities in athletics, in social affairs, and in other directions are so numerous and engage so much of public attention, that the university activities are, in the public mind at least, overshadowed. Perhaps the greatest exception to this statement is found in the case of Columbia University which has a relatively small undergraduate college, limited extramural activities, and is engaged almost wholly in university work either in the prosecution of graduate studies or in the professional schools of law, of medicine, and of teaching. It is not astonishing, under these circumstances, that the football team of Columbia University is not in the same class with those of Harvard,

Yale, and Princeton, which notwithstanding their age are still predominantly colleges. The process by which this telescoping of college and university came about was a very natural one. When the undergraduate colleges were founded, there was no intention of superimposing a university upon them. They represented, at the time, the highest form of education which American institutions of learning offered.

Forty-six years ago, when Johns Hopkins University was founded, it offered for the first time in the United States a distinctive university programme. The faculty that President Gilman gathered was an extraordinary group of able men. The university addressed itself to scholars. It assumed that the students who came to it had already completed undergraduate courses of study entitling them to enter upon scholarly and professional work. The effect of this example upon American university schools has been far-reaching. The graduate schools of the older universities have, in large measure, arisen out of the example set by Johns Hopkins.

Unfortunately, Johns Hopkins University very soon departed from its original university conception. The desire for undergraduate students, for a college of its own, and for all the things that go with undergraduate life became apparently too strong, and to-day Johns Hopkins, apart from its medical school, has few of the characteristics of a university. It removed to a suburban campus, the activities of the ordinary undergraduate college were expanded, and the university became essentially what other American universities are—a mixture of college and university, with the activities in athletics and other student undergraduate pursuits playing a larger and larger rôle in the life of the institution. To-day, except for its medical school, Johns Hopkins has to a large extent lost the primacy which it once enjoyed.

The stimulus given by the first twenty-five years of the history of Johns Hopkins to graduate studies in American institutions took the form of graduate schools superimposed upon and mingled with the undergraduate college. A few efforts, such as that at Clark University, to meet the distinctive university conception, were made, but in general the pressure for numbers and the desire for a large undergraduate body, the ever-present tendency to conform to the conventional educational scheme, brought it about that few of these efforts assumed significance. The University of Chicago, while maintaining an undergraduate department, has succeeded in creating a university alongside of its undergraduate school, which is but little affected by the extramural activities of the undergraduate college.

In the nearly fifty years, therefore, since the inauguration of Johns Hopkins, the progress of higher education in the United States has resulted in the transformation of our former American colleges into mixed institutions, part college, part university. In most the undergraduate college overshadows the university, in a few the university overshadows the undergraduate college, but in the main the institutions which we are building up under the name of university are incongruous mixtures of the sports and recitations of college boys, and the more serious and scholarly efforts of men and women who are primarily students and candidates for professions. In the public eye, the activities of the undergraduate college subtend a larger angle than those of the graduate and professional schools, and the public in the main conceives of the university in terms of its undergraduate college.

The university part of our mixed institutions consists of a graduate school, devoted to teaching and to research, certain professional schools in law, medicine, engineering, teaching, and, in some institutions, to theology. The graduate schools, apart from the professional schools, have suffered in considerable measure from the fact that they have been attended by a large body of students who are not primarily scholars or investigators. For the last twenty or thirty years every ambitious American college has felt

that it could not maintain fair academic dignity unless its teachers were able to write after their names Ph.D. The graduate schools have been invaded, therefore, during the comparatively short period of their existence by an army of degree-hunters who desired the degree of Doctor of Philosophy as a preliminary to obtaining positions as teachers.

The mingling of college and university has its disadvantages for the undergraduate college no less than for the graduate university to which it is bound. The most serious is the weakening of the college sense of responsibility for good teaching. A false notion of research in the conglomerate institution has gone far to discredit the good teacher and to weaken the appreciation of the fact that the chief duty of the college is to teach.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks the graduate schools and the professional schools that constitute the true university part of our American institutions have steadily grown in scholarly qualities, in facilities for study, and in the application of the fundamental qualities that make for sound scholars and sound investigators. In the orderly process of development, the time will come when the degree-hunters will lessen in numbers and when the graduate and professional schools will represent essentially what the university represents in Europe—a school whose students have already had their undergraduate experience of sports and of class rivalries, as well as their grounding in fundamental subjects, and have now entered upon a life with the primary purpose to bend themselves intelligently and energetically toward study, toward research, toward professional attainment.

Whether the universities can ever become universities in this sense, as long as they are mingled with, and in the public mind overshadowed by, their highly populated undergraduate colleges, with their spectacular contests in athletics and with the manifold activities in which students compete, is a question which cannot be answered at this moment. It is impossible for the wisest man to say to-day whether the conglomerate institution which we call a university will develop gradually into a form under which its undergraduate activities are separated from

its scholarly and professional work, or whether the popular interest in the by-products of undergraduate life will be so great as to keep the university side of the institution in that twilight zone of public interest in which it has hitherto lived. Can a true university, devoted to scholarship, to investigation, to high professional training, be developed out of a conglomerate institution whose undergraduate activities are mainly athletic, social, and competitive?

This is the fundamental question with which one is faced when he undertakes to answer the query as to whether our universities to-day are overpopulated.

It goes without saying that the solution of the question is not going to be found by taking up, as a purely academic question, the determination as to whether the college and the university shall be separated.

The weaknesses of the present arrangement are to be found not only in the enormous overcrowding in these institutions, but also in the cost, both in time and money, of a college and a university education. The student enters one of our undergraduate colleges well past eighteen. He graduates in his twenty-third year. If he expends three or four years more in a professional school, he has, as compared with the professional men of other countries, spent too many years in preparation. The medical candidate, who has perhaps the longest apprenticeship, is often thirty when he begins his practice. It is inexcusable that this situation should exist. Men can be, and ought to be, fitted for their professional work and ought to be embarked upon that work two or three years earlier than this programme provides. A German youth finishes his gymnasium when he is twenty, enters the university, better trained than our men, fully two years earlier, and comes into his profession, not only younger in point of time, but with a certain resilience which is likely to be lost by an excessive period in school. The process by which our pyramid of education has piled the university on top of the undergraduate college is an unjustifiable one and is due in large measure to the fact that the institutions that assumed the name university have been unwilling to let go of

their undergraduate schools and have been slow to make any adjustment by which the standard of college scholarship should be maintained and men could still enter their professions at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five. The combined curriculum is an effort in this direction, but as yet gives but little relief.

It is little less than a national misfortune that the Johns Hopkins University, after having begun the experiment of a true university, did not carry on with it. It would have had fewer students for a time, but it might have helped to solve the most difficult question in the organization of American higher education. There still remains the opportunity for some institution to work out the experiment of a true university, dissociated from the spectacular undergraduate activities.

Having in view this situation and this history, it seems clear that the universities to-day are enrolling in their colleges a larger number of students than they can teach. This is due partly to an artificially stimulated demand for college training, to an overbidding for students, and to the admission of students ill-prepared to avail themselves of the college and university work. For twenty years there has been maintained what amounts to a propaganda in behalf of going to college. The tax-supported institutions have found it desirable from their point of view to have as large a body of students as possible as a basis for their claims for State support, and they have been fully seconded in this position by the endowed institutions which have sought, by the same means, to obtain both support and endowment from the public. Bigness has been the common aim. As a result many young men and young women are seeking college who are ill-prepared to avail themselves of the facilities that the college offers. The colleges themselves, and particularly the tax-supported institutions, have been under such pressure to obtain a large enrolment that the conditions of admission have not only been lowered, but they have been administered with unsatisfactory tests of the character, personality, and fitness, as well as the attainment, of the candidate for admission. Thousands of young people every year en-

ter our colleges and universities who ought to be pointed by the colleges themselves to some other field of training as more appropriate for their endowments and their qualifications.

That this overcrowding has now come to a point where in a large number of institutions the teaching has become enormously diluted cannot be doubted. When an institution is confronted with a freshman class of four thousand, the best it can do under the present organization is to group these into such divisions as seem feasible, under such young teachers as can be caught in the highways and byways, and at the end of the freshman year to ease the problem by dropping from the roll a large proportion of those who were admitted. Indeed, the freshman year has become increasingly, not a year for fruitful training, but a year for elimination of the unfit.

Just how our composite universities and our larger colleges are to deal with this flood is not at the moment apparent. Few of them will have the courage to restrict their numbers to those whom they can teach in a sincere and honest fashion. Most will compromise between the ideal of the best teaching and the avoidance of the worst. A large proportion will struggle, by one means or another, to take all who apply presenting a high-school certificate, and will solve their difficulties by getting rid of a large proportion during the freshman year. At best this whole process is a makeshift which must come to an end in a few years, and the question is a pressing one as to what the universities and colleges are to do in respect to this enormous flood of students now setting toward both tax-supported and endowed universities and colleges. Institutions that are frankly colleges and do not pretend to call themselves universities can regulate their intake with less difficulty. Such institutions have only to apply sensible and fair methods to screen out the unfit and the unready, a process which will bring their student attendance ordinarily within their own ability to serve.

The problem of the great conglomerate universities, whether tax-supported or endowed, is more difficult. They have, for years, cultivated the notion that every

young man and young woman should go to college. They have admitted, for many years, those manifestly unready for their work. How now to introduce standards that will bring this flood within feasible limits is, for such institutions, a difficult process. To deal with it will require courage and discretion. If the army of students, now pressing toward college, represented a genuine thirst for study, a real passion on the part of these thousands of young people for intellectual attainment and study, the situation would be a pathetic one indeed. As a matter of fact, a large proportion are attracted to the college by reasons that have little or nothing to do with scholarly ambition. If the universities and colleges will themselves stop their appeal on this basis, if they will control their intramural activities, particularly in the matter of athletics, within a field where they no longer appeal as an impelling reason for going to college, if they will discontinue the commercial and demoralizing régime of paid coaches and alumni graft, and if they will impose reasonable and fair entrance requirements upon those who actually apply, the mass of applicants can be honestly and fairly dealt with. This is a higher order of institutional sincerity than can be hoped for at once.

There is a phase of the question which must not be forgot. With all the weaknesses of the American college, it still remains true that the college life and that which the youth gets in college is the best entrance society has yet found for its youth into a larger and finer culture and into a loyal and patriotic citizenship. Perhaps this is true because of the fact that, notwithstanding the trivialities of the college life of to-day, and notwithstanding the subordination of matters of great moment to those which are spectacular, it still remains a fact that in college as nowhere else the youth finds himself in contact with an idealism which lifts him out of the commonplace and turns him toward a service of society of which he would otherwise never be capable. We cannot have too many men or too many women in our citizenship who are instinct with this idealism. There cannot be too many students in college so long as they get a taste of this spirit and

an aspiration for this service. The difficulty lies in the fact that to-day many students are being drawn into the college who have neither the moral character nor the preparation to avail themselves of the opportunities the college ought to offer, who are attracted by certain other phases of college life less desirable and more demoralizing, and who are not touched by this spirit.

If, therefore, we are to do the best, both by our youth and by our institutions themselves, it is clear that something like the following must be done.

The colleges must themselves enforce standards of admission that are fair, reasonable, intelligently administered, and that will exclude the unfit by other means than the sacrifice of the freshman year.

Secondly, it is not too much to ask that these combinations of university and college should deliberately go to work to reduce their athletic activities to the point where they will figure in the public eye and in the eyes of the students less prominently as the reason why students should go to college.

In the third place, there must be made a more intelligent effort to point the student who is unfitted for college to some other vocation in which he may obtain both usefulness and happiness.

All of these things are, in a sense, palliatives. It may well be that in the long run we shall find it necessary, in order to take care of those who ought to go to college, to have more institutions and to provide larger facilities in proportion to population; and it is within the bounds of possibility that we may find it

necessary to separate the undergraduate college from the graduate and professional university school. At one time the expense of this proposal seemed to put it out of the question; but as our American universities have developed, one may well question whether we are not paying a much higher price to keep our undergraduate colleges and our graduate universities in one organization than we should pay if we separated them and made clear the distinction. If this separation shall come it ought to be accompanied by a rearrangement of our elementary, secondary, and college education in such fashion that the student should be fitted to enter the university by his twentieth year. I am of the opinion that a university to-day that admitted to its graduate and professional schools men of twenty who were properly prepared, and many such could be found, would set an example that might have a most wholesome effect on the development of the next thirty years. This question of the relation of the university and the college has to be worked out so as to save two years of the student's time and to cut down the present enormous cost to society of maintaining our existing régime. Perhaps the first step toward such a reorganization of our higher education will be found in the success of a university that dropped its undergraduate school, admitted students at twenty who proved themselves well ready to enter, and graduated them into their scholarly and professional life at an age when they still had the full resiliency of young manhood and of young womanhood.

Thanksgiving

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

If God had willed, He could have made me meeker;

But God, my God, Who orders all things well,

Said: "You shall be a rebel and a seeker."

And, God be praised! I seek and I rebel.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

IX.—END OF STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DRAWING



CONFESS that when I first arrived in Berlin I brought with me old prejudices, which were annoying, to say the least. The Teutonism in Prague, when I was a school boy there, had made lasting impressions upon my young mind; they were with me when I landed at Castle Garden. Early impressions are very persistent and cannot be obliterated by time alone. Christian's father, the innkeeper of West Street, and his friends, the hardy Friesland sailors who taught me how to handle the paint-brush, drew me closer to the German heart, and I found it much less grasping than I thought it was. But the Frieslander of those days had no great love for the Prussian. Bilharz, the idealist of Cortlandt Street, gave me a more intimate knowledge of the German temper, and helped much to dispel many of my early prejudices. But Bilharz displayed decided dislike for the Prussians. The few German friends whom I had during my "greenhorn" days were southern Germans, and they did not appear to be very friendly to the idea of a united Germany under Prussian hegemony. These early experiences encouraged me in the belief that the Prussians were probably responsible for the Teutonism which I disliked. This belief was strengthened by Bismarck's anti-Russian and anti-Serbian, but strongly pro-Austrian policy at the treaty of Berlin in 1878. He protested, I knew, that he would not sacrifice the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier for all the Balkans; but I did not believe him. Hence the uncomfortable feeling of being in an enemy country when I first came to and settled down in Berlin.

The Teutonism of Prague, more than anything else, was responsible for it. Racial antipathy is one of the saddest of psychic derangements; and, although it is a repulsive product of modern nationalism, the world does less than nothing to get rid of its insidious poisons. European civilization is being destroyed by it. I suffered from its evil effects during the early days of my life in Berlin. Helmholtz, Koenig, and all the officers in the Physical Institute showed me every kindness and consideration, and that prevented me from turning around and speeding back to Cambridge as soon as the first breath of the atmosphere of Berlin gave me an acute attack of anti-Teutonism. My German landlady and her friends, as well as the German students I met in the lecture-rooms, struck no responsive chord in my heart, because it was out of tune with my surroundings. I remained a stranger in a cold, strange land. A young Scotch friend of mine, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, appeared on the scene, some time after I had become settled in Berlin. He kept his promise, given me at Arran, to join me in Berlin. He stayed at the university for one semester only and heard lectures on Roman law. He looked like a northern Apollo: tall and erect, the pink of youth radiating from his handsome face, and the locks of purest gold adorning a lofty brow, which made you believe that you were looking at a young Sir Walter Scott. His deep-blue eyes knew of no suspicions, and his heart had never been touched by the poison of racial antipathy. He loved the world and the world loved him. His knowledge of German was very poor, and yet everybody loved to talk to him. Even the stern Schutzman (policeman), stirred up

to white heat by too noisy a rendering of American and Scotch college songs in the slumbering streets of Berlin, was as gentle as a dove when the blue-eyed young Scot stood in front of him and greeted him with a honey-hearted smile. My landlady, quite an aged person, as well as her young boarders, begged me to bring him to dinner as often as possible. "Yes, do bring him," said a sarcastic young *fräulein*; "you look quite human and almost handsome when he is around." There was much truth in what she said; the poison of racial antipathy did not operate in me when he was present. He made friends on every side among the German students, and when I saw how he warmed up to them and how they warmed up to him I began to thaw out myself. Helmholtz and dear little Koenig were the first persons in Berlin who helped me to forget that Europe was made up of different races who lived in eternal suspicion of each other. After that, following the example of my Scotch friend, I began to rid myself of the poisonous infection which I received from the Teutonism in Prague; but it was a slow process. Helmholtz's address on Faraday was so warm and so generous to Faraday as well as to Maxwell, and so wonderfully just, that I began to question the justice of my anti-Teutonic prejudices.

The two volumes of Helmholtz's addresses and public speeches which I enjoyed so much during that summer in my mother's vineyard made me almost repentant. My mother knew of my anti-Teutonic sentiments and never approved of them. One day we drove to visit my younger sister, who lived about fifteen miles from Idvor. On the way we passed through a large village, Echka, having a mixed population of German, Roumanian, and Serb peasants. There was a striking contrast in the appearance of the houses, of the people, and of their methods of moving about in the pursuit of their daily work. The German peasants were far ahead of the Roumanians as well as of the Serbs. My mother called my attention to it, but I made no comment. Presently we passed the stately Roman Catholic church of the village, which looked like a cathedral. It was built, I was told, by the German peasants of

Echka, and my mother told me that it was crowded on Sundays and holidays, and that the priest was a very learned and a very good man. When we passed the Orthodox church, which was quite small and insignificant-looking, my mother said: "Would you not feel ashamed if St. Sava came down to earth again and after seeing that splendid German church looked at this hut which is called the Orthodox church? But small as it is you will never find it filled except at some weddings or at memorial services for some departed rich person, when people expect much feasting."

Again I made no comment, because I was opposed to "alien intruders" myself, as some people called the German colonists; and my mother looked disappointed. Just then we saw two peasant girls carrying river water in shining copper vessels. These vessels were suspended at the ends of a long flexible staff which was nicely balanced on the shoulder of each young carrier, so that one vessel was in front and one behind her. The first girl was a blonde with slippers on her feet; a simple blue dress covered her youthful figure and displayed the successive phases of her rhythmical movement. It was synchronized with the swinging motion of the bright copper vessels, which moved up and down like a double pendulum, bending the flexible shaft around its point of support on the shoulder of the fair carrier. The copper vessels, although filled to the brim, did not spill a single drop of water; the perfect adjustment of the swinging motion of the carrier to that of the swinging shaft produced this admirable result. The girl, the staff, and the shining vessels stood in a beautiful harmonic relation to each other. They reminded one of the harmonics in a sweet musical chord. It was a beautiful sight, and I said so. My mother, noticing my sudden burst of enthusiasm, sounded a warning. "She is a German girl," she said, "and she certainly is lovely. Her heart and soul are in her job. But if you find one like her in Berlin, remember your promise; you must marry an American girl if you wish to remain an American, which I know you do."

She evidently had become a little alarmed at the thought that her praises

of the Germans might cause my sentiments to swing too far the other way. The second water-carrier was a barefooted and gaudy-looking lassie, who stepped along any old way and marked her track with frequent splashes of water from the copper vessels. "She is a wild Roumanian," exclaimed my mother; "she can dance like a vila, but she hates her job of carrying water. You will never find one like her in Berlin. The Germans have no use for people who do not love their daily duties." My mother was a great admirer of the thrifty and industrious German colonists in Banat, whom she always recommended as models to the peasants of Idvor. When she heard my praises of Helmholtz and my confession of racial antipathy to the Germans she put up many powerful arguments which were most convincing. They had a wonderful effect.

When I returned to Berlin from Idvor things looked more inviting, and my landlady remarked that I looked much more cheerful than I did a year before, when I arrived from Scotland. In another year, she suggested jokingly, I might look as cheerful as a real Prussian, particularly if I should succumb to the charms of a Prussian beauty. Remembering the promise that I had given to my mother about marrying an American girl, I said to my landlady: "Never! I have already pledged my word to one who is nearer to my heart than any Prussian beauty could ever be." "Ach, Herr Pupin, you have changed most wonderfully," exclaimed the landlady, and then she added in a whisper: "Just think of it! To get a confession on the first day of your return which I could not get before in nearly a year! I understand now why you were always so distant to the young ladies in my pensionat." But the change of feeling, speeded up by my mother, and noticed by my landlady, was speeded up almost as effectively by another Serb.

A Bosnian Serb with the name of Nikola had a fine cigarette shop on Unter den Linden, the principal avenue of Berlin. It was within a stone's throw from the Imperial palace, and the highest aristocracy of Berlin patronized it. He was a rough diamond, and would stand no nonsense from any prince or count. If they

found fault with his famous Turkish cigarettes he did not hesitate to tell them to buy them somewhere else. But he prospered, he said, because these German aristocrats never resented straight talk from man to man. He laughed at me, when I mentioned to him my suspicions and antipathies, and begged me to pass with him, from time to time, an hour or so in his store, and watch his German customers. I did and profited much. The Prussian aristocrats had no racial antipathy against a Serb, if their apparently genuine affection for Nikola had any meaning. Nikola never left them in any doubt as to his pride of being a Serb.

Half-way between Nikola's store and the Imperial palace was an old chop-house, called Habel, dating from the time of Frederick the Great. Frederick's generals always stopped there for a glass of wine, when they returned from an audience with the king. The custom persisted and was still in existence when I was a student in Berlin. Nikola often invited me to early luncheon at this chop-house, and there we saw the great generals and marshals of the German Empire, sitting around a long and separate table and taking a glass of wine after returning from the Imperial palace, from their daily audience with old Emperor William. It was a wonderful sight; those tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, brainy, and serious-minded Teuton warriors inspired tremendous respect. Nikola assured me that he knew many of them personally, they being his customers, and that as human beings they were as gentle as doves. "Many a time I called them down when they joked about my cigarettes, and they submitted without a murmur. Do you call that arrogance?" asked Nikola, throwing out his chest and trying to look as stern and as imposing as any of the generals present.

Once he took me to an avenue where Moltke used to walk and showed me the great field-marshal, who was then eighty-six years old, but still as straight as an arrow. "Did you ever see a more modest and thoughtful or a more spiritual-looking man anywhere?" asked Nikola, and I confessed that I had not. "Then stop your talk about Prussian pride!" exclaimed Nikola. On another occasion we

walked to the park and he showed me Bismarck, riding on horseback, a friend and an adjutant accompanying him. Nikola saluted him and so did I, and Bismarck saluted back graciously. "Does he look like a brute, or like a fool who would try to convert by force all the Slavs into Germans?" asked Nikola, poking fun at my anti-Teutonic suspicions. "No," said I, "I do not think he does; in fact, I think he looks very much like Helmholtz, except that there is much less spirituality in his face than in that of the great scientist." "Helmholtz!" exclaimed Nikola, "even he would lose his saintly expression, if he had to carry the load of the whole empire upon his shoulders; the socialists on the top of his load pushing it one way, and the clericals at the bottom pushing it the other way."

Nikola was born in Bosnia when the Turks ruled supreme, and hence he was not much of a scholar; but he was a careful listener, and always thought through his own head; his judgment was remarkable, I thought. He knew who's who and what's what in Berlin better than many a foreign diplomat there. He used to joke about it, saying that his knowledge was expected of him, because he was the next-door neighbor of the great Kaiser. The Serbs of Banat did not seriously dislike the German colonists there, nor did the colonists dislike them, and they delighted in speaking the Serb language. They called each other "comshiya," neighbor. The Serbs, in general, use this word when they refer to a German in a friendly way. Nikola always referred to the great Kaiser as his "comshiya"; many of his customers knew that and enjoyed it hugely. They returned the compliment and often addressed Nikola with the Serbian word "comshiya." "Come and see my comshiya," said he one day to me, and there I stood for the first time in front of the Imperial palace and waited for the old emperor to show himself at the window. He did that almost every day about noon-time when the guards marched by on their daily parade. Presenting arms and looking straight at the old emperor, they marched by like a single body animated by a single heart and a single soul, and they spanked the ground with their vig-

orous goose-step, the rhythmic strokes of which could be heard quite a distance away through the ringing cheers of the enthusiastic crowd. "Do you know what that means?" asked Nikola. I answered "No," and he said: "It means that every German looks up to his fatherland for orders, and the perfect rhythm of that goose-step means that every German will obey these orders and finish on time any job for the good of the fatherland that may be assigned to him. It is the symbol of German unity." That was Nikola's unique interpretation; I never heard anybody else interpret it that way. But Nikola had a lively imagination and he evidently wished me to get a favorable interpretation of everything the Germans did.

Between my young Scotch friend, my mother, Nikola, and my professors in the Physical Institute, I soon forgot the unpleasant memories of the Teutonism in Prague, and Berlin no longer looked to me like a Thraenenthal, a valley of tears, as my old friend Bilharz in Cortlandt Street would have called it. I soon found myself enjoying warm personal friendships of German fellow students and of the professors, and it was a very fortunate thing; it was providential. Nothing but the love of God and the friendship of man can give that spiritual power which one needs in moments of great sorrow. One day in the beginning of winter, of that year, a letter arrived from my sister, telling me that my saintly mother was no longer among the living. I vowed on that day that her blessed memory should be perpetuated as far as an humble mortal like myself could do it. Twenty-seven years later the Serbian Academy of Sciences announced that the income of a foundation in memory of Olympiada Pupin would be expended annually to assist a goodly number of poor schoolboys in Old Serbia and Macedonia.

The vanishing of a life which is an essential part of one's own life produces a mysterious shift of the direction of one's mental and spiritual vision. Instead of searching for light which will illuminate the meaning of things in the external physical world, as the vision of young people usually does, it begins to search for light which will illuminate the meaning of what is going on in the internal world,

the spiritual world of our soul. The question "What is light?" was no longer the most important question of my thoughts after my mother's death. The question "What is life?" dominated for a long time my thoughts and feelings. I became introspective, and, being a somewhat temperamental person, like most Slavs, I might have lost my way forever in the labyrinth of all sorts of metaphysical structures of my own creation. Providence came to my rescue. Two American students with aspirations in science similar to mine joined the Physical Institute. One of them, a Harvard graduate, Arthur Gordon Webster, is now the very distinguished professor of physics at Clark University; the other, a Johns Hopkins man, Joseph Sweetman Ames, is now the director of the physical laboratory at Johns Hopkins and a worthy successor to the famous Henry Augustus Rowland. Their truly American enthusiasm and directness prevented me from relapsing into the drowsy indefiniteness, sometimes called idealism, of a temperamental and sentimental Slav. They told me many wonderful tales of the higher endeavor in science at Harvard and at Johns Hopkins. The new Ryerson physical laboratory at Harvard was a wonder, according to Webster; and Ames never grew weary of extolling the beauties of Rowland's wonderful researches in solar spectra, and I never grew weary of listening to them. At times, however, I wondered why these two men had ever come to Helmholtz when they were so well off at home. Ames wondered, too, and he returned to Rowland at the end of the year; but Webster stayed, although in my presence he never admitted unreservedly that the Physical Institute in Berlin was very much better than anything they had at Harvard. Webster's and Ames's testimony convinced me that the great movement in the United States for higher endeavor in science was making rapid progress, and I longed to finish up my studies in Berlin and return to the United States. After my mother's death Europe attracted me much less.

A new physical science was attracting much attention in Germany at that time, the science of physical chemistry. Helm-

holtz was very much interested in it. I had read his latest papers on the subject and they reminded me of what I had seen in Maxwell's book on heat about Willard Gibbs of Yale. I soon discovered that the alleged German fathers of the new science were anticipated by Gibbs by at least ten years. Remembering the charge of De Tocqueville that the American democracy had never done anything for abstract science I made a careful note of my find. It was a clean-cut little discovery, I thought, and Helmholtz admitted it. He suggested even that I might find material in it for a research, leading to a doctor dissertation. I embraced the suggestion and started an experimental research, at the same time studying the theories of Gibbs, Helmholtz, and other authorities, mostly German, on physical chemistry. The more one penetrates the depths of any problem the more he yields to the belief that this problem is the most important problem in the world. This happened to me; and the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory was shelved, temporarily, on account of my interest in physical chemistry, and particularly on account of the prospect of finding there a doctor dissertation which I finally did.

At the end of the first semester and at Webster's suggestion he and I, in the spring of 1887, went to Paris for a short visit. We wished to see what physical science was doing at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France, and to compare the academic world of Paris with that of Berlin. We stayed there three weeks and learned quite a number of novel and interesting things. The architectural beauties of Paris as well as its art galleries and museums made a profound impression upon me. As a record of a magnificent old civilization Paris, I thought, was incomparably ahead of Berlin. The spirit of Laplace, Lagrange, Fourier, Ampère, Arago, Fresnel, Foucault, and Fizeau was very much alive in the ancient halls of the Sorbonne and of the Collège de France. The background of a former glorious period of physical science in France was much more impressive in Paris than the corresponding background in Berlin. But for every one of the great savants in physical and mathematical sciences, who were active in Paris at the time of my

visit, like Poincaré, Hermite, Darboux, Appell, Lippmann, one could name several in Berlin. And there was nobody in Paris who, in my opinion, could measure up to Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, and DuBois Reymond. There was no statesman there of Bismarck's caliber, and no general like Moltke. I saw no warriors who looked like the magnificent fellows whom Nikola first exhibited to me at the long table in Habel's. General Boulanger was very much in the limelight. I saw him at a great official reception, and I would have felt very sorry if the destiny of France had been intrusted to him. The physical and chemical laboratories were rather poorly equipped and compared unfavorably with the corresponding laboratories in Berlin. The draped statues in the Place de la Concorde, testifying to France's grief for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, completed the picture of Paris in my mind, which was anything but cheerful. France, I thought, had not yet recovered completely from her wounds of 1870-1871, and I felt sorry. Two years earlier I passed through Paris on my way from Pornic to Idvor and carried away a much more cheerful picture. But at that time my observations, covering barely two days, did not see much, and besides, I did not know Berlin at that time and could make no comparisons. If Paris reflected the spirit of France and Berlin that of Germany, then France, I thought, was a falcon with broken wings and Germany was a young eagle that had just discovered the wonderful power of its pinions. The wonderful intellectual and physical vigor of the new empire impressed powerfully every foreign student at the University of Berlin when I was a student there. This gave me much food for thought and I searched for explanations.

There was one explanation which always appealed to me much on account of its simplicity. I heard it from a very learned German. This was his story: The German iron always contained phosphorus; including also the great deposits of iron which the Germans had found in Alsace-Lorraine. The only good iron that Germany had prior to 1880 was that in the Iron Chancellor. Hence, Germany could not build up a steel industry and

without it no great industrial development is possible in any country. A miracle happened; a young Englishman, a clerk in a London police court, made a discovery which was destined to give Germany its great steel industry. This was Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, who discovered the so-called "basic Bessemer" process. It made iron containing phosphorus easily available for the manufacture of iron and steel products. This started the modern steel industry of Germany in the early eighties. Many a street in the towns of the German steel districts was named in honor of Gilchrist Thomas. "This," said my informant, "is the power which, as you express it, the young German eagle has discovered in its pinions." I suspected that the object of his story might have been to discourage an opinion on my part that the remarkable vigor of Germany was derived from the weakness of France. Hence I looked up the data of his story, but I found them correct. Years ago I told this story to the late Andrew Carnegie, and he agreed with my German informant. To-day I am convinced that neither the great works of Krupp, nor the great German navy, nor many other things which happened since my Berlin days, would have been possible without the start which was made with the aid of Gilchrist Thomas.

Another remarkable assertion from the same informant made a lasting impression. According to him, united Germany would not have endured very long, if it had not been for the rapid rise of the German steel industry and of other German industries which followed in its wake. The organization of Germany as an economic unit secured the organization of Germany as a political unit. He summed it up by saying that Bismarck and Moltke had raised the structure of the German Empire, but that Gilchrist Thomas had built a steel ring around it which prevented it from falling to pieces. He added then a corollary to this startling statement, and I repeat it here in the form of a question. If the scientific research of a young clerk in a London police court, who studied chemistry in a London evening school, could do so much for Germany, how much can one reasonably ex-

pect from the great research laboratories of the German universities and technical schools? This, according to my informant, had become a national question in Germany. This information reminded me that the great movement in Great

of talents in abstract science and engineering. Men of that type were quite rare in those days, and they are very rare even today. I heard a great deal about him in a course of lectures on electrical engineering which I attended at the Polytechnic



Werner von Siemens.

1816-1892.

Britain and in the United States for higher scientific research was also present in Germany, but in a much more advanced form. My informant called my attention to Werner von Siemens's pioneer work in this German movement.

Ernest Werner von Siemens was at that time, next to Helmholtz, the most admired scientist in the German Empire. He was the head of a great electrical plant in the heart of Berlin, and was known everywhere to possess a splendid combination

School of Berlin. I saw him several times, when he called at the Physical Institute on his friend and relative by marriage, Excellenz von Helmholtz. His remarkable appearance made a strong impression upon me, and I longed to see his great plant, where all kinds of electrical things were made, from the finest electrical precision instruments to the largest types of dynamos and motors, many of them his own inventions. As a sign of special favor Helmholtz gave me a note of introduction

to his distinguished friend, who received me graciously and gave me to an official who took me around the great electrical plant, the first that I had ever seen. The impression which it made upon my mind was certainly wonderful, but not more wonderful than the impression which the great personality of Siemens made upon me. The more I learned about him the more I became convinced that no industrial organization ever had a presiding genius of greater attainments than Siemens. His attitude toward abstract science and its relation to the industries is best described by mentioning here a fact which is of great significance in the history of physical science. He founded in that year, 1887, the great Physical-Technical Institute, and presented it to the German nation; Helmholtz was its first president. The modern science of radiation rests upon a foundation first laid by Kirchhoff and greatly strengthened by additional experimental data obtained in this institute under the guidance of Helmholtz. Planck, the successor of Kirchhoff at the University of Berlin, already in office before I left Berlin, was undoubtedly inspired by these experiments when he formulated his great law of radiation which forms to-day the last word in the science of radiation, a great science which justly bears the mark "made in Germany," just as the electromagnetic theory bears the mark "made in England." The Physical-Technical Institute will always stand as a memorial to the man who preached in Germany the doctrine of the closest co-operation between abstract science and the industries. Germany adopted it first; the United States adopted it many years later. Helmholtz and Siemens always represented to me the highest symbol of this co-operation.

Bismarck and Moltke, Helmholtz and Siemens, were the great power which the young German eagle had discovered in his pinions, and he flew as he had never flown before, and his flight astonished me when I was a student in Berlin. He who wants to know the real Germany of the eighties should study the lives of Bismarck and Moltke, of Helmholtz and Siemens. They, I firmly believed at that time, were the leaders of the German con-

structive thought and action; they were the fathers of united Germany just as Washington and Hamilton, Franklin and Jefferson, were the fathers of this country. But would the spiritual influence of the fathers of united Germany produce a German Lincoln? I knew the historical background of the Declaration of Independence and also its historical foreground too well to answer this question in the affirmative. Extraordinary men can do extraordinary things, but the course of a nation's destiny will always be guided not by transient efforts of one or even of several extraordinary men of a given period but by the persistent power of the nation's traditions.

My visit to Paris was to supply me with more knowledge of the academic world of France, and also with some fresh food for thought relating to my problem in physical chemistry, and it did in a measure. But the current of thought which was started by some of the strongest mental stimuli which I received in Paris had nothing to do with either physical chemistry or with academic France; it ran into German channels which I described above. These were the channels which ran through the minds of most university men in Germany, and in these channels every problem in art, science, and literature was viewed at that time from the standpoint of German economic and political unity. My German scientific friends, particularly those in eastern Prussia, where I spent the summer vacation of 1887, would rather discuss those problems than the problems in physical chemistry or in the electromagnetic theory. It took me some time after my return from Paris to get back completely to my research in physical chemistry. But no sooner had I gone back to it than the irresistible power of the current of big events, following each other in quick succession, took me away from it again. I shall describe them in their historical order, but only in so far as they are related to the main thread of my narrative.

One of the many sources of inspiration at the University of Berlin was the Physical Society which met once a month at the Physical Institute. The research students of the institute were admitted

to these meetings, and one can imagine what an inspiration it was to them to see and to hear the scientists like Kirchhoff, the great mathematical physicist, Du-Bois Reymond, the great physiologist, Hoffman, the great chemist, and Helmholtz, the greatest of them all. I often imagined while attending these meetings and listening to the learned remarks of these scientific giants, that I was a lucky mortal who by some strange accident had found himself suddenly among the great heroes in Walhalla. Helmholtz usually presided, and his impressive physiognomy suggested a Wotan presiding at a gathering of the Teuton gods in Walhalla. Whenever I hear Wagner's Walhalla motif I am reminded of those memorable

scenes in the Physical Institute in Berlin, the scenes of victory of the immortal mind of man over mortal matter.

At one of those meetings, which took place toward the end of 1887, many scientific giants of the university were



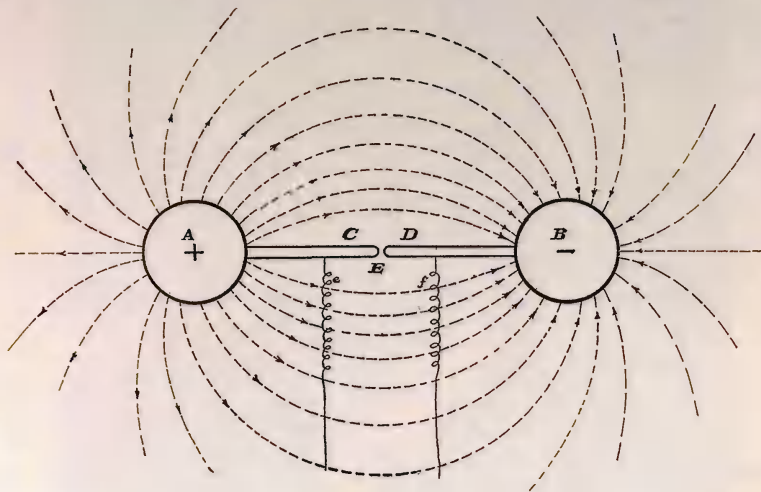
Heinrich Hertz.
1857-1884.

holtz, the greatest of them all. I often imagined while attending these meetings and listening to the learned remarks of these scientific giants, that I was a lucky mortal who by some strange accident had found himself suddenly among the great heroes in Walhalla. Helmholtz usually presided, and his impressive physiognomy suggested a Wotan presiding at a gathering of the Teuton gods in Walhalla. Whenever I hear Wagner's Walhalla motif I am reminded of those memorable

present and Helmholtz presided. There was an atmosphere of expectancy as if something unusual was going to happen. Helmholtz rose and looked more solemn than ever, but I noticed a light of triumph in his eyes; he looked like a Wotan gazing upon the completed form of heavenly Walhalla, and I felt intuitively that he was about to disclose an unusual announcement, and he did. Referring to Doctor Heinrich Hertz, a former pupil of his and at that time professor of physics

at the Technical High School in Karlsruhe, Helmholtz solemnly announced that he would describe some remarkable experimental results which Hertz had obtained by means of very rapid electrical oscillations. He then described in his inimitable way a preliminary report which Hertz had sent him, pointing out, in a most lucid manner, the bearing of these experiments upon the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, and

netic theory can be described in very simple terms. The wonderful achievements of radio broadcasting alone, to say nothing of other much more important achievements, demand this description. That idea, like the tiny seed hidden in a beautiful flower, lay hidden in Faraday's visions and in Maxwell's wonderful, but, to most ordinary mortals, enigmatic interpretation of them. Hertz, guided by his great teacher, Helmholtz, caught the



The Hertzian Oscillator.

affirming that these experiments furnished a complete experimental verification of that remarkable theory. Everybody present was thrilled, particularly when Helmholtz closed with a eulogy of his beloved pupil, Hertz, and with a congratulation to German science upon the good fortune of adding another "beautiful leaf to its laurel wreath." That thrill soon reached the physicists in every physical laboratory in the world, and for a number of years after that memorable announcement most investigators in physics were busy repeating the beautiful Hertzian experiments. The radio of today is an offshoot of those experiments.

This is no place to go into a detailed description of what Hertz did. The fundamental idea underlying his beautiful research and its relation to the Faraday-Maxwell far-reaching electromag-

netic theory can be described in very simple terms. The wonderful achievements of radio broadcasting alone, to say nothing of other much more important achievements, demand this description. That idea, like the tiny seed hidden in a beautiful flower, lay hidden in Faraday's visions and in Maxwell's wonderful, but, to most ordinary mortals, enigmatic interpretation of them. Hertz, guided by his great teacher, Helmholtz, caught the hidden seed and out of it grew a physical embodiment of the Faraday-Maxwell theory, represented by ideally simple apparatus, operating in an ideally simple way. The apparatus and its operation are now the heart and soul of a new art, the radio art, a beautiful daughter of the beautiful mother, the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic science. The following description of Hertz's apparatus and of its operation was the theme of popular lectures and of many conversations which I had with my friends who were not physicists by profession. It represents quite closely the simple picture which I carried away in my mind from that memorable meeting of the Berlin Physical Society thirty-six years ago.

Two equal metal spheres *A* and *B*, each twelve inches in diameter, and each carrying copper rods *C* and *D*, are placed as indicated in the diagram

given on page 570. At E is an opening of about three-tenths of an inch in length, the so-called *air-gap*. By means of two wires e and f connected to an electrical machine, the spheres are charged, one receiving a positive electrical charge denoted by the (+) sign, and the other a negative one, denoted by the (-) sign. The air-gap E insulates one sphere from the other, and its function is to make it possible for the electrical machine to increase the two charges until a very high electrical tension is reached. When the electrical tension between the two charges, acting through the air-gap E , is sufficiently high, then the insulating power of the air-gap is overstrained and suddenly it breaks down and becomes conductive and permits the two charges to rush toward each other. The conductivity of the air-gap suspends the action of the charging machine. A current passes then between the two spheres along the rods and through the air-gap E which is heated by the current to white heat. It becomes then a very good conductor and permits the charges to pass through it easily. The collapse of the air-gap is reported by the sharp crack of the electrical spark which is due to the very sudden heating and expansion of the air in the air-gap produced by the passage of the electrical current. It is a miniature lightning. The two charges reunite, the spheres are discharged, and after that the air-gap E recovers quickly from its breakdown and becomes an insulator again. The process is then repeated by the action of the machine and a rapid succession of sparks can be maintained, each one of them announcing by the crack of the spark the reunion of the charges that had been pulled apart and forced to the surfaces A and B by the action of the electrical generator.

All this was known long before Hertz. The first experiment of this kind I saw in Panchevo in my boyhood days, when my Slovenian teacher Kos explained to me the theory of lightning according to the views of Benjamin Franklin, a theory which clashed with the St. Elijah legend of Idvor and nearly proved me guilty of heresy. But there was something in these electrical discharges that Benjamin Franklin did not know, and that knowledge was first suggested by another great American scientist, a greater scientist even than Benjamin Franklin was in his day.

As far back as 1842 our own Joseph Henry performed experiments similar to those performed by Hertz, and he inferred, prophetically, that the discharge was oscillatory. Nobody ever suggested this idea before, but Henry's experiments permitted such an inference. Its oscillatory character was then demonstrated mathematically in 1853 by Professor William Thomson of Glasgow, and his calculation was proved to be correct by many experimental tests covering a period

of over twenty-five years, and thus the electrical oscillator, similar to the one employed by Hertz, became a well-known apparatus.

What, then, was the novel element in the Hertzian work? It was, broadly speaking, his demonstration that the space surrounding the oscillator (the spheres with their rods) participates in the electrical oscillations in perfect agreement with the Faraday-Maxwell theory; a participation which was foreign to all previous electrical theories. In other words, he detected in the old electrical-oscillation experiments a new action, never detected nor even dreamed of before. He discovered the electrical waves in the space outside of the oscillator. Remembering the impression which Helmholtz's lecture on Faraday made upon my mind, I was certain at that time that nobody in Continental Europe but one of Helmholtz's pupils like Hertz could have predicted that there was in these well-known electrical oscillations a new action, an action demanded by the Faraday-Maxwell theory. A simple analogy will, I trust, help much to illustrate the new action which Hertz expected when he started out to search for an experimental test of the modern electromagnetic theory. No scientific expedition ever started out in search of scientific treasures and returned with a richer load.

Here is the analogy:

If by the force of our fingers we deflect the ends of the prongs of a tuning-fork and then let go, the prongs will return to their normal position after performing a number of vibrations of gradually diminishing amplitude. The state of rest is reached when the energy of bending, produced by the work of our fingers, has been expended, partly in overcoming the internal friction in the tuning-fork, partly in overcoming the reactions of the surrounding medium, the air; this last effect results in sound-waves which are radiated off into space. The stiffness and the mass of the prongs of the fork determine the period of vibration, that is, the pitch of the fork.

I confess that in the course of my life since my Berlin days I afforded considerable amusement to my friends whenever I tried to explain to them the Hertzian experiments by appealing to what I considered a well-known action of the tuning-fork. Some of them objected on the ground that this action is just as difficult to understand as the action of the Hertzian oscillator. I met this objection by describing to them the action of the reed in Serbian bagpipes which I watched when I was a boy, and understood sufficiently well to

recognize later in the action of the tuning-fork a performance similar to that of the reed in the Serbian bagpipes. I understood the tuning-fork because I understood the reed. An educated American, I claimed, should find no difficulty in understanding the action of a simple mechanism which an uneducated Serbian peasant boy understood.

The Hertzian electrical oscillator, described above, acts like the tuning-fork. The process of pulling apart the two charges, the positive from the negative, and of forcing them to the surface of the spheres by the action of the electrical machine, is a parallel to the process of deflecting by the pressure of our fingers the prongs of the tuning-fork from their normal position. In one case the tuning-fork by its elastic stiffness reacts against the bending of the prongs. In the electrical case the electrical lines of force in the space surrounding the oscillator react against the action of the machine which crowds them into this space by stretching and compressing them. This is the picture of the action of the lines of force which Faraday gave me on the island of Arran, but I did not understand it. In the picture the dotted curves are the Faraday lines of force and the arrow-heads indicate the direction of the electrical force. The Hertzian oscillator, and what Helmholtz had told me before, made Faraday's language and thoughts much more intelligible. The work done by the machine is all expended upon the stretching and compressing of the lines of force into the space outside of the spheres, that is, upon the *electrification of that space*.

Compare now the motion of the tuning-fork, after the pressure of the fingers has been removed, to the electrical motion when the air-gap has broken down and the action of the electrical generator been suspended. The prongs are driven back to their normal position by the elastic reaction due to the bending; but when they reach that position they are moving with a certain velocity, and their momentum carries them beyond that position; they move on until the energy of the moving mass has been expended in the work of bending the prongs in the direction opposite to that of the original bending. The prongs begin then to move back in the opposite direction, starting the second cycle of motion. The same line of reasoning will carry us into the third and fourth and every succeeding cycle of motion. It is obvious that these cycles will follow each other during equal intervals of time, which gives a definite pitch to the tuning-fork. A periodic motion of this type is called an oscillation or vibration; and it is clear that it is a periodic transformation of the energy of elastic bending into energy of motion of the mass of the prongs including the surrounding air, and vice versa. The motion is finally reduced to rest when the energy of bending, produced at the start by the work of the fingers, has been used up. The question, what has become of that energy? is very important in this connection. The answer is: It is used up partly in overcoming internal friction and *partly in overcoming the reactions of the surrounding air, which result in sound-waves*. A sound-wave is a short name describing the physical fact that in the air there are compressions and dilatations

alternating at periodically recurring intervals. The production of sound-waves in the air is a proof that the air in the space surrounding the tuning-fork participates in the motions of the tuning-fork.

A perfectly analogous experiment was performed by Hertz with his electrical oscillator, and his principal object was to find whether the electrical field, that is, the electrified space surrounding the oscillator, reacted as did the air driven by the vibrating tuning-fork; if it did it would develop electrical waves. If these electrical waves actually existed, what did Hertz expect them to be? In the description of the oscillator and of its action, given above, two things only were mentioned: the action of the electrical machine which charges the oscillator and the reaction of the lines of force against the tensions and pressures which crowd them into the surrounding space. The electrical waves can, therefore, be nothing else than periodic variations of the tensions and pressures in the lines of force, that is to say, periodic variations in the density of the lines of force in the space surrounding the oscillator. This was what Hertz had found.

The breakdown of the air-gap in the electrical oscillator and the consequent suspension of the action of the electrical generator is analogous to the removing of the pressure of the fingers from the prongs of the tuning-fork. The electrical charges on the spheres with the lines of force attached to them, strained by tensions and compressions, are released, and they move toward each other through the conducting air-gap. Just as the prongs of the tuning-fork, after the pressure of the fingers has been removed, cannot remain in the strained position in which they have been bent, so the electrical lines of force, after the insulating air-gap has broken down and the action of the machine been suspended, cannot remain in the position to which they are stretched; they contract, and hence their positive terminals on one sphere and the negative on the other move toward each other. The motion of the strained lines of force with their terminals, the charges on the spheres, has a momentum. Maxwell was the first to show that the momentum of the moving electrical lines of force is equal to the number of magnetic lines of force which, according to Oerstedt's discovery, are produced by the motion of the electrical lines of force.

The motion of the electrical lines of force has not only momentum but also energy. Employing Faraday's mode of expression we can say that the electrical energy of the stretched electrical lines of force is thus transformed into energy of the electrical motions. This is perfectly analogous to the passage of the elastic energy of the bent prongs of the tuning-fork into the energy of motion of the moving mass of these prongs. Again, just as the momentum of the moving mass of the tuning-fork bends the prongs in the opposite direction and continues this bending until that motion has disappeared, so the momentum of the moving electrical lines of force will stretch again the electrical lines of force and continue this stretching until this energy of motion has disappeared, when the two spheres are charged again, but in the direction which is opposite to that in the beginning. A new cycle of electrical

motion is then started again by the stretched electrical lines of force, repeating itself in an oscillatory fashion until the original electrical energy, produced by the charging electrical machine, has disappeared.

But where has the energy gone? This question is just as important in this case as it was in the case of the tuning-fork. The old electrical theories answered this question one way, and Maxwell, inspired by Faraday, answered it in another. The old theories maintained that there is no other electrical motion except the motion of the charge along the conducting surface of the spheres and the rods. They paid no attention to the motion of the lines of force, because they knew nothing about them. Their vision did not see the lines themselves but only their terminals, the charges. Hence, according to the old theories, all of the energy imparted by the machine is transformed into heat in the conducting parts of the oscillator.

Hertz was the first to prove that a part of the energy is radiated off into space, in a similar manner as the energy of a tuning fork is radiated off in the form of sound waves. He detected in the space surrounding the oscillator the presence of electrical waves, that is, periodically recurring variations of the density of the electrical lines of force; he measured their length, and, having calculated the period of his oscillator, he divided the wave-length by the period and obtained the velocity of propagation. It came out, in his earliest experiments, roughly equal to the velocity of light, as the Faraday-Maxwell theory had predicted. The waves were reflected and refracted by insulators denser than air, and all these and other effects Hertz demonstrated to follow the laws which hold good for light, supporting admirably Maxwell's theory that light is an electromagnetic disturbance. Even this preliminary report which Hertz had sent to Helmholtz convinced everybody that the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory had triumphed, and that our knowledge of electromagnetic phenomena had been wonderfully extended. Subsequent experiments by Hertz and others added more and more laurels to this first victory.

That meeting of the Physical Society in Berlin was what I always considered

the inauguration day of the electromagnetic theory. Prior to that day the theory existed in all its beautiful completeness, but it dwelt on high in the celestial heights of Faraday and Maxwell. Continental physicists needed the guidance of a Helmholtz to reach these heights. After that day it came down to earth and lived among mortal men and became part of their mode of thought. It was a heavenly gift which Hertz brought down to earth. Everybody was convinced that the science of light had become a part of the science of electricity.

This new knowledge was the second great revelation of the nineteenth century. The wonderful things which followed in its wake, even before the nineteenth century had closed, testify to the greatness of that revelation.

I have often asked myself the question, Why did not our Joseph Henry, who discovered the oscillatory electrical motions and operated with apparatus similar to that employed by Hertz, pursue his studies further than he did in 1842? and why did not Maxwell, the formulator of the modern electromagnetic science, perform those ideally simple experiments which Hertz performed? The knowledge of the electrical oscillator was the same in 1865 as in 1887, and Maxwell undoubtedly had that knowledge. History offers an answer to these questions and this answer throws a splendid light upon the character of these two great scientists.

Soon after 1842 Joseph Henry resigned his professorship at Princeton College, and bade good-by to his laboratory where he had made several of his splendid discoveries, and where he had constructed and operated the first electromagnetic telegraph, one of the practical results of his great discoveries. This happened long before Morse had ever been heard of. Henry's fame among men of science was very great and promised to grow even greater if he continued his scientific researches. He was still in his prime, only a few years over forty. But a patriotic duty called him to Washington, where the Smithsonian Institution waited for his skilled hand to organize it and to defend it against the scheming politician. This duty tore him away from his be-

loved laboratory, and he spent the rest of his life, over thirty years, in Washington as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, as originator of most of the national scientific bureaus of which this country is proud to-day. He was also the first president of the National Academy of Sciences, chartered by Congress in 1865, thanks to the efforts of Joseph Henry. Physical science under his leadership had rendered valuable service to the country during the Civil War, and the congressional charter to the National Academy of Sciences was a graceful recognition of this service. I have already pointed out Joseph Henry's splendid efforts for the advancement of scientific research in this country and shall return to it later. He was a great scientist, but he was also a great patriot; his country stood first and his own scientific achievements and fame stood second in his heart. That, I am sure, was the reason why he did not pursue any further than he did his researches of electrical oscillations. I will mention here that one of the most gratifying results of my humble efforts was the naming of an electrical unit after his name. My colleague, the late Professor Francis Bacon Crocker of Columbia University, joined me most enthusiastically in these efforts, and the Electrical Congress in Chicago in 1893, at which Helmholtz presided, adopted the name Henry as the unit of electrical inductance; the unit Farad was named in honor of Faraday. No other electrical units are in more frequent use than the Farad and the Henry, particularly in the radio art. No other men contributed to this art as much as Faraday and Henry did.

Maxwell resigned his professorship at King's College, London, at the end of 1865, soon after he had communicated to the Royal Society his great *memoir* on the electromagnetic theory. The electromagnetic theory of light which, as I pointed out before, he had called "great guns" in a letter addressed to a friend, was the climax of it. He retired to his country place, Glenlair, in Scotland; and for five years he was free to devote his entire time to study and meditation. That was the highest joy of his life. But the Duke of Devonshire, a loyal Cambridge man, had presented the university

with a goodly sum of money for the building and equipment of a physical laboratory. It was to be named the Cavendish laboratory, after Lord Cavendish, the Duke's illustrious ancestor, who had devoted his life to electrical science. This gift was the Duke's response to the Cambridge movement in favor of scientific research. Maxwell was called to Cambridge to become the director of the new laboratory, and he responded, knowing well that, from that moment on, most of his time would be devoted to organization and administration. Duty to his university, and to the cause of scientific research in Great Britain, stood higher in his heart than the experimental demonstration of his great theory; that was certainly one of the reasons why Maxwell did not perform those ideally simple experiments which Hertz performed. But as director of the Cavendish laboratory he had trained a number of men, in order to prepare them to push on the line of advance where he had left it, and one of them, in particular, was soon to take the leadership in the rapid development of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory.

The examples of Henry and of Maxwell must have been in Andrew White's mind when in 1873 he spoke those memorable words which I quoted before and will quote here again:

I will confine myself to the value, in our political progress, of the spirit and example of some of the scientific workers of our day and generation. What is the example which reveals that spirit? It is an example of *zeal*, . . . of *thoroughness*, of *bravery*, . . . of *devotion to duty* without which no scientific work can be accomplished, . . . of *faith* that truth and goodness are inseparable.

The Hertzian experiments created quite an upheaval in the research programme of the Physical Institute; everybody seemed anxious to drop his particular subject of research and try his hand at the Hertzian waves. Several candidates for the doctor's degree yielded, but I resisted and returned to my problem in physical chemistry and plodded along as if nothing had happened. I was very anxious to finish my research, get my doctor's degree, and return to the United States. But I soon found out that there are currents in human life which can influence the course of life of a

young scientist much more powerfully even than a new and powerful current of thought in physical sciences.

During the first two months of 1888, Nikola, the Bosnian Serb, began to look worried. He informed me confidentially that he had received bad news about the health of his great "comshiya," the aged Kaiser. The audiences at the palace were separated by longer and longer intervals, and Habel's long table began to look deserted; the old generals with their splendid uniforms were conspicuously absent and the historic chop-house began to look commonplace. The daily parades of the guards were finally suspended, and there were no expectant crowds in front of the Imperial palace. The gay life of Unter den Linden became very much subdued. Finally the historic event occurred: the great emperor died on March 9, 1888. Berlin went into mourning and prepared for a funeral such as Germany had never seen before. "I have secured a balcony for you and your friends right over my store," said Nikola; "I want you and your friends to see the funeral procession as my guests." His grief over the death of the old emperor was really pathetic. He wanted me and my American friends to see the great procession which, according to his gloomy forebodings, was to mark the first step downward in the wonderful development of the German Empire. When, consoling him, I pointed out the well-known virtues of Crown Prince Frederick, he took hold of his larynx and his gesture indicated that he expected the death of the Crown Prince from his incurable malady. "What then?" I asked him. He answered: "Ask your Bismarck and Moltke, Helmholtz and Siemens; they are your oracles, perhaps they can answer your question; no ordinary mortal can."

Nikola had never met my American friends whom he mentioned in his invitation, but he had heard a great deal about them. My classmate at Columbia, A. V. Williams Jackson, now the distinguished Orientalist and professor at Columbia University, was at that time at the University of Halle, studying with the great Orientalist, Professor Geltner. He had visited me in Berlin and I returned his visit by spending with him a

week-end at Halle. This was shortly before the great Kaiser's death. Jackson's mother and two sisters were there on a longer visit, and for two days I felt that I was back in New York again, and I was supremely happy. On the way back to Berlin I could not dismiss from my mind the memory of my mother's words: "You must marry an American girl if you wish to remain an American, which I know you do." Ever since my return from Halle, I could hear these words ringing in my ear no matter where I was; in my lodgings, in the laboratory, in the lecture-rooms, or even in Nikola's store. Nikola had read my thoughts, and when he mentioned my American friends he meant Jackson and his mother and sisters at Halle. Well, they came, they saw, and they conquered. One of Jackson's sisters went to Italy during that spring and I followed; she returned to Berlin to join her mother and I followed; she went to the island of Norderney, in the North Sea, to spend a part of the summer season, and I followed. The Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory and the Hertzian experiments, my research in physical chemistry, and the learned essays of Helmholtz and Willard Gibbs, and of all the other fathers of physical chemistry, disappeared from my mind as if they had never been there. The only problem that could find a place there was the question: Will she accept me? She finally did, and I made a bee-line for New York, in order to find out how soon I could get a job there.

The Columbia authorities were organizing at that time a new department in the School of Mines, the Department of Electrical Engineering, and they were glad to see me and consult me about it. It was to start its work a year from that time, that is, the end of September, 1889. I was offered a position in it as "Teacher of Mathematical Physics in the Department of Electrical Engineering." A very long title, indeed, but such it was and an interesting bit of history is attached to it. I accepted gladly and hurried back to Europe proud as a peacock. My fiancée and her family met me in London and I was married in the Greek church, according to the rites of the Orthodox faith, the faith of my mother and of all my ancestors.

"Marriage gives that fulness to life which nothing else can give," said Helmholtz when I saw him again in Berlin and informed him that I was married and that I had been promised an academic position at Columbia College. He approved my dropping the experimental research and substituting in its place a mathematical research in physical chemistry. This research was finished in the early spring and I sent it to Helmholtz who was then in Baden-Baden. He telegraphed: "Your successful effort approved and accepted." Never before nor since did I ever receive a telegram which made me more happy. The examinations gave me no serious trouble, and in the late spring of that year I had my doctor's degree and became a citizen in the world of science. The three theses which, according to old German custom, every candidate seeking promotion to the dignity of a doctor of philosophy must frame and defend publicly are given here, in order to show my final mental attitude which was formulated by my scientific studies in Europe.

I. Instruction in Physics in the preparatory schools should be as much as possible a practical one.

II. The Thermodynamic methods of Gibbs, von Helmholtz, and Planck, form the most reliable foundation for the study of those physical processes which we cannot analyze by ordinary dynamics.

III. The Electromagnetic Theory of Light deserves more attention than it has received so far in university lectures.

Usually these theses, appended to German doctor dissertations, are not taken very seriously either by the candidate, who is to be promoted, or by anybody else. But I took my theses very seriously. The first summed up President Barnard's

doctrine relating to scientific instruction, which I described before in connection with my description of the American movement favoring scientific research in American colleges and universities; the second summed up my admiration for the new science of physical chemistry first started by our own Josiah Willard Gibbs; and the third summed up my love for the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic science. On these three questions in physical science I had, I thought, quite clear and definite ideas; and that gave me much confidence that I was about to return to the United States sufficiently equipped to render service in return for some of the many favors which I had received.

As the ship which carried me back to the United States entered New York Harbor I saw on my right Castle Garden; it looked the same as it did fifteen years before, when I first entered on the immigrant ship, and it reminded me of that earlier day. I said to my bride, who was standing by my side, that I did not carry much more money into New York Harbor than I did fifteen years before, when I first looked upon Castle Garden, and yet I felt as rich as a Croesus. I felt, I told her, that I owned the whole of the United States, because I was sure that the United States owned me; that I had an ideal American bride, who had assured me that I had lived up to the standards of an ideal American bridegroom; and that I had a fine position in a great American institution and strong hopes of filling it to everybody's satisfaction. I enumerated all these and other things to my bride and wound up by saying, jokingly: "I have also some prospects which modesty prevents me from mentioning," and then I added: "These are the only worldly goods with which I thee endow."

(To be continued.)



“Pierrot, Rêveur”

BY STANLEY OLMSTED

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE AIVISON

BOBESON'S PROLOGUE



HERE is a little verse, known in the original to many thousand German Americans, and touched off by a poet-chief in some interim of his work on a meandering dithyrambic

known as “Faust.” It is a quatrain and it upholds a comforting theory. You must, says or implies the verse, eat your bread with tears. You must sit all the long night weeping upon your bed. These things must you do before you can know anything particular about a non-commercial asset of dreamers and ne’er-dowells, sometimes called the divine afflatus. “Heavenly powers,” the quatrain terms it, at the same time intimating that it is only to be wooed with infinite sighing.

I hugged this verse to my heart. It soothed my conscience. Upon my hall-room bed I sat and wept and the hour was two-thirty. Already I had wept a quarter of an hour, but the night was getting longer than it had set out to be. There was good and steady work ahead.

Exceeding sadness had made me careless. I had not taken the precaution of closing my door. Moreover, the night was sultry, and in West Forty-as-happeneeth Street ventilation is apt to be bad unless you get the straight draft from your single window. All-night tears have surely the right to be shed as comfortably as possible.

My costume for this occasion was nondescript. I had removed my collar, half removed my necktie, and drawn on the striped top piece of my pajamas with the pompon buttons of Pierrot. I believe I had taken off one shoe and replaced it by a bedroom slipper. This shoe, if I remember rightly, had pulled hard. I had rolled high the trousers leg just above it.

At exactly this point disrobing had suddenly appeared a useless, an inconsequential, even an irreverential, act. At the slipper, therefore, I had stopped short to surrender myself to meditation and ennobling sobs.

Out in the hallway the single gas-jet had been automatically regulated by a careful landlady to a blue pin-point picked out in blackest obscurity. You could turn it out, but you could not turn it up. The blazing light from my hall-room burner must have flooded through my door, half ajar as it was. To one ascending the final flight of stairs leading directly to me, I was doubtless as a symbolic figure in high relief under the glare of a calcium.

“Well, Bobbs,” I heard some one say. “In bad again!”

I may state here that my name is Herkomer Bobbsen; invariably shortened to Bobbs by friendships transient or otherwise.

“Leave me alone,” I insisted, as Tupton stepped inside to me and closed the door. “Oh, just leave me alone!”

Tupton occupied the large front room, from which at some time or other my alcove had been boarded off. He spoke with his usual deliberation and, as often these evenings, he was in evening dress.

“Leave you alone? I don’t think so. Too much loose lubrication. Here’s as fine a cigar as a theatrical producer ever buys for anybody when he wants something done for nothing. Smoke it up, Bobbs—smoke it up! And do try to look more at the dark side of things. You see things too rosily. That’s why you so enjoy your despair. Don’t. You can’t afford it.

“This evening,” I said between choking sobs—“this evening I saw th’ first highball I’ve seen in six weeks! Think of it, Tup! Six weeks, and never a h-h-highball until thish mortal e-evenin’! And I

was taken to th' opera—you know what that means to me! I wash tak'n to th' opera—understand? Yesh," I blubbered, conscious but heedless that my enunciation was gradually getting worse, "opera,—highballsh—everything! And I tell you, Tup, I can't stand it. I jesh c-c-an't stand it."

Once more I was overcome. The cuddled child makes utmost of its hurt.

"I was treated white," I went on to explain, at the same time feeling a gentle tug at the unremoved shoe the while Tupton held my foot between his knees. "It's jesh too much for any poor devil like me to hear great music and at the same time be treated white. . . ."

"And the trousers!" Tupton directed; "here—I'll help you about them, too."

He had planted the cigar between my teeth and applied the match. Its aroma came lavingly through my nostrils. To what he was saying I gave flattering absorbed attention.

"Neat striped pajamas these! All nicely starched, too—glad you could get your laundry out this week—life is never all bad so long as a man can get his laundry. Yes, Bobbs—I've been supping with a Broadway producer—thought he'd talk all night too, trying to make his little game look to me like mine. By the way—malapropos rather—how goes it with your peerless Margaret?"

I perceived his satire all at once. The fellow was trying to insult me. Being now seated on the edge of my own cot, neatly and decently rearranged for my repose, I went reckless. I let my eye flash fire. My thoughts were preternaturally clear. I could feel my enunciation improving. "Tupton," I told him, "life's jesh a wanton glimmerin'—but you can't feaze me. I know you're playwright who's had his firsht play tak'n. I know you're a cub-reporter like I was, only instead of drifting out like me into th' advertisin' for a mushroom sheet published weekly for non-s'bscribing millionaires of th' four hundred—n-n-nothin' like that! N-n-nothin'! You've jesh fastened y'r right forefinger in the gill of the great Broadway graft. But you can't feaze me. Th' embassy of th' elect 's ordained t' suffer. If 't wasn't up to me t' suffer I'd jesh be all I ought t' be! I'd jesh be O. K.

number one like anybody else—and Margaret Eden 'd be——"

"Behave!" interrupted Tupton. "Of course, I hope you would be."

"Be what?" I challenged.

"Behaving," said he.

I subsided, losing the thread. I gathered myself in a near horizontal posture with a zigzag tendency. I clutched the cover with both hands so that it fell in heavy folds direct from my neck to the floor. "Go way," I said. "Jesh please g' 'way and lem-me—sleep."

I have no further recollection.

I—TUPTON'S ACCOUNT

Alack for the misfortune that stifles a man's purposes in his lethargies, making him see himself as something betwixt a joke, a fantasy, and a tragic symbol; a Pierrot shivering on the threshold of Columbine, thrumming his guitar by raucous moonlight.

Take now the case of Herkomer Bobbison. I was about to say *young* Herkomer Bobbison, but that he has no age. He depersonalizes age, just as he depersonalizes vice; just as his very face is a paradigm of upward slants and downward shadows and fleeting focusses, to confound you whether his expression be heavenly, or impish, or distraught. In point of actual years, he is doubtless two or three of them short of thirty.

I recall the Bobbison who was two or three of them short of twenty-five. He came up to town with poetry of a very untidily typewritten nature in his inner and outer coat-pockets. I call it poetry; without distinction, without equivocation. Some of it was verse and some of it was prose. But to me it was all a revelation of the kind of thing that may sometimes be done with no why or wherefore in the doing; the kind of thing that, having no justification, yet seems to justify itself; the kind of thing that, at all odds for the world's neglect, somehow proclaims itself as greater than the fame which may never touch it.

That may have been because I was an enthusiast. Perhaps I was no judge of anything five years ago. A play of mine had at last been accepted and produced, after years I had much rather forget than remember. Moreover, this play had been



Drawn by George Aitken.

"I wash tak'n to th' opera—understand?"—Page 57.

a go. When that sort of thing has just happened to a man, his steadiness of judgment may be fundamentally shaken. The milk of his kindness having failed to pass the turning-point for bluish bitterness, may be saccharine and condensed. I believed in Bobbson. I believed in him to the degree where I foresaw failure for him.

He brought me a letter from a teacher, a professor and dean, indeed, in his college, who had been a classmate in mine. Also our colleges were one and the same, which farther bridged the gap, the while it emphasized the difference. I concealed the fatherly nature of my interest. I concealed my terror that Bobbson was a genius.

A productive power, as inspirational and capricious as his, labors under two enormous disadvantages. First, it is liable to be out of the spirit of the great public market, where such work is purchased according to laws of demand and supply as rigorous as fashions for women. But that is not the main difficulty. I have known men of Bobbson's stamp actually to create fashions in literature. The point is that their singleness of desire, to say nothing of their stolidity of endurance, was put to a pretty long and liberal test before they succeeded in doing it. And thus we come to the second and perhaps insuperable defect in Bobbson's make-up: his malleability; more, his fluidity. At will he could pour his faculty for expression into any mould. It could hold the force of none.

Most of us, for that matter, are but poor moths beating at a window-pane between ourselves and some little self-sought candle-flame. Bobbson fed, darkling, on his own light like a firefly, and felt himself afieled. Around and rearward, we creep upon yet another of his bewilderments. To be mistrustful, nowadays, even though it be through unresolved loneliness of selfhood, is to be interpretable as misanthropic; and to be misanthropic is once again to fail of being marketable. Latter-day fashions of mind and morals have about settled it that you must see stars (stars of candle-flame, glass-protected) if you would see a square meal. Schopenhauer and his ilk have gone ringing down the abysses. Behind

them echoes the cackling taunt of Billiken. It will be held, then, that Bobbson grew misanthropic and took it out in the harshest sort of cynic laughter.

In his case I will concede, in lieu of this, a sort of fatalistic defiance. He let it keep echoing through his soul that it *didn't matter*; and so it must have mattered a great deal. The only man to whom it will not is the man who will grind, day by day, as though the hinged universe must go rusty but for his oiling. For he is the only man with enough contempt for his soul to ignore its claim on his personal hospitality. On the whole, Bobbson failed utterly to grin and begin to win, because he kept laughing out loud, and loafing in the high and secret places of his thoughts. All this and more I misgave in prophetic fathoming, when Bobbson came up to New York with his poems, prose and verse, in his waistcoat pocket.

For the new and hopeful arrival in New York there is a great open road known as Newspaper Row. Whoever can, or thinks he can, may try. Bobbson did, of course, and, equally of course, he went wrong. It was a thing for which he had neither nostrils nor knockouts. Once in six weeks or so he could produce a special story which was a real work of art. Every real work of art presupposes at least one connoisseur who knows it for that. Somewhere in utopian realms may be that city editor who is a connoisseur. I happen to know that Bobbson's dismissal eventually came through *his* city editor's progressive psychic irritation. The man has admitted that he never knew whether Bobbson's "occasional Sunday" stuff belonged to the dry rot of the dead past, or to the higher sophistication of future generations. Assuredly it did not fit a defined and rather arbitrary cosmic plan regarded by the city editor in question as sufficiently up to date and elastic. According to this man's account, even unto this day, Bobbson is a sort of misadjustment between a dope diabolist and an all-round loafer. Yet I know a half dozen good Broadway philosophers, among whom I count myself, who clipped the "Blue Wine Dinner" story and carried it about; carried it, just as you might carry a purple amethyst you'd picked up somewhere in a gutter. To this day I cherish a form-

less notion of turning it, somehow, into a play.

Let us make a long story short. Bobbison's newspaper career lasted two years. For two years more his life was semi-starvation, if his inherent habit of too little food and far, far too much drink may be so described. He would have described himself, conventionally, as a professional free-lance. And by that he would have meant that under a half dozen different names he tried to whip his delicately fluid gift into the prevalent office taste of a half dozen literary markets. When the frenzy was upon him—when the firefly drank its own light—he would write the thing he knew he could never sell, and later try to cheapen it in cold blood. Had he been a Frenchman scribbling in some café on Montmartre, even a Bavarian scrolling his secessionisms in the shadow of the Münchner Pinakothek, there would have been little cults to hail him as spokesman or prophet. Poverty would at least have worn Tyrian rags, their colors chrismed in the freedom of the city. But Manhattan! Manhattan feeds on its universality, which is of all mankind, if indeed it encompass not the heavens; Manhattan feeds ceaselessly, and fattens its provincialism forever! In Manhattan he was simply miscast.

It were comparatively well, alas, if that alone had failed him. For his Nemesis lay within as well as without. I have mentioned it already—Drink: in him a telltale grotesqueness, so commonplace as to compromise all dignity in his isolation. Drink: in him a bizarre accountant, tallying his riches to the zero of his jeering poverty.

And yet, so far as I can make out, no drop has passed his lips for six months past. I recall his last break with particular vividness; for I found him at two-thirty in the morning, maudlinly weeping and quoting Goethe: an abject bedside clown. Even in this condition, however, he seemed towed on a singular undercurrent which I should have defined as namelessly conscious and satirical. Absurd as he was to me, I could have sworn that the humor of his absurdity penetrated some detached half-somnolent view-point of his own. I could have sworn that he laughed at himself, as he wept with himself.

Van Allstyne was to blame. For over a month Bobbs had been steady. It appears that Van Allstyne (by Margaret Eden's advice, as I conjecture and believe) had given Bobbs a post with a small regular salary on the *advertising* (and not editorial) end of Van Allstyne's new weekly. To the career of advertising agent Bobbs was about as fitted as is, inversely, the average actor to the rôle of playwright or play critic. I cannot make it stronger.

Yet for more than a month Bobbs had kept sober under it. Who shall say why? It may have been his pride of employment with the one acknowledged suitor of Margaret Eden: poor Bobbison! Or it may have been new resolution, the sort of thing that comes to every man not wholly lost. At all events, he went about the thing with that sort of futile industry which writes its torture in grim lines under a quivering smile. I repeat Van Allstyne's is the brunt. It appears that he suddenly stooped from his social and editorial impeccability. To Bobbison, impoverished and negligible advertising agent, he extended a prentice hand of friendship. He was Bobbison's host at the opera, and at the wine-feast, thus adding exaltation to excitement in combustible material.

As the direct result I firmly expected Bobbison's next and probably final slump. I have been side-tracked with pleasurable surprise. In his present position he actually appears to have made good at last, and Van Allstyne has done much more than merely that. Indeed, Van Allstyne's success in a new and difficult field of semi-social, semi-aesthetic journalism has been the talk, well-nigh the sensation, of current magazine data.

I cannot quite forget the oddity. When Bobbison, plain down-and-outer, joined his advertising force, Van Allstyne was making his final stand. His venture looked like another *de mortibus*. Into it he was sinking the third and last small fortune that would be left him. His rumored prospective marriage with Margaret Eden had been indefinitely but manifestly set aside. This marriage is now announced for June. Vaguely my wonder grows with theorizing.

Of Bobbison, this half-year I have seen

little or nothing until his present illness; and of that there is much, and little, to relate; much in little to deduce.

At ten o'clock, then, on Tuesday morning of this week, I tapped with some misgiving on the very thin wall dividing our rooms. He had not gone out. I could hear him intermittently talking to himself. That looked bad. Remembering his regularity of late, his half-year's habit of rising early and being off, I jumped at my conclusions; his good conduct had merely reached another of its fore-ordained halts. Moreover—though I heard him muttering—to my sharp rap on his door he still made no reply. I had had no breakfast. I decided to leave him with his recovery.

Later I returned to my room, my typemachine, and my work. At about one-thirty I arose from a first instalment of the day's fallow inspiration and made bold to open Bobbson's door and pry in upon him. He seemed to be lying wide-awake, staring at the ceiling. When I spoke he made no answer. But when I touched his forehead the fever scorched my finger-tips, and he spoke slow words which I recognized as delirious, though he said them calmly, uttering them into the untidy closeness of the room in a sort of dead monotone.

"Pierrot, rêveur—il chante toujours—avec la crainte—crainte et terreur—"

There was something uncanny in the sing-song swing he gave this little improvisation in a language not his own. He uttered it like a prelude. Then he began:

"Music and poetry, and guttural laughter, warred within me and made of my soul a devastation. Neither would that the other should live. But in Margaret lived only music, and so her soul blossomed like a votive garden, urging its prayer of color and perfume toward the sun."

It was but the raving of a sick man. Yet I knew what it might be interpreted as meaning and to whom he alluded. Miss Eden's image on my mind was vivid at his mention: vague, lissome Margaret, with eyes of so pale a purple they seemed lavender, and hair that oddly suggested gilt. My theory of her has always been that she consciously accentuates the note of lyric mediævalism in herself, imparting

the notion that she has slipped slimly out of some illuminated lettering blazoning a Gregorian chant on parchment. The idea may have come from Bobbson, who once said she made him think of a G-clef signature affixed to some hymn by Monteverde. Bearing out the symbol, it has always been his habit to allude to those characteristic fantasies from her brush or pencil as "music," declaring that her intuition found not only the effects of harmonized sound, but the very science of counterpoint, to echo it back in color and line.

Miss Eden painted "Barcarolles," and "Nocturnes," and "Sonatas," and even "Symphonies." She did them for a living and, being protégéd of society (Van Allstyne's society), did very well with them. Personally I have always resented such foisted kinship, despite all the poetic delicacy of her carven and curved smudges of color. She had preceded Bobbson to New York by a duo of years, from their home city of Louisville. Their friendship, he was always careful to inform me, though dating back to their very early youth, had never been a love-affair. In the olden days it appears she had given him inspiration and encouragement: encouragement of that sisterly type nourishing to poets from Petrarch down and involving little emotional expenditure from anybody save the poet in question. I am inclined to think it was her presence, very possibly her advice, that brought him first to New York.

Yet by what devices has she ever sought to save him—what purpose strengthened for him, or even defined? It may have been prejudice on my part, but I could not but feel this girl's direct share in the havoc prone before me: in Bobbson lying thus, wandering, on his cot in this lodging-house bedroom, littered with tobacco-cans, cigarette stumps, wildernesses of old letters exhaling the odor of nicotine, odds and ends of typewriting! Sometime, offhandedly no doubt, she had given him a pastel of herself, by herself. It hung now upon his wall, framed in the deep mat of gold he had given it. I opened the upper blind of his one window, perceiving as I did so, for the thousandth time, how it cried aloud with deliberation of personality.

Standing, as in this picture, simply upright, with the swaying stiffness of a flower stalk, her high white brow curled about with the softness of pale primroses, she had, I was convinced, projected herself on her inner vanity, and so accomplished the objective vision. It had been a technical feat. Again I remind myself of my prejudice. Admiration for Miss Eden seems to be universal. Few, I fancy, will be thus harsh—

Bobbson's fever being what it was, I summoned the nearest doctor.

This doctor inclined to the belief that Bobbson's rather serious condition might be due to an unusually prolonged lack of artificial stimulation on a nervous system thoroughly habituated. "Particularly," he added, "if he was working hard."

"I feel quite sure he was working hard," I said, "though I haven't been able to make out just what he's been working at. I have odd doubts on the subject, but I couldn't swear I've seen anything. He would have me think he's abandoned that sort of thing."

The doctor advised more light and air; so, with the assistance of good Mrs. Finckel, our rainy-day landlady, I moved Bobbs into my own room, and during this brief illness slept in his. It was in some attempt to bring his chaos to order, for my greater comfort, that Mrs. Finckel came upon and brought to me the revealing manuscript: thirty or forty poems, atrociously typed on thin paper, with Bobbson's corrections and interlineations. She had rescued them from the débris as something of possible value.

But I had every right to read them. For they were published already. They were yet warm with the sensation of their recent appearance in a thin anonymous volume, widely and openly attributed to Van Allstyne. And from neither Van Allstyne nor from Margaret Eden, whose name carried their dedication and who must have known, had come either explanation or denial.

As I coned through this little sheaf of verse again, and yet once again, there swept over me a great humility, a great remorse. I had not been the friend I might have been. Bobbson might fling himself to naught. He might tread the road to nowhere until the final overpower-

ing. Let that be as it would. He had sounded a cry mingling all human anguish and exultance, to echo ringingly in the ears of mankind, gathering force along the ages.

The world knows these songs now; or begins to know them: for great inspirations like that must surge far and long, like a distant half-discovered sea, ere the ships of men find full sail upon them. Penetrant symbolism, limned with such innocence of intent in those lines, "Sleek Shadows by the Sun Made Bold"; love rapture caught netwise, shimmering in such sonnets as "The Air Hath Presage of My Lady's Way"; greatest of all, those bursts of pure improvisation, in strophes that well-nigh brawl, yet fill the night-tide and daylight with harmony rugged, and windy, and aromatic . . . *Pierrot, Rêveur! Pierrot, Rêveur!* . . . And through every syllable and line a lyric renunciation of the One Thing which might never be: a purposeless, hopeless passion for the One Woman, justifying the man as only he might be justified in a rite of tuneful crucifixion.

Meanwhile, however, I have phoned Van Allstyne, who, much to my surprise, has come in person. From him and the famous specialist he brings with him I learn that Bobbson has at best but a few fighting weeks to live. Diseased kidneys, cirrhosis of the liver, everything possible, apparently! It appears that Bobbson has been under the care of this specialist for months past. In Van Allstyne's anxious interest light breaks upon me touching the meteoric success of his weekly. But Bobbson shall tell me. Bobbson is rallying.

II—BOBBSON'S ACCOUNT

I write on, following Tupton's whim and my own obligation. He does Van Allstyne all injustice, and I must make that clear. Van Allstyne could not do otherwise. My will encompassed him, making of his great and requited love for Margaret Eden my easy implement. Only Tupton knows to what degree, in writing this for Tupton's eye alone, I rely upon his discretion permeating that mighty loyalty in his nature which gives him claim upon me.

To begin with, my very employment

with Van Allstyne was an indirect result of Margaret Eden's friendship. I first met him at her studio. His club was within five minutes of Margaret's place, and when we both left at the same time (Sunday afternoon was her "day") we walked together as far as the corner.

He was a clean-looking lad, so blond and close-shorn as to suggest some daily and facile renewal of the process. In fact, he was, and is, a fine, glowingly pinkish specimen of manhood, in the later twenties, with an atmosphere distinctively of Manhattan when Manhattan has gotten into the blood as a tonic property. We talked commonplaces, but he mentioned *The Parasite*. It was his own nickname for the weekly he had founded, and we both laughed. Among ourselves we have never called it anything else. The result has been enormously beneficial. It has prevented our taking ourselves overseriously.

On that Sunday afternoon I had long been out of employment other than the production of generally unsalable rhyme and prose, and no doubt looked it, with realistic literalness. But Miss Eden has an amiable way of always justifying her friends for each other. Thus, I was not surprised to detect in the young editor that note of cordial tolerance which yet is not quite patronage. He did very well by me. Though he did not invite me inside his club, he suggested that I call on him sometime, socially, at his office. On the whole, he showed a far lesser degree of snobbishness than life, as misinterpreted by me, had trained me to expect.

Hardly a week later some intermittence of desperation directed my impulse toward *The Parasite* and Van Allstyne. My fetish was a job; his manner was of course several shades more distant. There was no editorial work. The scope of his paper was small, and he himself, he frankly admitted, had set out to be the Editorial Idea, with two capitals. He employed one assistant, Miss Pidgely, who did the weekly Paris letter, and held guard at the typewriter in the outer office. If I wanted to try the advertising, he had two men already, but was willing to take on a third at the same figure—twelve dollars a week guaranteed on the usual commission.

I accepted. I climbed to the locally figurative altitude known as the "water-wagon"—for me a vertiginous height—and kept steady for more than a month. Miss Pidgely became my confidential friend—within limitations. Sometimes I helped her with her Paris letter. Of Van Allstyne I saw increasingly less. His aloofness was delicate. *The Parasite* was not doing very well. Advertisements came hard. Every new one secured was like the pulling of a tooth to destroy an ache. The parallel is imperfect. The ache was not in the tooth. It was in the stomach, which save for its presence was occasionally quite empty, and never, or rarely, the reverse. For, within a fortnight after my advent, the weekly guarantee had been abandoned—supplanted by an arrangement allowing us a more liberal percentage on all the advertisements we could secure. It was obvious economy—for Van Allstyne. But I could not blame him. In more than one sense he was backing ever closer to a wall. I ascertained that much from Miss Pidgely.

Then one night, entirely to my surprise, Van Allstyne invited me to the opera. Hunger for great music is a ceaseless craving with too many of us who must listen to the canned article or not at all. Indeed, attempts at poetic speech in some of us are but the mandolin jangle of peak-capped nomads-of-the-moon—with nothing better. Van Allstyne suggested supper, or drinks, or both. Thirst in me had become an acute abstraction. A drink took the form of sinuous and irresistible beckoning. A drink was music, reduced to liquid definiteness.

Tuption put me to bed, with scant encouragement for my seismic languors. It was not his first samaritanism—I am sorry to have to confess it.

Next morning, at ten, I appeared gloomily enough at the office of *The Parasite*. Van Allstyne had not yet arrived. For that matter, he rarely came down before eleven, and generally speaking I saw him not oftener than once or twice a week, along toward six. The music had left no afterglow. Sitting at Van Allstyne's desk I began my day's itinerary. At the top of my list I annotated those places where my chance of being kicked out at first mention of *The Parasite* was strongest.

Below these I jotted the names of potential advertisers who would show me the door with courtesy. The thing must get easier as my vitality and courage ebbed lower. For the wane of the day I reserved certain vicinities where was chance of meeting Tupton or some friend, acquaintance, or enemy, who might invite one to a twilight luncheon.

Planning my campaign thus, I looked up to see Van Allstyne regarding me with thoughtful, worried visage. He had softly closed the door leading out to Miss Pidgely.

"Bobbson," he began, drawing up a chair as though he were my visitor, "I took you to the opera last night."

"You did," I admitted. "I shall never know why, but you did!"

"And you had the acute delight of getting—well—er—many men seem to enjoy getting that way sometimes.

"It didn't cost me much," he added meditatively. "The music seemed to do half, and then—"

"Six black-and-whites," I repeated mechanically, "and four long beers."

Van Allstyne nodded. "They're excellent chasers. I say, Bobbson—you oughtn't to be getting ads! Plenty of material lies around loose, always ready to take a try at that. Didn't I understand from Miss Eden that you used to be a newspaper man?"

"Don't call it that," I protested. "A cub reporter who wrote poetry isn't—"

"Too much talent doubtless." Van Allstyne swept me aside. "There's a kind of thing certain people seem to fail at. Bobbson—I believe you could do the kind of thing I'm trying to do. I believe you could easily find the ideal I'm puzzling at. I've run every word of anonymous stuff you've sent in here—oh, don't start. And don't expect Pidgely to keep *that* kind of sensational secret. You'll recall I featured the poem. I've run it all and wished there were more. I wish it might be you editing this sheet instead of me."

I shook my head. "It would be a hoodoo," I assured him with fidelity. "Anonymously speaking, I'm sometimes better, thank you. But my name's under some mystic curse. Things I touch fall apart."

"I know," he nodded. "But there's sometimes a kind of alchemy in failure; I mean there's a kind of thing that may be extracted like fine grains of gold when a man has let himself fall to pieces, or when his Nemesis has ground him to powder. I need that kind of gold. I need it badly just now. This magazine's not going as it ought. It's got to go. It's got to, I say!"

Van Allstyne had risen. His faultless exterior betrayed surprising intensity. As he talked on, he would walk three paces, and pause, and retrace his steps. "I'm the exact converse," he pursued, "of what you'll be before you're through—or at least before the world is through with you. You're going to succeed—on your tombstone anyhow!—because you've failed. I'm the kind of failure that floats naturally on the surface of success. Success has dogged my footsteps. My father got rich quick and died soon. When I ran through with that—or climbed beyond it (putting it socially)—a small piece of property out West—something I'd forgotten!—turned out to be big game. And so I kept on socially climbing. Now I'm at rock-bottom."

"Did you climb to that?" I ventured. "It's odd"—he smiled wanly—"but you do—socially speaking. Then my grandaunt left me some more, in a spirit of Christian charity, and in the nick of time, and Margaret—Miss Eden, I mean—planned my career for me as a sort of distinctive species of editor with a new start. Now once again I'm nearly broke. *The Parasite's* got to pick up. It's got to, I say! It's got to—*now, by God!*"

"Van Allstyne," I finally allowed myself, "play an open hand. It's not society or being broke that's bothering you. Rock-bottom's better than Jack Beanstalk any day, and you talked last night, if you're not talking now, like a man who'd begun to see that much. I'm on to you, you see, but I want it from your lips. What's the thing you're afraid you'll lose?"

He looked at me keenly. "You know her," he capitulated. "Her mark's high. No vacillation. No compromise. She's made that plain. This thing might be legally worked on a graft basis and be made to pay. Or it might be worked by

proxy, if I hired the brains and paid for 'em. I couldn't afford that, and anyhow she wouldn't stand for it, either. It's up to me to win out, and to win out in a way to keep her love intact with her pride."

I, in turn, had arisen. He took the seat I had just occupied, and began arranging the papers on his desk with mechanical neatness. He had a really remarkable sense of order.

"Van Allstyne," I hesitated—"rent me a little office-room somewhere on the East Side, far away from your Fifth Avenue. Say nothing to anybody—least of all to Margaret—I shall exact your oath on that or we don't budge. To her, as to our friends and acquaintances at large, I'm still your advertising agent. But between us we'll frame up a little gift for Miss Eden. We'll frame up a little wedding gift of the success of the man she loves!"

There is little further for recounting. He for whom I here record our story exclusively will grant that I elided Van Allstyne's protestations; his gradual, reluctant consent to my exaction—more, my demand—of inviolate secrecy. His was the far greater, subtler share of the work before us. His was the business of developing a particular phase of taste amid social types artificially intellectualized, without whom we had been powerless. In claiming, as he so constantly does, all the glory for me; in deploring, as he deplores ceaselessly, my refusal to absolve him from that guarantee—he quite forgets his own proportions. Clear, clean, and decent, he epitomized the only type our hypothetical following could or would take for granted in its acceptance of the thing we were doing. From our hidden East Side office our bizarreries welled up and touched the moment he had made psychological. We became a fad. We have passed on and become a cult. One suspicion of the nomad in our midst, one moon-glimpse of Pierrot, with toppling cap and drooping pompons, and we had been assigned that oblivion which is oftentimes as personal as the dream it nurtures.

Let me hasten. It was thus at last, well knowing my days were brief before me, that Margaret Eden arose in irresistible floods of song to my lips. Van

Allstyne has seen to it that they should be published with all the prestige that he alone could give them. At my insistence he has let his difficult silence stand between me and their authorship. Once again, too, he fulfils my dying wish that they should have the value to *her* of coming from him.

And he thinks them but fancies; abstractions; in the direct line of my idiosyncrasy for a rout of motley words. Or, if other suspicion exist within him, he has the generosity to forefend intuition of its existence in me.

Margaret I have seen just once since the Sunday afternoon when she brought us together, laying thus the foundation for the one thing it was granted me to accomplish—in her name. Just once, by accident, I encountered her in Van Allstyne's office, and so received my reward. Her purple eyes were dewy and starlit with pride in his victory. . . .

Margaret Eden . . . Margaret Eden . . . I write it down as something holy. On my lips, as they silence, her name must be my absolution. . . .

EPILOGUE (BY TUPTON)

Across the dust of a poet rose-leaves are an idle scattering. Yet I, Tupton, his friend, must add my little embassage of petals, now that he is gone, doing the justice I once withheld from those he defended. I have learned to know Van Allstyne and his wife. I retract. I here solicit their pardon.

And now I know from them both how well they both understood the man. Margaret Eden was only at fault in that she could not love him: not love him, that is, as a woman loves a lover. That she was his friend, however—that she knew, understood, appreciated—that her bid was for the song-message harrying utterance within him: these things her account to me and my nearer knowledge of her have made plain.

She it was who planned the whole duplicity. She it was whose intuition, following all the subtlety of poor Bobbson's caprice, realized that thus, and thus only, could that dream-wisdom, summoned of love for her, be made to fructify. In such understanding, as I now see it, was something rare and heroic. It involved the



Drawn by George Allen.

"Say nothing to anybody—least of all to Margaret! I shall exact your oath on that or we don't budge." Page 580.

renouncing of overwhelming impulses toward sympathy, encouragement, applause. In her path hung the cobwebby filament of an artist's will toward expression. She must tread lightly that it break not.

At his death, however, she was with him, hand clasping hand, in friendship's triumphant recognition.

And so he died content. . . .

Van Allstyne has helped me prepare the introduction to the second edition of the

poems, with the poet's full name attached. Van Allstyne has grown immeasurably. Aided of his wife he will continue to succeed. For he has sat at the feet of a master. He has learned.

As for me—ceaselessly before me drift the little lines out of memory, altered—and now unalterable:

*"Pierrot, rêveur,
Il chante toujours
Avec la joie—
„Joie sans erreur.”*

The Poet's Holiday

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

DAWN-LILIES redden into rose of day-time,
As, bent on play-time now, his footsteps stride
Far where the river runs with silvery wimpling,
Or glad pools dimpling when the low winds glide.

A month, he deems it, or a year's dividing,
Lies 'twixt the griding roar of yesterday
Down his home highways, and this dim land seeming
Asleep, and dreaming dreams a world away.

Still at the water's edge a while he lingers,
Ere his deft fingers reeve the silken skein,
Town-tired eyes feeding on the gray mists breaking,
And dark wolds waking into dawn again.

An envious eagle o'er him wheels and watches,
The winds bring snatches of the starling's song,
And startled halcyon, with mocking laughter
Quick-coming after, loops the pools along.

But now the lure he knots with hands that tremble
And half dissemble thus their hard-earned skill,
Then to the water moves with footstep steady,
And lithe rod ready to his instant will.

By the half sunken ledge, the willows bending
With shadows blending on the pool, he tries,
And circling eddies where the rapid ceases
In foamy fleeces, yield him many a prize.

Far, far, his office-walls, and shrill type-writer!
His reel sings brighter airs, and haunting tunes,
Mute or forgotten in the wake of trouble,
On his lips bubble of long-vanished Junes.

Unhindered heaven on him shines, and blowing
Sweet winds and flowing waters past him steal—
But the chief trophies of his golden play-time
And ripe June day-time, are not in his creel.

Spring Festival

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Author of "The Dingbat of Arcady," "The Great Dream," etc.



NEW YEAR'S DAY ought to be a movable feast. Conservative people are content with it where it is, but if a change were made they would soon think the new way right, for

they always like things just as they are. Jim and I have long wanted to move New Year's Day out of the winter where, obviously, it does not belong, that we might put it into spring where it surely ought to be. We would have the new year begin when Swinburne's hounds are on the winter's traces, when the blue lilacs are like smoke upon the sierras of California, when trillium sanctifies the woodlands of Illinois, when arbutus or fruit blossoms glorify our Eastern homeland. Consider the effect of such a beginning on New Year's resolutions. They might be less respectable than they are now, but they would be more effective. They might even be kept!

Because it is our bad habit to begin the new year when it is not new our resolutions are negative and dull. In the dead winter we reluctantly promise ourselves that we will try to do without certain of our cherished and lamented sins. We say little about what we will do with our possible and problematical virtues. But how could a person look at a violet and be content to stop resolving with the phrase "I won't"? Every candid petal would challenge his "I will." When we say "I will" we are positive and imaginative. When we are positive and imaginative miracles can be wrought (without the aid of M. Coué), for the imagination is always translating prosy inhibitions into valorous poems. And when miracles can be wrought—

This is only one reason why Jim and I keep our own New Year's Day in the season of initiation, when life is ardent and affirmative. Our spring festival in

the open has divers and diverse meanings for us, but we begin it with a resolution. We resolve to drink deep of the wine spring decants into flowers. We resolve to share the fine intoxication of Emerson's BACCHUS that suffers no savor of the earth to escape. The new world of spring drips with the sweetness of many saps. Such liquors we have tasted many times.

I remember a time when we drove north from New York into Connecticut in Bobbie Fliv. Bobbie looks as if he were blind in one eye where the lamp lining has rusted, but he sees well enough to keep to the road even at night. When we climbed into him in the morning the town was a fever in our minds. We drove silently away from it into shiny, bewildering weather.

On our way we collected materials for our first evening feast. We bought a pound of steak, onions, bread, butter, and fruit. We stopped for a few minutes of gossip with an old friend in Norwalk and she gave us a quart of cider in a mason jar. We drove on and on quietly through the cool, vivid day until, at about sundown, we bumped over a dirt road near New Boston and saw a farm that was unoccupied save in summer. Everything about it seemed lonesome. We had permission to camp there.

An old barn near a broad brook stood open to the elements and to us. We entered with the wind. On the floor was dark, musty hay that may have been old when we were young. The night bade fair to be sharp and blustery. We spread our blankets on the stale hay, thereby securing the shelter of roof and walls. As the sky darkened and the stars pricked through it, the wind quickened; and, by the time we were ready to get supper, we were cold enough to want a fire. We had our primus lamp for cooking, but how good it would be to toast our tired selves over a real blaze before turning in! Of course we could not build a fire in the

barn and it would have been difficult to cook over a wind-scattered flame in the open fields, so Jim went out to seek a natural fireplace.

The one he found, however, was made by hands. It was at the top of the nearest hill in a sugar-house that stood wide open like the barn. The hearth was safely built beneath a brick chimney. Slowly we carried our provisions and cooking utensils across a hummocky field covered with stubble and soggy with the spring. Stiffly we climbed the hill. There, out of ancient chips and bits of mouldy shingle, ready as if to meet our need, we built a marvellous fire. It burned the fever of the city out of our minds. There Jim sat at one end of a plank, in a brown flannel shirt, making toast and thinking of nothing more important. I sat at the other end in a gray flannel shirt, and all there is of my intellect was in the frying-pan with the steak and onions.

How good they tasted! We ate in the deep relaxation of silence, realizing that food is a friendly thing, as important to the mind and heart as to the body. The brown flannel shirt took a place beside the gray flannel shirt. We opened the mason jar, for we had no drinking water, and sipped our cider.

It was old to the point of veneration, that cider, but it was exhilarating, not bitter. We drank it bravely and innocently at the end of our meal, accompanied by Gargantuan slices of toast. Our tongues grew warm with the friction of good conversation. We talked of things that we had wanted to discuss all winter. We laughed and chatted merrily while the good fire flared before us, a focus for our mirth in the darkness of the night. Then, suddenly, we realized that we were not alone. Serious masculine faces looked in on us from the door and window of the sugar-house. They stared as only countrymen and cows can stare.

"Good evening," said Jim without a moment's hesitation and without any of the appearance of guilt that rightly belongs to trespassers. "Good evening! Glad to see you!"

One of them, a man with a thatch of reddish hair, found his voice and spoke diffidently, somewhat abashed, I suppose, by Jim's air of confidence.

"Good evenin'," he said. "We come to see if everything was all right. We seen the fire up here——"

Jim explained that the owner had given us permission to camp on the property.

"Campin'—this time o' year?" queried Red Head.

Jim explained cheerfully that we liked to camp in the spring. Red Head looked at his companions doubtfully.

"You'll get *pneumonia*," he said to us.

Jim explained with a jovial air of conviction that we had done this many times before without getting pneumonia. The serious men looked at each other. Perhaps they wanted to tap their foreheads lightly with their fingers, but they refrained.

"You're city folks," said Red Head. "You don't know what it's like up here this time o' year. You'll get *pneumonia*, sure."

He hesitated, and then, with the clumsy, lovable kindness of the country, he added:

"Come right along home with me. I got an extry bed at the house and you'll be more'n welcome. The lady'll catch cold here, or *pneumonia*, sure."

We thanked him warmly, wondering whether we would have been as hospitable under the same circumstances to two queer strangers from the city in brown and gray flannel shirts. We explained that it was our custom to take a spring vacation out of doors. They did not understand. Red Head looked at his silent comrades again inquiringly, but found no answer in their eyes. He gave up.

"Well, I live right over there, second house across the brook," he said. "I reckon you'll get tired of this by midnight. If you do, come right over any time, even if it's two in the morning, and I'll let you in. I wouldn't like for you to get the *pneumonia* on your vacation with a house so handy and all."

We thanked him once more, warmed by his kindly solicitude as much as by our fire. Then he and his comrades disappeared, going down the hill together as quietly as they had come up.

If there be anything dire and dreadful in the power of suggestion, we should have begun to sicken with pneumonia right

away. But we did nothing of the sort. Perhaps the curse was lifted by the goodwill that went into what Red Head said. However that may be, when we were left alone to finish our cider and toast, we were happier than ever. While our fire grew old we grew young. The years of our middle-age flew up the chimney after the fever of the city. We said young, extravagant things and hailed the world with superlatives. Never had there been such a fire, such a supper. Washing the dishes was a merry rite. Then came the joy of running down-hill!

Not in years had we found it amusing to run down-hill. But now! Our feet were as light as the feet of the Sidhe. It was as if we leaped over puffy clouds, scarcely touching the rough hummocks of that hill. Our stubby calfskin boots, made water-tight with viscol oil, were as fleet and gay as the slippers of Cinderella, or as those other frisky slippers of which we sing

"Oh, dem golden slippers,
Oh, dem golden slippers,
Golden slippers I'se gwine to wear
To walk de golden streets."

In spite of our exquisite hilarity we reached the barn safely and found our blankets on the musty hay. We were not troubled by its mustiness, for clean winds came in at the door. The broad brook, running away from us into lower and warmer country, played a lazy piano accompaniment to the violin tones of the breeze. Without more ado, suddenly, we were in the land of Nod.

I woke early when the stars were just beginning to be uncertain of their places in the sky. The cold wind had gone to visit elsewhere—probably to see a poor relation—and the air was much warmer. The sugar-house on the hill was hidden from sight by a gigantic ball of downy cloud that was rolling slowly, slowly, through the valley. Earth was quiet with the numb quietness known only in the early morning. Our revel of the night before seemed as remote as if it had been years ago. So had sleep changed my mood. I put on a sweater and entered deliberately into the great hall of mist.

On the other side of it, I knew, were the

solid rock and earth of the hill that held the sugar-house. But through the damp white veil I could see only a few feet ahead. Beyond the hill, I knew, were other hills that I could see by climbing it. Beyond those hills were rivers and plains and cities, even to the edge of the world and around again, but I could see them only by my imagination. And beyond the world's edge were ethereal rivers and the multitudinous planes of the firmament and millions of whirling suns and riotous comets that I could not adequately imagine. And beyond them, through them, in them all, was one life and that life even in me. . . . I stood there a long time, dumb and wondering, until the stars had faded out, until the red dawn came.

Dawn reminded me of the wifely duty of waking Jim. I accomplished this pleasantly persuasive feat by a brief discourse on coffee and fried eggs. After breakfast we packed quickly and climbed into Bobbie. We lurched out of the barn and into a clear morning.

At first roads unbound themselves before us like great reels of brown ribbon let down from the hills, roads clear of snow, now, but darkened by the moisture dripping from rocks, crossed by small runnels from brooks too full for their channels. On the hills the trees were still bare, but they burned with life to the very finger-tips. In the valleys the catkins delighted us, large yellow ones heavy with pollen, dangling green ones, downy gray ones. In marshy places stiff brown reeds, the children of the dead year, shuddered against clumps of living brushwood, and the skunk-cabbage was there, cheery green. When we stopped to water Bobbie I saw a patch of bloodroot snowy-white against the dark loam by the side of the road. I picked a single flower. Then I remembered that purity of heart and life is a red-blooded thing, that anæmia is not the fire that burns whitest. We went on. Then came a stretch of driving through mire so deep that branches of trees had to be laid across it so that cars would not sink into it and be lost. We went slowly.

We wanted to travel far that day, so we did not cook our own luncheon as

usual. We stopped for coffee and pie at a cheap restaurant in a small town. We chose it because we were not looking our very best and did not care to be conspicuous in a larger place. Our faces were burned red with wind and sun and our hair was distraught. Like the late King Perneb of Egypt, who slumbers in the Metropolitan Museum, we were wrapped in so many layers of old clothing that no pin could have scratched, even in the hand of a dear enemy. Our humility was rewarded. Such pie!

Such crust!—flaky, brown, sweet. Such fillings of cream, apple, mince, and with the heartiest good humor we sampled several kinds. Ten cents a cut! And each cup of coffee was browner, clearer, more fragrant than its predecessor. Man has never really savored any experience until he has known it at its best. This stands out in our minds as our great experience with pie—the superlative work of the fairy pie-cook. “Mince pie,” murmured Jim as we climbed into Bobbie. “Cream pie,” said I gently, meditatively, “cream pie.”

The afternoon was like the morning. We drove gaily over brown roads wrapped in heavy clothing and a treasured Navajo blanket. At sundown we were in low, level country. We came upon a small cottage, isolated and humble, and decided to ask the owner if we might spend the night on his land. We went in together and found a decrepit old German couple, a gnarled and weather-beaten Baucis and Philemon, rheumatic and well-nigh toothless. They looked out at us through a dingy window. Then the old woman came to the door, listened to our request, stared at us solemnly, and shrieked at the old man.

“They wanta campen, poppa; they wanta campen.”

The old man came to the door, grunted, looked us over carefully and then led us across his field to a bit of wood-lot where he said we might camp if we were not afraid of freezing. It was obvious that he was very poor and had few comforts, but he offered to do anything he could for us. Then he hobbled painfully back to his old mate. He was a figure for a Millet to paint. There was a dumb docility in his kindness that only a hard life can teach.

There must have been a pool in the wood-lot, for, when we turned in after a supper of hot canned beans, we could hear frogs singing their inimitable spring song.

“Listen,” said Jim, “they say life is deep, deep, deep, deep.”

I listened. I remembered what we tell babies about it:

“What does the little frog say?”

(In a high squeaky voice) “Pepmint!”

“What does the big frog say?”

(In a low, throaty voice) “Choclit ice-cream!”

But the frogs said other things to me. I tried to comprehend and define a music steadier and cooler than bird song. It seemed to me to be an intense serenity. Over and over again it trilled:

“We know the law . . . the law is good . . . we keep the law, O Pan!”

And from time to time one of the chorus would croak a truculent “Amen.” The frogs were singing of the tree of life and their song meant love and worship and obedience. As I listened, it was borne in upon me that the roots of the tree of life are all interwoven. Perhaps that is one convincing message of the spring.

If we go deep enough into the subsoil wherein ourselves are planted, we shall learn that this is true. If we seek in ourselves the root of truth, we shall find it enmeshed in the root of beauty. If we look for the root of the love of mankind, we shall find it bound about by the root of the love of God. All of the living roots are filled with the sap of love; else they could not work well enough to sustain us, they could not strike deep enough to lift us. Without love there is no growth. If we do not understand this, it may be because we have profaned the word in our minds as Shelley would not profane it in his song. It may be because we have profaned it in fact.

Love is even more than the sap of life that feeds us; it is the light in which the sap is made. To scatter it like sunshine is to be eased of its burden. To give it gladly, freely, constantly, to worlds visible and invisible, is to be saved from the bitter desire of it and from the more bitter desire of counterfeits. Such eternally scattered love has its own highest ranges and deepest sanctities that nobody knows; it claims for one life one only

mate, one only God; but it never centres itself exclusively on one object, nor does it hold any one joy so hard against the heart that it must wither in life's heat. It is both thrifty and extravagant; both generous and pure. . . . While the frogs sang the shadows of sleep darkened my mind.

We were awakened early in the morning by a pattering, scratching, slithering noise on the front flap of our tent. A ruffed grouse slid to the ground just a yard away from us. He stood there a moment, shaking ruffled plumage and looking as if he liked us immensely.

We travelled far up-hill that day on the west shore of the Hudson. Slowly we creaked and rattled into the mountains near Phœnicia, making our way over hard ruts that had once been deep mud and would be again when they thawed. An occasional flurry of light snow blew past our ears and tingled against our cheeks. It was cold in the mountains. Finally, near the edge of a roaring brook at the end of the day, we found a lean-to, evidently placed there for summer campers, and decided to remain for the night. Not until we had pitched camp did I remember that I had bought nothing for dinner. Under such circumstances it is well that negligent wives of hungry chauffeurs explore the larder alone. I tactfully suggested that Jim fish until dinner-time. He is always willing to fish. With chattering teeth he got out his tackle and went to try the brook.

Then I investigated our provision box. In it I found three dilapidated strips of bacon, the stubby end of a stale loaf, one large onion, and several small cans of evaporated milk. Out of them I had to make a dinner. I had to think of breakfast, too. No. On second thoughts, I decided to eliminate breakfast. It would not be needed for twelve hours. Sufficient unto the day are the meals thereof!

I sat with three strips of bacon in one hand and an onion in the other, wondering what to do. Nothing could be done without fire, so I built a good one against a big backlog. Then my years of experience as chef in a humble household stood me in good stead and, in the firelight, in-

spiration flashed in upon me. Bacon, onion, bread, and milk! Out of them I could concoct a dinner fit for—Jim—if I could only find a little flour to thicken a milk sauce. I found no ordinary flour, but in the bottom of a carton was a spoonful of self-raising pancake flour mingled with sand. It would do.

I cut my bacon into small bits and browned them in a pan. Then I took them out and browned my onion slices in the fat. Then I took them out and thickened the fat with the flour, adding two small cans of evaporated milk and a cup of brook water. When my sauce was ready I put bacon and onion back into it and called Jim. Out of the loaf-end we made four slices of good toast on which we served the feast. Jim did not guess that my impromptu dish was not the carefully planned culinary event of the day. While we ate slowly, thankfully, with the scented smoke of our fire smarting in our eyes, we watched the light snow flurries come and go. First, for a few minutes, winter would blow delicate flakes through the ravine. Then, for a few minutes at a time, the wind would stop and fading spring sunshine would glisten on the dark water of the brook. Jim forgot that he had caught no fish. He took out his familiar corn-cob pipe and walked up and down under the trees. I sat still by the fire, dreamy and content.

It is my moods of acquiescence that are rewarded. Perhaps that is because I am of a militant nature. Perhaps for others the secret crown that rewards every victory is given on the battle-field. But for me good things come out of quietness. After that impromptu dinner, while I was resting on a log, as quiet as the log, a little wild brown bird flew out of the dusk and, like a winged blessing, rested on my head!

It was only for an instant that he stayed, for in quick feminine fear I put up my hand. He must have been disappointed in me, thinking that if he had shown such trust I should have been more trustful. Or perhaps he had made a mistake, taking me for the stump of an old apple-tree. However it was, he did not fly far. He fluttered into a bush near by where I could see him clearly, noting the bill of a seed-eater and knowing him for

one of the dear wild sparrows. When Heaven sends birds why need we fear bats? When Jim returned I was still pondering on the strange necessity of animal life called "fear." It is fear that makes us cruel. Will the time ever come when we can greet all living things with the mystical salutation of Kipling's jungle people, "We be of one blood, ye and I"?

The next morning was clear and much warmer, without even the memory of snow. Under a mild spring sun the dead leaves of the old year glistened like curled brown shells, holding drops of water left in them by the snow. Sufficient unto the day are the meals thereof. My policy of the night before was justified by the morning weather. It was so pleasant that we enjoyed breakfasting modestly on coffee and dry prunes. We bathed in the roaring brook. We romped through the clearing like giddy children. We danced the cramps out of our bones. Then Jim took rod and reel to try for trout again—a hopeless quest—and I went seeking flowers.

Perhaps the delicately audacious blossoms that begin nature's new year put on the fairies' cloaks of invisibility for protection when the spring nights are cold. I had seen no flowers in camp in the evening. But in the morning what a lot of them there were within about ten yards of the lean-to!

I looked for arbutus and found violets—tiny yellow ones with a russet tinge, as if they were tanned already by the year's new sun, timid little blue ones, the prophetic forerunners of greater blue ones yet to come, and pearly-white ones, loveliest of all, with kind, tufty, golden hearts. Then I looked for more violets and found arbutus—full pink where winds had blown the leaves away, whitish where they still covered the woody sprigs of bloom. I found dogtooth violets, the most demure of golden blossoms. I found bloodroot in thick clumps. I found hepaticas with dangling, silky leaves, soft as the dangling ears of a spaniel puppy, on a slope, under a stark old oak. I found red trillium near the roaring brook. I found ferns and spring beauties wherever I looked. And one lovable dandelion! What was it doing there on

the mountainside? It was the only flower I picked.

I have made a great garland in my mind of the flowers I have seen and passed. In it are warm bundles of sage from the mesas of California, the white sage, putting out her fragrant gray-green leaves after the rains that bring the spring, opening her small indefinite blossoms beloved by the bees. In it are handfuls of the popcorn flower that makes white patches in the California canyons, and flaming sprays of the monkey-flower that grows upon the canyon's sides. For this garland I have stolen great branches of almond bloom from the orchards of the Golden State, almond bloom whose color is more lovely than the rose of peach-blossoms. Into my garland I have woven bits of holly and hawthorn taken from the hedges of England and much dark ivy. Through it all I have threaded streamers of ground-pine from Delaware Water Gap, and fastened to them are small bits of wintergreen wearing last year's berries. Where blossoms are thickest and brightest I have put the glorious wild azalea from the warm, sandy fields of New Jersey. And every wreathed thorn in my garland is covered with downy leaves of the mullein, or blanket-plant, my friend in all the pasture-lands of spring.

But I never weave dogwood into my garland. The dogwood must be remembered all alone. It is a vanishing tree. Most trees stay with us all the year, but somehow, in the strangest possible way, the dogwood seems to disappear when its season of bloom is over. I do not know where it goes. I have sometimes thought that it follows the Pied Piper through a rebukeful mountain or slips over the edge of the world after Lord Dunsany's marvellous thief, Slith. I would affirm this unconditionally were it not for the fact that those who follow the Piper never return and Slith is still falling through the "unreverberate blackness of the abyss." Not so the dogwood-tree. It comes back. So it must be simply that it grows inwardly, toward heaven, through eleven months of the year, so that in one month there may be an epiphany of perfect loveliness.

I am never conscious of the dogwood-

tree until it appears with firm trunk and low outline and lifted crown of dazzling white against the taller trees that spend the whole year in our hearts and minds. The dogwood is a vanishing tree and a tree of vision. The lifted disks of firm ivory were carved for a purpose. Under them we should not stand or sit until we have discovered why and what they are.

Discoverers have learned what they can scarcely tell. But I heard an explanation once that pleased me as well as any. Once upon a time, the story goes, the little cherubs were having a tea-party in heaven, and came near to forgetting themselves and behaving as little cherubs behave on earth. Lest they should really forget, the wise elder angels took away the saucers from their celestial teacups so that they could not play tea-party again for a month. The cups were left to remind them of their lost privilege. So, for a while every year, the dogwood bears upon its branches the saucers that the cherubs need for their tea-parties. No tree on earth has ever held the cups.

Every spring festival comes to an end. One night in spring when we were driving home from one of ours we saw the great aurora. We had been rolling through a dark valley where cherry-trees were in bloom, singing Housman's lines:

"Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide."

The tune was our own, but the meaning was universal. At a turn of the road we looked up and saw that something was happening in the heavens. Reverently Jim stopped Bobbie Fliv.

At first we saw shafts of white light like great candles reaching to the zenith. For a while they stood quite still, as if they were waiting. Then they disappeared, or were blotted out by waves of shimmer-

ing, veering colors that melted into one another. The waves of light became more luminous. They were wings, radiant wings incalculably shifting above us, rosy and golden wings, amber and green plumes of glory, terrible pinions of violet and orange. The angels were at play. They swept the sky with celestial dignity as if it were the door-step of God. They danced with celestial caprice as if they were touching the topmost pinnacles of man's vision. Deep into the deepening sky I looked until I thought the varicolored wings were singing, though it was a soundless song—until I thought that countless eyes from heaven were peering into me, passing through my body to the very quick of my spirit, going too deep for wonder. I gave back look for look as long as I could, gazing, gazing into intolerable brightness, until I was suddenly lost in it. . . . I leaned close to Jim's thick sweater, shivering, and heard him say:

"Cheer up, Peggy; the aurora never hurt anybody yet."

So be it. The unco guid have a horrid way of reminding us of the danger of beauty. Saints and poets, inspired sinners, and Jim and I believe in the beauty of danger. Nothing in the world is more perilous than the life that seems to be absolutely safe.

So do we keep our spring festival, our New Year's Day, singing in our hearts as our folk used to sing long ago:

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear
For to worship God with this happy new year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and
the wine,
With seven bright gold wires and bugles that
do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her
toe—
Open you the west door and turn the old year
go.
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her
chin—
Open you the east door and turn the new year
in."





The men struggled barefacedly for the favor of her bewitching baby smiles.—Page 600.

The Maverick Princess

BY RANDOLPH ELLIOTT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM A. ROGERS

BOYS," said my father, "how would you like a little sister?"

"What's a little sister?" Pat, spokesman for the pair of us, made cautious rejoinder.

"A little sister is somebody like Bill here, only he's a boy, and she would be a little girl." My father's explanation, begun glibly, petered out beneath the quizzical gleam in my mother's eyes.

Pat still refused to commit himself. "What's a little girl?" he queried further.

"A little girl—" My father stopped abruptly. "Is the kid trying to be funny? Or doesn't he really know?"

"He's heard of girls, of course," said my mother laughing; "but I don't believe he's ever seen one. How should he! Sixty miles from the nearest town, and old Della and I the only things on the

ranch who wear skirts! Not that I wear them often," she added with a glance at her trim knickers and high boots.

"But, good Lord," exclaimed my father, appalled by a sudden realization of the facts, "think of Bill here, eight years old, and as ignorant of girls as the day he was born! No wonder he's such a young roughneck. How do you suppose he'll behave when he first sees one?"

"Probably like all the rest of his sex," rejoined my mother. "He'll first scorn her, then pity, then embrace. But hadn't you best finish your very lucid explanation?" She was clearly enjoying her husband's discomfiture.

So my father told us that a girl was somebody like mother, only little, and that one of them, the daughter of an old friend, was coming from across the ocean to live on the ranch with us and be our sister.

Pat allowed himself a gleam of interest. "If she belongs across the ocean, then

she'll have to ride on a ship to get here, won't she?"

My father said yes, and Pat condescended to pleased approval. "I guess I'll like her all right if she'll tell me about the ship."

Strange that a child of the inland country, born and brought up on a huge ranch, should have developed a passion for the great unseen, unknown, mysterious sea. How it first began we never knew. But for Pat the wide stretches of his Wyoming home held no allure. The golden mesas, rising and falling in their sweep toward the distant mountains, the cow-punchers dashing across them in pursuit of stampeding cattle, the thrilling gray dawns of the round-ups, when, mounted on well-gentled ponies, we were allowed to ride with the men—these things, which filled my childish soul with unrealized, inarticulate joy, were to Pat merely the humdrum events of every-day life. But the finding in an old magazine of the picture of a ship would set his eyes to sparkling. He would pore over it by the hour, studying every rope and sail, expounding the meaning of every part. And at night, when our tomboy mother returned from her varied outdoor activities and settled herself for the accustomed story-telling, Pat's unfailing demand would be: "Tell me about Columbus and those little boats he rode in!"

Looking back after the passage of years, I realize that part of Betty's good fortune was the fact that she had "ridden in a ship" to get to us. Pat was a difficult boy, high-tempered, unruly, resentful of any encroaching on his privileges; and Betty, the outsider, would have been put to it to hold her own with him had there not lingered always about her childish head the halo of one who "had gone down to the sea in ships."

But on the spring morning of our father's announcement, all this was hidden in the future. Pat, having given his indifferent consent to the coming of the stranger, went about his business. I, however, was older, and the statement that the newcomer would be like mother, only little, intrigued me. I adored my mother. Slim, beautiful in her boyish togs, recklessly flinging herself on any half-broken horse that came to hand, and

dashing through the corral gates amidst the protesting admiration of the "wranglers"—it was a picture that always fired my imagination. Accordingly, I lingered to hear more of this promised small edition of her grace and daring.

My father looked worried. "I wonder if Adrian realizes what a rough life we live—sixty miles from nowhere and only men on the place! If you ask me, it's not the sort of thing for a little girl brought up in the conventional order of a European kingdom!"

But my mother was airily unconcerned. "Prince Adrian spent six weeks hunting big game with you in the Hole-in-the-Wall country. He must know that Wyoming has none of the luxury and formal régime of a palace. Probably it's to get her away from such things that he's sending the child here. Anyway it's too late for you to stop it. He counted on the friendship between you and started her off without waiting for your reply. She'll be here any day now."

It was a wild afternoon of scudding clouds and howling winds when the girl arrived. A buckboard with two rangy horses driven by a wide-hatted cowboy came to a spectacular halt in front of the corral, and from it alighted three persons. A square-bearded man with iron-gray hair descended first, followed by a stout woman arrayed in layer upon layer of gay shawls, her round, dark face blanched by terror of the unknown. Once safe on the ground, she turned and lifted down a child.

It was many years ago, but I can still see Betty as she appeared in that first glimpse. She wore a white fur coat and cap (for March in Wyoming holds the tang of winter), and between the two layers of snowy, luxurious fur there shone out her little face, richly colored as a September peach, all creamy-gold and vivid carmine, with brown eyes starlike in their shining excitement. Her hair, heavy and black and straight, hung to her waist, except when the riotous wind caught it and flung it, a rippling black banner, into her face, whence she brushed it impatiently with small, fur-gloved hands.

Pat and I, before their arrival, had been practising with our miniature ropes tricks learned from the ranch hands—spinning

them in wide circles; jumping into the centre of the revolving coils and out again without touching the strands; lassoing fence posts; tripping each other with deft twists of writhing loops. The child, on approaching, had witnessed one of Pat's

grasped the other. Between them the boy was like to be torn in half. Meanwhile I, outraged by Pat's daring to lay impious hands on this newly visioned angel, broke into a bellow of noisy weeping, and my mother leaned against the



It was many years ago, but I can still see Betty as she appeared in that first glimpse. —Page 507.

most spectacular feats, and now, freeing herself from her nurse, she fell upon him, clutching the rope with both hands, jabbering an unintelligible jargon.

Pat's response was immediate. "Leggo! Leggo, I say!" he yelled, and on her failure to obey, he proceeded to pummel her with small, bony fists.

The resulting uproar was deafening. The fat nurse sprang forward with unbelievable swiftness and a torrent of vituperation in an unknown language. She seized Pat by one arm just as my father, shouting "Stop that, you little devil!"

bars of the corral, adding her pretty, gay laughter to the variegated din.

The square-bearded man quieted the tumult. A command to the nurse made her release Pat's shoulder, and, gathering up the child in her arms, she marched off in wrathful silence. In like silence my father shoved Pat ahead of him down the trail to the wood-shed and the bunch of switches which always awaited us there. My mother, trying in vain to repress her little ripples of amusement, greeted her guest in formal fashion, and the two walked up to the house together. I was

left alone to mop my eyes with the back of my hand, and gazed malevolently at Pat's rope lying abandoned on the ground.

If any man thinks that children do not fall in love, just refer him to me! Only a few minutes had passed since the arrival of the dilapidated buckboard, but in that brief time into my eight-year-old heart had slipped a fairy-tale princess, snow-white, rose-red, raven-black!

Later, sitting unobtrusively in the living-room, I listened to the conversation of my elders. The Count, as my father and mother called him, was allaying some of my father's fears.

"On the contrary, Mr. Farrell," he said. "Prince Adrian knows perfectly the manner of life you lead here, and it is because that life offers exactly what he wants that he has ventured to ask this boon of you, trusting to that friendship formed so many years ago during your Austrian student days. He foresees bad times for our unfortunate little country. His mother, the Grand Duchess, has had a happy and peaceful reign, but his, he thinks, will be stormy. The world is changing, and he wishes this child, his heiress, to be trained in the most ultra-modern fashion so that she may be able to meet the new conditions. She is to be treated in every respect as are your sons, with body and character and self-reliance strengthened by a vigorous, simple, out-of-door life. She is no longer to be Elisabetha Maria Vittoria Yolanda, with a string of half a dozen titles after her names. You are to call her what you will——"

"I think Betty is an awful nice name!" I broke in suddenly, forgetting my caution and stepping forward eagerly.

The Count adjusted his glass and looked at me keenly. His eyes were very black and piercing, and seemed to take in the whole of me, from my flaming red head to my shuffling embarrassed feet.

"Betty it is!" he said finally. "And since you have acted as godfather to her American christening, let me ask you one question, young man. Do you like this godchild of yours?"

"I—I think she's great!" I stammered in an agony of confusion.

The Count smiled with satisfaction.

"That is good!" he remarked. "I hereby appoint you her unofficial guardian with orders to teach her everything you know, from riding wild horses to twisting the rope which was the cause of our somewhat turbulent entrance."

A week later no one in the country of her birth would have recognized the Princess Elisabetha Maria Vittoria Yolanda. Under the supervision of the Count her hair had been clipped; and, clad in what he called "all overs" (the blue overalls which form the uniform of the Western ranch child), "Betty" had emerged and was turned loose with Pat and me. I welcomed her joyfully, but in secret I suffered over the loss of her floating black banner of hair, for with it went some part of the fairy-princess guise. Unknown to any one I stole a long, glossy, fragrant lock, and hid it away for private gloating. Parents seldom know what fool romantic notions their little boys often cherish!

The Count stayed a month and a portion of each day he spent with me, telling me of Betty's home; of the old grandmother who lived in a castle and ruled over her people with kindly severity; of Betty's father—"once the bosom friend of your own father, my lad"—so handsome and dashing, like an old-time knight; of how he, too, would reign some day; and how, after him, the power would pass into Betty's little hands. Of why, loving her dearly, he yet had decided to send her away, in order that she might never know the littleness and meanness of court life, never be the centre of intrigue and false flattery.

"By the time she is called upon to reign," said the Count, "her father thinks the people, the common people, will be in control all over the world. Therefore, he wants her to grow up with them, be one of them. Then, at the appointed hour, she will be able to rule as one of them, and they will accept her and love her as such."

Wily old Count, always building for the future! He had sensed my instant surrender to his little charge, and since Betty was to be trained in accordance with a unique plan, he was deliberately fitting me, her adoring boy companion, into the pattern of that plan.

It was heady stuff for a youngster—all

this vaguely comprehended talk of kingdoms and dynasties and of reins of government to be held by small, dimpled, baby hands. The one thing I clearly realized was that this child, gobbling down her oatmeal beside me, was a real, live princess, and that I had been appointed her unofficial guardian. I swaggered and strutted abominably, until Pat, least patient of youths, flew into sudden rage, and there followed a battle of such gigantic proportions that the bunk house was emptied of men and the corral bars were festooned with delighted spectators.

Pat was no mean fighter, but I was a year older and correspondingly heavier. I downed him finally and was pounding his nose in the dirt when Betty swooped unexpectedly upon us, like an avenging fury, clawing me away and shrieking in her funny baby English (learned from a governess in her far-distant home) "Beel, Beel, you wicked boy! I hate you, oh, how I hate you!"

My strength turned to water beneath her touch. I slunk aside and watched her cuddling and comforting Pat, my soul bitter at the sound of her soft pitying crooning.

The ring of interested cow-punchers had fallen silent in face of her onslaught, but when Pat, flinging off his ministering angel, had staggered groggily to his feet, the men let out a yell of approval and bore them away to the crude consolations of the mess house.

I stood alone on the field of battle, winner of a hard-fought fight, yet conscious that, after all, it had been an empty victory.

That episode marked the beginning of changed relations between Pat and me. Heretofore, though of naturally unsympathetic temperaments and given to violent personal altercations, we had yet managed to present an unbroken front to a common foe. Now, however, we quarrelled incessantly, with insolent openness. At last my father rose in his wrath and swept us both off to the wood-house and a rendezvous with the switches, declaring as he strode along:

"I thought the presence of a lovely little girl would teach you young rough-necks some manners, but you seem to grow more outrageous every day!"

Poor father, serenely unaware that our new unruliness was directly due to that same lovely little girl!

I worshipped her, and, being fool enough to show it openly, was rewarded by an attitude of careless unconcern, interspersed with brief, sweetly torturing tyrannies. But on Pat, who was just as openly indifferent to her, she lavished all the wiles of a born coquette, fighting his battles even as I fought hers.

At first he had been disgusted at her ignorance of the ship in which she had crossed, regarding her as a very religious person might regard an angel who professed forgetfulness of the ground plan of heaven. However, she soon divined the intensity of his sea love and thenceforth used it as a leash to bring him to heel. When he was being particularly obnoxious to her, so that my very fingers itched to fly at his throat, the little witch would remark dreamily: "When I rode on the ship"—following it by some childish anecdote. It never failed to work. Though her ignorance of technical details was abysmal, for Pat she would be again imbued with the glory of one who had seen and known the thing for which his soul longed.

In spite of minor frictions, that first year of her stay was a time of rare delight. Betty, it seemed, had but exchanged one kingdom for another, for she became at once the pet of the whole ranch. The cow-punchers adored her, and if her father had wished to keep her from flattery he had chosen the wrong place. The men struggled barefacedly for the favor of her bewitching baby smiles, and my father took her at once into his heart in place of the little daughter he had always desired.

That she was not egregiously spoiled was doubtless due to the healthy outdoor life she lived. She took to it like the proverbial duck, and being absolutely without fear, was soon almost as skilled with pony and rope and small rifle as were Pat and I.

Bela, her fat nurse, proved infinitely less adaptable. From the very first she had been in a state of revolt. To my father and mother, it is true, she rendered a kind of sullen homage, but with Della, our old Irish cook, it was war to the knife, and the fact that neither could understand a word the other was saying

in no wise mitigated the fury of their conflicts. Pat and I, with the facility of childhood, soon picked up a fair amount of her (and Betty's) native tongue, but we had not needed this knowledge of her language to comprehend her scorn of our small, turbulent, democratic world.

Betty soon outgrew the woman's would-be tender ministrations, and, aping Pat and me, the child learned to hustle into her somewhat scant apparel with record speed, and would race us to the swimming hole for our morning dip, returning thence with her short black hair plastered to the small beautiful head and an appetite for breakfast which caused Bela to register unmitigated horror. Evidently, in all her long years of service in the reigning house, no princess had ever eaten in so gross a manner.

Those same short locks were another source of anguish to the devoted nurse, and with every fresh cropping there was an emotional storm which ended only when my mother uttered a few curt words of command. These, delightedly translated by malicious Pat, would send Bela muttering to her sanctuary, the little room next Betty's in the eastern wing of the ranch-house.

When Pat and Betty were eight years old and I nine, regular lessons began under the guidance of a young man imported for the purpose. My mother, a man's woman with small liking for her own sex, vetoed the suggestion of a governess put forward by my father, who had begun to wonder whether Betty might not be the better for a little strictly feminine influence.

"I'll have no old maid lolling about the place!" my mother declared, and the Count, who had come for a visit of inspection, seconded her ably.

"Prince Adrian, too, prefers a tutor," he said. "The child will have more need of the valor of a man than of the graces of a woman if her life develops as we foresee."

So the tutor came, the first of many as it turned out. For as Betty grew into her teens, passing, with no interlude of an awkward age, from the charm of childhood into the winsomeness of girlhood, each young tutor in turn fell victim of her budding loveliness, and sighed and suffered through many gloomy weeks until

he had to be dismissed and his successor installed.

But in spite of these interruptions, our education went on apace. A real education it was, too, I may say, and equally strict for the three of us. With this one exception—that, whereas Pat and I were held firmly to task in the matter of mathematics and sciences, Betty's strictest discipline came in the study of governments. All governments, I mean, ancient and modern, oligarchies, tyrannies, kingdoms, limited monarchies, republics, governments practical and theoretical, utopian and anarchical.

All this bored Pat inexpressibly. He had a good mind but was intellectually lazy, and this delving into matters which he felt would never concern him brought him often to the point of open rebellion. I, knowing why this particular study was being stressed for Betty, was intensely interested and would often gibe at him for his narrow-minded obtuseness.

Whenever I did so Betty would immediately fly to his defense.

"It is you, Beel, who show stupidity," she would declare. "These things are all very well for you and me. We are land people and they will be necessary for us. But Pat is different. He is of the sea. The quarter-deck will be his home. Why should he bother his brains about parliaments and the affairs of the laborer!"

She was still his ardent champion, you see. And, indeed, the relative positions assumed by us as children had been little modified with the passage of the years. I still worshipped Betty; Betty still sought out Pat, and Pat was still gaily indifferent to the two of us.

He was a handsome lad, with something of my mother's beauty of slender form. Like hers, too, his dark hair and gentian-blue eyes and wide, mocking smile. No one, I think, quite approved of Pat. He was too callous in his unconcealed selfishness, too brutally direct in gaining his own ends. But when he chose to exert himself, he had an all-conquering charm.

I was of the rugged type of my father—tall and big-boned with red hair and gray eyes. I looked at myself in the glass one day after Betty had chanced to flay me more mercilessly than usual, and grinned at the rough-hewn visage I saw there.

"You big boob!" I apostrophized myself. "She'll go on treating you like a yellow cur as long as you let her. Why don't you stop it? After all, even if she is a princess she's only a girl and almost two years younger than you."

There was no psychoanalysis about my sudden determination. I was too young for that—only seventeen. It was simply a matter of realizing that I was the under dog of our trio, when by right of seniority and size I should be on top. I resolved to make myself boss of my juniors. And I did it!

It was no easy job. Pat had grown so accustomed to my mooning around in a kind of fatuous princess-worship that he did not readily relinquish his cynical superiority. But there came a day when, holding him by both wrists in an unbreakable grip, I made him apologize for some particularly outrageous rudeness to Betty.

"Oh, I'll apologize, you big bully!" Pat yelled, white with fury.

Grinning happily, I released him. "Big bully," was not an especially desirable title, but at least it was better than "big boob."

Betty's surrender came more slowly. She was clearly surprised by my right-about-face attitude, from adoring adulation to a kind of jolly comradeship, but it was only little by little that she allowed a new respect to creep into her own manner. I think the happiest moment of my life up to that time was when she deliberately sought me out to ask for my help in one of her projects. It was a small matter, but when she stood before me, a little embarrassed, the long black lashes shading her shy eyes, I knew that, once for all, I was cock of the walk among the ranch's younger set.

The next autumn, when I was eighteen and the other two seventeen, was the time set for our separation—Betty and I to go to our respective colleges, Pat to the Naval Academy. But in August of that year the world flamed into war.

To all of us, in our remote, isolated life, it came as a crushing surprise. Pat was the first to react. He disappeared one day and when he turned up again, a week later, it was in the uniform of a "gob."

My father and mother were horror-

struck. "If you had only waited," they cried; "you could have gone as an officer." But Pat was superlatively content. "This way I get to sea at once," he declared; "without having four more years of school."

Of course, I wanted to enlist, too, in the army, as did most of the younger cow-punchers; but my father held us in leash.

"America will be in soon," he said; "that will be your time. As for you, my boy (to me) a little taste of college will do you no harm."

So Betty and I stood with the others on the morning that Pat left us. It is curious to realize how little part the elders of the ranch played in our inner lives. For ten years we three had lived in a world of our own making—quarrelling, fighting, playing, loving. So it was to Betty and me that Pat said his real farewell.

When he took her hand and saw her before him, lovely, tremulous, eyes shining with unshed tears, I thought that even his armor of self-sufficiency was going to crack. He hesitated a second, made as though he would take her in his arms, then whirled about and jumped into the waiting automobile, and the gentian-blue eyes and wide, mocking smile vanished in a cloud of Wyoming dust. Pat, at seventeen, had known but one love, the sea, and he went off gaily to the tryst.

A few weeks later Betty and I also travelled down the long road to the station and across the continent.

Her college was only a few miles distant from mine, and I went over often to offer her moral first aid in her new experiences. It's no use denying that she and the college were equal sufferers in the contact. No one knew who she was, not even the authorities. It had been her father's wish that she should slip into place there, inconspicuous, object of no favors. But it was utterly impossible for Betty to be inconspicuous. Her great beauty alone rendered that a vain hope. Then the manner of her upbringing made her impatient of rules, written or conventional. Her life on a big ranch among men, riding stirrup to stirrup with them on many a long day's jaunt; sharing the night watches of the round-up; eating the rough food; sleeping in a blanket beneath the stars; having for her only woman com-

panion my tomboy mother, who was as good a "cowman" as any of the punchers—from surroundings such as these imagine the untamed Betty flung into the activities of an Eastern woman's college!

"Oh, Beel, it is dreadful!" she would groan, waving a scornful hand at the

I was there when I heard of Pat's death. He had been assigned to a mine-sweeper, and was one of the first of that small company of American sailors who died in the Great War.

Pat, the sea-lover, drowned at twenty-one! His first sweetheart had been a



When he turned up again, a week later, it was in the uniform of a "gob."—Page 601.

sleek trimness of the campus. "Girls, hundreds and hundreds of them, living together in this stuffy place, doing the same things, thinking the same little thoughts, wearing the same stupid clothes! I don't belong here, Beel. I'm an outlaw, a maverick in this herd. I want to go back home."

But orders were orders and she had to stick. My own college career, scarcely less irksome than hers, was cut short by America's entrance into the war, and in due course I found myself in France, in the thick of the fighting.

jealous mistress, withholding from him even the chance of supplanting her by another.

I felt a strange new tenderness in the thought of my younger brother. Temperamentally we could never have been friends, and since Betty's coming there had always been bitterness between us, often barely concealed. But after all there was the tie of blood, and that tie grows stronger with death.

Also my heart ached for Betty. How she had loved him! It was an instinctive love, with no foundation of respect or

admiration. She saw him, I knew, as clearly as did the rest of us—was just as surely conscious of his iron-plate selfishness and self-centredness. But for her his careless, natural charm outweighed his equally natural defects. She never reasoned about her love for him, never followed it out to the logical conclusion, as I had done—that there could not possibly be any permanent relation between her life and ours. She had simply loved him!

"Betty is inconsolable," my mother wrote. "I wish you were here to back up your father and the Count in their efforts at distraction. I was never any good at dealing with women in feminine fashion, and Pat's death has turned me more strongly than ever to the panacea of hard work and hard riding—a cure which Betty refuses to share with me."

Poor mother! Her self-imposed cure came to a sudden end. She rode one wild horse too many, and was brought home dead, with a blue-black mark on her temple as the only disfigurement of her strange, boyish beauty.

Betty wrote me the dreadful news in a letter so filled with sympathy and tenderness that I treasure it to this day. There had never been anything maternal or filial in their relations, but soon after Betty's coming, when the child first began to show the self-reliance of a good sport, my mother had adopted her as a "pal," and such they remained until the terrible day when the old "horse-wrangler's" oft-repeated prophecy had been realized, and the punchers gathered to mourn the mistress they adored.

Thus it was that I returned home, after the armistice, to a sadly diminished family. Bela, the fat nurse, had died years before, and was buried on a wind-swept Wyoming hill, far from the beloved land of her birth; so my father, Betty, and raucous-voiced old Della were alone in the big sun-drenched ranch-house.

My father and Della received me with open arms. Betty was more restrained in her greeting, but there was a new light in her dark eyes, a new note in her lovely voice, which set my heart to beating wildly.

I can't describe Betty—no one could, I think. There was something so young

about her vivid face and shining, starry eyes; something so gallant in her slim, graceful body; something so royal in the carriage of her white throat and beautiful small head, with the heavy black hair close coiled about it. And withal there was such sweetness and gay tenderness and impish charm. My father, saddened and aged, clung to her piteously; the men, drifting back in diminished numbers from their overseas service, came to her for orders; I, worn out with the agonies of war and personal sorrow, found in her my only solace.

We took up again some semblance of the old life. The ranch, long undermanned, was in bad shape; and we began to gather together the scattered cattle. Betty and I rode herd with the cow-punchers, slept once more beneath the stars.

One night, after a long day in the saddle, Betty and I sat by a small camp-fire and watched the moonlight lying in white sheets across the rolling Wyoming hills. My father and the men would join us later, but for the moment we were alone.

Betty gazed thoughtfully into the radiant night. "Beel," she said; "it is all so lovely, so peaceful, and out yonder the world is still in tumult! I feel that this is too good to last." She shivered suddenly and turned to me with something like fear in her wide eyes. "Oh, Beel, you are closer to me than any one else on earth. Tell me, what shall I do when I have to leave this, my real home?"

It was so unusual, this mood of weakness, that my heart jumped aching. I reached out and took both her hands in mine.

"Betty, darling!" I cried. But just then there came a clatter of horse's feet and my father rode up, alone. When he flung himself out of the saddle I saw that his face was unwontedly grave. Shot through with fear, I sprang up and confronted him, a question in my eyes.

He nodded, strained with grief. "Yes, it has come! The Grand Duke Adrian is dead, shot down by the revolutionists. The Count is on his way and wants Betty to meet him in New York a week from to-day."

The moon-drenched hills and plains danced giddily before me. Betty cried out sharply and clutched my shoulder.

"Oh, Beel, Beel! I can't go! Don't let them take me!"

I held her, sobbing, in my arms, and looked at my father over her bent head. His lips were twitching and his voice shaking, but he spoke with stern tenderness.

"Little dearest," he said; "you can't

Much moved, my father gave his consent. He had loved her as a daughter for the greater part of her life and to give her up broke his heart. With both of us gone his home would be left desolate, indeed.

Of that strange journey of ours I retain



"What shall I do when I have to leave this, my real home?" — Page 604.

fail your people now. It was for a time like this that you were trained. You must go and save them from their own madness."

Betty straightened, slim and gallant in her boyish riding clothes. As she stood in the mingled light of moon and camp-fire, her whole figure seemed to glow with an unreal radiance.

"I know it," she said simply. "It was for this my father sent me to you. I am ashamed of my weakness. I will go, but Beel must go with me. You will permit that, won't you? I can't be cut adrift from every one I love."

only a few vivid pictures: Betty sitting beside me in the pullman, white-faced, silent, watching the swift miles speed past; our meeting with the Count in New York, when he kissed her hand and greeted her as his sovereign, Betty standing by the ship's rail gazing into the blue depths of the ocean which had stolen the boy she loved.

"It was only a child's love I felt for him," she said. "He was charming and gay and ruthless, and a child instinctively wants the thing beyond its reach. He would never have cared for me, and I, as a woman, could never have loved him. I

am a woman now, and I know the difference."

Again that new note in her voice stirred my blood. Oh, Betty, my fairy-tale princess, why did the Lord make you so lovely and desirable, and then put you so far beyond my reach!

But perhaps the most vivid memory of all is of that gloomy winter afternoon when the Grand Duchess Elisabeta Maria Vittoria Yolanda drove in state through the rain-swept streets of her grim little capital.

The Count had managed the whole affair and, the revolutionists being in a blue funk over the unplanned-for death of the Grand Duke, there sounded only loyal huzzas of welcome as the young ruler passed through the crowds of her subjects.

I, watching from the curb, was not surprised that they cheered her. Seated in a shabby old gilt coach, wrapped in furs, a charming shy smile touching her lovely lips, she looked every inch a princess. But suddenly, for me, the grimy gray streets vanished and in their stead I saw a wind-tossed March day in Wyoming, a battered buckboard driven by a wide-hatted cowboy, and a small child descending in a fury of eagerness, her black banner of hair whipping against her vivid little face. That was *my* princess—snow-white, rose-red, raven-black!

There followed weeks of confusion, through which I moved in a daze, knowing nothing of the political intrigues, caring nothing for the gossip of the court. That there was abundance of both I did not doubt. My boyhood's knowledge of Betty's native tongue stood me in good stead for the picking up of chance remarks, and thus I learned that my relations to the Grand Duchess were the subject of much comment. "The American Adventurer," they dubbed me, and they wondered what post I was destined to occupy. Hearing this, I smiled grimly and strode on. I, occupy a post in this dinky little country, the whole of it smaller than the smallest of Wyoming's counties! I was homesick for my own land and the wide stretches of sunlit plain. Several times I tried to break loose, but Betty's pleas, her frantic clinging to the comfort of my presence, held me fast.

I saw her but seldom, however. The

court was in mourning and social functions there were none, but long, tedious ceremonies of state filled her days. The Grand Duchess opened her toy parliament. Robed in black, the Grand Duchess took part in gorgeous religious services, praying for the repose of the Grand Duke's soul. The Grand Duchess received delegations of her faithful subjects, and granted endless petitions.

Meanwhile, the political wheels revolved about us. I was utterly ignorant of the various machinations—Betty, I suspected, scarcely less so. But the Count, her prime minister, was always on the watch. He was an old man now; his hair and square-cut beard were snowy white. But the fierce black eyes were as piercingly alert as ever and little escaped them.

After a while I began to realize that affairs were not progressing as he liked. He grew restless, and I occasionally came upon him in remote corners of the bleak old castle, in conversation with strange-appearing men. The coronation of the Grand Duchess would not take place until after the prescribed period of mourning, but in the meantime something was evidently stirring. Now and then, in passing groups of people on the street, disjointed bits of conversation floated back to me, and more and more often did the word "republic" figure in those fragments. Once I encountered the Grand Duchess at the door of her audience hall, and as I bowed and stepped aside she shot a glance at me from beneath her long black lashes. I puzzled over that glance. It was a regular, old-time, "Betty" look, filled with delight and malice and (yes, I was sure) with triumph. What was she up to, I wondered!

Oh, but I was bored! If I seem to give only a vague account of my brief experience of court life, it is because the whole thing seemed to me so unspeakably uninteresting. They were all like children playing at a game, and I sickened of the silly pretense. I grew to loathe that battered old castle, in the rain-sodden little city, the centre of that make-believe duchy. I resolved that, in spite of Betty's pleas, the coming of spring should find me at home again, astride of my horse, leading the March round-up.

The slow weeks dragged past. Christmas came and went, unutterably gloomy. This country of Betty's, I decided, must hold the world's record for annual rainfall. I marvelled that all the inhabitants had not metamorphosed into ducks. There was nothing left in me of the ardent, romantic knight. I was edgy with nerves and in my isolated position had no one on whom I could vent my bad temper. If this state of affairs continued, I would soon be starting a revolution on my own initiative in order to get some action.

Then, late one evening, a footman appeared before me with a summons from the Grand Duchess.

I was surprised. I had not seen her for days and, before that, our infrequent meetings had taken place always in the afternoon in the company of the old Count.

I followed the servant in silence, heard him announce my name, and passed before him into Betty's private sitting-room. It was empty, but her voice called to me from the balcony outside.

"See, Beel, it is going to be fine weather," she said when I joined her.

There was, perhaps, an unconvincing thinning of the ever-present clouds, but I scoffed at her unwarranted optimism.

She laughed. "Poor Beel, he is homesick for his own sunny country! Couldn't you be happy here, Beel, as captain of my armies?"

"Not on your life!" I growled.

The laughter died out of her voice as she turned to the little city stretching dimly below us. An occasional light shone on moisture-soaked walls, an occasional tower lifted toward the black sky.

"Look at it, Beel," she said softly. "The city of my ancestors! Down there are my people, and they want me as little as I want them. Life is strange, isn't it, Beel! My father was hated by his brother rulers because he granted too much power to his subjects. His subjects hated and killed him because he granted too little. He was an outlaw from both camps. He had me educated as a commoner so that I could come back here and rule in peace over the common people. Poor father, he didn't know the

thing he was fashioning! For I have gone him one better and have grown to feel that this whole business of kings and rulers is absurd. What do those people down there want with a Grand Duchess! I could do nothing for them that they couldn't do better for themselves. I know and they know that I, too, am an outlaw, a maverick from the herd."

I stared at her in amazement.

"Do you realize what you are saying!" I exclaimed.

"Of course I do!" she asserted calmly. "The day of sovereigns is ended. This is the era of the people, just as my father long ago foresaw it would be. But it is more so than he ever dreamed of. The world has swept past the need of even limited monarchies. This is the age of democracies, when the people will govern themselves."

She flung wide her arms, a glorious, free gesture. "And I am glad that it is so!" she exclaimed and turned and looked at me, her eyes shining in the dim light.

"I have not told you before, Beel, lest something should happen. But now the wheels within wheels have stopped revolving and everything is arranged. In three days there will be another revolution, a bloodless one this time." She caught her breath in sudden memory of her father, dying so gallantly. Then she went on again steadily.

"As a result of this prearranged revolution, I shall abdicate. Then there will be a plebiscite, and the people will declare themselves a republic. Thus it has been arranged."

She laughed softly. "And every one will be happy except the Count! Poor old Count, he has spent his life propping up a dynasty which, in the person of its last representative, is so glad to fall. Beel, do you realize that I shall be free?"

I stared at her dumbly. Deep inside me something was thumping, thumping. My brain whirled at the undreamed-of possibilities suddenly opening before me. I wanted to speak, but my lips were stiff and dry.

At last I managed to stammer: "But what about you, Betty? What will you do when you are free?"

The look Betty gave me was a mixture of scorn and mischief. "Beel, you stu-

pid!" she cried, and the next moment I had her in my arms.

"I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" I whispered. Her head lay against my heart. I kissed her again and again, on her lips, her lovely, long-lashed eyes.

The white lids fluttered, then opened to a mocking gleam of laughter.

"Shall I propose to you, Beel? Or would you rather wait till I am no longer a princess and do it yourself?"

Later, in reply to my half-fearful question, she said simply: "It was Pat's death made me know that you were the one I really loved. I grieved for him, truly, but I realized then that if it had been you—oh, Beel, if it had been you, I think I too would have died!"

She shivered, and, sobbing, crept closer into the shelter of my arms.

A sudden downpour of the unfailing

rain drove us indoors, and there we found the Count awaiting us.

He glanced at our radiant faces and smiled. "So you have roped her at last, young man!"

In spite of the jesting words there was a look of utter weariness in his keen old eyes.

"Ah, well," he sighed; "you are young. Your lives have not been spent fighting for a lost cause!"

We moved impulsively toward him, but he drew himself up, a valiant old figure, rejecting our sympathy.

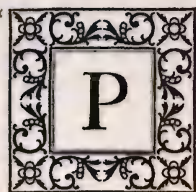
"Paris, at least, is left to me," he remarked dryly. "I will journey there with you and see you safely married. It is a city of lost causes and deposed prime ministers, a fitting place in which to relinquish my last vestige of control over your maverick princess."



Library Experiences Among the Children of the Russian Jews

BY MARGARET MUNGER STOKES

NOTE.—THIS ARTICLE IS BASED ON THE WRITER'S BRIEF EXPERIENCE AS A SUBSTITUTE ASSISTANT IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM OF ONE OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE BRANCHES OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



PLEASE, teacher, I want a operation."

"A what?"

"A operation. I want that I should give myself up."

It was my first day in the children's room of a lower East Side branch of the New York Public Library, so one of the other librarians had to explain that the child was neither ill nor an outlaw. He merely wished to make application for membership in the library. Whether they express it as "giving themselves up," "putting themselves in," or merely laconically state that they "want the library," the coveted reader's card is an object very much desired by these youthful Russian Jews. To them the library is more than a mere "edifice" to which the local citizens point with pride. It is a real, integral part of their lives.

"Would *you* like to join the library also?" I asked the young lady who had requested application blanks for her two younger brothers, newly arrived from Russia.

"I? Oh, I have lived here a year already," she answered. "The library is my other home. Down-town, it is to work; at home, it is to eat and sleep; but in the library, it is to live."

And the longer I was connected with the library, the more impressed I was with this feeling on the part of the people.

"It will really be a most interesting experience for you," the head librarian had told me when she gave me my appointment. At the close of that first day, however, I wondered if I could ever get used to it. The dirt, the noise, and the un-

familiar odors nauseated me. This was not the slums as I had imagined them. There were no pale, hungry children whose evident poverty tugged at one's heart-strings. These youngsters were rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, evidently well nourished, and their parents had the same well-fed air. Yet they seemed quite content to live under the worst housing conditions in the city. In the streets swarms of children, playing with balls or marbles, scattered to let the mud-splashing trucks pass. Good housewives nonchalantly swept the trash from their houses out into the street. Beside each door-step stood an overflowing garbage can. Along the curb the omnipresent push-carts extended in an interminable line. Fish, fruit, shoe-strings, vegetables, ribbons, trinkets, furs, great wooden buckets of red and green peppers and pickles, dried herring, prickly-pears, and chewing-gum—everything, it seemed, could be bought from a push-cart. Grimy men noisily screamed their wares or haggled with equally grimy women over the price of the head or the tail of a fish. Young mothers tirelessly pushed baby-carriages up and down the sidewalk. Others sat nursing their latest offspring. Old women with wrinkled faces and stitched brown wigs sat gossiping on the door-steps, their knitting or crochet needles barely able to keep pace with their tongues.

These were the people I had come to serve. Not poverty-stricken people unable to live more decently, but prosperous folks who evidently enjoyed the noise and crowds and confusion. And, if they did not particularly relish the filth, they were at least quite oblivious to it. The thought of passing through these streets every day

sickened me. Then I remembered those hungry crowds in the library—hungry, not physically, but starved mentally. I began to wonder about this eagerness for books, about their Old World background, and why they were as they were. There is no decrease in the birth-rate down here. Statistics of the increasing number of children in this one neighborhood are staggering. And because of their aggressiveness, their personal ambition to succeed, and their mental alertness, these same people, I felt, were destined to play a more and more important part in the development of these United States of ours.

The library is one important agency in giving to these foreigners a truer conception of our American ideals. There is tremendous mental power here, but it must be directed into the right channels. The East Side librarian does not have to seek for readers. The children are waiting when she arrives. The doors of the library open at nine o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock, and even much earlier, the janitor tells me, one finds the children sitting on the library steps, and standing or sitting on the curb near by, often with a roll in each hand, finishing their breakfasts as they wait in line, in order to have first chance at the books. On Saturdays and holidays particularly this line will extend half-way down the block. As they file past the discharge desk up-stairs in the children's room and leave the books to be returned, the children are greeted with the familiar phrase, "Hands, please?" Each pair of hands must be held up for inspection. There are always those that have to drop out.

"I am so sorry, but, you know, it would ruin the books to use them with hands like that. I'll keep your card here and you may come back to-morrow."

"Oh," answered one little girl, "since six-thirty I have waited for the doors to open, and such a nice book I want! Of course, it will not be here when I come back. Oh!" and with a last look of disgust at the offending hands and not a murmur of objection, she hurried out of line and down the stairs. This always causes quite a bit of action in the line itself. There is much examining of hands, surreptitious wetting from the corners of

the mouth and a vigorous rubbing against skirts and trousers. Often, when the owner of the dirty hands is not an old offender and the crowd is not too large, the young culprit is allowed to return after he has washed his hands in the neighboring park. It is rather amusing, or sometimes disheartening if one has hopes of encouraging general cleanliness in the children by this method, to see them return with hands scrubbed until they are pink and shining, but with arms and faces quite as smeared as ever.

As the books are returned they are carefully revised, and those with large tears and loose bindings are sent to the mending-room. The others are placed on the open shelves every half hour. Then again there are three long lines of waiting children extending across the room. In fact, the children's librarian almost comes to think in terms of lines. There is one of these in front of the fiction shelf, another before the fairy-stories, and a third before the "easy books." Ordinary persistence would avail little here, where the supply of books falls so far short of the demand. Teachers in other less crowded sections of the city complain that the children cannot secure the books required for outside school reading. Here they can get them, for they are willing to stand in line over and over again, for hours at a time if need be, until a copy of the book they are seeking is returned. Nor is this true only of the required reading. They do the same thing during the summer holidays for books simply for their own pleasure. They are very independent also. The "teacher" is rarely asked simply for "a nice book." They know what they want and, for the most part, they know where to look for it. Sometimes Dickens and Mark Twain are confused in their minds, and they look in vain for "Tom Sawyer by David Cop," but it is only after they have looked themselves that they ask for help.

In supervising the children in line, I was impressed by their complete lack of any spirit of co-operation or fair play. Each one thinks solely of his own selfish ends. The desire to get ahead personally, regardless of the desires or rights of others or the good of the whole, is always uppermost in their minds. By having them wait their turn in line, the librarian fosters

a spirit of fairness, and the children rarely push ahead out of their turn before the charging and discharging desks. In the lines awaiting access to the books, however, it is different. A "teacher" must always stand at the head of each line and, with outstretched arm, hold back the others as each in turn looks over the books. Otherwise there is inevitably a free-for-all scramble for the popular books. It is for this reason that we are glad that football and baseball, and other sport books like those of Barbour's, are in demand. If from them these little foreigners can acquire American ideals of fair play and sportsmanship, the library will have accomplished something eminently worth while.

Another means the librarian has of combating this excessive aggressiveness and other no more desirable traits, is through the library reading clubs and story hours. There are the big boys' clubs and the little boys' clubs, and similar ones for girls. Here the librarian in charge can help them discover for themselves something about American life outside of New York City. Without any trace of preachiness, she can emphasize the good qualities of their favorite characters, real and fictional. It is at first rather discouraging. Unlike the Latin races, they are such sober little beings, reserved, undemonstrative, and apparently devoid of a sense of humor. One fears they do not understand what is being said. I remember my first story hour with the boys. I told them of ranch life and of the cowboys of my native West Texas. They were very attentive, but showed no enthusiasm whatever—not even for the cowboy songs and yells. As they filed out of the story-room, I felt that the hour had been a complete failure. However, just as they reached the main reading-room, where they had been cautioned to be very quiet, they "broke loose" in a wild cowboy yell that would have startled a native Westerner. The next day there was an unprecedented demand for Buffalo Bill, Roosevelt, and other books of the West. It was a demand that lasted for weeks, and necessitated our borrowing all the books of the kind possible from the other branches and arranging a special "cowboy shelf."

The librarian in charge of the story hour is always very careful of her diction, as the telling and retelling and dramatization of these stories afford a splendid opportunity to stimulate the use of good English. The results are often gratifying and often disconcerting. These children possess an unusually strong sense of the dramatic. The story for the afternoon had been "Cinderella," and now one of the six-year-olds was "telling it back" to the "teacher." She started out beautifully, but as she became more and more interested in her tale, she reverted to her accustomed speech. Finally, in the third scene, where Cinderella while dancing with the prince suddenly discovers that the clock is striking twelve, Rose, no longer a mere story-teller but Cinderella herself, looked up at the clock, dramatically clapped her hand to her forehead and in a tense, emotional little voice, cried:

"My Gawd! Lookut the clock. I gotta beat it!"

There are story hours for the grown girls who have been in this country less than a year. Starting out as very simple picture-book hours, these gradually evolve into literary reading clubs. It was interesting to note, in telling the story of "The Pipes and the Dryad" to these girls, that although there was not one among them who knew what a shepherd was, or a shepherd dog, they all knew what a dryad was. Fairy-stories have the most universal appeal for all ages in the children's room, perhaps because many are already familiar with some form of the tales in their native tongue. The children's room is sometimes used by adults for this same reason. It is not at all unusual to see a man leaving the library with huge volumes of Dostoevsky, Turgenev, and Tolstoi (books which are always in great demand here) printed in Russian, and along with these a book of fairy-tales and of history in very simple English. The children, in turn, sometimes ask for Russian and Yiddish books for their parents. They are allowed to do this for a time or two, and then are told to bring mother or father to the library with them so that they may join for themselves.

On Saturday afternoons there is a picture-book hour for the tiniest tots, who

have not yet learned to read. At other times they may come with older brothers and sisters who could not come without them. And such paragons of virtue these babies are, to hear the "little mothers," girls or boys, tell it. They seem surprised that the teacher should even remind them to keep the baby quiet, and not let him run around or hurt the books. "My baby! My baby never cries. Always just like gold he is. He just sits with me and never in his life does he tear no books."

And the mothers are just as sure of the perfection of their older children. Perhaps it is because they have suffered persecution for generations, and felt lying to be a necessity that it is almost impossible to depend on the word of these children. Little curly-haired tots with angelic faces will lie like troopers to escape paying a small fine. When evasion is impossible, the little fists open and drop the exact number of pennies due—all counted out before they left home. Payment, though, is deferred as long as possible. The attitude of the parents makes this trait more difficult to overcome. Abie seemed incorrigible. Finally, we decided to keep his card and not let him have any more books for a week. He appealed to his mother, who came down to see the librarian. She explained the situation to the irate parent as tactfully as possible.

"Why, Abie, for shame!" said the mother. "Always haven't I told you that you are never to lie except in business?"

Unless one is careful, it is easy to take an honest mistake for an untruth. The children are not permitted to use another's card, and to guard against this in a neighborhood where there is a multiplicity of Isaac Cohens and Rose Goldsteins, the child fills out on his application blank not only his own name and address but that of both father and mother and his father's business, which often reads "by herrings" or "by pants," and one child answered "by bootlegging." When a child asked for his card that had been left at the library for safekeeping and could not spell his own name correctly, I thought, at first, this was a sure sign that the card was not his own. But their names mean very little to them. "Do you spell your name with an 's' or a

'z'?" I would ask. In neither place could I find the card. After three or four other attempts—for these long Russian names may be spelled in a variety of ways—perhaps I would find it, as it had been spelled but was no longer. Often, too, the name is changed outright from one year to the next. Exhaustive search fails to reveal Irving Berg's card. Oh, yes, suddenly he remembers that when he was in Public School No. 2 he used to sign it Isadore Bergowitski. He furnishes sufficient proof that Isadore Bergowitski and Irving Berg are really one and the same person, and receives a card.

And, so, as I worked among them I came to know other difficulties and other privileges of library work with the children in this particular neighborhood. Every day brought new visions of usefulness. The library is only one of many agencies, good and bad, that are daily affecting these lives. But the librarian is peculiarly fortunate because of their innate and intense love of books. Like any other children, most of them prefer fiction, but as they are allowed to take home two books at a time and only one of them may be fiction, fairy-story, or easy book, they read omnivorously. The classification of the daily circulation of books shows that many works on religion, philosophy, science, history, and biography are being read. Reading is not likely to change all of one's habits and native characteristics, but constant association with good books is sure to leave a very definite impression on these alert little minds and lives.

Somehow the noise and dirt and confusion disturb me far less than before. They are objectionable, to be sure, but I am more interested in the children playing in the streets, many of whom are familiar to me now. Here is the little girl who is always looking for books about dolls. And here is the one who "just loves Pinocchio." The boy in spectacles over there is the one who haunts the biographical and scientific shelves. I find myself wondering about the others. What kind of books would they like? What kind of books do they most need? And which ones, not yet members, will be coming in soon to "give themselves up" to the library?

Peter Wing

BY JANE MANN

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GERRIT A. BENEKER



WHY should Bella care for Lyddy Ann's child? Bella had been Captain Wing's woman in the West Indies long before he married Lyddy Ann. Whenever Wing's schooner dropped anchor in Havana harbor, Bella met the captain. No trash was she. Little hands and feet, black hair down her back like a horse's tail, thick lips—a Spanish woman with a drop of negro blood.

More than other women on the face of the earth, a Spanish woman will make of a man. That every sailor knows. But let the man stay right there! Let him never be seen with another woman!

One day Wing walked on the street in Havana and Lyddy Ann was with him—a pale girl from the North. Captain Wing's wife! Soon to be mother of his child! Bella saw and her hand itched to put a knife into that wan girl. She stood her own child in Lyddy Ann's path.

"What is your name, bub?" asked Lyddy Ann.

"My name," said the boy, "is John Wing."

And I who write know that story is true, for my grandfather, a sea-captain, was standing by and saw and heard.

Lyddy Ann turned as white as chalk, for the boy had Wing's head on his shoulders. She screamed out at Wing, "Liar! Liar!"

Bella came, smiling, swinging insolently on her hips, dark and rich-colored as a pomegranate. She took her boy by the hand, and, as she passed Lyddy Ann, she spat on the ground. But at Wing she glanced aslant.

Captain John Wing lifted neither hand nor voice for his wife. Not a muscle of

his face moved. His little pig eyes lit from the spark Bella's eyes flashed.

That long voyage!

Thirty-three months Lyddy Ann sailed with her husband, whaling. Before her child was born, as she pitched and tossed and rolled in the heavy breezes, did she murmur the verses Luke Freem had written for her? When she came on deck like an uneasy ghost in the dead of night, and, staring over the water, saw the happy fish people bobbing up their heads and looking around and bobbing down again, or sporting like children in their phosphorescent paths—when she saw the stars lit up above her like villages by the sea, did she play games with herself? Did she fancy, there beneath the lighted windows of the sky, that she was sitting, free, on the steps of her aunt's house, beneath the lighted windows, waiting for Luke Freem? Did she hear again Captain John Wing telling his sly tales?

There stands Lyddy Ann, the captain's wife, wet with spray, clinging to the shrouds in the dead of night, harking to Luke Freem singing beside her. "You get below!" roars the captain, coming up behind and dropping a heavy fist on her shoulder. "Liar!" screams Lyddy Ann, struggling against the rigid grip which is drawing her below.

If you take notice, you will see, whatever a mother's disposition is when she is carrying the child, that will be the child's disposition. And if the mother is tossing on that broad ocean before the child is born, the ocean will call to that child. He will hanker for the motion, and not for a smooth motion; he must be out where it is rough.

Lyddy Ann's child was born at sea in a gale of wind—a delicate child. The first time he laughed was when his mother held him at the rail, and a wild billow leaped and baptized him—Peter Wing.

His first steps were taken on a heaving deck.

When I was young, the old folks used to exorcise the demon of anger from children with tales of Captain John Wing. "Now you're a-sailing with Captain John Wing. Oh, what black looks!"

Wing's anger grew and grew on that voyage, against his wife, against the sailors, until he sailed into the pit of a maelstrom. Round and round went his vessel. Round and round the black walls. No stars, no sun; no pleasant breezes fanned Wing's cheek. From the sailors' faces and from his wife's face devils leered at him. Wherever Wing sailed, there moved the black vortex of Hate, the schooner within it.

At last the voyage was ending. The driven vessel rounded the Cape. She was almost home. But was Charybdis passed? Gun in hand, the captain ordered all below. He took the wheel. He was bound for the bottom.

Faster—faster drove the vessel, all sail set. Crack! go her bones on the bottom. Crack! go her bones on Peaked Hill Bar. So hard she struck that all three of her masts plunged over her bow.

From that wreck three only escaped with their lives—the mate, lashed to a spar, with the child in his arms, and Captain John Wing.

As Wing had driven his vessel, so he was now driven by spirits that came out of the ocean. He drank like a fish; he appeared and disappeared. Up and down the land he went without rest. One autumn he brought Bella, the Spanish woman, to the town. He fitted up his house and put her—Mis' Wing—in it; and he put his boy there.

But why should Bella care for Lyddy Ann's child? Her own child had died.

One fine day in March Luke Freem and his crew moved their fishing gear to the fish house which stood between Wing's house and the water. Freem with his bright brown eyes and his curly black hair, Luke Freem, the singer, was a weird fisherman this year. He had been mate on a whaler, cook on an oysterman, lifesaver, teamster for the smugglers, beachcomber. If he drove a horse, his cart would be full of children; if he walked the

street, little girls ran and leaped into his arms. The children were liveliest, the women prettiest, and the fighting hottest where Luke Freem went.

Freem passed Wing's kitchen door, and he saw Bella spreading salt-pork fat on bread for the child.

"Woman! what you doing? Spreading salt-pork fat on that child's bread?"

"Well, he seems to eat it, all right, and it's better than lard."

"Lard! Ain't butter good enough?"

"Butter!" cried Bella, with arching brows. "No butter have I seen in this house all winter."

"You ain't! Well, before I'd spread salt-pork fat on bread and give it to children to eat, I'd give 'em molasses. I'd do something. What's the matter with your man? If he can't get another vessel, why don't he get out here and catch fish and make his sixty dollars a month? He ain't lazy. He's way beyond lazy."

"Phoo!" Bella shrugged her shoulders. She lifted her fingers to her lips and blew contemptuously. "He's afraid of the water. He ain't like you—so bold." Bella laughed, her half-closed eyes lingering on Freem's face.

Freem gave her a steady look. Those long, black-fringed, sleepy eyes with the flecked whites, lurking under brows so heavy they seemed to have been pasted on, dominated the woman. They were Bella. The rest of her was but the setting—mottled, sagging cheeks, hoop earrings; chin upon chin, and a barbaric necklace; shoulders draped in a red, embroidered shawl, feet thrust into sailor's boots.

"Fat and lazy and a liar," Freem thought. "Too lazy to be one or the other—good or bad. She thinks she's setting under a banana-tree in this town."

The child had been furtively watching the bread. His mouth watered, his hollow little stomach ached for it. Lovely bread and salt-pork fat! The instant Bella's hands lifted, the bread vanished from the table. When Bella's eyes dropped, Peter was outdoors, rods away, cramming down the bread with both hands, as he scuttled around a boat like a wild thing to its hole.

Peter knew beautiful hiding-places for a distance of six wharfs along the beach.

Best of them all was an overturned whale-boat whose stoven bow faced the water. You could lie beneath that, and there you were, snug in the cabin of your ship, not so very cold, and you could watch everything through the port-holes.

Now at mid-morning, hoary veils still hang from the sky. Torn ends trail across the wharfs. The wharfs are thousand-legged serpents crawling out there into

silver! *They* are there, slapping the water——

Peter has rheumatism from sitting on the cold sand. His bones ache from being out in all weathers. But when it begins to breeze up and the clouds fly across the sky like puffs of white smoke, and papers and ashes from the slough of the beach whirl clear over the houses, and the white waves toss the dories and grind the little



Peter knew beautiful hiding-places . . . Best of them all was an overturned whale-boat whose stoven bow faced the water.

the ocean. You can hardly see their blue heads.

Ping! A million points of pure gold flash in the water at one spot between two wharfs. Sea gold! The points unite, form a linked chain, a sparkling, golden chain like Bella's necklace. It twists along the belly of a snaky little wave almost—almost till the wave hisses and flattens on the beach. Almost. Then white hands dart and catch that gold back. Peter sees the hands as plain as day—their hands. Ha! The golden links run along a following wave. One, two, three, four waves wear that glittering jewelry in turn. But see! Far off, where the harbor meets the bay—a dazzling streak of

flounder catchers against the wharfs and pound the schooners on the bottom—oh, who could be indoors? Then, then, I bet the ocean can do any old thing. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Look at the men on the wharf running with boat-hooks!

Once when it was rough Peter climbed down from the end of the wharf, got into a dory, and cast the painter off. Joy unspeakable as the rollers plunged him! Up—down. He straddled the thwart and rode. He faced the wind and licked the brine from his lips. Oh, the long, still white line of *them* across the harbor at low-water mark! Oh, the merry ones coming on from there, each with his white coat tossed over his shoulders! Oh!—

Oh!—chant, little Born-at-Sea, strange syllables which only the ocean understands! Lift tiny arms and dance to the stately rhythm!

It was Luke Freem who plucked the dripping boy from the dory as it smashed against the wharf. He lay in Freem's arms, still as a squirrel caught at the height of a mad carouse. His dark eyes looked warily from under his lids. He hated to be touched. An alien touch started a revolt and tremor in his vitals that was like a horrible inward tickling.

Freem stared at the pale little face, covered with drops of brine. So had Lyddy Ann's fragile face looked in the early dawn, after her reckless night, when she sat and wept many hours beneath Freem's window. And he had known she was there. He set his teeth again. She had cast him over for John Wing; let her stick to her choice; there's loads o' women.

But here were her shiny, yellow curls, "like glowworms hanging down," come out of the ocean to twist, wet, around his arm. Ugh! Freem shook them off, and he held the boy off as he strode toward the Wing house. But he couldn't keep his eyes from Peter's face. The blue shadows under the watchful eyes, the blue veins showing through the transparent skin of the upper lip, the stubborn mouth, the cold, hostile look—Lyddy Ann and John Wing.

Peter's head buzzed. The intolerable touch! And he was being carried indoors! Captive's teeth and captor's hand came together with a snap. Peter bit frantically, with all his might. Freem could hardly pull away. Yet, all of a sudden, his heart was full of pity. "Little wild sea-bird," he thought, "that sails on the water and picks on the sand, neglected and alone, will you ever ride on strong wings and breast the gale above that ocean?"

Freem set the boy down in Bella's kitchen—"Bella, this boy will certainly be drowned."

"Oh, no, he won't never be drowned. He's too bad to be drowned."

"He hadn't ought to be allowed out there in all weathers," said Freem earnestly. "He ain't like others. He was born at sea."

"What can I do?" said Bella, spread-

ing her hands. "That's right, he ain't like others. He runs away. I call and he hides. All right. He goes his ways and I go mine."

One morning, when Peter was hunting treasure in the slough of the beach, Freem's big dog trotted up. He was big as a calf, black as a porpoise, only the tip of his tail was white, and he knew as much as a man. He lay down in front of Peter and began scratching with his powerful hind legs at a great bunch of feathers that dangled on his chest. The feathers flew. He looked at Peter—"How this vile creature has fastened herself to my neck! Get her off! Get her off!"

Peter leaned over and investigated. It was a white hen. It was *dead*. It was *wired* to the dog's collar.

Peter could not know that the dead hen was the dog's badge of shame. Nor that Freem had surprised the dog that very morning playing ball with one of Bella's white hens—toss it up—catch it—heave it up again—and as Freem appeared—under the wood-shed with it! Seventeen dead hens had Rover under that wood-shed. Seventeen hens that Freem must pay Bella for. So Rover was wearing one of them.

"Ah!" insinuated the dog, pretending a mighty effort, "if I but had your hands!"

"I'll get it off," responded Peter, eagerly. He tugged and twisted and untwisted for a whole hour, until the incubus dropped.

"Thanks!" Rover capered madly about, flinging the despicable object this way and that. "I'll do as much for you."

Next day the same thing happened. The third time, Freem watched and saw the little comedy played. There lay the big dog flat on his side, his legs straight and rigid, his melancholy head thrust out like a dying horse, and over him bent the little boy, a blob of sympathy, tugging and working. Freem burst out laughing. "That old play-actor! That old pirate!" Half an hour passed, and still the boy twisted and untwisted with patient determination. "Smart little devil! He puts his foot down!"

A day or two after, Peter and Rover were together under the whale-boat, when Freem walked past. Out bounded Rover

to fawn on his master. He put his paws on Freem's shoulders and stood up like a man. He licked Freem's hands and kissed his face. He acted as if Freem were the only person in the world.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful protégé! Never had the dog so fawned on Peter. Peter's face grew stiff and white. He emerged from the boat, a Nemesis, and rushed at dog and man, and kicked and tore at the dog's hair. He struck with his fists those unresponsive windbags. He scooped up handfuls of sand and hurled it. He did not know what he was doing. His poor heart was black with resentment and anger. He wore himself out; he was strangling; he crept back under the boat and threw himself on his face.

"Down!" said Freem to the dog. "Watch!" Then Freem began to recite in a chanting voice. He had a lovely voice. Whether it rollicked low up and down, or whether it rushed and roared like the surf, man, woman, or child who heard it was enthralled.

"Rover! You're to go a-sailing with Captain Peter Wing, from this day.

"He's the captain and you the mate. Boat and boat you'll stand by when he hunts sperm whales off Africa. For he's the captain and you the mate.

"He's the Old Man and you the crew——"

Freem's voice dropped to a whisper——

"I think I heard the Old Man say,
I'll treat my men in a decent way.
I'll treat my men in a decent way——
I'll grog them all three times a day."

Peter lifted his head—"More!"—and dropped it.

"He's the captain; steward are you. And every morning you'll fetch his grub and yours from my galley over there, to the capt'n's cabin——"

"More! More!"

"For I'm the cook," sang Freem. He hauled a paper bag from his pocket and handed it to the dog. "Take that to the capt'n."

And in the paper bag were doughnuts and—and——

"Sing! Sing it again!" nodded Peter, his mouth full.

Peter and Rover were almost always to-

gether after that, a sight to tickle the fishermen.

"What's your cargo this trip, capt'n?" Freem would hail, when he met boy and dog on the beach. "Five-fingered jacks? Them you got is little ones. I've seen 'em in the West Indies as big round as my hat. And where is the West Indies?"

Peter shrugs his shoulders.

"Down in the southern part of the world," says Freem. "Mp!" says Peter, glancing up, round-eyed. "It ain't just one island," says Freem, "it's a good many islands. . . . Them things that looks like jelly in the water, they're sun-squalls. And why are they sun-squalls?" "Why?" says Peter. "Because the sun makes them. There's an egg in the water and the sun fetches it to maturity. They got legs stretching out, and if one o' them legs gets on you, look out! It'll burn like fire."

Freem had no boy of his own; he set out to "make a man" of Peter. The boy learned to box the compass, to tell at a glance if a vessel in the harbor were full or in ballast. "She's got oysters," Freem would say. "Now how do I know?" Or, "How's the wind to-day, capt'n?" And Peter would look out to see which way the vessels pointed. A sailor must study the tides and the winds. "If you hear the surf roaring on the Back Side, at Peaked Hill, where will it breeze up to-morrow?"

"To the sou'west," says Peter promptly. "Just opposite."

But when Freem told Peter stories of the ocean, on a stormy day in the fish-house, then the child's breath came fast, and his imagination leaped, and his eyes looked where Freem's eyes looked, through a luminous mist away out to the rim of the world.

"In all the years that men have sailed that ocean, they've never yet come to the end of it. And the further north you go, the colder it gets, and the further south you go, the warmer it gets; and when you cross the Stream, you take off your shoes and stockings and go barefoot—you're in another country.

"Oh, that ocean is a big piece of ground! Nobody knows the half of what's in it and under it. On the Grand Banks or most any bank, your trawl will

fetch up lemons just as perfect now; if you put one beside them in the store, you wouldn't know which was to eat. And beets and punkins and strawb'ries and ears o' corn, all colored just as nice—only they're in the form of a fish.

"Fruits and vegetables and animals of all kinds is there, just the same as them on the land—only in the form of a fish. And why does everything grow in the ocean that grows on the land?"

"Ah, boy, now we're gettin' it! Once there wasn't no ocean out there. Once you could walk all over out there without wettin' your foot. Then come the flood."

"Could you walk way, way out where the ships sail—way, way out to the Grand Banks without wettin' your foot?" marvelled the child.

"No more wet would it be than if you was walkin' on Town Hill. 'Twas all dry land. *Then come the flood.* And where that water of the flood come from, I don't know; but I don't think it come out of the heavens. And whether it was salt or fresh, I don't know. But it covered up all them low places, and it made that ocean that we see to-day. And whatever was growing on the dry land before the waters come kept on growing after, but it come *alive*. 'It's *alive*. It turned to a kind of *fish*."

"And—and if there was dogs on the dry land, did they turn to a kind of fish?"

"Ay! And pigs and horses. I've got a sea-horse here"—Freem took one from a shelf. "Would you want to see anything more perfect than that horse's head is?—eyes and ears and nostrils all exact."

"And did *boys* turn to a kind of fish?"

Freem's thoughts were none of your stolid, heavy louts which move nowhere but in a straight line. They flung up their heels and darted off the path anywhere, like children playing in the woods. Now Freem smiled. He heard the beat of words, "like a flock of sheep a-coming."

"Ay, and boys. Didn't you never hear of that Whistle-ing Boy out there in the ocean?" Freem sang:

"Thick weather—
Down by the sea strolled a whistle-ing lad.
Hey, whistle-ing lad!
Sailormen caught him and painted him green—
Queerest colors they had;
Towed him out ever and ever so far;
Anchored him fast by the surf-beaten bar.

"Oh, he rolls and he kicks
When the porpoises bite;
And he whistles and whistles
By day and by night."

"More! Sing! Sing it!" cried Peter.

"Thick weather—
So now when the fishermen past him deploy—
Whoo! whistle-ing boy!
Hark to the lookout—at the cathead—
'All hands ahoy!
Hard a-starboard the helm!
There's that whistle-ing boy!"

"Now, holler out that chorus like a rascal:

"Oh, he rolls and he kicks
When the porpoises bite;
And he whistles and whistles
By day and by night."

The little boy puckered his lips—"Hoo! I can whistle."

"Mm, maybe. I been waiting to hear you say, 'I know! That's that whistling buoy off High Head and he's made of wood.'"

But of course there are real people living in the ocean. If all those other things of the land—fruits and vegetables and animals—are there, certainly people live there. Freem told Peter about them. "Heads and arms and chests they've got like us, but they're fish from here down."

Children see things that we do not see. A child will wake up, screaming, in its cradle, or perhaps it will laugh. It has seen something that we have not seen. Peter saw Faces. And the Faces had no legs. These Faces, so strange, like and yet unlike the people who moved across Peter's stage in the daytime, had always vaguely worried the child. Here was their explanation. Peter's hands twisted and untwisted, his eyes burned with the ardor of cognition.

"I don't know," said Freem, "if I have seen them or not. Many a time, in my whaling days, I've seen a head bob up and look round to see what was going on, and bob down again. That might have been them. I had an uncle—he sailed around the Cape of Good Hope—he see one. She come up by the side of the ship—she swum along by the side of the ship and looked at the sailors. He said she was just like a woman—head and arms

and bust. She had long, black hair streaming out—

"Oh," broke out Freem, "I'd like to see one! I'd look her over! I wouldn't waste no time. And I'd stand on the fo'c'sle head and I'd sing to her like a chantey-man:

"Fish woman, ho!
With thine eyes upon me now;
Thy leaping body like a prow
Divides the foam.
Joy! to feel the breezes flow!
Joy! to watch the billows grow!
Wild face and streaming hair,
Boist'rous go!"

"I've seen them!" quivered Peter. "Yes! Yes! And they come up on the beach, and they come up-stairs where I sleep—"

"What!" cried Freem, startled at the boy's conclusions. "A lot they do! There ain't none in these waters. If there was, I'd seen them. They got to have the right climate, like the East Indies, maybe. You been dreaming, my boy."

"No, I wasn't," said Peter.

There are things which must always remain secret. Did you ever tell of those wild flights of yours (father's dinner-pail sailing at arm's end behind) through the Dark Place in Jacob's Woods, where folk lurk behind every tree? Does any one but you know how you covered up your ears each night, because They might come and cut them off? Neither did Peter tell about the Faces. Oh, a shy elf is a child's cognition! It crept out of Peter's burning eyes and slipped back into his mind and sat down there.

Up-stairs, where Peter slept, was an enormous chamber, the whole bigness of the house. All sorts of gear was stowed up there. And away at the other end was a window, and at this end, by the stair, was another window, and Peter's bed stood at the head of the stair, an island in a haunted sea.

If the old ship's lantern in the entry at the foot of the stair were lighted, Peter kept his eyes on that while he undressed. If he had to go in the dark, he fixed his eyes on the square of the window where Highland Light came winking in and out, until in one mad scramble he buried himself in the bedcover. What—what if the

Faces should come before you are safe in bed!

Now from the bedcover he can look through his peep-hole, and—here come the Faces. Just as the waves come, so come the Faces—one and another behind that one, and then another and another—they come toward the bed and pass. Each Face is distinct and individual, but the same expression runs through them all. "Laugh!" yells the ocean, and that night all the Faces laugh. "Cry!" it moans, and all the Faces mourn. When the wind begins to blow around the corner at night and stirs everything up, and beats on the house like a big drum, and gets the ocean all a-moving so it roars like a hundred cat-aracts; when the sea-gulls, driven ashore, scream past the window—then furious mirth takes those Faces. Then they clamor with open mouths, as they come; then they have bodies and they wildly leap and tumble as they come; then they seize the bed with their hands and rock it like a cradle.

No sleep now! Toss the covers from your head! Drink the exultant atmosphere as a drunkard drinks wine!

So it had been with Peter, always. Where did the Faces come from? Where did they go? In the daytime, they hid in the waves. Why did they come up-stairs? What did they want?

Fish people! Fish people!

A little Fear woke somewhere away back in Peter's mind. It woke and stretched itself and came forward—Look out! *What if they should cut your legs off and make a fish boy of you!*

Bella's fat knees shook as she sat by her kitchen window, watching for Freem to pass on his way home to supper. She couldn't keep her heels on the floor; they trotted up and down incessantly. And Bella's eyes kept darting glances behind, first over one shoulder, then over the other, though Bella had shoved the back of her chair tight against the wall. Each time Bella glanced behind or through the sitting-room door to the closed front-entry door, she crossed herself and mumbled. Her hair was untidy, her gay silk shawl was slipping to her feet.

She jumped to the door and called to Freem, and she shut the door behind him.

No use to tell the neighbors that you are haunted.

"Mr. Freem—oh, Mr. Freem—there are spirits in this house——"

"Ha!" said Freem soberly, but his eyes twinkled. "Do you have them fellows around you, too?" Many a time had Freem been concerned in the pranks of the Old Boy himself, who chases beach-combers on the Back Side.

Bella leaned forward; her arms shook and gestured as she poured out her tale in jumpy undertones. Every night for more than a week after she got into bed—hark! the front door creaks!—the front door that she had bolted inside. There's a step—Something—going up-stairs—it walks overhead—The first night Bella had put her ear at the keyhole of the door between the sitting-room and the front entry. Jesu! It *flew* down the stair! Oh, how it groaned in the entry! Bella ran, shrieking, to her chamber. Ever since, as soon as Peter went to bed, Bella locked the sitting-room door behind him.

"What!" ejaculated Freem, clinching his fist.

"It comes to see him," shivered Bella. "He ain't afraid." But last night, as Bella slept, she heard this Thing—this awful Thing—pat—pat—coming to her. Poom! It jumped over the foot of the bed and sank in the feathers. It had Bella by the throat, by the nose. "Mm! Mm!" moaned Bella. And then the spirit pushed. It pushed and pushed until Bella was on the very edge of the bed and toppling. Then the spirit left and blood came from Bella's nose and throat.

Freem laughed. He couldn't help it. The idea of Bella, who weighed two hundred pounds, being pushed out of bed by a tenuous ghost——

"I've seen ghosts," he stated, "but they was live ones."

"Live or dead," retorted Bella angrily, "they might do damage. She wants to drive me out of my house. She can take her child. I'm glad to see him go and mad to see him come. He slipped out of the devil's fingers and the black come off on him, like it did on that haddock fish. Black eyes, black eyebrows, with *yellow* hair! Right across his face is the devil's mark. What do I care for her or her

boy?" Higher and higher shrilled Bella's voice. She forgot that she was afraid. She screeched defiance at that spirit. "He was mine—mine. He saw me dancing with a red rose in my hair—I could call him here—there—with my little finger—that fine young captain. I was a belle, his red rose, his pomegranate."

Bella was up off her chair. Hark to the castanets! She tried to pirouette, to bend, to beckon. But where have youth and rioting life gone? She resembled a fat old circus horse trying half-forgotten tricks in the pasture.

"And then *she* got her hands on him—she, with her face like dough, and yellow hair like writhing snakes. Oh, if I had killed her then! See what she made of my man! And where is he, now? You don't know, nor I don't know. *Captain John Wing!*—that daresn't leave the land!—that shakes if his foot gets wet!"

"Well, Mis' Wing," said Freem, icily, "I'm sorry for you." There were thousands like Bella, hundreds in every port. It's their lookout. "Why don't you quit John Wing and go back to the West Indies?" Freem thought, "I'll take the boy. My woman won't surmise if it's me or John Wing pays his board." At once, Freem had the boy educated and grown and sailing out of the harbor, the finest captain of them all.

"I will go!" said Bella. "But first I'll do my work."

Sweat stood in beads on Bella's face. She looked all around the room, she went to the sitting-room door and looked within and returned. "Oh, Mr. Freem, if you'll only come and watch to-night—and *fetch your gun*—I'll pay you for your time, whatever you say, if you'll only come and watch."

Freem sat that evening in Bella's sitting-room, his gun beside him and a little light on the table. "If you see It," hissed Bella, as she started for bed, "shoot It! Don't mind nothing about the house. Yellow hair on her head like writhing snakes!"

Presently the front door creaks, up-stairs goes a tread. Freem is sure there never was such a thing as a ghost on God's footstool. He takes the candle and his gun and follows up-stairs.

Peter is in bed, his eyes shut. But over

there at the far end of the garret, something moves—Lord! how it scratches!—finger-nails on boards!—Is that a white hand darting to and fro, just visible in the

mer, Rover, playing a part. He knows he ought not to be there when his master appears, so he works furiously to dig out an imaginary rat—a commendable per-



She resembled a fat old circus horse trying half-forgotten tricks in the pasture.

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dim light coming from the window square? Freem is sure there never was such a thing as a ghost on this earth,—but—those shuddering stories the old folks tell! He sets the candle down and advances, gun at the cock. Never has he felt so chilly.

And, after all, what is the awful thing? What is it, all at once, but that old mum-

formance—and to and fro waves the white tip of his tail.

Freem leaned against a standard and drew his sleeve across his damp brow. "He's the Old Boy himself! The Old Boy coming for Bella." The idea touched his fancy. His eyes shone, his lips laughed. Words began to step into rank—

"Don't shoot him!" Oh, what a woe-little little choked cry! And what a pitiful little face, convulsed with the effort of forcing a sound from a paralyzed throat! And what wells of horror, the big, black eyes!

Freem cursed himself. He went lightly to the bed. He felt like putting his arms over the boy like great wings, to protect him from any imaginable harm. "Little capt'n," he whispered, "I wouldn't shoot that mate o' yours, not if they was to give me a shipload of everything that heart could wish, from the East Indies."

"Don't tell mother; she'd come up here and beat me——"

"Would she, though! If she lays so much as one finger on your little body to harm you, I'll be after her with a boat-hook. I'd kill her so quick she wouldn't know where she lived. I won't say a word."

"Don't take Rover away——"

"You shall have him. I'll see that you have him."

It is so many years since I was six years old that I hardly know myself how Peter found courage for that nightly adventure. To get out of his safe bed and run the gantlet of the fish people who might catch one by the legs! And then to open that front door to the night! Suppose—as he thrusts his hand out through the crack of the door—suppose his fingers should touch a fish woman instead of Rover's muzzle! And what if Bella should pounce from that sitting-room door! Ha! Then I guess there would have been a fight! For Bella hated Rover and Rover growled if he heard Bella's step.

How the child must have shivered with the awful joy of adventure as he crept down-stairs in the peopled dark, clutching his trusty weapon! Yes, there it was—Peter's weapon—Freem saw it, partly uncovered in the tumbled bedclothes—the rusty old head of a whaling-iron.

In the morning Bella asked: "Did you hear anything last night, Mr. Freem?"

"I can't say I didn't hear an awful funny sound," said Freem. "It sounded like finger-nails scratching on a casket lid. But I didn't see nothing out the way."

"I heard It go up-stairs last night, and this morning before light I heard It come

down," moaned Bella. "Oh, why didn't you shoot at the sound?"

"That shows how much you know about ghosts. You won't never kill a ghost by shootin'. If there is a ghost ha'nting you, it's because you've acted misbeholdin' to that boy that was left in your charge. If 'twas me in your place, Mis' Wing, I should keep just as far from that front entry as I could get after sun-down, and I wouldn't go nigh it till sun-up. And if that wasn't enough, I should go back to the West Indies just as quick as I could get there."

"I'll see," said Bella.

All day—all that ominous, windy day—Bella thought and thought how she could vanquish that hated spirit. Long before dark she caught Peter and carried him, futilely struggling, up-stairs. Then she bolted the front door, and she filled that entry way with piled chairs and tables. She tied them together with line, making crosses everywhere of the line, and she hung her crucifix on the door-knob. She locked the sitting-room door, and when she went to bed in the rocking house, she locked her bedroom door.

What a night! Never was such a night as long as folks could remember. The Norther that had been blowing all day went on blowing half the night. Deep came the sound of the roaring surf from Peaked Hill, across the Cape. At low tide half the harbor went dry. Never had the water so blown out of the harbor. Schooners ground on the bottom at their moorings. Not a star, not a sky, only a feeble glimmer from the Lights, far off and vague.

At midnight the Norther rested. He lay down and rested, just as we rest when we have been working hard.

In an hour a No'theaster up anchor and came. And oh, how he blew! A perfect gale o' wind. Whatever went out of the harbor on the Norther went to sea on the No'theaster.

But who thinks of the harbor? All those bold men of the town—those beach-combers and smugglers—Luke Freem and his Angel Gang, and the Forty Thieves—those daring men of the Humane Society—are on the Back Side, beating their way along the beach between the huts of refuge, harking to the scream of slatting

sails, looking for men to resuscitate. Sixteen bursting vessels lie, smothered in foam, on the bars.

The dome of night resounds with strife of wind and ocean, and wails of breaths quitting their shells and departing.

No one thinks of the harbor.

Sometime that night the front door of the Wing house opened. It banged against the chairs and tables in the entry and set them all rattling. Bella heard and shuddered. She covered her head and moaned. Spirits rushed about. She dared not move until dawn.

Nobody knows why Peter got out of his bed and went out into the night, nor how he passed through that maze of knotted line and piled furniture without shifting a thing. Did he have to find his mate? Did he hear in his sleep the ocean's irresistible call—Up! away! Born-at-Sea?

I have often imagined him slipping along in the lee of the fish house, with wide, blank eyes, asleep. What elation shivers through his little body as he thrills to the storm! And on either side move the fish people. They go before, they come behind. Their laughter rushes like a distant waterfall. They are not menacing. Why, they are friends! Why, they are the rioting waves themselves! They take Peter's hands and he runs straight to where a dory waits.

Now the Norther! He tosses the child into the dory as a father would toss a child into his mother's arms. He catches the dory, and it skims the water faster than a

man can run. He sends it like a bird, flying. Ah, the little captain is a sea-gull, flying home on strong wings, past the Point, out to the white water.

But what a dismal cry back there on the beach! Howl upon howl—the captain's tardy mate was left behind. Night after night, they say, Rover rushed about the beach, in and out of the water, over and under the wharfs, howling for his captain.

When Freem heard that Peter was gone and his dory was gone, he walked and walked, he couldn't keep still. No dory could have lived ten minutes outside the harbor.

"Little capt'n," he groaned, "why did you h'ist your sail and leave me? Not one of the land folk stood by to say: 'Don't cast off. It's a hurricane.' If Rover had been with you, you wouldn't have gone. If I hadn't thought to be funny, the woman wouldn't have piled that trash in that entry. I shall never be able to forgive myself. Oh, little capt'n, what a capt'n you would have made if you had growed! And now your sweet breath and mind are gone and no one knows where, like ashes that I heave from a pan to the beach, that scatter to the four winds."

Like pressed forget-me-nots between the leaves of an old book, little pictures of Peter Wing still linger among the legends of the town. "Strange that it must be so," the old folks say. "Born at sea—lost at sea."





John Constable Goes Sketching

BY EVELYN LAWSON

DECORATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

As I went over Hampstead Heath
One morning late in May,
Above, a golden mist; beneath,
New grasses hid the way.

Straightway I painted what I saw.
Alas! of everything
The attribute I could not draw
Seemed most a part of Spring.

I saw the fields and happy herds,
The green-and-golden trees,
And I, who speak in paint, not words,
Took such delight in these.

The warmth of sunshine, not the light,
The feel of grass, not "green,"
A singing bird, but not in sight,
A passing breeze—unseen!

So I came back from Hampstead Heath,
One evening late in May,
Above, cold evening mists; beneath,
Wet grasses hid the way.





AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THE English language is sadly in need of a new word or perhaps a new phrase, which should perform the enormous, varied, and specific work so easily and neatly accomplished in three other languages respectively by *n'est-ce pas*, *nicht wahr*, and *non è vero*. And at the same time we must discover or invent a negative interrogatory for "I am." Suppose you are the last person to arrive at a dinner-party, and you wish to make a remark equally compounded of inquiry and apology. All goes well with your sentence until you reach the rising inflection at its conclusion. "I am a little late, am I not, ain't I, am't I, aren't I?"—which shall it be? "Am I not" is absolutely correct, and looks well enough in print, but orally it sounds pedantic, rather stiff, as though somehow you were giving the others a gratuitous and unsolicited lesson in grammatical etiquette, and thus casts a slight chill over the pleasant company; it certainly would not go well with a cocktail. To-day there are more persons who would rather be ungrammatical than stilted; and while I myself am not in the least afraid of using good grammar always and everywhere, there are informal gatherings where "am I not" is a bit thick. Jane Austen would have gone even further, and said "am not I?" an expression which I have never heard. "Ain't I?" is both incorrect and vulgar, but unless something is done, and as Macbeth remarked, done quickly, it will prevail, and we shall be forced to surrender to usage. It is already making rapid strides in England. Rather than yield to "ain't I?" I would choose "am't I," which, as Euclid was fond of saying, is absurd. With these two ruled out, there remains "aren't I?" I hereby declare war on this expression. I hate it. I will not say "aren't I?" No, not if every other person in the world says it. I am not squeamish, but I cannot swallow the negative of "I are." Furthermore, I re-

gard it as a base and cowardly evasion of the challenge with which I opened this discussion. What, then, is to be done, and who will come to save us? Already there is a piece of good-natured slang which is gaining ground every day, and which is a substitute both for "ain't I?" and the three foreign phrases cited above. This is the cheerful interrogation, "what?" used as follows. "I am a little late, what?" or, "This has been a terrible winter, what?" But it is not yet the way in which you would address an archbishop.

It may be that we shall have eventually to do what has been done in many other cases where our own language is inadequate—simply borrow from foreigners. They have borrowed so much money from us that we ought not to have any scruples in borrowing one more expression from them. Just as we say "éclat," why cannot we say "n'est-ce pas?" and be done with it? Has any one anything better to suggest? At present, it is amusing to see by what various devices the difficulty is dodged. A conversationalist begins a sentence confidently, suddenly sees this obstacle ahead, and employs curious and wonderful circumlocutions. "N'est-ce pas" has also this advantage: it is one of the few foreign phrases which every one can pronounce.

We have so little grammar in the English language that I regret to see further losses. I will not say "It is me," no matter how august the orifice from which I hear it. I notice that some school-teacher in the West urges its adoption, on the ground that it is impossible to make the pupils say "It is I." In other words, if the standard is irksome, lower it to suit human convenience, the method adopted so frequently in the sphere of morals. I am not convinced by that argument. It is true that the English generally say "It is me." But there are many divergences between good English and good American usage, and there always will be. For ex-

ample, the following expression is "quite all right" in England, but it would sound rather queer in America; if you knocked at some one's door, and he sleepily remonstrated, you might say in England, "It is me; I thought you had woken."

There are those who defend "It is me" on the ground that the French say "C'est moi." Even if this were a true analogy, the argument would still be worthless. But the fact is otherwise. At the end of Lavedan's play, "*Le Marquis de Priola*," the question is asked "Who will take care of him?" and the young man responds, "Moi." Just try to translate that word by "me."

An Englishman once told me that "he don't" is an Americanism, and that he had never heard any English person use it. I wonder at his lack of observation. I have heard many Englishmen say it, and it frequently appears in English conversations in English novels. This is also one of the phrases defended by the Western school-teacher, but it is not pretty.

The English language, easiest of all languages to learn to read, write, talk, and understand, is the most difficult to pronounce correctly. We, therefore, who are natives, ought to take pride in speaking it accurately. It is rapidly becoming a world-language, and we are lucky who have it as a birthright, for it is the most useful of all. Yet out of the millions who talk English, how few there are who speak it with precision! The difficulty of the task ought to be an incentive to the courageous mind.

I am glad that an organization has been formed with the avowed object of improving pronunciation in America. May good fortune attend it. It is called the National Association for American Speech, and one of its objects is to improve the enunciation of actors. Many actors are not heard.

I am always amused when I read, as I do often, the statement that every college should teach its students to speak and write English correctly. I wonder if those who urge this realize how extremely rare is such an accomplishment. I have not met six persons in my life who invariably used correct English. I doubt if I have ever heard an extempore public address of any length that was not marred by

some error in grammar, not to mention mistakes in pronunciation. But it is certainly the duty of every school and college teacher in America, no matter what subject he teaches, to improve if possible the speech-habit of his pupils. One way to accomplish this is by setting a good example. And the teacher should invariably correct errors.

It would be well if the social aristocracy in every country took as much care of their morals and of their speech as they do of their manners and of their appearance. But the history of society is discouraging. In that powerful book, "*The Glass of Fashion*," whose author seems to be a combination of a newspaper-man and John the Baptist, a terrific indictment is hurled at the leaders of English society, because (he says) they have betrayed morality. They have more influence on the standards of morality than the churches, and they are false to their trust. Well, it has usually been no better in the less-important matter of speech. The aristocrat has often handled his language with cynical indifference, in the assurance that there is no one to call him to account. I will do so then. In Browning's poem "*My Last Duchess*," the final touch of high breeding and hauteur is given to the Duke, when he says carelessly:

"Even had you skill in speech—which I have not."

He will talk like a gentleman, not like a professional.

There is comfort in the thought that those who habitually misuse positions of responsibility eventually cease to hold them. When Malcolm rehearsed a list of his vices to Macduff, and asked if such as he were fit to govern, the honest soldier replied:

"Fit to govern! No, not to live."

I make no apology for spending so much time on pronunciation, for it deserves much more. Henry James thought it of sufficient weight to carry a whole lecture. There is no rarer sound in the world than perfect English coming from the lips of one whose mother tongue is something else. I remember meeting on an ocean-liner a cultivated Polish gentleman who spoke English with fluent inaccuracy. I

complimented him on the ease with which he, like so many other Slavs, spoke other languages than his own, and added that with the exception of the pronunciation, he spoke English as easily as anybody. He was indignant, and insisted that he spoke English exactly as well as any native. I offered to give him an English sentence, and leave him alone with it three hours; and said I was certain that he would not be able to pronounce it correctly. He demurred at the three hours, declaring that to be an insult, and wished to read the phrase at sight. But I was firm. I took him to the smoking-room, wrote out the sentence, and returned in three hours. This is the sentence:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through.

I wish you could have seen and heard him. He made a number of false starts, and finally got into such a condition that he could not pronounce a single word in the collection. I thought he was going to lose his mind.

It is an excellent sentence to try on that vast number of foreigners who fancy their English.

Gentle reader, what is your custom when some one mispronounces a word in a question, and you are compelled to use the word in your answer? Do you pronounce it correctly, and incur eternal hostility, or do you basely imitate an error, in order to preserve amenity? I have had particularly bad luck with the Himalaya Mountains. If I accent the second syllable, my chance acquaintance stresses the third; and invariably vice versa. There are unpleasant moments in life.

The American Academy of Arts and Letters made a good choice in electing Professor Stuart Sherman of Illinois to take the place made vacant by the death of Thomas Nelson Page. Professor Sherman is an excellent scholar, a shrewd and penetrating critic, a man who is interested both in classic and contemporary literature, and who believes in maintaining standards. His literary style shows learning without pedantry, wit without buffoonery, and vigor without vulgarity. All who love to see art take a higher place in our national life should rejoice that the academy, through the generosity of a benefactor, now has a building in New

York, exclusively devoted to the work of this body and of the institute. Here records will be kept, including all publications by the members, regular meetings will be held, prizes for excellence in literature and art publicly awarded, and the good cause dignified and strengthened. The building was formally opened on February 22, with an address by Sir Frederick Kenyon, president of the British Academy. On this occasion the Gold Medal for distinction in drama was awarded to Eugene O'Neill, and it was richly deserved.

Can anything be done to check the American habit of pronouncing Juliet as a word of three syllables, *Ju-li-et*? My ear is constantly tormented by this abomination. We all make mistakes in pronunciation, but we ought to endeavor to lessen their number. It is just as distressing to hear a blaring error in pronunciation as it is to hear a discord in music. It is as absurd to say *Ju-li-et* as it would be to say *Ju-li-an* or *Ju-li-us*.

I never saw Adelaide Neilson, who, if veteran theatregoers are to be trusted, came near to being an ideal Juliet; and I saw Mary Anderson only as Rosalind. But I have seen many actresses consorting with Romeo, and the best Juliet I ever saw is Jane Cowl. She is effective every moment, from her first surrender to love, to the final sacrifice. She rises to the height of tragic intensity, when the occasion demands it; and in the balcony scene, she is irresistible. She is girlish, impetuous, a flame of passion; she is the incarnation of youth in love. Her whole-hearted giving of herself is so complete that there is no place for coquetry, no pretense of retreat or reserve; the wealth of passion is so abundant that economy would be folly. Juliet is too young to dissimulate; she has the forthright simplicity of a child. As Jane Cowl impersonates her, she seems to feel the newness, wonder, and ecstasy of a strange emotion; as different from the light-hearted gaiety of yesterday as poetry from prose. In the moonlight dialogue, the lovers, in Goethe's phrase, taste "the topmost sparkling foam on the freshly-poured cup of love."

Another notable Shakespearean production of the present season is David

Belasco's arrangement of "Merchant of Venice." This is the most beautiful and complete stage-presentation of this play that I have ever seen. Every one who witnesses it wishes the author were present; he would assuredly enjoy the succession of artistic and elaborate pictures. Furthermore in the Belasco version the interest is steadily maintained. Booth made it so short (stopping with the exit of Shylock) that another play was given with it, to fill out the evening; but here the play lasts from eight till a little after eleven, and there are no long pauses. Is the absence of liquor-bars the reason why there are now no long pauses between the acts in New York? If so, that should be used as an argument for maintaining prohibition. In former times, the pauses were so frequent and so prolonged that the acts of the play seemed like bits of drama interposed every now and then in a long and desultory evening. When foreign companies came hither, it was even worse; they used to say that if ever Sarah Bernhardt grew old, it would be between the acts. Mr. Belasco has published his version of the "Merchant," with an exceedingly interesting autobiographical introduction, in which he promises to give other and seldom-seen dramas of Shakespeare. I sincerely hope he will do this, and I look forward with keen interest to his production of "King Lear," with David Warfield, who I think should be impressive. I have seen this greatest of all tragedies only twice; once in Germany, and once in America with Robert Mantell.

Mr. Warfield was uninspiring as Shylock, though he held the audience. Not for a moment did I lose the actor in his rôle. It was always David Warfield reciting the lines in a declamatory fashion, with carefully studied gestures and business. He was at his best in the trial scene, but even there he seemed to me artificial. Yet not for anything would I have missed the splendid production, which will linger long in my mind as a thing of beauty.

I have been rather fortunate in Shylocks, having seen Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield, Walter Hampden, Edward Sothman, David Warfield, and the great German actor, Ernst von Possart. The best Shylock of them all

was Edwin Booth, who, on the night I saw him, was inspired.

I fervently suggest another candidate for the Ignoble Prize—"Peer Gynt," by Henrik Ibsen. At this moment it is playing to packed houses daily in New York, but I was so bored—so unspeakably bored—that I left at the end of the third act. Surely it is not the fault of the Theatre Guild. I do not see how the play could possibly be better mounted, or better acted. This wonderful company do all that can be done with it. I never found the book interesting reading, and I did not care for it in the motion-pictures; but I had such well-founded confidence in the ability of the Theatre Guild to make anything interesting, that I went to the theatre with high expectations and bright faith. This same group of actors and directors had kept me sharply attentive throughout two plays that had seemed in the reading impossible; Shaw's "Heartbreak House" and "Back to Methuselah." These talky dramas, in comparison with "Peer Gynt," seem sensational and melodramatic. To me "Peer Gynt" is the champion bore of the year, and I am done with it forever.

A correspondent suggests for the Ignoble Prize no less a person than Walt Whitman, whose fame is certainly broader and higher at this moment than ever before. To me, he is one of the American poets, and a man of genius. Yet there is an enormous amount of rubbish in his complete works. In many of his pages, I see nothing but a Sears-Roebuck catalogue with Calliope accompaniment. Would I place him above Edgar Allan Poe? I would not. And if I could read only one American poet, would it be Whitman? It would not. One hour of Poe is worth a cycle of Old Walt. But there are passages in the Camden bard, especially his first lines, that affect me like the ocean, the prairie, and the stars.

An extremely interesting book came into my hands to-day. It is "Parodies on Walt Whitman," compiled by Henry S. Saunders, with a preface by Christopher Morley, and published by the American Library Service. Here is a collection of parodies beginning with the year 1857 and ending with 1921. Most of them are failures because it is impossible to parody

Walt in the burlesque manner; his own "poems" surpass any possible exaggeration. The fact is so much more strange than the fiction, that the imitation falls patently short. But some of the parodies, those done by literary experts, are well worth the admission fee to this particular circus. And of the seventy-nine specimens, the best is by that master of wit and railery, that altogether irresistible gentleman, Henry C. Bunner. This is called "Home Sweet Home with Variations," and was originally published in *Scribner's Monthly* in May, 1881.

Christopher Morley's preface is charming. I read Morley's column every day in the New York *Evening Post*, and it helps me to forget the adjoining collection of literary cigar-butts, called Books and Reading. Morley's ghost is in everything he writes, and I especially recommend his latest book, "Where the Blue Begins." This is such a combination of literature and theology, that it might well be called, remembering the hero, "Literature and Dogma." There are some things in it I wish he had left out; but there are many things that no one else could have put in. Morley is a wit, a man of letters, an artist, and a personal force. He is chock-full of convictions and of enthusiasm, yet looks out on the world with the tolerance of the genuine humorist.

My remark in the February number that of all the plays I had ever seen at the Comédie Française, the one that made the most lasting impression was "Les Caprices de Marianne," by Alfred de Musset, has drawn enthusiastic comment from a reader who is even older than I, and has seen much more of the world. He writes: "You do well to cry for the *Caprices de Marianne*. I saw it twice in 1867. It was the best thing I ever saw." He goes on to say that the only performance that can compare with it in merit was Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard," which he saw in Moscow, and which I have now seen by the same company in New York. He then quotes an article by Felix Duquesnel which appeared in the *Temps* some years ago. "I cannot prevent myself from taking a long journey backward, and seeing again by the power of thought, a performance of 'Les Caprices de Marianne' at which I was present when I was

twenty years old. It has remained in my memory, for I think on that night I saw perfection in the theatre. How time goes by! It seems now as if I had just seen this admirable performance; I see again the players and I hear the sound of their voices. It is true that there is a philosopher who says that time is stationary and immovable, and that only men pass."

I am glad to be reinforced in my recollections by this American scholar and by this veteran French critic. There is something time-defying about "Les Caprices de Marianne"; it leaves a peculiar brightness in the memory, something of imperishable loveliness, which subsequent impressions are powerless to efface.

I am pleased to see that there is to be a complete edition of the works of that extraordinary man, W. H. Hudson. In many ways he was the king of naturalists. I have seen some of the first volumes, and the publishers have made their appearance worthy of the author. A member of the American firm gives me the following highly interesting information:

"Last March I had the joy and the privilege of spending three days with Hudson. We were in the extreme southwest of England. Mr. Hudson was living then in a workman's cottage at Penzance. We motored all about the country and I found, from personal contact, a beautiful soul, full of fire, radiating love for everything and yet at the same time having as a part of his outer shell some of that caution and suspicion of man often found in wild animals.

"One point about Hudson which has been literally overlooked is the fact that Hudson's father, as I understood Mr. Hudson, was born in Boston, and his grandfather came from England to Boston about 1808. Hudson's mother was a Miss Kimball, from New Hampshire. At the age of nineteen Hudson's father was working on the docks in Boston. Something fell on him, crushing his chest. The doctor in Boston at the time informed him that probably he would never be able to stand the rigor of that climate with his bruised chest. He was in love with Miss Kimball, who was seventeen years old at the time. They talked the matter over together. She decided, or rather insisted,

on marrying him and then migrating to the Argentine. It was quite evident that Mr. Hudson's father was probably more or less shiftless, although the author never allowed himself to speak of his father other than with reverence and respect. Hudson had a wonderful love, admiration, and loyalty for his mother. This was one of his consuming passions."

On the walls of a room in my house hangs a framed sampler, wrought by the little hands of my grandmother, Sophia Lyon, in the year 1790, when she was five years old. In addition to some rather formal decoration it contains this cheerful poem:

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I
Are called by death to meet their doom."

Poor baby! Working out carefully every letter of those mortuary verses, when she ought to have been playing with her dolls, or enjoying the air of heaven. The Puritans were determined not to let even small children forget the certainty of death combined with the uncertainty of its zero hour. If they heard the laughter of children, they felt that something ought to be done about it. And yet as carriers of gloom-germs I do not think they were so effective as many of our modern atheistic novelists. The Puritans were in earnest, and they felt that life was serious; but they had a solid faith in the ultimate rightness of things; they believed that this was God's world, and that its darkness was followed by eternal sunshine. When they admonished little folks

to behave themselves, and broke in on their careless happiness with thoughts of the grave, they had what seemed to them good, ultimate reasons. But the modern pessimist, with no philosophy of life at all, and with no hope for humanity either here or hereafter, is fully as determined as the old Puritan not to let us have any fun. The moment we set out to read a cheerful book or see a rollicking comedy, we are called sternly to order; such things are not true art. Rebecca West says that "The Enchanted April," a novel written just for fun and as full of fun as an Italian on a holiday, is a "disaster"; and the solemn, dogmatic critics assure us that May Sinclair's "Life and Death of Harriett Freen," in which the details of death by cancer are elaborately set forth, is profound art. I see no reason why we should not all enjoy life, if we can; I think tears have no more intellectual worth than laughter. If the percentage of cerebration in books is to be measured merely by the depth of gloom it will become easier and easier to be a genius. The Puritans had a reason for their solemnity, and they believed that out of that dark soil bright flowers would spring; but the modern pessimist offers us no flowers, but simply more dirt. The dog returns to his scriptural menu.

It is curious that so many should believe that cheerfulness is incompatible with brains. Look at the people listening to a symphony concert. Many of them are plainly cherishing the vain hope that others will believe them to be intelligent, if only they can succeed in looking sufficiently depressed.





THE POINT OF VIEW



AS a plot-developer, food has always ranked high. There was—to begin at the very beginning—Eve's apple, and Jacob's mess of pottage, and Joseph's corner in corn. There was Persephone's pomegranate seed, and the sop that it was

According
to Taste

advisable to give to Cerberus. The fairy-tales also found food a useful ingredient in story construction, and Alice's first adventure in Wonderland resulted from her sip of a liquid which had "a sort of mixed flavor of cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast."

There are probably few persons to whom food is genuinely a matter of no concern. The man who eats little and the man who eats much are equally eager to explain past performances and present preferences. Children and food are nearly synonymous terms. A normal child eats not only because he is hungry but because he has an inquiring mind. If he has a yard, he eats around his environment at least once a day. But it is unhonored, unorthodox food alone that he accepts for play purposes. In the very eatable yard of my own youth grew figs, oranges, bananas, persimmons, and Japan plums; yet those fruits were never part of any game: they did not sustain us on desert islands, nor were they offered at royal banquets or permitted to cheer a prison stockade. We preferred tasteless wild strawberries (guaranteed not to poison, but evidently maligned), and elderberries, equally tasteless; and there was sour-grass—very sour—and white delicate stems of cocoa-grass, there were peach leaves, orange leaves, and nasturtium leaves, there was stinging pepper-grass, and rose-petals (always disappointing), and, in season, honey-suckle, cape jasmine, and violets. For a captured enemy there was *absinthie sauvage*.

We always felt the lack of a well or brook. Our cistern—a huge green cask standing twenty feet above ground—precluded all "business" with an old oaken bucket. Something to drink is important in many an old tale. Drafts that bring forgetfulness, for instance, are commonplaces in folklore, and so are potions that are devised to

kill or cure or to compel love. The waters of Lethe had duplicates, Rip van Winkle but followed a fashion set him by earlier thirsty souls, and Tristram and Iseult were not unique when Tristram drank with her the liquid she should have shared with King Mark.

It is a great trouble-maker, food. The lack of it is disconcerting and the possession of it is perplexing. For some like their porridge hot and some like it cold, some will eat no fat and some will eat no lean, and even where love is, herbs are not conspicuously successful as preservers of peace. It is through food metaphors that Æsop rather goes out of his way to convict us of sin. If somebody is not eating somebody else in the *Fables*, a fox is asserting that grapes are sour, a dog is snatching at the shadow of a bone, or a crane and a fox are asking one another, alternately, to dinner, and inhospitably making it impossible for the guest to eat.

In the menus of story-telling there are curious courses: Cleopatra's dissolved pearl, for example, and green cheese moons, and lovers' hearts (served by irate husbands), and assorted poisons such as Hawthorne utilized to nourish the daughter of Rappaccini. There are concentrated foods, too, antedating by centuries the much advertised ones of to-day. Connla's apple, kindly supplied by a fairy maiden, sufficed him for a full month, Iduna's apples kept the Norse gods young and beautiful, caldrons of plenty were conveniently stationed for the refreshment of Irish heroes, the Holy Grail gave sustenance to those who did but see it pass.

These, however, are strange foods; they do not give one an appetite. It takes some one like Dickens to make the reader actually hungry. Cratchit's goose is immortal, and so are the chops and tomato sauce mentioned in Mr. Pickwick's letter to Mrs. Bardell; and Oliver Twist's request for a second helping is a classic. No one is likely to forget Mrs. Pipchin's mutton-chops (hot and hot), or the oysters that Dora served, unopened, to David and Traddles, or the marchioness's meal of "a dreary waste of cold

potatoes, looking as eatable as Stonehenge." Then there is that glorious dinner party at Mrs. Todgers's, and the uncomfortable one at the Veneerings', and Paul Dombey's first dinner at Doctor Blimber's—a terrible occasion, when Master Johnson chokes in spite of the intelligent efforts of Mr. Feeder, B. A., to avert the catastrophe.

Some authors, however, do not give their characters enough to eat. Probably that fact accounts for the insubstantiality of, say, Disraeli's people. They do sit down to the table occasionally, but one never feels that they have had the proper amount of calories and proteids. Being ill-nourished, they are not strong to talk or act like human beings. Mistress Harriet Byron, Sir Charles Grandison's betrothed, would have swooned and wept with less regularity had she been permitted occasionally to finish her breakfast without being interrupted by a proposal of marriage. And George Eliot did not realize, of course, that Daniel Deronda was always hungry. Even when, on one occasion he had quite definite biscuits in his pockets, she forgets to make him eat them.

A scientist really ought to work out a means by which human ability and personality might be directed and developed through selected foods. Just as the bees feed their queen with bee-bread, so could a child be fed with the particular materials that would make him a poet or a plumber. Exactly what these materials should be, it is the privilege of the scientist to find out.

I MAY as well be frank. I am fond of cooks. Perhaps it is a low taste—though I doubt it. At any rate, it is a natural, not an acquired one, like that for decayed cheese, free verse, olives, and grand opera.

I have always been fond of cooks. The first one I loved was my grandmother. Not in slang but in all truth I say it—she was *some* cook! Her pumpkin pies were gold and brown disks of pure lusciousness now found, alas! only in fairy-tales or dreams. Her cookies and cakes were treasures for which to lie and steal. A crime more or less was as naught in comparison with the joy of eating one of them. The more my grandmother cooked the more I loved her, but—she stopped cooking. A sad event occurred. No, death did not snatch her from me, but

grandfather—worse luck!—had money left him, whereupon grandmother immediately engaged several servants, and she has not stepped inside a kitchen since. I never have thought much of her as a grandmother, but I still sigh at what a perfect cook was lost when grandfather fell heir to money.

Then there was Pearl Gray—black, of course, as the thick, curly hair of a hero in fiction. Oh, how I loved Pearl! Her puddings were veritable things of beauty, linked sweetness o'er which I lingered to have it long drawn out. Pearl was, as her name implied, a gem, a jewel of a cook. I hate to confess how it was we lost her. It's not a pleasant story. One day—well do I remember it—father found two hairpins in his fluffy appetizing-looking mashed potato. And did he smile at mother, and gleefully exclaim: "A pleasing dish indeed!" He did not! He—but, there, father is an irascible, testy man, and I'll omit what he did exclaim. Sufficient to state that mother finally left the table in tears, and the rest of us suddenly discovered we were not hungry—no, not even enough to touch one of Pearl's most glorious pudding masterpieces. The next day Pearl departed. I loved her—yes, but even I felt it was better so.

Cecilia won my heart at once with her salad dressing. It seemed that human skill could not convert oil, eggs, vinegar, and spices into such deliciousness. I believed the gods must be her secret aids. Cecilia's reign was fairly long and eminently satisfactory, but it came to a somewhat tragic end.

Hearing screams one day, my wife flew to the kitchen, where she found Anna, the waitress, with her right arm pinned beneath a window which had crashed down as she was trying to open it. Cecilia was calmly saying: "Don't yell, I'll help you in a minute, Anna, but I can't leave this dressing now. The oil's got to be stirred in drop by drop, you know." It was wiser to let Cecilia go before Anna murdered her, or before she herself stood casually by and allowed one of us to burn up because she "couldn't leave her cooking" just then.

Yet after all who shall say devotion and faithfulness to a cause—to salad dressing—are not noble qualities! I am not ashamed to admit—to any one but Anna—that I still retain a warm affection for the lost Cecilia. She knew how to cook.

Other cooks I've loved—and lost. Olga would not stay because I unreasonably objected to her keeping a stray dog, a beast of questionable parentage and uncertain temper. Ying Chun, a cook I loved as my brother, developed the disconcerting habit of getting intoxicated. This in itself I might possibly have borne, but when in one of his inebriated moments he evidently planned to become a knife-thrower and started brisk rehearsals in our kitchen, I was obliged to request him firmly though sadly to remove himself permanently, and continue the improvement of his technique elsewhere.

Alyse, the dreamy violet-eyed, could serve a dinner fit for a king (if kings existed any more); *could*, I said, though she did not always do so. At times her poetic temperament overcame her, and our food suffered in consequence. When, however, she made a *practice* of using salt in place of sugar, and of substituting vinegar for vanilla, it seemed time for Alyse to leave us.

Jerusha, the well-nigh faultless, did not tarry long because we persisted in dining at seven, and she preferred six-thirty for our dinner-hour. Lucille considered my inherited New England taste for doughnuts at breakfast plebeian, not to say heathenish, for "hadn't she always cooked for the first families, people of real class, and not one of them ever ate doughnuts"! (Lucille detested to fry doughnuts.) Called upon to decide between Lucille and the doughnuts, reluctantly I chose the latter. Not that I loved Lucille the less, but that I loved my morning doughnut more.

Of the great cooks who have come in and out of my life, cooks of excellence, and perfection even, the greatest of these, the one who surpassed all others—the supercook—was Mrs. Todson. Call her "Mrs. Todson"? I should say we did! I doubt if General Pershing or Marshal Foch themselves would dare to call her "Ella." (And her name is Ella, too.)

Mrs. Todson's meals were such that no family member would miss one unless he were detained by sudden accident, severe tonsillitis, or death. Her repertory was limitless. She could cook every known dish, and cook it better than any one else, and she could invent rare new delicacies which in genius compared favorably with the Einstein theory, the Ford automobile, or any of Mr. Edison's wonders.

How did we happen to lose the loved—the much-beloved—Mrs. Todson? It was thus. Mrs. Todson had an idiosyncrasy, an obsession, if you will. She insisted on meeting—yes, being introduced to every noted guest who "honored our humble dwelling," and of asking each to write in her autograph book. Oh, I know it sounds absurd, but it is true. Although our house was not a rendezvous for famous folk, and we did not tumble over them whenever we stepped, or have to frame traffic rules to regulate the crowds, still an occasional celebrity—an author, playwright, scientist—by mistake, perhaps, would wander in; and then it was we were put to it to devise means whereby we could placate the inexorable Mrs. Todson without offending the guest. If you think that was easy, I wish you had had to do it once!

The delicate task for which by nature I am totally unfitted usually fell to me. I would ask the guest if he did not want to see a certain view, and then with abject apologies lead him to a kitchen window. Mrs. Todson did the rest. Or if it were summer I would ridiculously suggest a tour of our diminutive garden, and mumbly pretend the only way to reach it lay through the kitchen. A certain distinguished surgeon from Leyden I lured into Mrs. Todson's lair by playing upon his expressed interest in American household conveniences such as patent door catches, electric bells, and thermostats. I insisted upon explaining to him the workings of our hot-water heater. That meant of course the kitchen and—Mrs. Todson.

Thus by dint of obvious subterfuges for a season Mrs. Todson's ambition was gratified, but not for always. When as chairman of a high high-brow society my wife was asked to entertain last week a particularly fearsome and lordly lecturer—I was unavoidably absent at the time—she weakened and did not introduce the unapproachable person to Mrs. Todson. The inevitable occurred. Deaf to penitent excuses, and to promises for the future, Mrs. Todson, scattering anathemas, packed up her belongings, including her precious little autograph book, and departed. I came home yesterday to find her lost to me forever and forever.

Even with Mrs. Todson's cruelly inflicted wound still fresh I am brave enough to be

able to murmur at least, "it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

IT has been my lot for a good many years to be a reader of manuscripts. In these years I have read, to make a conservative estimate, probably, something like one hundred thousand stories, poems, articles, and essays. They have come from all over our country and have represented the thoughts that seem to be an intimate part of our national life.

Of Much
Writing

A reader becomes something of a father confessor, even if he is unknown, for the aspiring writer in so many cases writes out of his or her own heart, consciously or unconsciously, and reveals the springs of aspiration and hope, and often those that bubble up from the slough of despond.

A surprising number of people make capital of their most sacred experiences, and at the same time reveal their incredibly limited equipment to say anything worth the saying, with an amount of vanity and assurance that they would blush to reveal in any other way.

The craving to express oneself, to let out pent-up emotion or vague desires, real or imagined, in the form of writing, seems to have belonged to the human race since man first scratched two hearts on a stone or cut his initials with his sweetheart's on the bark of a tree.

To a reader comes a flood of written words that pour from many turbid and shallow streams; and little, indeed, out of the mass, has its source in the spring Pienian.

The conviction remains after much reading of many very human and personal revelations that we are pretty much all alike, whether we have the gift of expression or not. The wish to say something seems to be universal, and in these later years it would seem as if a very large part of our population was trying to get into print.

In the daily routine of reading I have come upon revelations of poignant sorrow, real and evidently pressing need, of tender love for dear ones gone, and, of course, for the dear one that prompts so many spring poems about this time, of bitter discouragement,

of hopeless illness, and of much ignorant and thoughtless vanity.

I have followed the young idea from its first ink spillings to the maturity of the quill from the bird of wisdom; seen literary aspirants, whose beginnings appeared hopeless, by sheer persistence and hard work win a place of distinction in the line of the modern best sellers. They have found in life and experience something worth saying and learned how to say it.

Talent and the gift of expression are apparently not the prerogatives of the so-called educated man or woman, for it is often the writer who began with an obviously limited knowledge of the things we assume to belong to the equipment of the literary person who achieves success.

It would seem that too much reading is often a detriment rather than a source of inspiration in creative work, and that the mind unperturbed by precedent dares to venture upon byways that the overread fears from too much knowledge.

I look back over my years of much reading of the outpourings of those who seek fame or money, or a mere gratification of personal vanity in print, and find that, in spite of the tedium of the job, at times, that it has had its compensations.

Have I not had the privilege of reading the first work of many who have since achieved distinction, of seeing the strange parts of the world through the eyes of adventurous travellers of world-wide fame, looked on our recent wars through the glasses of men who have played a part in them, or in the writing of famous correspondents, followed the discoveries of noted scientists and the achievements of leading scholars, read the first poems of many new singers whose voices have since been heard throughout the land? And above all it has been my privilege to glimpse with sympathy, many times with deep emotion, and I hope with a generous and receptive understanding, the minds of many who remain unknown to fame, who have been, even so, seekers after beauty or simply honest strivers after some unutterable ideal.

Never before have so many tried to interpret the wonder, the mystery, the sadness, the passion, the struggle, the comedy and tragedy, of this thing we call life!



THE FIELD OF ART

Painters' Architecture

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER



IN the history of the art of painting there is an attractive by-road which has not yet been thrown open and, I believe, has not even been entered with a questing purpose. So far as I can learn no one has described the varied ways in which

the painters of one period and another, of one land and another, have portrayed architectural forms. All that I have found is, once or twice, a reference to some part of the theme as worthy of notice.

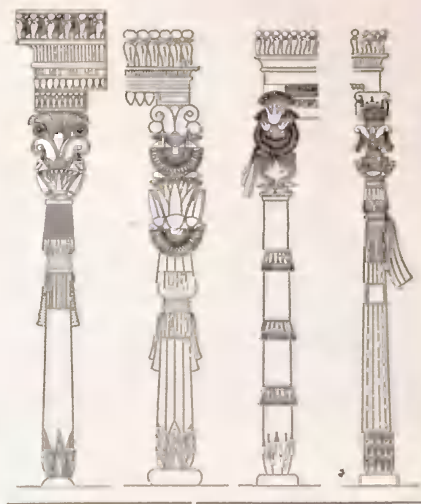
Do not for this reason think that it must be a slender theme. If you look into it, it expands, it blooms, in every direction. From the earliest times the painter has made constant use of architectural forms and features, either as his main subject or as an element in his landscapes or as a background or a setting or framework for his figures. Sometimes he has been a faithful copyist. Much more often he has arranged or modified or has actually designed his architectural motives to suit himself, not only when a flat decorative pattern was his chief concern but also in depictive work of every kind. And this he has often done with a delightful feeling for beauty or picturesqueness, even when he has shown as little respect for constructional possibilities as for constructed actualities.

We know the results in literature of similar imaginative processes. Almost as unlike reality as St. John's City Celestial have been, in prose and verse, many cities terrestrial. One of the finest yet least familiar in the kingdom of English romance is described in John Lydgate's "War of Troy." Its marble walls were two hundred cubits high, and at each corner a great crown of gold fretted with rich jewels shone bright in the sunshine. Six towers, each with its gate-

way of brass, and a vast number of turrets surrounded the walls. On the tops of the turrets were raised up brazen figures of savage beasts—bears, lions, tigers, boars, dragons, harts, elephants, unicorns, bulls, and griffins. The houses were ornamented with "craft of masonry," and roofed with lead. The streets were paved "checkerwise, white and red," and along them ran cloisters,

"For men to walk together twain and twain,
To keep them dry when it chanced to rain."

If not on Lydgate's bold scale yet in the same untrammelled spirit worked many



Columns from Egyptian paintings.

painters of his own fifteenth century and of those before and after. Here, of course, I cannot describe and appraise their multifarious products or those of such among their brethren as have reproduced with fidelity what the architect had set before them. I can merely try to show, in a brief and

very fragmentary way, that a book called "Painters' Architecture" would be well worth writing.

It would begin where painting and archi-

and unrelated parts that they could never actually have been built even in the metal work that some archaeologists suppose. Decorative, of course, and very narrowly restricted was the Greek vase painting that we know so well. But we may believe that even in the depictive work of classic Greece, which we do not know at all, imagination often supplied the architectural factors. Certainly it supplied them in the mural painting of Græco-Roman Pompeii, exuberantly capricious in its flights of fancy with inexplicable perspectives, unserviceable columns, and pediments formed, perhaps, of ribbon ornaments. And another kind of inventiveness appears in the frescoes from Boscoreale, now in the Metropolitan Museum, where groups of improbable buildings are piled up in impossible ways.

Of mediæval mural painting we have scant remains, yet among them are certain pictures of shrines and canopies where the decorator's fancy worked its will very much as in ancient Egypt. And with the advent of the Renaissance our material grows abundant. The early Italians often set their figures amid architectural forms that no one had ever seen. Antonio Vivarini, for example, was part painter of a Virgin Enthroned where the baldacchino and the encircling walls are elaborated in a way to which we can really give no name. Gentile Bellini, the widely travelled, filled the background of his picture of St. Mark preaching at Alexandria



From a fresco from Boscoreale.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

itecture began, in ancient Egypt. Here all painting was so purely decorative in intent that we could expect only stylized renderings of architectural forms. But even so we find less respect for fact than might easily have been compassed. The most frequent motives, columns and colonnettes, are apt to be not only fanciful but impossible in design—built of such unstructural

with a varied assortment of structures including a church that suggests St. Mark's in Venice and a tall obelisk. Crivelli, as in the central panel of his great altar-piece in the cathedral at Ascoli, mingles late-Gothic and Renaissance motives in a florid fashion that is all his own. Carpaccio, peculiarly enamoured of architectural beauty, sometimes shows a similar mixture, sometimes

slender arcades purely classic in feeling, and once at least a pseudo-Oriental minaretted town. On the outside of a house at Verona, Francesco Morone painted a Madonna and Saints where the supports and arches of the great canopy were formed entirely of interwoven foliage and flowers.

Even when the buildings of the later Italian painters—often, be it remembered,

frames of two small doors are enriched with delicate Renaissance pattern.

Early also, and variously also, the painting of architecture began in the north. Characteristic of Jan van Eyck are his lovely landscape distances encircling high-placed towns or towers, and characteristic also the beautifully designed Romanesque interiors in which he sometimes placed his



From the Legend of Cloelia. By Matteo di Giovanni.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

architects as well—are correct in structure and proportions, and seem at the first glance quite like those we know in stone, a fanciful personal touch usually appears in their details. And natural though it seemed to them to clothe their Biblical figures and scenes with the splendid garments and stately architecture of their own time and place, sometimes they would imagine more appropriate settings, trying to suggest antiquity by the use, perhaps, of a ruined structure. Most of these curious attempts at historical truth were in pictures of the Nativity, but especially interesting is a Last Supper of Tintoretto's. Here rustic-looking figures sit carelessly at a table in a low-browed cabin built of heavy plain timbers. Yet not wholly could the painter sink the present in his vision of the past: the

figures, using, although he lived in a late-Gothic period, scarcely any Gothic details. More often the round arch was used with a profusion of Gothic ornament. The buildings so conspicuous in Memling's outdoor scenes appear to be variants of Italian rather than of Northern realities, but once at least he painted a recognizable Paris.

Among the Italianizing Hollanders and Flemings of the sixteenth century, architectural painting grew in importance and in truth to fact. We are told that Jan de Vries, who was born in 1527, made a scientific study of the treatises of Vitruvius and Serlio, and, although his pictures, like those of his predecessors, take their titles from the foreground figures, the real subject is the richly elaborated architecture. His pupils followed in his steps and one of them. Hen-

drik van Steenwyck, was the first to paint architectural forms illumined by artificial light—by torches and tapers. In the "realistic" seventeenth century, the second great blooming time of truly national art in the Netherlands, the painting of architecture,



Saint Sebastian. By Mantegna.

usually on a small scale, was recognized as a distinct branch or, rather, as two distinct branches concerned with the inside and the outside of buildings. Admirable was now what I may call the portrait-painting of famous buildings, and of urban scenes often with a canal as a central feature; and admirable indeed, as perfect in truth as in beauty, was the treatment of both linear and aerial perspective and of full sunshine or crossing lights in large and simple white-walled church interiors.

But even the entries in a catalogue or a guide-book to this period may show us that the great vogue of its beautiful fidelities did not drive imagination from the field, for we

read indefinite references to pictures of "ancient church architecture," and to others "in the Gothic taste" or "the antique taste." Indeed, it was in this age and land of exquisitely truthful realists that Rembrandt, the great idealist, created the most amazing of all examples of imagined architecture. Portraying more than once what no living eye had seen—the interior of the temple at Jerusalem—he gave his imagination full sway and invented a quite indescribable kind of gigantic gorgeousness: vast exuberantly decorated piers and huge cavern-like arches with marvelous fluted archivolts soaring into the dusky vague.

At the same time another magician, a Frenchman, was doing imaginative work of a very different kind. On his many canvases and in his "Liber Veritatis," Claude shows us stately seaports that no one else ever visited, and landscapes where the scenes and the ruins of the Italy of his day were transposed and rearranged to suit his own fancy. In the eighteenth century an Englishman, Samuel Palmer, wrote:

"When I was setting out for Italy I expected to see Claude's magical combinations: miles apart I found the disjointed members, some of them most lovely. . . . There were the

beauties, but the beautiful, the ideal Helen was his own."

And their own in the same sense are the compositions of many of Claude's French and Italian contemporaries and their successors of the first half of the eighteenth century, a veritable age of architectural painting. We may think of Poussin and of Hubert-Robert, and especially of the prolific Pannini who, painting good portraits of the buildings and ruins of Rome, grouped them afresh to secure pictorial effectiveness. I remember one of his pictures where the pyramid of Cestius stands close by the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus, while the well-known statues of the Dying Gaul and

the Discobolus, greatly enlarged, ornament the foreground. Many Panninis are beautiful pictures, but I never saw anything more stupid or more ugly than a large canvas where one Zuccarelli, professing to take us into Egypt, had crowded together against an Italianesque background a lot of unrelated pylons and ruined halls, obelisks and colossal statues, all of them absurd in design and some of them encircled and even crowned by luxuriant vegetation.

One interesting passage in "Painters' Architecture" would deal with Canaletto, Guardi, and Belotto—the three notable Venetian limners of their own and other cities—comparing them in their work and marking in how far they saw in literal or in imaginative ways. And a whole chapter might well be written about the lovely mermaid city as seen during many generations by those among her lovers who could reproduce their visions of her. The Venetians of the early and of the golden period, the three of the later period whom I have just named, Turner, Ziem, Whistler, Sargent—how brief and incomplete a list and yet how varied! Once I heard a Venice at Sunset of Ziem's described as a tomato omelet on a platter of bright-blue sky. But all Ziems are not of this kind, and everything of any kind that is good in any degree would deserve attention, for even the most insignificant lover of Venice may have seen something in her infinite variety that the best of his betters did not perceive.

We should not read self-conscious effort, affectation, a desire for singularity, into the work of those old artists who, privileged to build in two dimensions only, preferred to other people's edifices the baseless fabrics of their own dreams. In earlier times there was much less respect for facts as such than we now feel, and there was more respect for imagination. Whatever of this gift a man possessed he was at liberty to use if only he could make the result agreeable to eyes as naïve as his own. Truth, one might suppose, would at all events have held a map-maker to account, but how little the old cartographer feared to supplement what he thought he knew by what he knew he invented! Was he blamed when, for instance, in preparing a map of New Netherland he planted in the foreground of the inset view

of New Amsterdam a graceful group of palm-trees? The picture was embellished thereby, and only one or two traders can have cared whether or not cocoanuts might be gathered on Manhattan.

And so it is with the imaginative painter



Allegory of Spring. By Cosimo Tura.

of architecture: his work "submitting," as Bacon said of poesy, "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," always entertains and often delights us; while the lack of verity, even of plausibility, that may characterize it need distress us no more than it does in St. John's or in Lydgate's words. Sometimes he devises for us a more curious quaintness, a more effective picturesqueness, or a more delicate beauty than the architect has achieved, or, as in Rembrandt's case, a grandiose poetic impressiveness that can never be approached in stone. Not only with Rembrandt but with many another we regret, not that he painted impossible things, but that the things he painted are not possible.

"Painters' Architecture" would not be a

troublesome book to write or to illustrate, for, concerned not with all the elements of pictorial art but simply with form, it might be based largely upon a study of reproductions. Yet not everything has been reproduced, and there is no telling what some inconspicuous canvas on a gallery wall may reveal. In the Metropolitan Museum I came one day upon a small painting by an unnamed sixteenth-century Fleming where the interior as well as the exterior of a church is shown by means of a device which, we are always told, Viollet-le-Duc invented for the illustrations of his Dictionary. Undoubtedly the French architect did invent it, but so did the old Flemish painter, dispensing with portions of his roof and his wall to admit the eye into the building.

At how many painters, and even schools and periods, we have not glanced! For one, there is Correggio, who was not afraid, as in building up the pedestal for his Madonna of St. Francis, to make living cherubs play the part of lithic ones. And there is the whole English school, including Turner, who, beginning with the prosaic topographical kind of work that then prevailed in England, journeyed far along the paths of fancy. In his maturer years he changed and exaggerated things in a "wonderful" way (so said a friend who travelled with him in France); even when he was sketching from actualities, "lifting up, for instance, by two

or three stories" the steeple of a village church and often giving a "forcible idea" of a place with "scarcely a correct detail."

And so it is—wherever we may look at painters' work we find the thread of interest that was first spun in ancient Egypt, and it is woven also into the work of the etcher and engraver. The book that should trace it would not be primarily of a "useful" sort but, nevertheless, would speak a useful word. No one can expect an archæologist, an antiquary in any field, to be familiar with pictorial art in every field—his own tasks are too varied and exacting. But if he knew more about the persistent characteristic aims and tendencies of the painters' guild he might not so often take painted testimonies for more than they are worth. And it is possible that the bibliophile needs a similar word of warning. I am told that he sometimes uses the architectural features of the miniatures in a mediæval manuscript to determine its place of origin—to determine not merely what country but what province or even what town or monastery produced it. It would be interesting indeed to study an array of these enchanting little pictures with the will to learn how often the mediæval miniaturist, working in an age at once highly imaginative and peculiarly naïve, the age that nurtured John Lydgate, may have worked with truth to local facts—how often or how seldom!



Voyage of Jason. Front of a chest. School of Pesellino.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.





Drawn by Harvey Dunn.

"WAS IT YOU WHO MET THOSE TWO MEXICANS ON THE ROAD—AND WHO LEFT THEM AS WE FOUND THEM?"

—"His Creed," page 731.



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New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[FIRST PAPER]

LADY COLVIN has consented to the printing of the following hitherto unpublished letters and portions of letters addressed to her by Robert Louis Stevenson, chiefly in the early days of their friendship (1873-1876). She had for long felt them to be too intimate and unreserved for the general eye, but her reluctance has now yielded to lapse of years. Those who possess the printed volumes of Stevenson's correspondence will easily tell where to place and how to understand this new matter; but for other readers a few words of introduction seem necessary.

It must be borne in mind, then, that the years to which most of these letters belong were years when Stevenson's character was as yet unformed and his life beset by many difficulties—his years, in a word, of *Sturm und Drang*. In his case the *Sturm und Drang* were specially severe; partly from the native fire of genius in his blood; partly through his extreme diffidence and uncertainty as to his own powers and purposes, still more by reason of the painful misunderstanding, chiefly on religious grounds, which existed for the time being between himself and his father; and not a little, lastly, through the reaction of his temperament against the uncongenial austerity of the climate, moral and mental, of his native Edinburgh.

All these elements of disturbance were working dangerously in him, together with the strain arising from physical ill-health, when he first met Mrs. Sitwell (now Lady Colvin) on a visit at a country rectory in Suffolk in his twenty-third year. In her he found from the first the full measure of womanly understanding and sympathy of which his nature was in need. Her helpfulness was presently backed by the technical advice and encouragement of Sidney Colvin; and under these joint influences he quickly began to find his feet in literature, and to win acceptance for his work in the best periodicals of the day. Several of the schemes begun at this time and mentioned with eagerness in his letters came in the end to nothing; others of his efforts were readily accepted by such editors as Philip Gilbert Hamerton (*The Portfolio*), George Grove (*Macmillan's Magazine*), and Leslie Stephen (*Cornhill Magazine*).

The three letters first following are indicative of Stevenson's state of mind and health in the months next following his Suffolk visit of 1873. The first was written

*. The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

after a brief stay in London at the end of August and beginning of September; the second a few days later, after a terribly trying scene with his father consequent on his having fallen away from orthodox Christian beliefs under the influence, as the father supposed, of his cousin "Bob"—that is, Robert Alan Stevenson, Louis's senior by three years, already a dazzlingly original and stimulating talker, afterwards one of the most interesting of recognized critical authorities on the theory and practise of the fine arts. The third letter was written a couple of months later, after Stevenson had broken down badly in health and been peremptorily ordered abroad by the wise physician, Sir Andrew Clark, consulted on the suggestion of his London friends and privately warned by them of the nature of his home troubles.

[17, Heriot Row,
EDINBURGH.]
September, 1873.

I went away so happy on Saturday night, my dear friend; I could not contain my happiness and the people that passed looked at me with a point of interrogation for a long way. You need not be afraid of my writing so; it is all right and I cannot tell you how good a thing it is for me that I came to London and saw you. I am still rather tired, but well. I cannot pretend that I am glad to be back in Edinburgh. I find that I hate the place now to the backbone and only keep myself quiet by telling myself that it is not for ever.

They were glad to see me and in a kind of way so was I; but that is a horrid subject.

I just finished in a hurry; this is not a letter but an intimation. Good-bye,

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The pleasure has not yet passed out of my nerves; I feel so quiet and pleasant to myself.

[EDINBURGH.]
Tuesday, Sept. 9th, 1873,
11.40 P. M.

I was sitting up here working away at John Knox, when the door opened and Bob came in with his hands over his face and sank down on a chair and began to sob. He was scarcely able to speak at first, but he found voice at least, and I then found that he had come to see me, had met my father in the way and had just brought to an end an interview with him. There is now, at least, one person in the world who knows what I have had to face, and what a tempest of emotions my father can raise when he is really excited. I am so tired at heart and tired in

body that I cannot tell you the result to-night. They shook hands; my father said that he wished him all happiness, but prayed him, as the one favour that could be done him, that he should never see him between the eyes again. And so parted my father and my friend. To-morrow I shall give more details.

Wednesday.

The object of the interview is not very easy to make out; it had no practical issue except the ludicrous one that Bob promised never to talk Religion to me any more. It was awfully rough on him, you know; he had no idea that there was that sort of thing in the world, although I had told him often enough—my father on his knees and that kind of thing. O dear, dear, I just hold on to your hand very tight and shut my eyes. If it had not been for the thoughts of you, I should have been twice as cut up; somehow it all seems to simplify when I think of you; tell me again that I am not such cold poison to everybody as I am to some.

3 P. M.

I hope you are well. To continue the story, I have seen Bob again, and he has had a private letter from my father, apologizing for anything he may have said, but adhering to the substance of the interview. If I had not a very light heart and a great faculty of interest in what is under hand, I really think I should go mad under this wretched state of matters. Even the calm of our daily life is all glossing, there is a sort of tremor through it all and a whole world of repressed bitterness. I do not think of it, because it is one of those inevitable fates that no thinking can mend. As Luther said "Ich kann nicht anders—hier stehe ich—Gott helfe mir."

And yet I did not wish to harm any one; and don't; and I *would* do what I could, if I could do anything.

Now, don't get bothered about this. It has been as bad before any time this last year, and then I had no one to talk the bitterness to.

I am afraid this letter is incoherent a little; but this and yesterday have been rather bad days with me. How poor all my troubles are compared with yours; I am such a scaly alligator and go through things on the whole so toughly and cheerily. I hope you will not misunderstand this letter and think I am *Werthering* all over the place. I am quite happy and never think about these bothers, and I am sure if you were to ask my father and mother they would tell you that I was as unconcerned as any Heathen deity; but "heartless levity" was always one of my complaints. And a good thing, too. "Werena my heart licht, I wad die."

I take it kind in Nature, having a day of broad sunshine and a great west wind among the garden trees, at this time of all others; the sound of wind and leaves comes in to me through the window, and if I shut my eyes I might fancy myself some hundred miles away under a certain tree. And that is a consolation, too; these things *have been*.

"To-morrow, let it shine or rain,
Yet cannot this the past make vain;
Nor uncreate and render void
That which was yesterday enjoyed."

I have the proof of it at my heart, it never felt so light and happily stirred in the old days. Just now, when the whole world looks to me as if it were lit with gas, and life a sort of metropolitan railway, it is a great thing to have clear memory of sunny places. How my mind rings the changes upon sun and sunny! Farewell, my dearest friend,

R. L. S.

[LONDON,]

Nov. 4, 1873,

3-30.

My dear friend, Clark is a trump. He said I must go abroad and that I was better alone. "Mothers," he said, "just put fancies into people's heads and make them fancy themselves worse than they are." My mother (with some justice) denied

this soft impeachment. However, they are evidently bent on my return in six weeks at longest; I hope they may find resignation, for methinks I shall manage to disappoint them. All seems to go well; they are rather (I think) pleased than the reverse with what they have heard (I have only seen my mother) and the admirable placidity of their minds does not seem to be at all perturbed. I had a slight spar with my mother this afternoon about my movements to-morrow. She said "You shall not have everything your own way, I can tell you." I said "I don't expect it, but surely I may please myself as to where I am to sleep." She caved in incontinently and asked it as a favour, whereupon I facilely gave way and promised.

8.30.

Your note is come. Thanks. I go to-morrow to Dover. Thursday night I shall be in Paris; Friday, Sens; Saturday, Macon; Sunday, Avignon. I should like a little note at Avignon. How difficult it is to write on paper that has been folded already. By the way, the whole scheme came out during dinner. I was to have been despatched to Torquay with my mother; Clark disposed of all that at one breath; they think no end of Clark.

Do keep well and be strong and jolly; and let me hear that you are blooming. I do look forward to the sun and I go with a great store of contentment—bah! what a mean word—of living happiness that I can scarce keep bottled down, in my weatherbeaten body. Do be happy.

Ever your faithful friend,

R. L. S.

The next letter was written at various stages of his invalid journey to the South of France.

DOVER, Nov. 5th.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I came down to-day in company with a man who regaled me with the chronicle of accidents that had befallen him. He had broken in his time seven ribs, a collar bone, a leg and an arm, and seemed not one penny the worse. The country was very lovely, one grand spread of russet and green, and to the Medway, which accompanied us a little way, I quite lost my heart. To-night it blows most lamenta-

bly, and the noise of both wind and sea dins in my ears. I fear I shall not have a pleasant crossing.

My father was much delighted with you, as I knew of course he would be; but you and Colvin have so lamentably overdone your solemnity that you have given rise to an entirely new theory of my illness. I have been in "the very worst possible hands," my illness is almost entirely owing to your society; and so forth. Are they not perplexing people to deal with?

I have an article in my head which I think might do for the Portfolio; you see you always inspire me.

PARIS, November 6th.

We had a very bad passage; there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth all round me; the table in the centre of the cabin was upset and an avalanche of bags, camp-stools, coats, etc., was sent down to leeward, one heavy lurch, to the great discomfiture of many. I was not sick; wherefore I rejoiced greatly. I am very tired or I should have had a great deal to say to you. As it is I must just say what I *would* have said. I would have said a lot about the *smell* of foreign towns, which you will be able to supply; and a lot also about effects of poplars, which seem to me sometimes quite perfect, especially rivers winding hither and thither in a discreet diplomatic way and always between poplar colonnades. There were two English ladies in the carriage with me going to Italy under the guidance of a man; all three stolid, obtuse, and unemotional. It did make me angry to think that a third of the money that will be spent in hawking these dull creatures through all that is sunny and beautiful would suffice to take you, with all your eager sensibilities and quick nerves.

It is not nine yet, and I am overcome with sleep. To-night I arrived tired in a great city after nightfall; and I did the same on the Saturday before last; only how different were the two arrivals! To-night I was going a stranger among strangers; and on Saturday I was coming home.

I went out and dined at a café and then smoked a pipe up and down the streets. It was cold a little but I could not resist

the lights and the pleasant sound of the new language in my ears. McMahon's address is pasted up everywhere, and political pictures fill the windows.

I sleep ten and lie in bed twelve hours consistently. I have had breakfast and have just crawled upstairs to get a rest. My room is on the sixth floor, although they make it out to be the fourth floor only by dint of calling one the entresol and not calling another anything at all.

I just stop to remark upon French dogs, which seem to me more French considerably than the French people. They are charmingly national. I saw two to-day reading McMahon's message, or pretending to read it, with patriotic concern.

I am half in doubt whether I shall go on to-day or not but I shall if I am able. Paris is cold, and wearies me a little besides, and then I do wish to get settled and have my books and papers all about me once more and be able to write to you in comfort instead of shivering up here among the sparrows. I am very like a sparrow on the housetop, by the bye: by a peculiar disposition of the neighbouring roofs, the idea that one is in the open air is almost irresistibly forced upon one in this *numéro dix-ter*, and there is nothing in the temperature to belie it.

I am growing gradually more rested while I gossip with you. I wish to go to the Poste Restante, just *in case*, and thence to some good booksellers to inquire about a lot of books on the French Calvinists which are necessary to my little Covenanting game. It amuses me hugely to go on writing thus.

If I only were not tired I would write such lots; but my spine is beginning to crawl. So goodbye,

R. L. STEVENSON.

After spending some weeks at the Hotel du Pavillon, Mentone, varied by a short visit in my company to Monte Carlo, Stevenson settled again for the rest of the winter at Mentone, at the Hotel Mirabeau (now, I believe, defunct), in the Eastern bay, and there found much pleasure in the society of two Russian sisters, Madame Garschine and Madame Zassetzky. Such society was entirely new to him, nor had Russian character and manners been illuminated for English readers

then, as they have been now, by scores of famous translated novels and others, scarcely less remarkable, by English students of the country. Of these two ladies of the Russian aristocracy, his elders by some fifteen or more years, the senior and more dashing, Mme. Z., it presently appeared, had a standing *liaison* of her own at home. Her gentler sister, Mme. G., was unattached, and soon began to take an interest in Stevenson which, as will be seen by the innocent confessions of the following letters, he feared for a while might be tenderer than he was prepared to reciprocate. But their relations presently quieted down into those of a comfortable and mutually interesting friendship—for to these Russian ladies this brilliant and bashful Scottish youth afforded a study quite as new as that which they presented to him. Of the two children mentioned, one, Pella, was a girl of some seven or eight, of no particular interest; Nelitchka, a two-year-old or little more, was of a childish charm which gave Stevenson endless delight. Which sister was the mother of which child, or of both, was a mystery he was never allowed to solve. The "Robinet" mentioned in this letter was a bush-bearded French landscape painter, sometimes known as "le Raphaël des cailloux" from the more than pre-Raphaelite minuteness of his treatment of the foreground detail of pebbled shores; a devout Catholic and reactionary, and withal the best of genial good fellows.

[MENTONE, January, 1874.]

Friday.

I have been altogether upset this evening and my quiet work knocked on the head. I told you I did not understand the Russians; but I didn't tell you altogether why; indeed, I don't know if I quite *can* tell you yet. But the reason is this: I don't know what Mme. G.'s little game is with regard to me. Certainly she has either made up her mind to make a fool of me in a somewhat coarse manner, or else she is in train to make a fool of herself. I don't care which it is (though I sincerely hope it is the former) if it would only take a definite shape; but in the meantime, I am damnablely embarrassed and yet funnily interested. It is very funny. They must want to make a

fool of me; and yet they must suppose me to be *such* a fool. It is too coarse for a joke. I wish you were here to tell me which it is. I have not thought it necessary to say anything about my own opinions in the matter, and I won't.

It is very odd what a fool they must think me. I cannot get over it. Now, to-night, Mme. Z. asked to examine my hand. It was evidently a put-up thing, because I had asked her before and she did not do it. Well, she had hardly looked at it before she gave a little start and a cry (she is a finished actress), then followed some hasty, rather excited talk between her and her sister in Russian, and then Mme. Z. said: "Il y a quelque chose ici que ma soeur me défend de vous dire," and then after a pause, "Et cependant je crois bien que vous comprenez." A chair next Mme. G. became vacant, she motioned me to take it and talked to me for a long time quite sincerely and nicely about anything you like. I took the first occasion of leaving the chair and going away; when up gets Mme. with a sort of fling and changes her seat also, saying something to her sister quite angrily in Russian.

You must understand that since my illness I have been unspeakably timid, bashful and blushful—I don't know why—and I suppose that that is where the humour of the thing lies.

There is a first report. We shall see how this goes on. I feel easier now I have told you how the thing stood; I did not care to tell you of the very vague and possibly foolish notions that I have had before, but to-night has cleared the matter up so far; and it now must be one of two things—a deliberate plant or an affair, which may bother me. It makes it all the more difficult for me to know how to act, that I really do like Mme. G., and am sorry for her; feelings that will not be lessened at all by this plant; if only she would be done with it. You know my impersonal way of liking people and how I would no more change my admiration for a person because I suffered from her than I would for the grace of an aloe because I pricked my finger with it or for the ocean because it drowned for me my dearest friend. Mme. G. is a very fine organisation whom it gives me pleasure

to study, a pleasure which will be neither increased nor diminished by this business, however it turns out.

Saturday.

A rainy day has kept the Russians at home, so I know no more than last night. Although I think more and more that Madame's intention was to get up a sorry little flirtation with as much seriousness as these things admit of, I am still pleased by thinking that the crass, almost brutal, stupidity that I exhibited last night may put an end to it.

I wish I could hear how you were. I can't make out what has come to my hand; I can't write legibly in the new position, and in the old I can't write at all. I am very well but utterly stupid; more utterly stupid than ever. Stupidity can't go further now, *Dieu merci!* My head is sewed up altogether. No unpleasant feelings, no fluidity, no creeping; only perfect stupidity.

9 o'clock.

Yes, I have succeeded, I think, in getting this thing straightened up. Mme. G. has been, as ever, very nice and *interested* with me this evening, and there has been no more bosh. This gives me great pleasure. Mme. Z., in giving characters all round (for a forfeit) said of me: "*Monsieur est un jeune homme que je ne comprends pas. Il n'est pas méchant, je sais cela, mais après, ténèbres, ténèbres, ténèbres, rien que des ténèbres.*" That I understand for the best also; I believe it means that they are quite befogged with me and give me up. I am sincerely glad things have turned out thus; for I am very happy here among these people, and I was afraid there was going to be a difficulty. I don't think there will be now.

I am very well, feel very much as I did before the breakdown, that is to say, quite alive again, but useless, shaky, and nervous. I think S. C. would find a change in me, but I thought I should have recovered into good health, and not into my old shaky health as I seem to be doing.

Sunday.

Yes, I adhere to both my good statements of yesterday; I am better; and the Russian difficulty—the Eastern question, so to speak—is solved. Both of the ladies

are very kind and jolly to me to-day, and this is the second without any foolishness up to now. They are both of them the frankest of mortals, and have complained to me, in one way or other, that I am to them as some undiscovered animal. They do not seem to cultivate R. L. S.'s in Muscovy. It has been rather a curious episode.

Robinet and I went this evening to tea with them; Mme. Johnson was ill; so neither she nor her husband could go. Well, my news is pleasant; the conversation was interesting as usual—Mme. Z. is certainly a very clever woman. But to-night it turned out that they know Mill and Spencer; that Mill's death was regarded as a calamity in Russia; that they are people of like views with us. At present, their word is to support the Empire, the people being unfit for power and the Empire lending itself to all advances; but their opinions are most hopeful. It does one's heart good and gives one great hope for Russia. I wish you could know these two women; you would like them. As for me, I think I am at my ease now; they have changed their manner to me greatly and I do think there is an end of the nonsense. I know that Mme. Z. has now an exaggerated notion of my talents and character, and that will help. I have ceased to play the stupid, and take things as they come, and it seems to pay.

Monday.

Yes, I am much better, very much better I think I may say. Although it is funny how I have ceased to be able to write with the improvement of my health. I shouldn't wonder if I returned into a schoolboy phase. Do you notice how for some time back you have had no descriptions of anything; the reason is that I can't describe anything. No words come to me when I see a thing just now. I want awfully to tell you, to-day, about a little "piece" of green sea, and gulls, and clouded sky with the usual golden mountain-breaks to the southward. It was wonderful, the sea near at hand was living emerald; the white breasts and wings of the gulls as they circled above—high above even—were dyed bright green by the reflection. And if you could only have seen, or if any right word would only

come to my pen to tell you, how wonderfully these illuminated birds floated hither and thither under the grey-purple of the sky!

Mademoiselle Pella made another attempt at killing her mother (her aunt), but her aunt (her mother) was there and she does seem to have a sort of sway over the child which the other has not; and yet how the child hates her!

I am the worst writer in the world. You can't tell how I hate that; it is a continual series of shameful surprises for me, now, to write, even a letter to you; I don't manage to say what I mean.

I think I may send off this letter to-day. I have certainly come to a stage; I think to the last stage. However, I am quite tranquil and cheery and well. I shall expect with interest a wise letter from you.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, February, 1874.]

Tuesday.

Yesterday I could not write somehow. Your letter has just arrived—hurray! that sounds better—and the bird of paradise. I have more to tell you, of course, about the Russians. I am just a little afraid I am behaving badly. They amuse and interest me immensely. They are the only nice people really in Mentone; and so I have now given way altogether and spend all my time with them. I do think it is all right, however. I am quite as much with the one as with the other. I will tell you about yesterday; and you can judge for yourself. At lunch Mme. G. sat next me; in the afternoon they were sitting on the beach, and as Mme. Z. was writing, I camped on Mme. G.'s shawl and talked for, I daresay, about an hour. At dinner Mme. Z. came and sat next me, and, after dinner, as Nellie had been sick and was at home, she had to go back and asked me to come with her. Until Nellie went to bed, we amused her, and then we sat and smoked cigarettes together, and talked marriage and society and all sorts of things until Mme. G. came in from the Hotel about nine. I offered to go, as in duty bound, but was made to stay and stopped with the pair of them until half past ten. They really are two of the splendidest people in the

world. I will tell you something about both of them that will interest you. 1st. The Princess: What breaks her heart is Germany. "I wish," she says, "to found Society upon love, and here I find the happiest possible families, consisting of a learned professor and a kitchenmaid. Even Goethe was happiest with his kitchenmaid. If I could, I *wouldn't believe* in Germany." 2nd. Mme. G. All I know about her is from Mme. Z. She is reserved about herself. However, she is so bigoted in the views that we hold, so convinced that all paltering with error only does harm that she has never been to church since she has married. Consequently, the peasants believe she is a devil. They know, however, that she takes better care of them than anyone else, and this is not an uncommon scene. A woman, in childbirth, sends for her, and beseeches her to make the sign of the Cross ("because we know that you have Satan in you") before she touches her. Madame is inflexible. "I have nothing to do with either God or Satan," she says always. "You know *me*, and you know whether I come to you with a good intention or no. If you think I don't, you should not let me come, and I will go away again." Isn't that a strange person? and a fine person? I *do* wish you could know these two women; you would like them and they would interest you, just as I like them and am interested in them. Mme. Z. has had ten kids; this, she says, explains her ignorance; her ignorance does not need much explanation as there is not much of it. Mme. Z. did not come to lunch. Mme. G. was there and we had a talk which enlightened me a good deal as to her character. We somehow got on to Christ. "J'en suis amoureux," she said, "I have never loved any man I have seen. I want to have been one of those women who did love him and followed him." This Christ business explains the bigotry.

I have bought a new hat, a brigand sort of arrangement. I don't think it partakes much of the perpetual loveliness of old marbles. There is a delicate bloom upon it that the first shower, I know, will remove. It is probably glue, and if so, God knows what may be the result on the coherency of the whole structure.

In health, on this beautiful day, I am perfect. I have been sitting alone by the sea, with a sunshade between me and the sun, and feeling just as happy as I could be and telling myself all manner of nice things. Corsica was just visible on the horizon and, what was far more lovely, ranges of delicate cloud-mountains, white and faint and far-away, in the intense pale blue; for the blue has a way of being at once intense and pale; even of ceasing to be blue altogether, and changing into a nameless whiteness, like that at the heart of a violet (I think, or a pansy?) that somehow, is to me like a perfume. The gulls, as usual, sailed by continually, tilted, and on the watch for fish.

10.30.

O yes. It's all right. These people like me now, and it's all right, I feel sure. I have spent this evening also with them—Robinet and I—and they *are* nice. I am awfully lucky to have found them. Mme. Z. says she will let Nelitchka go on the stage if she has the vocation, as seems likely. N. is a darling and no mistake.

Wednesday, 4 o'clock.

Nothing to-day to tell you, except that the weather is lovely and I am well and stupid. I have quite got over my fears about what you know and take the goods that the Gods supply me withal, contentedly and unenquiringly. Nelitchka is still seedy, and I have not seen her once to-day, which is a privation.

Thursday.

I hope my last letter did not bother you; I was bothered myself a little when I wrote it. I am not bothered now. Mme. G. is very nice to me, sweet and serious. Mme. Z. has a great idea that I am very clever, I think; indeed, they both have. You know it is with me, as with you; people will take me for being cleverer than I feel. Only I understand it in my case. I do say and think nice and true things; people observe that; and they cannot tell the want of *suite* and fibre, the defect of strong continuousness, that there is behind it all.

I wonder if I was wrong to write to you as I did last? I don't think so. I do want always to write what is up in my

mind; besides it was a matter about which I wished counsel. And God knows, I don't understand it yet. The extreme niceness that is shown now, far more than before, is still inexplicable to me. I am disoriented—all abroad. However, not unpleasantly now.

I have been all the afternoon in the garden playing with Nellie and talking to Mme. Z. She has written three comedies (almost farces as far as I could judge from her description) which have been very successful. Mme. G. did not appear at all upon the scene. It was she who asked me in and she left the moment I accepted the invitation. Nellie made my life a burden to me, playing hide and seek and making me eat bread whether I would or not; we are now excellent friends. Mme. Z. demanded "*à quand les noces?*" But I have a serious rival in M. Robinet, whom she calls "*Nenet,*" and whom, as he walks with her arm in arm with his legs doubled, she regards as a little boy.

Friday.

My dear friend, I cannot write this morning, and I wanted to write. You must just take my adieux without any embellishment.

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

His correspondent had been visiting a sister in Paris and was now returning to London. The "*paper*" is one of his early essays for *The Portfolio*. "*Walt Whitman*" is a study of that poet on which he was already engaged, but which he did not get executed to his satisfaction till five years later.

[MENTONE, January, 1874.]

Monday.

I just wish to say good-night to you. To-day has been windy, but not cold. The sea was troubled and had a fine fresh saline smell like our own seas, and the sight of the breaking waves and, above all, the spray that drove now and again in my face, carried me back to storms that I have enjoyed, O how much! Still (as Mme. Z. remarked) there is something irritating in a stormy sea whose waves come always to the same spot and no further. It looks like playing at passion; it

reminds one of the loathsome sham waves in a stage-ocean.

To-morrow, you go, and to-morrow night, the straits will be again between us. Absence from you brings home distances to me wonderfully, and I have a sort of bird's eye picture of the space that separates us always under my eye. I am afraid my letters will again cease to amuse you, for I have got used to my surroundings and begin to take the people a little more as a matter of course.

No, my paper is not good, it has the right stuff in it, but I have not got it said. I am afraid S. C. when he comes, will be disappointed. I did not tell you he had written me such a jolly note, saying he hoped a great deal from me. It is very nice of him, but I am not so good a card as he thinks; it is very doubtful to me if I shall ever have wit enough to do more than good paragraphs. However, a good paragraph is a good paragraph, and may give tired people rest and pleasure, quite as well as a good book, although for not so long; a flower in a pot is not a garden, but it is a flower for all that, and its perfume does the heart good. So let us take heart of grace and be happy.

Tuesday.

The weather is all right again, soft and sunny and like summer. For some days, I have been off work, owing to cold, etc., but to-morrow I hope to get to it again; this unhappy Walt Whitman. I generally find myself no good, when it is in the question. O, your last letter was just what I wanted.

Thursday.

I am better again, having been indifferent out of it, these two last days. The work still lies over, my malison upon it all! I send you a picter of me, which I think looks like a hunchback, but they say it is like me when I am looking at people a little puzzled. Mme. G. says the under lip requires to be doctored up with a little Indian ink, or something, which she is going to do for her copy.

The Prince Galitzin has arrived. I do not quite know yet if I like him. I am still plodding away at John Knox and doing a pleasanter spell of work over the Waverley Novels.

I see what they mean about the picture;

if you cover the lower part of the face, you will see a hard, funny, puzzled sort of smile around the eyes.

Sunday.

Yesterday was such an admirable day, I had a long walk (for me) in the olive yards, the coolth was delicious; imagine that in March. It was curious how every person I met in the course of my walk spoke a different language: French, English, Russian, Mentonese—it might have been the plains of Heaven with the great multitude made perfect out of all tongues and nations spread abroad in happiness over them.

Yes, I think I rather like this Russian Prince; certainly not so well, however, as the ladies: I have begun to give Pella lessons in English, by the way. Just time to catch post.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[MENTONE, February, 1874.]

Friday.

Yesterday afternoon for the first time for a day or two I had a good long talk with Mme. G. I wish I could make up my mind to tell you what she said, for I should like to know if you would agree with it: I have been quite confused and upset every time I have thought of it since. If I am like what she says, I must be a very nice person! There is not a cloud in the sky, as you may see by this. Poor woman, she seems to be suffering more than ever. I hear that her husband is ill; and, as (I have been told) she never means to go back to him, I daresay this may account for something in her changed looks.

S. C. heard yesterday, and I was pleased to hear about G. Eliot. Look here, do you know that I am getting really better? I shall be better soon, and able to work and be about all that you want me, and be to you what you know I wish to be.

Saturday.

I have lost my penholder; so this must go in pencil. I had a bad day yesterday, one of those days, you know, when life seems one *impasse*, one impossibility. Everything looked wrong to me, and I was sick at heart. The weather was grey

and blustering, as it might have been in Edinburgh, and I went labouring up and down the beach in the wind, and in a passion with myself—at least a sort of sham passion, a little froth on the top of a great dead-sea of discouragement. I am out of it again a good deal; but you know, there the thing does remain a little. These things do not pass in a night's time: I shall have a bad time again likely enough, this afternoon. You don't know that about me; when I am discouraged, I am discouraged; I feared I should not be strong enough to take a position when I went home, and would let myself be drawn into a false one; and everything else in the same way looked black and impossible, and blockaded by impenetrable walls.

I may tell you also, while I am in the Jeremy mood, that I am discontented with myself. All that Mme. G. told me the other day (and I believe she meant it)—all that you have told me, *all that you feel for me*—is so much better than I feel myself to be that I begin to loathe myself as an imposture. When you see "Ordered South" you will understand how I prefer "the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others," because it is so much

more beautiful and noble, to the vulgar little market-place of petty passions that I know bitterly to be myself. Is it all a dream, dear? Lift up your eyes, and you will see that I am not worthy, and turn away.

I am so glad now to be sure, and thoroughly to understand that past difficulty. It was all, as I see now distinctly, something got up between jest and earnest—three parts at least in jest—by Mme. Z.: the other never had a hand or an interest in it.

Sunday.

I wonder how you are, and I don't know whether to send this off or wait until I hear from you. I am a little tired and stupid still, this morning, and have nothing to say, except that I do not fail to think of you; nor shall ever. Also I begin to be somewhat homesick and impatient—not for Edinburgh, as you may fancy; and on the whole I am somewhat low at heart. This is all because it is February—don't think much of it. If I could only knock, this forenoon, at the door of No. 15!

Ever your faithful friend,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(To be continued)

Respite

BY ELIZABETH KEMPER ADAMS

THE soft June dark enfolded us; the breeze
Told us of wood and field and wayside brier
And the wild grape in flower; the small choir
Of pool and grasses shrilled antiphonies;
And we, rapt by the moment even as these,
Footed an unknown road without desire
To see beyond the scintillant dip and spire
Of fireflies weaving lambent fantasies.
Now, when great verse, music, or mountain height
Brings me the searching loneliness of dreams
Too high for compass of our mortal breed,
I think that kinder to my human need
Were the soft darkness of that summer night,
Fragrant and sown with myriad fiery gleams.



A cheese-vender with his wares spread out on a portable table under a great red umbrella.

Surrounded by a crowd of "bonnes ménagères," eager to buy, at perhaps four sou, less per kilo than the price in many little "épiceries." There are in addition many interested observers of the proceeding; and generally on the top of the pile of cheeses I observed from the "terrace" of the "Café de la Victoire" him whom we have nicknamed "the philosopher." He never buys a cheese, but stands close by, where the fragrance daily reach his nostrils.

Sketches of Vence

BY F. N. MARVIN

A PLEASANT TOWN IN A QUIET AND SUNNY CORNER OF POST-WAR FRANCE



Inside the "Café de la Victoire" one finds the genial host, M. Brum, always ready to take a hand at cards with one of his many customers. His wife calmly presides behind the throne-like bar at one side of the café, and most competently looks after the money end of the establishment; as in France—for the financial side of affairs in shops and cafés—one must, as a rule, "*cherchez la femme*."



The toilet of the café takes place quite early.

All the chairs are placed on top of the marble tables while the entire floor is carefully scrubbed; and last of all Madame mounts, here and there on a table, with a noyau, and cleans the many mirrors.



At one end of the bar two masons are chatting for a few moments with the landlord while absorbing their "apétitif"—the wall beyond them a gray background of many-colored bottles.



Before long some farmer will drop in for his early glass of white wine, which will make his many hours of very hard labor in the fields seem shorter.



The jolly old cobbler.

For forty years and more, he has never failed to appear here, several times a day, and drain his glass of good "vin rouge," his motto being, as he says: "Never too much, and never too little." And for forty years he has been in the doorway of his little shop near by, innumerable are the tiny little songs he has sung as he goes about his work.

I hope his many friends—which is the same as saying the entire population of the village—will for forty years more hear him singing in his shop; and that the "habitude" of the "Café de la Victoire" may touch glasses with him for as many happy years more.



Life is not unduly strenuous in Venice, for in a corner of the café I see the saddler passing a quiet hour over the morning paper while he sips a cup of "café noir" in which are, perhaps, a few drops of rum.



In the afternoon the card games begin, and always one of the first to arrive is old M. Victor, the baker, who—while waiting for a partner—beguiles the time with a few games of Solitaire.



From early morning till late at night the life in the little café shows a most interesting succession of local "ryt".

Near me I hear "Antoine," who has the reputation of being the best shot in Vienna, relating how he just missed that fox in the wild mountain country back of Vienna.



Soon the card-players drop in, and the tables gradually fill up with couples of elderly men who enjoy their quiet game for hours.



And while the evening game of quadrettes is going on, the landlord and his wife are occupied, over in the corner of the café, preparing for the "fête" day—to-morrow. From several large brown barrels they have drawn out (through a rubber tube) the good white wine of St. Paul—a neighboring village—into many bottles; she is pasting on the yellow labels, and he is applying the red sealing-wax to the tops.

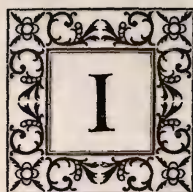


In the evening there is an animated crowd of all ages and classes, and the café becomes a truly democratic club. Well-to-do and poor, young men, old men, and boys all join in a game of quadrille; the losers remaining as interested spectators of those still playing, until, late in the evening, the final winning couple proudly carry off the prize—a wild hare, or, perhaps, a dozen rail birds.

The Plum-Colored Coat

BY F. J. STIMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



T was on the railway from Kandy to Nuwara Eliya. As is the custom in India, we travelled with most of our luggage in the car. But going early, to get if possible a carriage

for ourselves and our belongings, we found the only first-class carriage already in one corner occupied by a nice old lady. She looked as if she came from Boston, and was evidently of the salt of the earth of that well-salted city. My wife and I took possession of two of the unoccupied corners; making upon the third a pile of a huge "jumbo" bag, a portable bathtub, and three valises, with two dress-suit cases, a roll of rugs, a lady's hat-box, and a well-filled golf bag upon the fourth. It was the least that we needed to take us round the world. More fortunate in his third-class carriage our "boy," a Cingalese courier whose entire worldly possessions consisted of a tooth-brush in the pocket of the one kimono-like garment, which he wore, and the tortoise-shell comb in his back hair. It is fair to say that when he left us, three months later, at Singapore, he had accumulated the contents of two new dress-suit cases. But at the time we envied his simplicity.

The more so when, just as he was finishing our pyramids, the door opened, and two ladies appeared (not so evidently from Boston, but unmistakably American), young and pretty, each with a suggestion of black about her dress, and accompanied by two obsequious British officers and quite a platoon of hotel servants. They looked inquiringly, not at my wife, but at me. The lady from Boston gathered in her skirts; they passed in front of my wife; and the boy, at a sign from me, began laboriously undoing the pyramid in front, I helping him by squeezing the rug and golf bag (Nuwara Eliya

has one of the loveliest golf-links in the world, a mountain valley of greensward, ringed by tumbling waterfalls, and traversed by a foaming mountain torrent over which you have to drive fourteen times, and your ball is retrieved from the rapids by little girl caddies who swim like ducks), and shoving the bathtub under my seat, where it made a most uncomfortable prop for my long legs. This done, the older one settled herself by the window and the younger and the prettier remained standing, talking across me to the officers outside. Nothing remained for me to do. My wife looked at me quizzically. Just as the train started, I offered my corner seat with the best grace I could muster. Both thanked me effusively, then turned to receive an emotional good-by from the two young subalterns, bareheaded and waving their hats. "Isn't he good-looking?" I heard one whisper to the other, and a gleam in my wife's eye told me that she had heard it too. The lady from Boston looked her disapproval; I buried myself in a newspaper; further conversation seemed impossible. Not at all. The older of the two widows (for widow one, at least, evidently was) addressed my wife. "Don't you just love travelling in India? You have so much room in these big cars." And she gratefully sank down into my seat, perching her feet upon the bathtub.

"Shan't I remove that tub?" said I. But, as I bent to do so, she smiled.

"Not at all. I like it." And she carefully pulled down her gossamer skirt to further below the knee. Had it not been for this movement, I might not have noticed a segment of black silk stocking above a very pretty ankle. But making quite sure that this was now covered, she went on: "We've got our tickets round the world, you know. And I've got to be in N'York for the fall styles. My friend here, she's independent; she can

do as she likes. She stops off at Frisco. But I'm Grace Gramercy, you know. And I buy beside—for Lord and Taylor and for Jordan and Ma'sh." So far, I had had the conversation to myself; but at this point my wife woke up, and even the lady from Boston showed signs of interest.

"Jordan and Marsh, you mean. But I see, you're from Boston."

"Not me. I've left that burg for keeps. But I was married there."

"And you're the famous Grace Gramercy that writes in the newspapers?" It was my wife who spoke. No one could resist such engaging frankness.

"That's awful sweet of you. It ain't no swell copy; but the ladies like it, and, of course, I let my houses in ahead on what I'm going to say and they stock up."

My wife was beginning to be amused. "And now you've been through India?" she asked.

"Yes, and Burmah, and Japan, and China. Say, I think those pretty little Burmeses girls smoking cigars as long as your arm are just too cute for anything, don't you?"

"I'd like to go through India," said the Boston lady to my wife, "but I've got no servant, and——"

"You don't need no servant," interrupted the California lady. "Why, we went down to the train the very first day, and we had no servant, none at all (these words most meticulously separated, as if to make up for the grammatical slip before), "and we didn't even know what car we had, and say, those Indian cars, do you know them? They're just great, really great, I mean, and you have them all to yourself, only there ain't no carpet, and no beds, and no porter to make up the beds if there was any—just shelves like where the beds ought to be—and the hotel man found us ours, and I said: 'Where's our berths?' And one English officer went and got us mattresses and another got us blankets and sheets and we just naturally thought they were the trains'— Not at all! They were all those nice officers! What they slept on, I don't know; but, say, we didn't have any trouble all over India! And we'd always heard those English officers were so stuck up! Not at all!"

My wife gave a chuckle expressive of anything but surprise, but the lady from Boston pursed her lips. "So now you're going round the world?"

"Been round. That is to say, we shall be. Only, my friend here, she wants to get off at Italy or some place and go home through Paris. Say," the younger and more engaging one continued, looking at me, "you're just the gentleman who can tell her. Where does she want to go?"

I pulled myself together. "That depends on what she wants to see. If you can't do Greece, Sicily is wonderful. Then, the Tuscan hill towns, and the Italian lakes, and a bit of the Dolomites——"

"Hill towns and lakes?" interrupted the other. "Say, we Californians are just fed up on scenery!"

"I thought you wanted something out of the beaten track," said I, abashed.

"My friends ain't never heard of them. They'll want to hear about the places they've heard talked about. The Goltamites, did you say? What are they?"

"Just mountains," said I humbly. "But you could take them in on your way to Vienna."

"What the lady ought to do," said my wife, coming to my assistance, "is to get off at Cairo—see the streets, you know—then see Naples—the Bay and Vesuvius—Rome and the Pope—back by the Riviera, Monte Carlo—Mont Blanc—a bit of the Rhine to Paris—some weeks there—a week in London, in the season, the time to be presented at court——"

"Oh, I'd love that—and the Pope—but do you think I could work it!"

"My husband will give you letters," said my wife unmercifully.

"Don't pull her leg," said the beauty, to my great relief. My wife subsided, and the Boston lady chipped in:

"You say you once lived in Boston?"

"Born there. In Melrose Highlands."

The Boston lady looked as if she were trying geographically to place Barataria or Berengaria. "But while I worked for Jordan and Ma'sh I had an apartment on Derne Street. You know Derne Street?" This suddenly to her interlocutrix who looked taken aback but admitted it. "Well, I used to lunch on ice-creams at Copeland's, on Treemont Street, or at

Parker's when I had time, and to go from Derne Street to *Treemont* Street you have to go over Beacon Hill. Say, Boston's a queer place!"

"Hilly?" I revived to suggest.

She looked at me as if I had been a

Just gentlemen, and the girls that work on charities, and don't go in for a good time! But I tell you, they have real swells there! This old man, that I used to meet——"

"Where?" said I.



"And one day he stopped, to fetch me a rug." Page 555.

fresh discovery. "Queer people. Queer old men. And awful stuck on themselves." So I subsided, and it was the turn of the old Boston lady to continue the conversation. "Do tell us how queer we are!"

"I was just coming to that. Oh, I don't mean in any objectionable way—just kind of old-fashioned, you know. Ladies that never go south of Boylston Street or north of Mount Vernon, and men that just don't do anything at all.

"Didn't I just tell you? Every day, going to lunch, over Beacon Hill. He was an old man—older than you are—and he wore a plum-colored coat."

Again the gleam in my wife's eye, and again the nice old lady redeemed the conversation. "Why did he do that?"

"That's just it—that's Boston. Guess he wore breeches and silk stockings at night." I was foolish enough to try to get back at her.

"You never saw him at night?"

"I said, he was older than you are. And his name was Sullivan Oliver Faneuil. I didn't move in 'them suckles.'"

Was her occasional lack of grammar intentional? I went on, respectfully:

"Old Mr. Faneuil. I remember him very well. He never did anything."

"Yes, he did, young man. Ain't I telling you what he did? And at night, too. I was with him all one night." My wife looked as if she thought her quite able to take care of herself, at the end of any sentence.

"It was this way. It was this way. It was on the *Cappadocia*. You remember the *Cappadocia*? Old tub."

"She was indeed," I hastened to explain. "Our only Boston Cunarder."

"Just so. And they stuck us on her. Me and my friend here, and a lot of salesladies that was seeing Paris at the firm's expense. And the only other passengers except a lot of commercial gents was this Mr. Faneuil and his wife. Of course, she wouldn't look at the likes of me, but say! Didn't they rubber a lot? Those commercial gents?"

"Just up to the limit. I won't say, we weren't drinking champagne every day—and at lunch, too—and we had the best cabin on the ship, better than the Faneuils—and you know my friend here—and I was better looking then than I am now—" She paused to impale my look of denial on a pin-point glance, and continued in her stride: "And I won't say, he didn't look at us. But I thought he was too proud to speak, at first; but he walked on deck every day, fifteen turns with his wife and then fifteen turns alone, after each meal; and then I used to see them both go down and walk among the steerage passengers. And one day he stopped, to fetch me a rug. 'You've only done ten turns,' I said, and he laughed, just as natural as that, and we sat down and talked like old friends. 'I've met you before,' he said. 'About a thousand times,' I said. 'You live in one of those purple-window-glass houses up on Beacon Street.' 'And you go into the Common by the Joy Street gate.' Now, how did he ever know that?"

I was chastened, and forbore any suggestion.

"Well, it won't surprise you to learn,

we grew as thick as thieves. And he introduced me to his wife. Say! you should 'a' seen those commercial gents bug out their eyes! But he set them down all right, all right, just where they belonged so their teeth chattered, and they didn't rubber on me no more, save with befitting respect."

"Did you find out why he wore a purple coat?"

"Old top, I was just a-coming to that. I never did. He didn't wear it on the deck. But he wore a purple dress coat at the captain's dinner—" There was a long shrill whistle, and the brakes were crowded on, throwing us all forward. My boy poked his head in through the window.

"It is only a wild elephant on the track," said I, as I assisted my fair interlocutrix off my knees. "Go on with Mr. Faneuil." But they were too much interested in the pachyderm, and it was not until that animal was shoo'd off the track, much like a big pig, into the jungle, that Miss Gramercy proceeded.

"Well, as I was saying, that night we ran upon the rocks——"

"What rocks? You were talking about Mr. Faneuil when we—were interrupted."

"Yes, I was telling you how Mr. Faneuil was a gentleman. Well, we did run upon the rocks that very night—it was in a dense fog, at Cohasset—and in the morning one small tug came down to take us off, us cabin passengers—have I told you, there was only about twenty of us, and thirteen hundred in the steerage? And they were howling like mad. And the captain told them that the ship was in no danger, and they only howled the more. They were mostly dagoes—Catholics, anyhow—and I saw the priests going among them, but it did no good. And the captain promised them there'd be a big ocean-going tug down in a few hours, but this only put 'em wild, seems as if they were going to rush the gangway. The sea was calm enough then, but it seemed to be breezing up, and if she shifted round to the northeast it weren't the place for yours truly, and I didn't more than half like it myself. Thoreau—you've read 'Cape Cod'?—tells of a big wreck and hundreds drowned there. Meantime the commercial gentlemen were getting



"'Oh, I don't think we want to go up in that little tug,' he said." Page 666

aboard the little tug already, going down a single gang-plank from the top deck; and it looked as if there might be trouble. 'Wait a minute, I'm going down,' said Mr. Fancuil to his wife. And, naturally, we started to follow. But he didn't go down the gangway into the tug; he went down into his own cabin, and when he

came out, he had on his best coat. And then he, and his wife following, they went down among those people in the steerage. They knew them well—I've told you how they used to visit them all through the voyage? And I saw him talking among them a lot. They just crowded around him and for one minute their yelling stopped.

"'Mr. Faneuil! Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil!' called out the chief steward, at the gang-plank.' (The *Cappadocia* was a little ship, and from the bridge you could hear all over the steerage.) 'All aboard!' Mr. Faneuil waved his hand, but we couldn't hear what he was saying; we could see him talking to the steerage passengers. The captain took a speaking-tube, a trumpet, I mean. 'Mr. Faneuil! Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil! The tug can't wait!'

"Mr. Faneuil we now saw come forward to the rope that was stretched across the steerage just under the front of the bridge; it was guarded by two young officers with drawn revolvers; the crowd of panicky passengers pressing close after him, his wife with the women and children just behind. 'Oh, I don't think we want to go up in that little tug,' he said. 'My wife is afraid of being seasick. Besides, I'm all dressed for dinner.' (I've told you that he had put on his purple coat.) 'You're going to have dinner on board?' and those steerage passengers were just hanging onto every word.

"The Captain looked down at him closely, for several seconds, as if he were taking an observation. 'Certainly,' he said; 'I'll be down at six o'clock. Cast off there!' Well, you just ought to have

seen those people quiet down. The sailors dropped the hawser and hauled in the gang-plank without a peep. And the tug disappeared in the fog, and nobody seemed to miss it. And Mr. and Mrs. Faneuil stayed up in the steerage until dinner time, dress coat and all, and she in her open gown, and the passengers (steerage at that, there weren't any second and the first had all gone) quiet as lambs. And say, (oh, well, of course, we stayed too) we did have champagne that night! Even the captain came down for five minutes, and the rest of the dozen, we sent up to the steerage. And the next morning, when the big tug came down, we got off at dawn, and we came up into Boston under our own steam. And say, you should have seen those steerage passengers when the old gentleman landed! This time he went down first, with his wife, on the dock at East Boston; and there was some cheering."

I was silent. We all were silent.

"I always used to see him when I went to Boston, I took dinner with them, at their house on Beacon Street. But, of course, he's dead now." She stopped. I liked her, by this time; but she rounded on me violently: "And yet you say, he did nothing with his life?"

"He wore a plum-colored coat," I said.

Night of Rain

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

BETTER the empty sorrow in the dark,
The crying heart, the crying eyes that stare
Blindly till morning, than the bitter flare
Of rainy street-lights, threaded spark to spark
To lure me from this room in my distress,
Out where you pass—far out beyond my sight.
Better to grope in this small space of night
For sleep, or peace, or any nothingness.

You are not here, and you will not return;
And if you came—the door is shut, and locked,
And sealed with pride, and barred across with pain;
And now it is for quiet that I yearn. . . .
I should but lie and listen, if you knocked—
Rain in my heart, and at my window rain.

Can Labor Save Europe?

BY HENRY DE MAN

Author of "The Remaking of a Mind," etc.



I AM one of those socialists who in the World War fought for a supernational ideal: a Europe united on the basis of political democracy. When the war was over I thus formulated my conclusion in the book which described my spiritual experiences as a soldier:* Europe can only be saved by becoming a unity, and the only force which might accomplish this is organized labor.

A distinguished American who visited me in Brussels about a year later asked me if I thought that events had thus far justified my hopes. His question was not purely academic. "Europe," he said, "cannot recover without the help of America. America needs a reconstructed Europe, but is sceptical about Europe's ability to achieve the unity without which there can be no reconstruction. This distrust of Europe may disappear as soon as any power shows itself capable of unifying the quarrelling national interests. If labor is that power, it will not matter if the new Europe calls itself socialist, in spite of the scant sympathy this word finds with the ruling powers in America. If they are convinced that a peaceful and disarmed Europe is possible only as a federation of socialist labor governments, they will back that horse in spite of its name. But they are not convinced. Can you convince me?"

I do not know whether I succeeded in satisfying my friend that evening; but I have been hard at work all the time since trying to persuade myself.

The first conclusion I arrived at in the process was that the answer to my friend's question does not at bottom depend on whether, and how, labor is ever going to get into power in the chief European countries. It depends far more on how

it is going to use that power if it ever gets it.

I have no doubt that, unless the whole fabric of European industrial civilization collapses before that time, and converts its working classes into a mass of starving paupers glad to return behind the plough share or to be used as cannon-fodder for a last suicidal war, labor will ultimately conquer political power in all the big European countries. It is bound to do so on the strength of its numerical superiority in countries where the majority governs.

On the other hand, European labor is practically unanimous in professing the socialist faith in internationalism, and the desire to do away with armaments, economic frontiers, secret diplomacy, and other causes of war. And yet, in spite of all this, I would not dare even now to give an unqualified answer to the question of my American friend. For there is a difference between European socialism's striving at internationalism and its capacity for realizing it.

Any student of politics knows how imperfectly the professions of faith of human movements symbolize the actual impulses that—for a very large part unconsciously—animate them. A man may profess love of his neighbor, although at heart he feels driven to hate him. Very often even, his profession of love will be the louder as his temptation to hate grows stronger. This does not necessarily make a hypocrite of him; he may be deceiving nobody but himself; he may be trying to strengthen his higher impulses against the lower ones that contradict it. If that be true of individuals, how much more true is it bound to be of groups of men united by common political views or religious beliefs! What a field for every kind of deception, where so many different interests and temperaments are involved, where the emotionalist confronts the strategist, and the cunning of the wire-puller meets the candor of the devotee!

*"The Remaking of a Mind," Scribners, 1919.

But there is more. Even if the actual impulses that animate a movement could at any time be accurately represented by its dogmatic or programmatic expression, what would be true at that particular moment would most likely cease to hold good at another. States, sects, and parties keep changing their character along with the human relations and conditions from which they arise; and the old formulæ of the aims they stood for then will either be discarded, or more often assume a new meaning, or even cease to have any meaning at all. The more rapidly a movement grows and evolves, the speedier it will shift the relation between its unformulated impulses and its formulated aims. And surely no big movement in history has ever grown and evolved faster than the labor movement in Europe, which is itself the outcome of the sweeping and swift economic changes that modern industrialism has brought about.

Consequently, there is no word in the political terminology which has as deeply modified its meaning within the last century as the expression "socialism" itself. Less than a generation ago it still meant to the bulk of European working classes what it means to the mass of American labor now: the concern of a few idealists and cranks anxious to put society on a radically new basis. To-day one can imagine that G. B. Shaw was expressing a very real attitude when, in one of his recent plays, he made an Asquith-like prime minister say that he had no objection to calling himself a socialist if his voters agreed to call the present condition of England socialism.

There is another and weightier reason yet why one can safely predict that, no matter how completely socialism may conquer the field, the state of things it will bring about will necessarily be quite different from what its exponents are now driving at. The way in which any mass movement forces its consummation involves a terrific amount of optical illusion. Its perspective is wrong not only in that it sees the goal much closer than it is, but because its very image is distorted by the passions of strife.

This discrepancy between ideals and results is due to two facts: the means a movement uses to achieve its purpose

modify this purpose in the long run; and the men who outline its programme must usually hand over the uncompleted task to others, who are different because they have grown up under conditions which the activity of their predecessors themselves has modified. There is no better illustration of this than the adventure of the Russian bolsheviks. They conquered political power to establish communism. To retain this power, they had to do all kinds of things that were quite different from what they had set out to do. They conciliated the peasants by breaking up the remnants of communal landownership and turning them into small landowners. They encouraged patriotism and military submissiveness with their own people through their fight against foreign invasion. They fostered nationalism amongst the peoples of the Near East in order to weaken the British Empire. After a while, to keep industry going, they had to call the bourgeois managers and traders back to the positions of which they had been deprived. So the means they had to use have made the men of 1923 as different from the men of 1918 as the third French Republic differs from the ideal of 1789, or present-day American institutions from what their founders meant them to be a century and a half ago. And who can fail to see that the ideas of the next communist generation in Soviet Russia will differ as widely from those of the present rulers as the conditions that have formed the latter's minds when they were living as exiles in western Europe differ from the atmosphere that now reigns in the government offices of the Kremlin?

So let us gather our idea of what socialism will be not from the words of its own leaders, however sincerely they may be meant, but from a study of the changing conditions under which the labor movement evolves and acts.

The precedent of 1914 should encourage us thus to discriminate. That the socialist workers of Europe did not succeed then in preventing the outbreak of war, does not prove much. That might be explained by lack of power in the decisive contest with the elements that made for war. But that, the war having broken out, the bulk of socialists in all

fighting countries took part in it, proves a good deal. It shows that, in spite of all the resolutions in favor of international brotherhood that had been passed by conferences and conventions, there was more response to war-cries to be found in the subconscious depths of the socialists' souls than they had known themselves when they were passing those resolutions.

I once heard a psychoanalyst argue that, as war had broken out and put a check on industrial and party struggles, taking part in it provided the workers with the only available outlet for the fighting instincts which they normally manifest in strikes or political contests. Surely this argument throws some light on the remarkable facility with which most socialists in 1914 reversed the direction of their pugnacity. But it does not explain why this reversal happened. Why, for instance, did they not continue to use their fighting instincts to oppose war? The few socialists who did not follow the crowd, like Karl Liebknecht in Germany or some conscientious objectors in England, certainly found plenty of opportunity to manifest their combative instincts in fighting *against* war.

A somewhat less one-sided observer would have known that there always has been a close connection between the struggle for socialism and that for national independence; so that any government which could make its people believe that this independence was at stake, was sure to find no less response with the socialists than with the other citizens. The attitude of European socialists during the war has proved this. Their attitude since then has proved something more, namely, that socialism outgrows its original cosmopolitan ideas to the same extent to which it conquers power and passes from the stage of propaganda into that of realization.

All along the nineteenth century, the labor-unions and socialist parties have been in the forefront of the struggles for national independence. The First Internationale was born in 1864 as the outcome of joint action by French and English workers' unions in favor of the independence of Poland. The first big political rising in which it took part, the Paris Commune of 1871, started as a protest

against the inability of the Thiers government to uphold the territorial integrity of France. In the countries which had not yet achieved national unity when socialism began to be heard of, like Germany and Italy, men like Lassalle and Mazzini symbolized the intermingling of socialist and patriotic motives. During the earlier stages of British socialism its spokesmen attracted more notice by their protests against the oppression of Ireland, India, and Egypt than by their indictment of capitalism at home.

The International Socialist Conferences which up to 1914 had been trying to outline the policy of labor in case of war, invariably started from the assumption that nothing could be demanded from the workers of any country that would be contrary to national independence, or to the striving of oppressed nationalities to gain such independence. In consequence, the only thing which the socialists of the countries at war since 1914 had in common was their universal claim that, by fighting their governments' war, they were faithfully carrying out the Internationale's resolutions that recognized the socialists' duty to take part in a war of national defence. When the end of the conflict brought into existence a plethora of new states on the ruins of the Hapsburg and Romanoff monarchies, there was hardly one of them which did not owe its birth to the initiative of socialists. This is true not only of the new states within and along the borders of the former Russian Empire; even farther west, the birth of the two biggest new republics, Poland and Czechoslovakia, is symbolized by the names of two socialists, Pilsudski and Masaryk.

To state these facts is not to accuse socialism of treason to its ideal. To such a charge any socialist would answer that, far from being an obstacle on the road to internationalism, the self-government of nations is a condition which has to be fulfilled before peaceful and increasingly close relations can be established between them.

The argument is sound, and certainly justifies the policy as being in accordance with socialist doctrine. But to justify a policy is one thing; to study its consequences is another, and a more important one.

National autonomy may be a condition to internationalism, but it does not necessarily lead to it, and indeed may lead to quite different results. As labor gets a larger share in the government of countries, its interests in each particular country become more closely interwoven with those of the state, and of the other classes represented by it. New responsibilities will then compel new attitudes. It is only then that labor's ability to make internationalism something more than the recruiting slogan it was until 1914 will be put to a real test.

Every movement based on such universal impulses as those on which socialism is founded necessarily begins by assuming a universal view-point and by emphasizing its catholicity. It will do so as long as it remains in its purely proselytic stage. As it gains the power it has been craving for, as it penetrates the institutions of the social order which it wants to change, it gradually adapts itself to these institutions. Thus socialism, which began as a universal creed, could not avoid the imprint of the institutions of a continent which is not a Cosmopolis, but a medley of states, with interests and traditions so different that for many centuries periods of war have merely been alternating with periods of preparation for war.

The first socialist Internationale, in the sixties and seventies of the previous century, was a centralized association, with national branches submitting to the authority of an international board. It could afford to be so organized, because those branches were mere sects preaching the same creed in various languages. But when, toward the end of the century, the Second Internationale was created, those sects had gained a certain amount of industrial and political power in their respective countries. Consequently, the Second Internationale has up to this day never been more than a very loose federation of national bodies, every one of which is left to judge by itself as to where its interests lie even in case of war. The general council of the First Internationale consisted mostly of members of a cosmopolitan Bohème of exiles from their homelands. To-day every member of the corresponding body of the Second Inter-

nationale either is a cabinet minister in his country, or has been one recently, or expects to be one soon; and as to the competing Third Internationale, it is practically run by the Russian Government itself. One can judge thereby to what extent European socialism has become "nationalized" within half a century.

This tendency of movements to differentiate into smaller units as they gain power strikes me as being so universal that it might almost be formulated as a sociological law. All great religious movements which started with a universal impetus have suffered a similar fate. It has been spared to neither Buddhism nor Christianity; and even the most coherent of the ecclesiastical units into which Christianity has dissolved, the Roman Catholic Church, has to make growing concessions to this segregating force. The same thing that is now happening to the socialist movement did happen, though in a different and slower fashion, to the social class whose rise to power preceded that of the wage-earners. When the ancestors of the present capitalist and middle classes began their onslaught on feudalism, they also formulated their programme in universal terms. The great upheavals of the human mind that heralded it—the Renaissance, the Reformation, rationalist philosophy, classical economy—all carried a message meant for man at large. One of the weightiest charges the burghers brought against the princes was that they involved the nations in senseless quarrels and wars. The final struggle of the bourgeoisie for political power brought about a universal alignment of the peoples against their rulers. Just as the Declaration of Independence had been for North America, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man was a bugle-call to the whole of Europe; and the wars that followed 1792 were waged to make it the constitution of mankind.

And what did it all come to? The same classes that have made the world an economic unit under the banner of commercialism and industrialism have become the prisoners of the feudal and monarchical institutions they had conquered, but which also conquered them. The logic of national competition, militarism, and war carried things to its own conclusion, and

the facts of old age became a derision of the ideals of youth. The nineteenth century, the century of the bourgeoisie, became the age of exasperated struggles between states, of imperialism and unprecedented armaments, ending in the murderous conflict of 1914. Even now, in so-called peace-time, the capitalist governments seem seized by a mad desire to destroy the very foundations of the economic world-unity which capitalism itself has built up.

Will the present rise of the working classes verify, by a parallel development, the pessimistic version that history repeats itself, and that humanity progresses like the pilgrim's procession of Echter-nach: three steps forward and two steps backward?

I do not know. Yet there are indications that the conquest of state power is at least menacing European socialism with a fate similar to that of the industrial and commercial classes that fell victims to it before. In Russia leaders with as cosmopolitan a philosophy as can be dreamt of, who came into power as the very effect of their protest against war and nationalism, have needed war and militarism in order to stay there. Their government is founded on military compulsion, and their moral support with the masses on patriotism. The Baku Congress showed them as the fosterers of militant and aggressive nationalism in the East, and their support of Kemalism proves that their concern about Constantinople is very much of the same nature as that of the late Czardom. There is only one obstacle that stands between them and the use of their army—in spite of the warning precedent of Napoleonism—as a means to impose Sovietism on the world, and that is opportunity. They have sent armies under the red flag to conquer Georgia, whose troops were fighting under the same flag. When they were marching on Warsaw in 1920, the Polish socialists were amongst the most eager to rally around their government and join in repelling the invaders.

True, in western Europe, where the Second Internationale holds sway over the working masses, there is at least one thing that unites them across the borders: their desire to avoid war. But it is still

largely platonic in its effects, because it involves no disentanglement from the associations and conditions out of which war arises. The labor parties of England, Germany, France, Belgium, etc., are merely trying to find another way than war to settle conflicts between states; but they do not dissociate themselves from the national interests that give rise to those conflicts—much less, at any rate, than one might gather from the laboriously hatched unanimous resolutions of their joint conferences. Even at those conferences the French and Belgians will be moved by the desire that their countries should get as much reparation from Germany as they can, and the Germans by that of keeping the bill as low as possible. The British standpoint, it must be admitted, is much more identical with the interest of Europe at large. But this exception proves the rule. For the very aloofness of British labor and liberalism is curiously in accordance with the interests of the British merchant in his trade, and that of the British worker in his job and in his wages. They are much less concerned about reparations than the French or the Belgians, because they have no reparations to receive. There is no point of the reparation programme which roused them to such strong opposition as the delivery of two million tons of coal a month to France, Belgium, and Italy; but then they had found that this was excluding British coal from continental markets, and therefore lowering British coal prices and British miners' wages.

The only labor party in western Europe which is frankly for complete and immediate disarmament in its own country, without waiting for the others to make the first move, is the social democratic party of Holland. But when it appeals to the voters on this platform, it puts the greater emphasis not on a universal view-point, but on a Dutch interest: saving money to the exchequer and reducing taxes.

All this is human enough, and quite within the logic of using political means toward a political end. In the long run, however, it is much less the end that determines the means than the means that bring about the end. For the means are real, whilst the end is a mere reflection of their tendency in the mirror of mind.

Moreover, all these instances show how fallacious is the belief of most socialists and communists in universal class interest as the only factor that determines the attitude of the workers. If nothing but class interest counted, the capitalist class would have created the United States of the World, instead of fighting the World War; since its purely economic interests are just as much the same all the world over as those of the proletariat.

It is to the variety of competing interests, then, that we shall have to turn in the last analysis for an explanation of labor's attitude.

Let the American reader not forget that in Europe socialist ideas are much more determined by interests than in America. On the new continent, socialism is still a purely propagandistic movement of ideas, quite distinct from the labor movement as expressed by the labor-unions, for instance. In Europe, the terms labor and socialism are practically interchangeable. Here also socialism expresses views, but views created and modified by mass interests. Now, the interests of labor are far from being uniform. Any individual worker is a member of many more economic communities than that of class. No better proof of that than the American worker, just because he is so little affected by the ideals of socialist intellectuals. He is not less attached to his country than to his union, because his job, his wages, and the opportunities of his children depend on the prosperity and the good government of his country. He has no objection to believing that the workers' interests are the same all the world over, and he thinks the idea of universal brotherhood fine and grand; but he does not like the Jap and the negro, he despises the Bohunk whose competition depresses the artisan's wages, and he wants to keep the immigrants out.

The European worker's psychology reacts in exactly the same way wherever conditions are similar.

Not all the worker's interests are antagonistic to those of his employer. They are both dependent on the prosperity of their trade, for one thing. The Lancashire cotton operative is just as interested as his boss in cheap raw cotton and a big market, and he will support any policy of

his country that can give him both these things. The German miner in Upper Silesia is interested in a Polish-German frontier that will not cut off his industry from its markets. When the war was over, the Belgian worker was quite naturally concerned, as a worker, that Germany should return the stolen machinery and rolling-stock and, as a taxpayer, that she should help to reconstruct the devastated areas. When the International Labor office discussed the prohibition of lead paint to protect the health of the painters, the Australian workers' delegation opposed the measure because they feared it would throw the Australian lead-miners out of their jobs.

Though there is little sense in dividing society into two classes, producers and consumers, there is a very real antagonism of interest between the producers and consumers of any particular commodity, and this antagonism also affects the workers. They will be affected more and more by it as their share in the management of their industry increases, which it is doing all over the world, through collective bargaining, wage-scales, co-partnership, producers' co-operation, protective legislation, shop councils, and guilds. One can already visualize what conflicts of interest are bound to arise between the workers under a guild system, say about bread or coal prices, railway fares, or building costs.

There are indeed enough anticipations under the present system to judge by. Workers' co-operative societies are anything but free from conflicts between workers-managers and workers-employees. The recent history of the co-operative movement, especially in England and Germany, abounds in illustrations. The labor-union movement itself is constantly being torn by conflicts not only between professional interests, but between the producer's interest in a particular trade and the consumers' interest in the rest of the workers. I witnessed three examples myself in Berlin last year, within a few weeks from each other. When the printers struck for higher wages, they were opposed by the other unions, because the labor papers could not appear; an actors' strike threw the board of the co-operative workers' "Volks-

bühne" into the managers' camp; and the executive body of the German labor-unions outvoted a demand from the bakers' union for the suppression of night shifts in big bakeries, because it would deprive the other workers of fresh bread.

Now, all the sources of conflict that can exist between various bodies of workers may assume national aspects. This will unavoidably happen to the every-day antagonism between the producers and the consumers of agricultural products, where one country represents the sellers and the other the buyers. National conflicts will be equally unavoidable where some countries hold natural resources needed by others; I once heard Karl Radek say, with sneering contempt for the sentimental scruples of Wilsonian humanitarians, that Soviet Russia had to take Georgia as the gateway to Baku because a communist country needed oil as much as a capitalist one. Also, at present a number of indispensable raw materials and food-stuffs are being supplied by colonies, for which international socialism claims autonomy; if they take advantage of that autonomy to cut off those supplies by using them themselves or otherwise, will there not be, to say the least, a clash of interests?

Even so, to consider economic interests alone as a source of conflicts between nations is to take too narrow a view of the problem. There are other causes of community feeling which contradict the statement of the communist manifesto of 1848 that "the workers have no country." This may have been true of the European proletarians of that time, who had "nothing to lose but their chains." Indeed, they were without a voice in the government of their country, with no right to collective bargaining about their conditions of labor, and in a condition of practical illiteracy that kept them as completely outside of the borders of civilization as any barbarians ever were. But this is no longer true, in the era of almost universal labor-unionism, collective bargaining, protective legislation, universal suffrage, compulsory elementary education, and with practically no country or town in Europe in the government of which organized labor does not have a share. The workers are no longer out-

casts of a civilization to which their own strivings have given them access.

This civilization, however, differs in different nations. Therefore the working classes of Europe are much more differentiated nationally than they were in 1848. As members of the same national communities as the other classes, they share their national idiosyncrasies, traditions, and prejudices, just as they share their language.

The absence of such national characteristics with socialists is a purely intellectual assumption. It is constantly contradicted by facts. Watch even the super-class-conscious élite from which delegations to international labor conferences are recruited. They will pass splendid and well-meant resolutions on internationalism; but when the meeting is over and the brother delegate has cast off his official attitude, you will hear the English cracking unflattering jokes at the Scotch and the Irish, and expressing contempt at the inferior ways of continental tribes; the French swearing at the execrable foreign food which denotes an inferior civilization; the Americans feeling prouder than ever of being citizens of the biggest republic in the world; and all of them will hasten to join their countrymen in a group where they can enjoy their own language, their own ways, and their own songs. Unguessed amounts of subconscious prejudice and hatred, even between members of the same Internationale, have found their expression in the war; for amongst socialists too a German will feel a calling to teach others a superior view of "Kultur," a Russian communist won't need much scratching to be found a Russian, a Czech will hate a German, and an Englishman will misprize everybody else.

Now I am well aware that the improved means of communication which have made possible the modern state as an amalgamation of smaller local units, are now working toward the higher synthesis of world-citizenship. A fast-increasing number of people are gaining such knowledge as will enable them to understand and love other nations besides their own. But the working classes are having access to this nascent cosmopolitan culture at a very much slower pace than the well-to-do, for the same reason—lack of oppor-

tunity and leisure—that made them a century late in cutting their way through to national civilization. Real cosmopolitans are practically confined to the upper classes; they are extremely rare amongst the workers. The members of an international gathering of diplomats, of financiers, or simply of idle rich, are much more likely to understand each other, no matter how sharply their interests may be clashing, than an international trade-union conference, no matter how strongly its members may be convinced of the identity of their purposes. When I think of the enormous responsibility that rests on the shoulders of European labor as the chief element that can make for peace through understanding, I sometimes shudder to realize how difficult it is to bring about this understanding between people whose outlook is so much more local than their interests.

In the course of twenty years I have attended nearly two hundred international labor gatherings of various descriptions, either as a delegate or as an interpreter. I met only one French delegate who was able to address a meeting in a language other than his own. I know of only one English trade-union leader who speaks French and German enough to make himself understood. And among the leaders of the social-democratic party in Germany, for whom so much depends on finding the key to the psychology of foreign peoples, I know of only two who have lived abroad long enough to widen their outlook, and both are septuagenarians! The only countries where the cosmopolitan élite among socialists amounts to anything are the small neutral states, which are of much less account in world-politics. This condition is the main

source of labor's weakness as an international factor. For the first condition to any human achievement is that there should be men who have already commensurated it in the spirit. There would be no United States of America if there had not been Americans to will them; a united Italy presupposed the existence of Italians; how can a united Europe be built if there are no Europeans to build it?

To my friend's question—"Can labor save Europe?"—I would answer therefore: Perhaps Europe is not to be saved; perhaps it is too deeply torn by conflicting interests and passions, which have put their imprint on the souls of the workers themselves, to be able to establish the unity without which it is doomed to disappear as a factor in our industrial civilization. Then this civilization would achieve its next stage on another continent, like America, whose younger soil is not so blood-drenched. But *if* Europe is to be saved, labor alone—this I believe as firmly as ever—can do it, because it is the only big power that really wants to stop war. However, even if it succeeds in doing so, it will not do away with national antagonisms and conflicts; it will merely be creating another less destructive way of solving them. Even the latter possibility is of such tremendous importance that every man and woman in the world should wish Godspeed to those who are honestly striving to attain it. At the same time, the support European labor can get from other quarters, as well as the strength it will have to find in itself, to achieve that formidable task, can be effective only if it is based on facts—not on delusions which would no more stand the test of a new catastrophe than did the dreams which were shattered by 1914.





Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

Magdalen Quadrangle and Towers.

What the American Rhodes Scholar Gets from Oxford

BY FRANK AYDELOTTE

American Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust; President of Swarthmore College

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN a sense there are as many answers to this question, which the editor of SCRIBNER's has put to me, as there are Rhodes Scholars who have gone to Oxford. If in the heat of journalistic effort I am led to ignore individuals and to speak of "the Rhodes Scholar," as if they were all alike, equally happy in their capacities and in their experiences, I hope the reader will not forget, as I do not, that what men get out of Oxford is like what they get from most other opportunities, pretty directly proportioned to

what they put in—that the eye sees what it has brought with it the power of seeing, and that students learn mostly only the answers to questions which they already have in their minds. More than of most universities is this true of Oxford. Here, it may be truly said, is God's plenty in the way of educational opportunity; but here also the student is left in the utmost degree of freedom to take or to leave, according to his choice. Good things are not forced upon him. He must have the will to take, he must know what he wants,

and he must have the good manners not to grab.

I

THE most obvious thing which the Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a degree, and such is the objectiveness of Oxford's academic requirements and such the sincerity of her standards that it is a degree to which a definite meaning can be attached. No restriction is placed upon the Rhodes Scholar's course of study. He may read for any degree, from B.A. to Ph.D., in the same wide range of subjects, from Classics to Agriculture, which would be offered by an American State university. The ordinary degree is the B.A., and the Rhodes Scholar, if he enters for it, is expected to take the degree with honors. The Oxford Honors B.A. stands for a somewhat more specialized training than does our American Bachelor's degree. The course is pursued in a liberal spirit; but instead of attempting, as we do in the United States, to insure liberality by insisting upon a wide range of subjects, Oxford trusts to the breadth with which a single subject is treated. General knowledge of things outside his specialty, which the American student gets by taking a large number of miscellaneous courses, the Oxford student gets by general reading—a much more economical way.

The requirements for any Oxford degree look on paper rather less extensive and ambitious than do those for the same degree in an American university. What the English academic discipline lacks in extent as compared with ours is made up in thoroughness. The requirements mean all, or more than all, they say. The method of examination is such as to make cramming of little avail, and a man must depend for his showing on what he really knows. The difference between English and American standards for undergraduate work may be understood by looking for a moment at the type of men who get the highest academic distinctions in the two countries. In the United States these distinctions may be won by a man of first-class ability, provided he is moderately faithful to his work throughout his four years; or they may be won by a man of average ability who works early and

late, makes every minute count, and fulfils every requirement to the letter. It may be questioned whether we have in the United States any academic honors the standard for which is so high as to demand the latter type of work from the former type of man. The English idea of first-class honors is precisely this: that they should be obtainable only by a man of first-class ability who has done the hardest and best work of which he was capable.

The American student at Oxford misses almost all the academic machinery that he has been used to in his native university. At Oxford there are no "courses" in the American sense of the term. There are no record cards in the Registrar's office, no "signing up" for the lectures he expects to attend, no required number of hours per week, no daily assignments, no mid-term tests or hour exams. The Rhodes Scholar is a little puzzled on his first Monday morning, and on a great many mornings thereafter, to know just what he is expected to do at a given hour and moment. Shall he read this volume, or master such and such a table of dates, or attend such and such a lecture, or perchance wander down High Street in search of tobacco, or shall he spend a few hours in the shop of one of the delightful Oxford booksellers adding to the riches of his shelves in exchange for the inferior riches of his purse? The world of work and of play, and of a thousand delightful pursuits which lie midway between the two, is all before him where to choose. His only hard-and-fast academic engagement is to call on his tutor once a week at a specified hour to read an essay which he has written on a specified topic. There is a list of lectures which he may, or may not, find it to his interest to attend. To his surprise he will find his tutor frankly dubious about the value of following too many lectures, a doubt which the lecturer himself is likely to share. More than once have I heard Sir Walter Raleigh begin the term by explaining that his auditors would probably find his discourses of little value for "Schools." The lecturer keeps no roll of the members of his class, and it is the common practice of undergraduates to sample various courses at the beginning of the term and to continue

only in those which seem to them worth while. This is the practice which one's tutor usually recommends. The result is that lecture courses at Oxford begin commonly with good-sized audiences which taper off to a small and faithful few by the end of the term.

The academic system at Oxford, if one may call it such, is wonderfully simple. The method is to prescribe not what the undergraduate is supposed to "take," but what he is supposed to know, to allow him a certain length of time in which to acquire that knowledge, and then to examine him in order to see whether or not he has acquired it. Even the word "acquire" is a little false to what Oxford expects of a man. Her theory of liberal knowledge is rather the development of power of thought, of grasp of a certain limited field of knowledge, than the acquisition of a store of facts, though the latter is, of course, necessary to the former. Whereas the American undergraduate takes courses, the Oxford man studies a subject.

There is nothing new in this theory, nothing that would not be professed in any American university. What is new to the American Rhodes Scholar is the simplicity and directness with which it is acted upon. It is so easy for the elaborate and cumbersome machinery of the elective system to hinder the very educa-

tional process it is designed to further. It is so easy for the quantitative method of counting up hours in a registrar's office to get itself translated into a quantitative theory of culture. When the

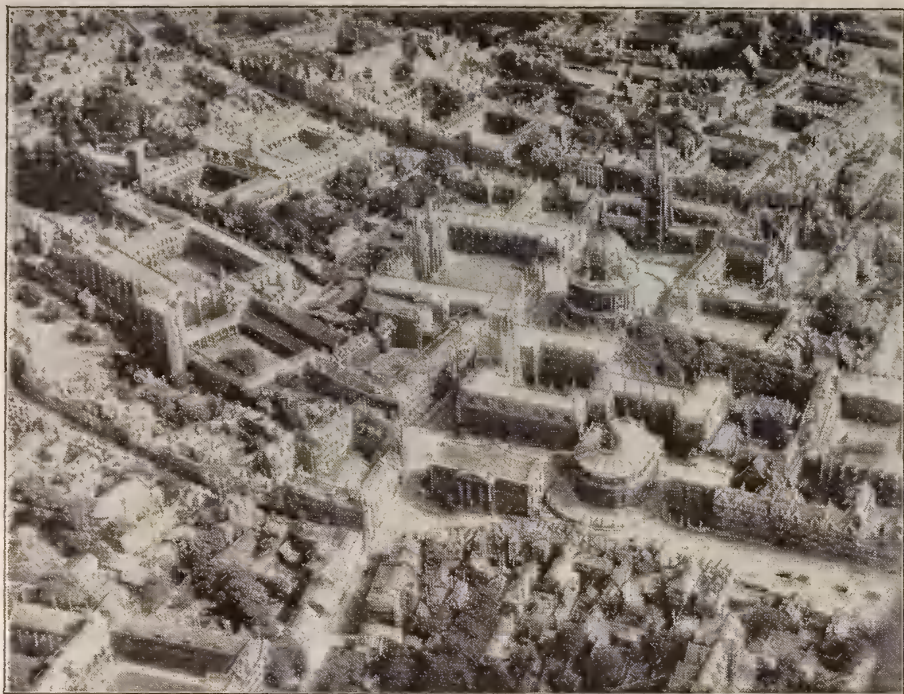
faculty of a university refuses to commit itself as to the necessary ingredients of a liberal education, when the elective system seems to be based upon some kind of democracy of courses in which one "hour" is equal to another no matter how many light-years of intellectual distance may separate their origins, it is easy for the student who is supposed to make the higher synthesis, supposed to fuse these diverse subjects into a unified body of knowledge and into a unified point of view toward life, to escape altogether the notion that any such synthesis is necessary or possible, and to come to think of



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Cecil John Rhodes, from a miniature painted in 1866 by Miss Mary Ellen Carlisle.

education in purely quantitative terms. A man cannot do this at Oxford. The very lack of system brings him face to face with the reality of education.

The tutorial method of instruction is a natural outgrowth of the form of Oxford's academic requirements, and hence it is that American attempts to graft the tutorial method onto our ordinary system of instruction by courses have failed to produce the same results as come from the English system. The heart of that is the conceiving of undergraduate work in



New York Times, Wide World Photos.

View of Oxford from an aeroplane.

terms of what a man should know, instead of conceiving it in terms of the processes by which that knowledge is to be acquired. At Oxford a man's work is outlined (in the book which corresponds most nearly to the catalogue of an American university, namely, the *Examination Statutes*) entirely in terms of the examinations which he must pass for his degree. He prepares himself for these examinations by his own efforts under the direction of his tutor. The tutor acts as guide, philosopher, and friend; he will help his charge by every kind of advice and criticism to make the most of his own abilities, and of the instructional facilities provided by the university and the colleges; but he considers it no part of his duty to do the undergraduate's work for him. Success depends, more than anything else, on a man's own industry and initiative. It is fatally easy to waste a great deal of precious time getting down to work. On the other hand, a man who is able to plan for himself, and who has the energy and the initiative to work without constant super-

vision, can go as far and as fast as he likes. Perhaps capacity for independent work is the most important academic result of the Oxford system of education.

The American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford not merely a new attitude toward his work, but also a new respect for examinations. In the United States examinations are not, as a rule, viewed with much favor; and it is the fashion at present to consider them as a very untrustworthy means of measuring intellectual ability. There are not wanting those persons in England who believe that in their own country too much attention is paid to examinations and too great weight attached to their results. However this may be, the English have developed the fine art of examining to a very high degree of accuracy. This is proved by the fact that the results of the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge offer a good basis for prediction of success in after-life; there is not in the United States the discrepancy between success in college

studies and success in after-life which our humorous writers would sometimes lead us to believe; but the correspondence is not so marked, especially in political life, in this country as it is in England. Oxford examinations are more severe but less pedantic than ours. It is a principle in England that a man shall not be examined by those persons who have the responsibility of teaching him. English examinations come at the end of a year or of two years of work rather than term by term, or week by week. They are usually of the essay type, and their attempt is to discover power of dealing with the subject rather than merely to test the memory for specific details. In the ordinary Honor School a man will have from seven to twelve three-hour papers following each other at the rate of two a day for the better part of a week. Cramming for such a series of tests is impossible. The advice usually given by one's tutor is to get away from Oxford, forget about books, and play tennis or golf for a few days before the examinations begin. In the examina-

tion-room a student confronted by a paper of ten or twelve questions will spend the first two hours on the two questions which he knows most about, answering each as exhaustively and thoughtfully as possible. In his third hour he will answer two or three more briefly but as well as he can.

In the English system a man is marked qualitatively on the basis of what he writes rather than quantitatively on the basis of what he leaves out. After the papers are all read he appears before his examiners for an oral, in which they have ample opportunity to test him on any topics which he did not mention in his answers. His effort must be to show at some points in his papers first-class work, which means in England answers which not merely contain information but are also well thought out and well written.

It is easy to see from what has been said that one of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a powerful impulse to re-examine all his conceptions of educational theory and practice. He goes to an in-



Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

The Radcliffe and St. Mary's spire from the quadrangle of All Souls'.

stitution where many things which are taken for granted in the United States are not taken for granted, or perhaps not believed in at all. He finds in England many things taken for granted which he, perhaps, had always thought dangerous or untrue. He may come back to America with his intellectual creed unchanged, but he can hardly come back without having thought through for himself the whole foundation of his educational beliefs, a process of the highest value whatever may be the result.

II

BUT life at Oxford is not all work. Indeed, the hardest part of an Oxford man's work is done in the vacations, and term-time (which altogether is a little less than twenty-six weeks in the year) is very largely given to living the Oxford life. From this life the American Rhodes Scholar gets a great deal that he could never get from books. For him, even more than for Englishmen, it is well worth while. In the first place, it is a very beautiful life, though the surface of it is, like the face of a glacier, overstrewn with a miscellaneous drift of academic stupidity and youthful folly which, at the first glance, more or less conceal the beauty that lies beneath. But at its heart Oxford life is worthy of its setting and worthy of the great words with which Matthew Arnold has praised its beauty and sweetness. It is not strange, but only seems so, that this beauty should come home to the undergraduate but slowly. One of the finest things which the American Rhodes Scholar will get from his Oxford experience he is likely not to get in the three years of his scholarship. Only in after years, on one of those visits which Americans show such a decided tendency to make back to the home of their English foster-mother, will he be able to see in true perspective the significance of these eager undergraduate days—days of intense effort, of struggle with great tasks, of listening to half-heeded words of great teachers, of light-hearted, high-spirited converse with men too many of the best of whom will visit Oxford quadrangles no more. Then some night as he walks back to his lodgings after dinner at High Table

—that stateliest of all the rites of academic hospitality—the moonlight on sleeping walls and towers will thrill him with the sense of the tangled, interwoven beauty of this life that once was his.

If I were to single out from all the beauty and intensity and good-fellowship of this life the two things which are likely to mean most to the American, I should say they are talk and sport. Perhaps these are two things which occupy most of the waking hours of the average English undergraduate. If he spends four or five hours a day at his books and lectures, he is considered reasonably industrious, and may with good conscience spend ten or twelve on social affairs with his fellows, in numberless breakfasts, lunches, teas, coffees, and club meetings, or in keen athletic competition with them on the river or the courts or the broad playing fields with which the university and the colleges are so generously supplied.

My purpose is not to describe all this Oxford social life, but to say, or to suggest, if I can, what the American Rhodes Scholar gets from it. I am afraid I can only suggest, for human values of this kind are too complex and too rich for the abstract formulæ of educational discussion. The undergraduate learns from his fellows innumerable lessons in getting on with other people. He learns, or has the chance to learn, how to use his ideas in action rather than merely how to hold them suspended in his mind. Most Rhodes Scholars would say that Oxford talk is the best talk in the world. I do not believe that this is due so much to any peculiar virtue of the men who compose the university as to the fact that the life is so arranged as to provide the leisure and the stimulus for it. As to its educational value, most Rhodes Scholars would say that the testimony of such diverse characters as Cardinal Newman and Robert Louis Stevenson, which sounds rather extravagant to American ears, was no whit too strong. In the almost unique intimacy and good-fellowship of Oxford life, where for the moment men from every nation and every class are living together and surveying the nations of the earth in human and humorous companionship, the Rhodes Scholar, if he has in him the capacity for wisdom, learns the



Photographed by Tassie, Oxford.

Rhodes marching in procession to the Encaenia, 1890.

difference between an abstract formula and a living point of view. It is the seven years of plenty with him, a time when it is bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. But he feeds intellectually on a rich diet which not every man can digest. The Rhodes Scholar will need all his characteristically scanty store of general information and more than all of the scanty American tolerance of ideas not current in the United States. If he have the capacity for assimilation, if he can become a part of what he meets, he

may return from Oxford to the United States a citizen of the world.

Rhodes Scholars are usually athletes, but they have much to learn from Oxford sports, and they take eager pleasure in learning it. The difference between sport at Oxford and sport in the United States is almost the difference between work and play. In the United States athletics are managed by members of the faculty who have the rare gifts needed for such important work. Teams are coached and

trained by experts. The costumes and implements are designed by other experts, all to the end of producing the maximum skill and efficiency of which the human frame and the human mind are capable. The result is greater public interest in athletic contests and probably a higher degree of athletic skill than is the rule in England, though this is difficult to measure, since neither country plays exactly the games which attract the greatest interest in the other.

At Oxford athletics are entirely in the hands of the undergraduates. There are no paid coaches; and if in a given college at a given moment no old player is available to coach the team or the boat, it is not uncommon to apply to the captain of a rival team for some useful suggestions and criticisms, which are sure to be given with the utmost candor and liberality. The management of athletics at Oxford is distinctly amateurish and could undoubtedly be improved in efficiency by American methods. Training is earnest but not scientific. The choosing of the members of crews and teams is left to the captain and such advisers as he may select. There are so many forms of athletics and participation is so nearly universal that there are almost no spectators at college matches, and fewer than in the United States at the major inter-university contests.

This sport for sport's sake at Oxford is one of the finest experiences among the many fine opportunities opened by a Rhodes Scholarship. Freed from the curse of spectators there is no finer moral and social training in the world than sport. Without the spectators, compulsion to win, which makes football such a nerve-racking occupation in the United States, no longer exists. Under the conditions obtaining at Oxford and Cambridge the idea that it would be a thousand times better to lose a game than to commit the slightest unfair action does not need to be argued. It is taken for granted just as it is taken for granted in every sport in the United States which has not become a spectacle for the crowd. The absence of spectators takes nothing from the keenness of the contest, but it makes that keenness a healthy, normal, human desire to win or to do one's best,

rather than a frenzied feeling that the only two courses before the player are victory or suicide. The absence of spectators implies that the Oxford athlete must buy his own togs and pay his own expenses, which men do cheerfully. Playing fields are, of course, owned by the college, and the barge on the river and the expensive shells in which the crews row are paid for by the college boat-club. For the rest men buy their own equipment, and it is no uncommon thing for the members of a team of an Oxford college going to play a college in Cambridge to be assessed so much per head to pay the travelling expenses. All this simplification of sport gives a better opportunity for the emergence of its true moral and social values. These values exist just as truly in American college sports, and it is no small credit to the inherent sportsmanship of American players and coaches that they do persist, in the face of the terrific and often unscrupulous pressure of spectators and supporters who are interested not in the true values of sport but only in victory.

III

THE Rhodes Scholar spends one-half of his year at Oxford; he has a six weeks' holiday at Christmas, another five or six weeks at Easter-time, and four months in the summer. It is perhaps fair to say that something like half of what he gets from his experience comes from these vacations, when he has the opportunity to travel in England and on the Continent, and to study European life and languages. Not that the vacations are all play. Under the Oxford system term-time is the season for mapping out work, covering the ground hastily, getting together books, and listening to lectures: the hard grinding, filling in the chinks and reading round the subject in the way necessary for a creditable showing in the honor examinations must all be done in the vacation. Every vacation a man must make a careful balance between the demands of his Oxford work and the interest of foreign lands. The typical Rhodes Scholar way of doing this is to avoid too much travel, to settle in some English or Continental town, spend five or six hours a day on Oxford studies, and

the rest of the day in seeing the sights and in learning the manners, and perhaps the language, of the people. The three years of a Rhodes Scholarship wisely spent will give a man a command of at least one European language, and perhaps a working knowledge of one or two more, together with that kind of understanding of English and Continental life

and French armies as ambulance-drivers and Y. M. C. A. secretaries—on the European fighting fronts, in Palestine, in India, and even in East Africa. Since the war they have gone almost everywhere with the far-flung line of American and English relief.

The result of these vacations, whether in war-time or in peace, is that the Rhodes



Photographed by Taunt, Oxford.

An Oxford bumping race passing the barges.

which comes from living with the people, and which does not come from merely travelling through the countries.

Some men confine their vacations to England and the near-by countries of the Continent; some journey farther afield into Russia, the Balkan States, the Near East, and the Holy Land; an occasional Rhodes Scholar finishes off his Oxford career by returning home around the world. Since 1914 Rhodes Scholars have added to their knowledge of European peoples and to the credit of their own country by giving generous service to various movements for European relief during and after the war. Their record in Belgium with Hoover is well known. Not so well known is the fact that they were to be found, before the United States entered the war, with the British

Scholar comes back with some idea not merely of the English way of looking at life, but also of that of two or three European nations. He is an internationalist of a human rather than merely theoretical sort. This can hardly be said to simplify international problems for him. Perhaps it tends instead to give him an idea of their complexity.

If I may speak for myself and for the men whom I know well, I should say that the Rhodes Scholars have drawn from this experience the conclusion that the United States should play a larger and a more generous part in European affairs, that we should look at such problems as our tariff, the question of the participation in the League of Nations, and the question of the collection of war debts from a point of view wider than that of an American

country town. No bafflement at the complexity of European national interests, no amount of distrust of the traditional methods of European diplomacy, no criticisms, however valid, of European social systems which, however different, seem, from an American point of view, to resemble each other in the difficulties which they place in the way of the able man of humble origin—none of these can make it any less true that we are one among the family of nations in a very small world rapidly growing smaller. The fact that we do not as a nation understand very much of what has gone on in Europe since the war and do not approve very highly of what we do understand—these facts should not, in the opinion of at least one Rhodes Scholar, prevent America, which has less war fatigue, less danger, and greater strength, from taking a wise and generous part in international affairs.

One of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from his Oxford experience is a changed attitude toward his own country. A Rhodes Scholar always returns to the United States a better American than he was when he went over. The fears which were widely expressed when the Rhodes will was made public, that three years at Oxford would make British subjects, or at any rate Anglomaniacs out of our American boys, have proved to be without foundation. Out of about six hundred Rhodes Scholars who have been elected since the scheme started in 1904 only one has become a British subject, and the others cannot be told from American college graduates, who have not enjoyed that experience, by any tendency to use the English accent or a monocle. Practically all the Rhodes Scholars have returned to the United States to live. A few have gone abroad as members of the diplomatic corps of the United States, or as representatives of American newspapers or business firms. The largest single group living abroad are those who have become American missionaries in China, and perhaps no Rhodes Scholars are better placed to serve their country than are these.

The Rhodes Scholar comes back a better American than he was when he went over, but he comes back less of a jingo.

The jingo, like every other blusterer, is a man who is at heart not sure of his own cause. The attitude of the United States toward England has been for a century one of sensitiveness to criticism, of resentment of fancied slights on our own manners and culture, of a disposition to undervalue those intellectual and artistic achievements in which Europe has excelled us, and to overvalue those political and material goods in which we have excelled Europe. The American has often carried a chip on his shoulder because he was secretly conscious in some points of his own inferiority. The American Rhodes Scholar sees that he need take that attitude no longer. The energy and idealism of the people of the United States, and the good fortune of her position, have brought America to a place where she need no longer envy other nations their points of excellence, where her cue should be to thank God for her own blessings, to admire frankly and to study carefully the best of other countries in order, if possible, to add all good things to her own heritage.

The Rhodes Scholar sees this. He learns at Oxford and in England and on the Continent that his country, if not always in all things admired, is nevertheless never held in contempt by those whose opinions matter, but always respected, and, indeed, often admired beyond its deserts. He learns this best perhaps in Oxford, where young men from all nations live together in good-fellowship and discuss international problems with humanity and humour. The effect upon the American Rhodes Scholar is to teach him to hold up his head as the Cook's tourist does not. He finds that the angry flush no longer mounts to his cheek at an English criticism of the internal arrangements of a Pullman sleeping-car. His heart does not always fill with unalloyed national pride at an English sporting undergraduate's admiration of the fact that sixty thousand people spend a quarter of a million dollars to see a Harvard-Yale game.

The American Rhodes Scholar learns to respect his country as the jingo never does. He learns to be jealous of her action in those things that matter. Living in a country where, because of the extent

of that League of Nations called the British Empire, international problems are discussed more constantly and more intelligently than anywhere else on earth, he learns, or begins to learn, the lesson of the interdependence of nations; he learns to realize the necessity of understanding and serving the interests of others in order best to serve our own.

In the mere matter of foreign commerce the American Rhodes Scholar sees how interwoven are our interests with the prosperity of the whole world, a fact not generally realized by that great body of our citizens who are dependent on that commerce for bread, or at any rate for luxuries. And he comes back with the longing to have his country, which responds so quickly and so generously to the call of the plague-stricken and the starving, respond also to that less piercing but more important call of the best men of all nations for the help of the strongest in meeting the problems of the day, which,

however met, threaten to tax the strength of civilization. And he would translate that call into action in our tariff legislation, in our attitude toward the League of Nations and toward the repayment of the Allied debts.

The Rhodes Scholar gets out of his Oxford experience an international point of view. He also gets from it a new conception of the kinship of the English-speaking nations of the world. One of the great surprises in store for him is the similarity which he finds between his own point of view and that of the Rhodes Scholars from the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. And as he returns time after time from the Continent, he wakes up with surprise to find that the differences which he noted at first, not always with approval, between English ways and his own are, as he learns to look beneath the surface, less significant, and that when he



Photographed by Tanna, Oxford.

Christ Church, Tom Quad.

lands at Dover he begins to feel at home. Not that he learns to admire everything English. The typical Rhodes Scholar soon learns to talk and think less and less about "the English" as such. He thinks with Englishmen of like ideas, believing in one party and distrusting the others, feeling at home in one social group and disapproving of the ways of others, just as he would at home. He will not approve of all Englishmen, but he learns to argue with all of them, which is the important thing. Finally, he wakes up to the discovery, rarely made on this side of the Atlantic, that our civilization is English at bottom, and that common speech and common law are only significant of a common way of looking at life—a common belief in freedom, in individual effort, and in sportsmanship, which are the real heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And he comes to see, as Rhodes saw, that this code of life which preserves the peace

among single men of wide individual differences, which stimulates individual initiative and yet makes possible common action, which places justice and integrity above cleverness, which loves institutions and distrusts logic, which (usually) makes reforms slowly, anxious always to unite the best of the old with the best of the new, trying to repair the building of the state rather than to tear it down and rebuild it again—that this point of view distinguishes the whole English-speaking race from the French of 1789, the Germans of 1914, and the Russians of 1920. He is likely to come furthermore to the belief that this point of view, if it could be applied to international problems as it has been so successfully to disputes between man and man, would work out slowly but surely the riddle of these perplexing times. Perhaps this is the truest and most valuable of all the ideas which the American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford.

A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCES ROGERS

XXVI



FROM the little room where he sat at the foot of George's glossy white bed, Campton, through the open door, could watch the November sun slanting down a white

ward where, in the lane between other white beds, pots of chrysanthemums stood on white-covered tables.

Through the window his eyes rested incredulously on a court enclosed in monastic arches of gray stone, with squares of turf bordered by box hedges, and a fountain playing.

Beyond the court sloped the faded foliage of a park not yet entirely stripped by Channel gales; and on days without wind,

instead of the boom of the guns, the roar of the sea came faintly over intervening heights and hollows.

Campton's ears were even more incredulous than his eyes. He was gradually coming to believe in George's white room, the ward beyond, the flowers between the beds, the fountain in the court; but the sound of the sea still came to him, intolerably but unescapably, as the crash of guns at the front. When the impression was too overwhelming he would turn from the window and cast his glance on the bed; but only to find that the smooth young face on the pillow had suddenly changed into that of the haggard bearded stranger on the wooden pallet at Doullens. And Campton would have to get up, lean over, and catch the twinkle in George's eyes before the evil spell was broken.

Few words passed between them. George, after all these days, was still too weak for much talk; and silence had always been Campton's escape from emotion. He never felt the need to speak in times of inward stress, unless it were to vent his anger—as in that hateful scene at Doullens between himself and Mr. Brant. But he was sure that George always knew what was passing through his mind; that when the sea boomed their thoughts flew back together to that other scene, but a few miles and a few days distant, yet already as far off, as much an affair they were both rid of, as a nightmare to a wakened sleeper; and that for a moment the same hideous vision clutched them both, mocking their attempts at indifference.

Not that the sound, to Campton at any rate, suggested any abstract conception of war. Looking back afterward at this phase of his life he perceived that at no time had he thought so little of the war. The noise of the sea was to him simply the voice of the engine which had so nearly destroyed his son: that association, deeply imbedded in his half-dazed consciousness, left no room for any other.

The general impression of unreality was enhanced by his not having yet been able to learn the details of George's wounding. After a week during which the boy had hung near death the great surgeon—returning to Doullens just as Campton had finally ceased to hope for him—had announced that, though George's state was still grave, he might be moved in a few days to a hospital at the rear. So one day, miraculously, the transfer had been made, in one of Mrs. Brant's own motor-ambulances; and for a week now George had lain in his white bed, hung over by white-gowned sisters of charity, in an atmosphere of sweetness and order which almost made it seem as if he were a child recovering from illness in his own nursery, or even a red-haired baby sparring with dimpled fists at a new world.

In truth, Campton found him as hard to get at as a baby; he looked at his father with eyes as void of experience, or at least of any means of conveying it. Campton, at first, could only marvel and wait; and the isolation in which the two were enclosed by George's weakness, and by his

father's inability to learn from others what the boy was not yet able to tell him, gave a strange remoteness to everything but the things which count in an infant's world: food, warmth, sleep. Campton's nearest approach to reality was his daily scrutiny of the temperature-chart. He studied it as he had been used to study the *communiqués*, which he now no longer even thought of.

Sometimes when George was asleep Campton would sit pondering on the days at Doullens. There was an exquisite joy in silently building up, on that foundation of darkness and anguish, the walls of peace which now surrounded him, a structure so transparent that one could peer through it at the routed Furies, yet so impenetrable that he sat there in a kind of godlike aloofness. For one thing he was especially thankful—and that was the conclusion of his unseemly wrangle with Mr. Brant at Doullens; thankful that, almost at once, he had hurried after the banker, caught up with him, and stammered out, clutching his hand: "I know—I know how you feel."

Mr. Brant's reactions were never rapid, and the events of the last days had called upon faculties that were almost atrophied. He had merely looked at Campton in mute distress, returned his pressure, and then silently remounted the hospital stairs with him.

Campton hated himself for his behaviour, but was thankful, even at the time, that no interested motive had prompted his apology. He should have hated himself even more if he had asked the banker's pardon because of Mr. Brant's "pull," and the uses to which it might be put; or even if he had associated his excuses with any past motives of gratitude, such as the fact that but for Mr. Brant he might never have reached his son's side. Instead of that, he simply felt that once more his senseless temper had got the better of him, and he was sorry that he had behaved like a brute to a man who loved George, and was suffering almost as much as he was at the thought that George might die.

After that episode, and Campton's apology, the relations of the two men became so easy that each gradually came to take the other for granted; and Mr.

Brant, relieved of a perpetual hostile scrutiny, was free to exercise his ingenuity in planning and managing. It was owing to him—Campton no longer minded admitting it—that the famous surgeon had hastened his return to Doullens, that George's translation to the sweet monastic building near the sea had been so rapidly effected, and that the great man, appearing there soon afterward, had extracted the bullet with his own hand. But for Mr. Brant's persistence even the leave to bring one of Mrs. Brant's motor-ambulances to Doullens would never have been given; and it might have been fatal to George to make the journey in the slow and jolting military train. But for Mr. Brant, again, he would have been sent to a crowded military hospital instead of being brought to this white heaven of rest. "And all that just because I overtook him in time to prevent his jumping into his motor and going back to Paris in order to get out of my way!" Campton, at the thought, lowered his soul into new depths of penitence.

George, who had been asleep, opened his eyes and looked at his father.

"Where's Uncle Andy?"

"Gone to Paris to get your mother."

"Yes. Of course. He told me——"

George smiled, and withdrew once more into his secret world.

But Campton's state of mind was less happy. As the time of Julia's arrival approached he began to ask himself with increasing apprehension how she would fit into the situation. Mr. Brant *had* fitted into it—perfectly. Campton had actually begun to feel a secret dependence on him, a fidgety uneasiness since he had left for Paris, sweet though it was to be at last alone with George. But Julia—what might she not do and say to unsettle things, break the spell, agitate and unnerve them all? Campton did not question her love for her son; but he was not sure what form it would take in conditions to which she was so unsuited. How could she ever penetrate into that mystery of peace which enclosed him and his boy? And if she felt them thus mysteriously shut off would she not dimly resent her own exclusion? If only Adele Anthony

had been coming! Campton had urged Mr. Brant to bring her; but the banker had failed to obtain a permit for any one but the boy's mother. He had even found it difficult to get his own leave renewed; and it was only after a first trip to Paris, and repeated efforts at the War Office, that he had been allowed to return to fetch his wife, who was just arriving from Biarritz.

Well—for the moment, at any rate, Campton had the boy to himself. As he sat there trying to picture the gradual resurrection of George's pre-war face out of the delicately pencilled white mask on the pillow, he noted the curious change of planes produced by suffering and emaciation, and the altered relation of lights and shadows. Materially speaking, the new George looked like the old one seen in the bowl of a spoon, and through blue spectacles: peaked, narrow, livid, with elongated nose and sunken eye-sockets. But these changes of proportion were not what had really changed him. There was something in the curve of the mouth that fever and emaciation could not account for. In that new line, and in the look of his eyes—the look travelling slowly outward through a long blue tunnel, like some mysterious creature rising from the depths of the sea—that was where the new George lurked, the George to be watched and lain in wait for, patiently and slowly puzzled out.

He reopened his eyes.

"Adele too?"

Campton had learned to bridge over the spaces between his son's questions. "No, not this time. We tried, but it couldn't be managed. A little later, I hope——"

"She's all right?"

"Rather! Blooming."

"And Boylston?"

"Blooming too."

George's lids closed contentedly, like doors shutting him away from the world.

It was the first time since his operation that he had asked about any of his friends, or had appeared to think that they might come to see him. But his mind, like his stomach, could receive very little nutriment at a time; he liked to have one mouthful given to him, and then to lie ruminating it in the lengthening intervals between his attacks of pain.

Each time he asked for news of any one his father wondered what name would next come to his lips. Even during his delirium he had mentioned no one but his parents, Mr. Brant, Adele Anthony, and Boylston; yet it was not possible, Campton thought, that these formed the circumference of his life, that in some contracted fold of consciousness there did not lurk a nearer image, a more secret name. . . The father's heart beat faster, half from curiosity, half from a kind of shy delicacy, at the thought that at any moment that name might wake in George's memory and utter itself.

Campton's thoughts again turned to his wife. With Julia there was never any knowing. Ten to one she would send the boy's temperature up. He was thankful that, owing to the difficulty of getting the news to her, and then of bringing her back from a frontier department, so many days had had to elapse.

But when she arrived, nothing, after all, happened as he had expected. She had put on her nurse's dress for the journey (he thought it rather theatrical of her, till he remembered how much easier it was to get about in any sort of uniform); but there was not a trace of coquetry in her appearance. As a frame for her haggard unpowdered face the white coif looked harsh and unbecoming; she reminded him, as she got out of the motor, of some mortified Jansenist nun from one of Philippe de Champaigne's stern canvases.

Campton led her to George's door, but left her there; she did not appear to notice whether or not he was following her. He whispered: "Careful about his temperature; he's very weak," and she bent her profile silently as she went in.

XXVII

GEORGE, that evening, seemed rather better, and his temperature had not gone up; Campton had to repress a movement of jealousy at Julia's having done her son no harm. Her experience as a nurse had disciplined a vague gift for the sick-room, and developed in her the faculty of self-command: before the war, if George had met with a dangerous accident, she would have been more encumbering than helpful.

Campton had to admit the change, but it did not draw him any nearer to her. Her manner of loving their son was too different. Nowadays, when he and Anderson Brant were together, he felt that they were thinking of the same things in the same way; but Julia's face, even aged and humanized by grief, was still a mere mask to him. He could never tell what form her thoughts about George might be taking.

Mr. Brant had judged it discreet to efface himself. Campton hunted in vain for him in the alleys of the park, and under the cloister; he remained invisible till they met at the early dinner which they shared with the staff. But the meal did not last long, and when it was over, and nurses and doctors scattered, Mr. Brant again slipped away with them, leaving his wife and Campton alone.

Campton glanced after him, surprised. "Why does he go?"

Mrs. Brant pursed her lips, evidently as much surprised by his question as he by her husband's withdrawal.

"Oh, I suppose he's going to bed—to be ready for an early start to-morrow."

"A start?"

She stared. "Why, of course; he's going back to Paris."

Campton was genuinely astonished. "Is he? I'm sorry."

"Oh—" She appeared unprepared for this. "After all, you must see—we can't very well . . . all three of us . . . especially with these nuns. . ."

"Oh, if it's only *that*——"

She did not take this up, and one of their usual silences followed. Campton was thinking that it was all nonsense about the nuns, and considering the advisability of going in pursuit of Mr. Brant to tell him so. He did not know how to face the prospect of a long succession of days alone between George and George's mother.

Mrs. Brant spoke again. "I was sorry to find that the Sisters have been kept on here. Are they much with George?"

"The Sisters? I don't know. The upper nurses are Red Cross, as you saw. But of course the others are about a good deal. What's wrong? They seem to me perfect."

She hesitated and coloured a little. "I

don't want them to find out—about the Extreme Unction," she finally said.

Campton repeated her words blankly. He began to think that anxiety and fatigue had confused her mind.

She coloured more deeply. "Oh, I forgot—you don't know. I couldn't think of anything but George at first . . . and the whole thing is so painful to me. . . Where's my bag?"

She groped for her reticule, found it in the folds of the fur cloak she had kept about her shoulders, and fumbled in it with wrinkled jewelled fingers.

"Anderson hasn't spoken to you, then—spoken about Mrs. Talkett?" she began suddenly.

"About Mrs. Talkett? Why should he? What on earth has happened?"

"Oh, I wouldn't see her myself . . . I couldn't . . . so he had to. She had to be thanked, of course . . . but it seems to me so dreadful, so very dreadful . . . *our* boy . . . that woman. . ."

Campton did not press her further. He sat dumbfounded, trying to take in what she was so obviously trying to communicate, and yet instinctively resisting the approach of the revelation he already foresaw.

"George—Mrs. Talkett?" He forced himself to couple the two names, unnatural as their union seemed.

"I supposed you knew. Isn't it dreadful? A woman old enough—" She drew a crumpled letter from her bag.

He interrupted her. "Is that letter what you want to show me?"

"Yes. She insisted on Anderson's keeping it—for you. She said it belonged to us, I believe. . . It seems there was a promise—made the night before he was mobilized—that if anything happened he would get word to her somehow. . . No thought of *us*!" She began to whimper.

Campton reached out for the letter. Madge Talkett—Madge Talkett and George! That was where the boy had gone then, that last night when his father, left alone at the Crillon, had been so hurt by his desertion! That was the name which, in his hours of vigil in the little white room, Campton had watched for on his son's lips, the name which, one day, sooner or later, he would have to hear them pronounce. . . How little he had

thought, as he sat studying the mysterious beauty of George's face, what a commonplace secret it concealed!

The writing was not George's, but that of an unlettered French soldier. Campton, glancing at the signature, discovered that it was that of his son's orderly, who had been slightly wounded in the same attack as George, and sent for twenty-four hours to the same hospital at Doullens. He had been at George's side when he fell, and with the simple directness so often natural to his class in France he told the tale of his lieutenant's wounding, in circumstances which appeared to have given George great glory in the eyes of his men. They thought the wound mortal; but the orderly and a stretcher-bearer had managed to get the young man into the shelter of a little wood. The stretcher-bearer, it turned out, was a priest. He had at once applied the consecrated oil, and George, still conscious, had received it "with a beautiful smile"; then the orderly, thinking all was over, had hurried back to the fighting, and been wounded himself. The next day he too had been carried to Doullens; and there, after many enquiries, he had found his lieutenant in the same hospital, still alive, but too ill to see him.

He had contrived, however, to see the nurse, and had learned from her that the doctors did not yet despair. With that he had to be content; but before returning to his base he had hastened to fulfill his lieutenant's instructions (given "many months earlier") by writing to tell "his lady" that he was severely wounded, but still alive—"which is a good deal in itself," the orderly hopefully ended, "not to mention his having received the Legion of Honour."

Campton laid the letter down. There was too much in it to be taken in all at once; and, as usual in moments of deep disturbance, he wanted to be alone, above all wanted to be away from Julia. But Julia held him with insistent gaze.

"Do you want this?" he asked finally, pushing the letter toward her.

"Want it? A letter written to that woman? No! I should have returned it at once—but Anderson wouldn't let me. . . Think of her forcing herself upon me as she did—and making you paint her

portrait! I see it all now. Had you any idea that this was going on?"

Campton shook his head, and perceived by her look of relief that what she had resented above all was the thought of his being in a secret of George's from which she herself was excluded.

"Adele didn't know either," she said, with evident satisfaction. Campton remembered that he had been struck by Miss Anthony's look of sincerity when he had asked her if she had any idea where George had spent his last evening, and she had answered negatively. The recollection made him understand Mrs. Brant's feeling of relief.

"Perhaps, after all, it's only a flirtation—a mere sentimental friendship," he hazarded.

"A flirtation?" Julia's Mater Doloresa face suddenly sharpened to worldly astuteness. "A sentimental friendship? Have you ever heard George mention her name—or make any sort of allusion to such a friendship?"

Campton considered. "No. I don't remember his ever speaking of her."

"Well, then—" Her eyes had the impatience he had seen in them on the far-off day when he had thrown Beausite's dinner invitation into the fire. Once more, her glance seemed to say, she had taken the measure of his worldly wisdom.

George's obstinate silence—his care not even to mention that the Talketts were so much as known to him—certainly made it look as though the matter went deep with him. Campton, recalling the tone of the Talkett drawing-room and its familiars, had an even stronger recoil of indignation than Julia's; but he was silenced by a dread of tampering with his son's privacy, a sense of the sacredness of everything pertaining to that still mysterious figure in the white bed upstairs.

Mrs. Brant's face had clouded again. "It's all so dreadful—and this Extreme Unction too! What is it exactly, do you know? A sort of baptism? Will the Roman Church try to get hold of him on the strength of it?"

Campton remembered with a faint inward amusement that, in spite of her foreign bringing up, and all her continental affinities, Julia had remained as implacably and incuriously Protestant as

if all her life she had heard the Scarlet Woman denounced from Presbyterian pulpits. At another time it would have amused him to ponder on this one streak in her of the ancestral iron; but now he wanted only to console her.

"Oh, no—it was just the accident of the priest's being there. One of our chaplains would have done the same kind of thing."

She looked at him mistrustfully. "The same kind of thing? It's never the same with them! Whatever they do reaches ahead. I've seen such advantage taken of the wounded when they were too weak to resist . . . didn't know what they were saying or doing. . . ." Her eyes filled with tears. "A priest and a woman—I feel as if I'd lost my boy!"

The words went through Campton like a sword, and he sprang to his feet. "Oh, for God's sake be quiet—don't say it! What does anything matter but that he's alive?"

"Of course, of course. . . I didn't mean. . . But that he should think only of *her*, and not of us . . . that he should have deceived us . . . about everything . . . everything. . ."

"Ah, don't say that either! Don't tempt Providence! If he deceived us, as you call it, we've no one but ourselves to blame; you and I, and—well, and Brant. Didn't we all do our best to make him deceive us—with our intriguing and our wire-pulling and our cowardice? How he despised us for it—yes, thank God, how he despised us from the first! He didn't hide the truth from Boylston or Adele, because they were the only two on a level with him. And *they* knew why he'd deceived us; they understood him, they abetted him from the first." He stopped, checked by Mrs. Brant's pale bewildered face, and the eyes imploringly lifted, as if to ward off unintelligible words.

"Ah, well, all this is no use," he said; "we've got him safe, and it's more than we deserve." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Go to bed; you're dead-beat. Only don't say things—things that might wake up the Furies. . ."

He pocketed the letter and went out, still conscious of being followed by her gaze of perplexity.

Mr. Brant was smoking a last cigar as

he paced up and down the cloister with upturned coat-collar. Silence lay on the carefully darkened building, crouching low under drifts of icy sea-fog; at long intervals, through the hush, the waves continued to mimic the booming of the guns.

Campton drew out the orderly's letter. "I hear you're leaving to-morrow early, and I suppose I'd better give this back."

Mr. Brant had evidently expected him. "Oh, thanks. But Mrs. Talkett says she has no right to it."

"No right to it? That's a queer thing to say."

"So I thought. I suppose she meant, till you'd seen it. She was dreadfully upset . . . till she saw me she'd supposed he was dead."

Campton shivered. "She sent this to your house?"

"Yes; the moment she got it. It was waiting there when my—when Julia arrived."

"And you went to thank her?"

"Yes." Mr. Brant hesitated. "Julia disliked to keep the letter. And I thought it only proper to take it back myself."

"Certainly. And—what was your impression?"

Mr. Brant hesitated again. He had already, Campton felt, reached the utmost limit of his power of communicativeness. It was against all his habits to "commit himself." Finally he said, in an unsteady voice: "It was impossible not to feel sorry for her."

"Did she say—er—anything special? Anything about herself and—"

"No; not a word. She was—well, all broken up, as they say."

"Poor thing!" Campton murmured.

"Yes—oh, yes!" Mr. Brant held the letter, turning it thoughtfully about. "It's a great thing," he began abruptly, as if the words were beyond his control, "to have such a beautiful account of the affair. George himself, of course, would never—"

"No, never." Campton considered. "You must take it back to her, naturally. But I should like to have a copy first."

Mr. Brant put a hand in his pocket. "I supposed you would. And I took the liberty of making two—oh, privately, of course. I hope you'll find my writing

fairly legible." He drew two folded sheets from his note-case, and offered one to Campton.

"Oh, thank you." The two men grasped hands through the fog.

Mr. Brant turned to continue his round, and Campton went up to the white-washed cell in which he was lodged. Screening his candle to keep the least light from leaking through the shutters, he re-read the story of George's wounding, copied out in the cramped tremulous writing of a man who never took pen in hand but to sign a daily batch of typed letters. The "hand-made" copy of a letter by Mr. Brant represented something like the pious toil expended by a monkish scribe on the page of a missal; and Campton was moved by the little man's devotion.

As for the letter, Campton had no sooner begun to re-read it than he entirely forgot that it was a message of love, addressed at George's request to Mrs. Talkett, and saw in it only the record of his son's bravery. And for the first time he understood that from the moment of George's wounding until now he had never really thought of him in relation to the war, never thought of his judgment on the war, of all the unknown emotions, resolves and actions which had drawn him so many months ago from his safe shelter in the Argonne.

These things Campton, unconsciously, had put out of his mind, or rather had lost out of his mind, from the moment when he had heard of George's wounding. By and by, he knew, the sense of them, and of the questions they raised, would come back and possess him; but meanwhile, emptied of all else, he brimmed with the mere fact of George's bodily presence, with the physical signs of him, his weakness, his temperature, the pain in his arm, the oppression on his lung, all the daily insistent details involved in slowly coaxing him back to life.

The father could bear no more; he put the letter away, as a man might put away something of which his heart was too full to measure it. Later—yes; now, all he knew was the fact that his son was alive.

But the hour of Campton's entering into glory came when, two or three days



From a drawing by Francis Rogers.

George's eyes turned from his and rested on the little round-faced Sister.—Page 561.

later, George said with a sudden smile: "When I exchanged regiments I did what you'd always hoped I would, eh, Dad?"

It was the first allusion, on the part of either, to the mystery of George's transit from the Argonne to the front. At Doullens he had been too weak to be questioned, and as he grew stronger, and entered upon the successive stages of his convalescence, he gave the impression of having travelled far beyond such matters, and of living his real life in some inconceivable region from which, with that new smile of his, he continued to look down unseeingly on his parents. "It's exactly as if he were dead," the father thought. "And if he were, he might go on watching us with just such a smile."

And then, one morning as they were taking a few steps on a sunny terrace, Campton had felt the pressure of the boy's sound arm, and caught the old George in his look.

"I... good Lord... at any rate I'm glad you felt sure of me," Campton could only stammer in reply.

George laughed. "Well—rather!"

There was a long silence full of seasmurmurs too drowsy and indolent, for once, to simulate the horror of the guns.

"I—I only wish you'd felt you could trust me about it from the first, as you did Adele and Boylston," the father continued.

"But, my dear fellow, I did feel it! I swear I did! Only, you see, there was mother. I thought it all over, and decided it would be easier for you both if I said nothing. And, after all, I'm glad now that I didn't—that is, if you really do understand."

"Yes; I understand."

"That's jolly." George's eyes turned from his and rested with a joyful gravity on the little round-faced Sister who hurried up to say that he'd been out long enough. Campton often caught him fixing this look of serene benevolence on the people who were gradually repeopleing his world, a look which seemed to say that they were new to him, and yet dimly familiar. He was like a traveller returning after incommunicable adventures to the place where he had lived as a child; and, as happens with such wanderers, the trivial and insignificant things, the

things a newcomer would not have noticed, seemed often to interest him most of all.

He said nothing more about himself, but with the look of recovered humanness which made him more lovable if less remotely beautiful, began to question his father.

"Boylston wrote that you'd begun to paint again. I'm so glad."

"Oh, I only took it up for a while last spring."

"Portraits?"

"A few. But I chucked it. I couldn't stand the atmosphere."

"What atmosphere?"

"Of people who could want to be painted at such a time. People who wanted to 'secure a Campton.' Oh, and then the dealers—God!"

George seemed unimpressed. "After all, life's got to go on."

"Yes—that's what they say! And the only result is to make me doubt if *theirs* has."

His son laughed, and then threw off: "You did Mrs. Talkett?"

"Yes," Campton snapped, off his guard.

"She's a pretty creature," said George; and at that moment his eyes, resting again on the little nurse, who was waiting at his door with a cup of cocoa, lit up with celestial gratitude.

"The *communiqué's* good to-day," she cried; and he smiled at her boyishly. The war was beginning to interest him again: Campton was sure that every moment he could spare from that unimaginable region which his blue eyes guarded like a sword was spent among his comrades at the front.

As the day approached for the return to Paris, Campton began to penetrate more deeply into the meaning of George's remoteness. He himself, he discovered, had been all unawares in a far country, a country guarded by a winged sentry, as the old hymn had it: the region of silent incessant communion with his son. Just they two: everything else effaced; not discarded, destroyed, not disregarded even, but blotted out by a soft silver haze, as the brown slopes and distances were, on certain magic days, from the windows of the seaward-gazing hospital.

It was not that he had been unconscious of the presence of other suffering about them. As George grew stronger, and took his first steps in the wards, he and his father were inevitably brought into contact with the life of the hospital. George had even found a few friends, and two or three regimental comrades, among the officers perpetually coming and going, or enduring the long weeks of agony which led up to the end. But that was only toward the close of their sojourn, when George was about to yield his place to others, and be taken to Paris for the re-education of his shattered arm. And by that time the weeks of solitary communion had left such an imprint on Campton that, once the hospital was behind him, and no more than a phase of memory, it became to him as one of its own sea-mists, in which he and his son might have been peacefully shut away together from all the rest of the world.

XXVIII

"PREPAREDNESS!" cried Boylston in an exultant crow.

His round brown face with its curly crest and peering half-blind eyes beamed at Campton in the old way across the desk of the Palais Royal office; and from the corner where she had sunk down on one of the broken-sprung divans, Adele Anthony echoed: "Preparedness!"

It was the first time that Campton had heard the word; but the sense of it had been in the air ever since he and George had got back to Paris. He remembered, on the very day of their arrival, noticing something different in both of his friends; and the change in the young man and in the elderly spinster had shown itself in the same way: both seemed more vivid yet more remote. It had struck Campton in the moment of first meeting them, in the Paris hospital near the Bois de Boulogne—Fortin-Lescluze's old Nursing-Home transformed into a House of Re-education—to which George had been taken. In the little cell crowded with flowers—almost too many flowers, his father thought, for the patient's aching head and tired eyes—Campton, watching the entrance of the two visitors, the first to be admitted after Julia and Mr. Brant,

had instantly remarked the air they had of ~~having~~ something so secret and important that their joy at seeing George seemed only the overflow of another deeper joy.

Their look had just such a vividness as George's own; as their glances crossed, Campton saw the same light in the eyes of all three. And now, a few weeks later, the clue to it came to him in Boylston's new word. *Preparedness!* America, it appeared, had caught it up from east to west, in that sudden incalculable way she had of flinging herself on a new idea, from a little group of discerning spirits the contagion had spread like a prairie fire, sweeping away all the other catch-words of the hour, devouring them in one great blaze of wrath and enthusiasm and resolution. America meant to be prepared! First had come the creation of the training camp at Plattsburg, for which, after long delays and much difficulty, permission had been wrung from a reluctant government; then, as candidates flocked to it, as the whole young manhood of the Eastern States rose to the call, other camps, rapidly planned, were springing up at Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia, at Fort Sheridan in Illinois, at The Presidio in California; the idea was even spreading through the west, and the torch kindled beside the Atlantic seaboard already flashed its light on the Pacific.

For hours at a time Campton heard Boylston talking about these training camps with the young Americans who helped him in his work, or dropped in to seek his counsel. More than ever, now, he was an authority and an oracle to these stray youths who were expending their enthusiasm for France in the humblest of philanthropic drudgery: students of the Beaux Arts or the University, or young men of leisure discouraged by the indifference of their country and the dilatoriness of their government, and fired by the impatient desire to take part in a struggle in which they had instantly felt their own country to be fatally involved in spite of geographical distance.

None of the young men in question had heard Benny Upsher's imperious call to be "in it" from the first, no matter how or at what cost. They were of the kind to wait for a lead—and now Boylston was

giving it to them with his passionate variations on the great theme of Preparedness. George, meanwhile, lay there in his bed and smiled; and now and then Boylston brought one or two of the more privileged candidates to see him. One day Campton found young Louis Dastrey there, worn and haggard after a bad wound, and preparing to leave for America as instructor in one of the new camps. That seemed to bring the movement closer than ever, to bring it into their very lives. The thought flashed through Campton: "When George is up, we'll get him sent out too"; and once again a delicious sense of security crept through him.

George, as yet, was only sitting up for a few hours a day; the wound in the lung was slow in healing, and his fractured arm in recovering its flexibility. But in another fortnight he was to leave the hospital and go to complete his convalescence at his mother's.

The thought was bitter to Campton; he had had all kinds of wild plans—of taking George to the Crillon, or hiring an apartment for him, or even camping with him at the studio. But George had smiled all this away. He meant to return to the Avenue Marigny, where he had always stayed when he came to Paris, and where it was natural that his mother should want him now. Adele Anthony pointed out to Campton how natural it was, one day as he and she left the Palais Royal together. They were going to lunch at a near-by restaurant, as they often did on leaving the office, and Campton had begun to speak of George's future arrangements. He would be well enough to leave the hospital in another week, and then no doubt a staff-job could be obtained for him in Paris—"with Brant's pull, you know," Campton concluded, hardly aware that he had uttered the detested phrase without even a tinge of irony. But Adele was aware, as he saw by the faint pucker of her thin lips.

He shrugged her smile away indifferently. "Oh, well—hang it, yes! Everything's changed now, isn't it? After what the boy's been through I consider that we're more than justified in using Brant's pull in his favour—or anybody else's."

Miss Anthony nodded and unfolded her napkin.

"Well, then," Campton continued his argument, "as he's likely to be in Paris now till the war is over—which means some time next year, they all say—why shouldn't I take a jolly apartment somewhere for the two of us? Those pictures I did last spring brought me in a lot of money, and there's no reason—" His face lit up. "Servants, you say? Why, my poor Mariette may be back from Lille any time now. They tell me there's sure to be a big push in the spring. They're saving up for that all along the line. Ask Dastrey . . . ask . . ."

"You'd better let George go to his mother," said Miss Anthony concisely.

"Why?"

"Because it's natural—it's human. You're not always, you know," she added with another pucker.

"Not human?"

"I didn't mean that you're inhuman. But you see things differently."

"I don't want to see anything but one; and that's my own son. How shall I ever see George if he's at the Avenue Marigny?"

"He'll come to you."

"Yes—when he's not at Mrs. Talkett's!"

Miss Anthony frowned. The subject had been touched upon between them soon after Campton's return, but Miss Anthony had little light to throw on it: George had been as mute with her as with every one else, and she knew Mrs. Talkett but slightly, and seldom saw her. Yet Campton perceived that she could not hear the young woman named without an involuntary contraction of her brows.

"I wish I liked her!" she murmured.

"Mrs. Talkett?"

"Yes—I should think better of myself if I did. And it might be useful. But I can't—I can't!"

Campton said within himself: "Oh, women—!" For his own resentment had died out long ago. He could think of the affair now as one of hundreds such as happen to young men; he was even conscious of regarding it, in some unlit secret fold of himself, as a probable guarantee of George's wanting to remain in Paris, another subterranean way of keeping him, should such be needed. Perhaps that was

what Miss Anthony meant by saying that her liking Mrs. Talkett might be "useful."

"Why shouldn't he be with me?" the father persisted. "He and I were going off together when the war began. I was defrauded of that—why shouldn't I have him now?"

Miss Anthony smiled. "Well, for one thing, because of that very 'pull' you were speaking of."

"Oh, the Brants, the Brants!" Camp-ton glanced impatiently at the bill-of-fare, grumbled: "*Déjeuner du jour*, I suppose?" and went on: "Yes; I might have known it—he belongs to them. From the minute I saw them at the station, with their motor waiting, and everything arranged as only money can arrange it, I knew I'd lost my boy again." He stared moodily before him. "And yet if the war hadn't come I should have got him back—I almost had."

His companion still smiled, a little wistfully. She leaned over and laid her hand on his, under cover of the bill-of-fare. "You did get him back, John, forever and always, the day he exchanged into the infantry. Isn't that enough?"

Campton answered her smile. "You gallant old chap, you!" he said; and they began to lunch.

George was able to be up now, able to drive out, and to see more people; and Camp-ton was not surprised, on approaching his door a day or two later, to hear several voices in animated argument.

The voices (and this did surprise him) were all men's. In one he recognized Boylston's deep round notes; but the answering voice, flat, toneless and yet eager, puzzled him with a sense of something familiar but forgotten. He opened the door, and saw, at the tea-tray between George and Boylston, the smoothly-brushed figure of Roger Talkett.

Campton had not seen Mrs. Talkett's husband for months, and in the interval so much had happened that the young man, always somewhat faintly-drawn, had become as dim as a daguerreotype held at the wrong angle.

The painter hung back, slightly embarrassed; but Mr. Talkett did not seem in the least disturbed by his appearance, or

by the fact of himself being where he was. It was evident that, on whatever terms George might be with his wife, Mr. Talkett was determined to shed on him the same impartial beam as on all her other visitors.

His eye-glasses glinted blandly up at Camp-ton. "Now I daresay I am subversive," he began, going on with what he had been saying, but in a tone intended to include the newcomer. "I don't say I'm not. We are a subversive lot at home, all of us—you must have noticed that, haven't you, Mr. Camp-ton?"

Boylston emitted a faint growl. "What's that got to do with it?" he asked.

Mr. Talkett's glasses slanted in his direction. "Why—everything! Resistance to the herd instinct (to borrow one of my wife's expressions) is really innate in me. And the idea of giving in now, of sacrificing my convictions, just because of all this deafening noise about America's danger and America's duties—well, *no*," said Mr. Talkett, straightening his glasses, "Philistinism won't go down with me, in whatever form it tries to disguise itself." Instinctively, he stretched a neat hand toward the tea-cups, as if he had been rearranging the furniture at one of his wife's parties.

"But—but—but—" Boylston stammered, red with rage.

George burst into a laugh. He seemed to take a boyish amusement in the dispute. "Tea, father?" he suggested, reaching across the tray for a cigarette.

Talkett jerked himself to his feet. "Take my chair, now do, Mr. Camp-ton. You'll be more comfortable. Here, let me shake up this cushion for you—" ("*Cash-ton!*" Boylston interjected scornfully.) "A light, George? Now don't move!—I don't say, of course, old chap," Talkett continued, as he held the match deferentially to George's cigarette, "that this sort of talk would be safe—or advisable—just now in public; subversive talk never is. But when two or three of the Elect are gathered together—well, your father sees my point, I know. The Hero," he nodded at George, "has his job, and the Artist," with a slant at Camp-ton, "his. In Germany, for instance, as we're beginning to find out, the creative minds,

the Intelligentsia (to use another of my wife's expressions), have been carefully protected from the beginning, given jobs, vitally important jobs of course, but where their lives were not exposed. The country needs them too much in other ways; they would probably be wretched fighters, and they're of colossal service in their own line. Whereas in France and England—" he suddenly seemed to see his chance— "Well, look here, Mr. Campton, I appeal to you, I appeal to the great creative Artist: in any country but France and England, would a fellow of George's brains have been *allowed*, even at this stage of the war, to chuck an important staff job, requiring intellect, tact and *savoir faire*, and try to get himself killed like any unbaked boy—like your poor cousin Benny Upsher, for instance? Would he?"

"Yes—in America!" shouted Boylston; and Mr. Talkett's tallowy cheeks turned pink.

"George knows how I feel about these things," he stammered.

George still laughed in his remote impartial way, and Boylston asked with a grin: "Why don't you get yourself naturalized—a neutral?"

Mr. Talkett's pinkness deepened. "I have lived too much among Artists—" he began; and George interrupted gaily: "There's a lot to be said on Talkett's side too. Going, Roger? Well, I shall be able to look in on you now in a few days. Remember me to Madge. Goodbye."

Boylston rose also, and Campton remained alone with his son.

"Remember me to Madge!" That was the way in which the modern young man spoke of his beloved to his beloved's proprietor. There had not been a shadow of constraint in George's tone; and now, glancing at the door which had closed on Mr. Talkett, he merely said, as if apostro-

phising the latter's neat back: "Poor devil! He's torn to pieces with it."

"With what?" asked Campton, startled.

"Why, with Boylston's Preparedness. Wanting to do the proper thing—and never before having had to decide between anything more vital than straight or turned-down collars. It's playing the very deuce with him."

His eyes grew thoughtful. Was he going to pronounce Mrs. Talkett's name—at last? But no; he wandered back to her husband. "Poor little ass! Of course he'll decide against." He shrugged his shoulders. "And Boylston's just as badly torn in the other direction."

"Boylston?"

"Yes. Knowing that he wouldn't be taken himself, on account of his bad heart and his blind eyes, and wondering if, in spite of his disabilities, he's got the right to preach to all these young chaps here who hang on his words like the gospel. One of them taunted him with it the other day."

"The cur!"

"Yes. And ever since, of course, Boylston's been twice as fierce, and overworking himself to calm his frenzy. The men who can't go are all like that, when they know it's their proper work. It isn't everybody's billet out there—I've learnt that since I've had a look at it—but it would be Boylston's if he had the health, and he knows it, and that's what drives him wild." George looked at his father with a smile. "You don't know how I thank my stars that there weren't any 'problems' for me, but just a plain job that picked me up by the collar, and dropped me down where I belonged." He reached for another cigarette. "Old Adele's coming presently. Do you suppose we could rake up some fresh tea?" he asked.

(To be continued.)



George Henry Boker—Playwright and Patriot

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

Author of "The Significance of Recent American Drama," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. OTIS SKINNER



IT is just a century since one of our greatest dramatists, one of the most uncompromising of our patriots, one of the most successful of our diplomats, was born. That his country has shown so little sense of its debt to him on any of these counts may be due to the fact that he was born on October 6, 1823, in Philadelphia. For it is the characteristic of his native city and mine that it combines a profound content with its collective achievements with a great disinclination to express its appreciation in any tangible form. This preference for being rather than for talking or writing about it has been attributed to its Quaker self-repression. It was from a Quaker family of Nottinghamshire, however, that George Henry Boker was descended. They had gone to England, via Holland, from the French town of Nismes, where the name was originally Bôcher. Charles Boker, the dramatist's father, was a banker, who took hold of the old Girard Bank in 1840 after it had been a victim of the panic of 1837, and by his vigorous administration brought it again into solvency.

George Boker grew up in an atmosphere of material comfort and cultivated surroundings. The Philadelphia of his boyhood was still fragrant with the Colonial tradition, classic in its white marble steps and wrought-iron balconies, with the touch of romance in the merchant ships that brought the famous Madeira and other exotic goods to the old docks along the Delaware. His dearest friend was Charles Godfrey Leland, whom he introduced to "Don Quixote," for already

the charm of Spain was upon him. The two boys fed also on Scott's romance together and wove stories of their own of heroes and dragons. Their first separation came when he entered the College of New Jersey, as Princeton was then called, in 1839. Leland did not join him until 1841, when the future author of "Hans Breitmann" became a freshman while Boker was a senior. Boker has left no record of his own impressions of Princeton, but from the later letters of Leland, from the old catalogues, and, best, from his own contributions to *The Nassau Monthly*, of which he was one of the founders, we can sense the effect of his college upon him. It was a simple, straightforward existence, with the total annual expenses varying from a carefully calculated minimum of \$167.37 to a maximum of \$199.00, including rent, board, tuition, and all incidentals, except furniture, books, and personal expenses. Boker evidently had "the best room in college," according to Leland, who tried to persuade his father to let him buy the furniture for forty dollars. He was a tall, handsome boy, well liked and a leader among the element in college that took the narrow curriculum of the thirties and forties as a point of departure for self-education in modern literatures, which were then fighting their way into the college curriculum. Latin, Greek, and mathematics, from plane geometry to calculus and astronomy, were the main diet, with excursions, in senior year, into belles-lettres and philosophy, moral and natural. A faculty of a dozen men taught the two hundred students, who came principally from New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and the Southern States. In one of the catalogues William Gledhill, of the class of '43, has indicated

the later pursuits of Boker's class. Law, medicine, and theology claimed most of them. Boker is the only one who is credited to "letters," although John S. Telfair, of North Carolina, became "an editor." Of the faculty, probably the ones from whom Boker must have gained most were Albert B. Dod, whose chair was mathematics, but who lectured also on architecture and political economy; Joseph Henry, who was an inspiring teacher of science; and James W. Alexander, who lectured on English literature.

College students were probably the same then as now, only less varied in character. There were town-and-gown rows with "Jerseymen," there was a "strike" of the freshman class, and the official catalogue states quaintly: "It is particularly recommended that all students, when practicable, spend their vacations at home with their parents or friends; or when this is inconvenient, that they take boarding elsewhere than in Princeton: since it is found that when a number of young persons are collected together without regular occupation or study the temptations to idleness and dissipation are often too strong to be resisted."

Yet the pages of *The Nassau Monthly* reveal a maturity of thought, a seriousness of tone, and an interest in literature that would do credit to any college journal of to-day. Boker contributed six poems and seven prose articles to the first and second volumes, for he did not lose interest with his graduation. The verse is romantic, and is of no permanent value, but the translation of "The Battle of Brunanburgh" from the Anglo-Saxon shows Boker's sense of form and appreciation of the English spirit, and his sonnets are a prophecy of greater days to come. His prose articles are much better, especially his enthusiastic treatment of Norse legend in "Odin," and his eloquent "Pre-eminence of the Man of Letters." In this essay Boker embodies that aristocratic ideal which was to remain his for life. The man of letters is to be removed from the throng but is to uplift them. And "if there is one offense in a nation which we should willingly forgive it is the undue pride and admiration of its great men" is not a bad sentence for a boy of

twenty. His article on "Spenser" shows his knowledge of the English dramatists, afterward to be his models. One is tempted to linger overlong on this formative period of a great man, but since it is the usual fashion in America to attribute our writers' success to any influence rather than to their education, it is pleasant to record the impression of at least the cultivation of comradeship which comes to one from turning over the pages of this old college journal.

Two years after graduation Boker married Miss Julia Mandeville Riggs, of Georgetown, D. C., a woman whose charm enriched in after years the atmosphere of the legations of Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Foreign travel came next, and then a decision to devote himself to writing. He had studied law with John Sargeant in Philadelphia, but he had no aptitude for it. If any one might have felt himself justified in that day in America in choosing a literary career, it was he. He felt no pressure from necessity; he had leisure, and Philadelphia was to a certain extent still the publishing centre. *Graham's Magazine*, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, *Peterson's Magazine*, and even *Goddey's Lady's Book* were at their height. But Boker's talent hardly lay in this direction. His first volume of verse, "The Lesson of Life," published in 1848, contained only a hint of his strength. But when "Calaynos," his first play, appeared in the same year, it was at once evident that a new and potent force in our drama had arisen. Dramatic recognition, however, was hard to win. It might have been looked for in Philadelphia more hopefully than elsewhere, for the plays of the group of dramatists who had produced "The Gladiator," "Metamora," "Jack Cade," and "The Actress of Padua" were still being acted with success by Forrest and others. The tradition that a successful lawyer or editor might write a play and even have it acted without harm to his professional reputation was still strong in Philadelphia, even if Doctor Bird, Judge Conrad, and Richard Penn Smith had ceased writing for the stage, and John A. Stone had thrown himself in despair into the Schuylkill River. Boker, however, had not Forrest's encouragement, for his plays were of a different quality. Just as a ro-

bust democracy, fitted for Edwin Forrest's acting, had been the characteristic of that school of playwriting, so Boker's plays strike the key-note of the patrician.

10, 1849, without the formality of securing the author's consent. This English acting version of "Calaynos," preserved among the Boker manuscripts, is much



George Henry Boker.

"Calaynos" is a tragedy, laid in Spain in mediæval times and based on the Spanish horror of any taint of Moorish blood. But the plot is of less importance than the creation of lofty standards of race and conduct, of an atmosphere of inevitable tragedy, clothed in a blank verse already possessed of that distinction which is one of Boker's greatest claims to consideration by posterity.

"Calaynos" had its first recognition in England, where Samuel Phelps, Maecready's successor in tragedy, produced it at the Sadlers Wells Theatre, May

changed from the original, and the playwright as he noted the alterations has written on the margin, "Phelps again, O Lord! O Lord!" in the agony of the creator. Some use was made of this revision, however, when James E. Murdoch put on "Calaynos" at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia on January 20, 1851, and later took it to Chicago, Baltimore, and Albany. And G. K. Dickenson, who had played Oliver, Calaynos' secretary, in Phelps' cast, reproduced the play in December on his visit to this country, Charles W. Couldock playing Calaynos.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

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 Malatesta, (Lord of Rimini).....Mr. W. H. DAVENPORT
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 Agnolani.....Mr. Hancock
 Gianni.....Mr. Collier
 Nina, (a Frenchman).....Mr. Vincent

GUERLINS.
 Gualto de Rimini, (Lord of Ravenna).....Mr. Carroll
 The Cardinal Viceroy.....Mr. T. J. Fiske
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 Antonio, (a brother of the Pope).....Mr. W. H. DAVENPORT
 Nobile, (Signor of the Church, Building, Stage, Master, Master).....Mr. W. H. DAVENPORT
 Francesco de Rimini, (Daughter of Gianni).....Miss F. Fiske
 Hilda, (her attendant).....Miss J. F. Fiske

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Facsimile of the play-bill of the first production,
 1855.

How close it brings those days to us to remember that Mr. Couldock only died in 1898!

The stage success of "Calaynos" may surprise those who know Boker only as

the author of "Francesca da Rimini," but from the start he wrote definitely for the stage. His next play, "Anne Boleyn," was intended for Charlotte Cushman, and he had assurances from her that she would produce it. He had overtures, too, from the Haymarket Theatre in London, but neither of these negotiations bore fruit.

Boker next tried romantic comedy. "The Betrothal" was played first at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia on September 25, 1850, and ran for ten nights—a real success in those days of stock companies. It went to the Broadway Theatre in November and had two runs, and was again played in Philadelphia in 1851, where, according to Charles Durang, who saw it, it achieved "as brilliant success as any play within the walls of this edifice." When we remember that the Walnut is the oldest theatre in America, and even then had seen Forrest in "King Lear" and "The Gladiator," the evidence of Durang is at least interesting. "The Betrothal" is a delightful comedy, laid in Tuscany in that pleasantly indeterminate time which may be best described as the age of Romeo and Juliet. The plot is as ancient as human nature. Count Juranio and Costanza di Tiburzzi love impetuously and charmingly in an atmosphere shadowed at first by her obligation to wed Marzio, the rich merchant whose gold is to save her father from ruin. The usual romantic comedy provided such lovers with confidants whose sole excuse for being lay in the necessity of the hero and heroine to have some one with whom to talk. But Filippia and Salvatore, who fill these rôles in "The Betrothal," are real people who carry on the campaign against Marzio, prevent his poisoning scheme, and must have been a pure delight upon the stage. "The Betrothal" was not a success in London. Boker felt it had not been fairly treated, and he might well have been chagrined that the real poetic and dramatic worth of the play could not have been appreciated by audiences that had welcomed with shouts of approval "Yankee Hill" and "Dan Marble," in eccentric Yankee characters, or "Jumping Jim Crow" Rice, in negro burlesque. But English audiences were looking for the peculiar, not the artistic, in American products.



The Lawrence Barrett production of *Francesca da Rimini*, 1882.
Ben Rogers as Malatesto; Lawrence Barrett as Lanciotto; Otis Skinner as Paolo;
Louis James as Pepé.

Among the manuscripts, guarded by the loving care of Mrs. George Boker, the playwright's daughter-in-law, lies "The World a Mask," acted at the Walnut Street Theatre on April 21, 1851, and running for eight nights. The play, which has never been printed, was laid in London in 1851, and is a social satire, in which intrigue provides the motive. Boker's strength does not show in this kind of trifling, but "The World a Mask" is noteworthy among the many social comedies of the period in having in its cast real gentlemen and gentlewomen. "The Widow's Marriage," a much better comedy, written in 1852, was accepted by Marshall, the manager of the Walnut

Street and Broadway Theatres, but he was unable to find an actress capable of impersonating "Lady Goldstraw," the central character.

Boker was passionately fond of the romantic history contained in the Spanish chronicles of the fourteenth century, and from this prolific source he produced his next play, "Leonor de Guzman," which was written for Julia Dean, then one of the leading actresses of the American stage. In a letter from Boker to R. H. Stoddard he tells his friend that "You need not be anxious about 'Leonor.' We had her out last Monday (October 3, 1853), and she was as successful as you or I could hope for." The New York per-

formance came in April, 1854, to houses considerably better even than in Philadelphia. "Leonor de Guzman" is a tragedy whose central character is the mistress of Alphonso XII of Castile, pictured as a noble woman, who had sinned only in her love for the king, and who had worked for the good of the kingdom while her power was at its summit.

The climax of Boker's dramatic work came with "*Francesca da Rimini*." A long period of preparation culminated in the intense fever of composition in which such masterpieces are perhaps best created. Coming to the work with his plan perfectly matured, he began to write at nine o'clock at night, and at four o'clock in the morning he would retire for five hours sleep. The day was spent in thinking over his next night's labor. The result was the greatest play that was written in English during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century, a play which was revived with success in the twentieth, and which could be played to-day without alteration. For the passions that move Lanciotto, Paolo, and Francesca "are not of an age—they are for all time." Their story has been a favorite one since Dante described his meeting with the lovers to whom the gates of hell were merely an incident so long as they were not divided. Silvio Pellico had written a dramatic version in Italian and Leigh Hunt a narrative version, but Boker's conception of the characters was his own. He skilfully blended historical facts and tradition to create a situation in which two noble natures, Paolo and Francesca, are tricked by the machinations of two wily lords of the rival Italian states of Ravenna and Rimini, first into love and then into crime and death. Human sympathy goes out to the unhappy wife and brother of Prince Lanciotto of Rimini, who loved each other and who died by his hand. But Boker was the first to create in Lanciotto what Francesca calls "the noblest heart in Rimini." Misshapen in body, but with a great soul, he is morbidly sensitive, and loves his brother not only with natural affection but also with admiration for that physical perfection that has been denied him. Delicately Boker depicts that craving for affection on the part of a man no longer young which, when made concrete by being centred upon a young and

beautiful woman, becomes one of the most real motives of life and of art. Delicately, too, is Francesca introduced to us, not a mere receptive character, as in Leigh Hunt's earlier narrative version, or in Stephen Phillips' later play, but alive and with a great capacity for love. She is ready to love Lanciotto, and when she mistakes his deputy, Paolo, for him, she gives her heart. Her girlish attempt to hide her pain, when she discovers how she has been duped, is of the essence of drama, for the words seem wrung out of her soul:

"I'm glad I kept my heart safe, after all.
There was my cunning. I have paid them back
* * * On my faith,
I would not live another wicked day,
Here in Ravenna, only for the fear
That I should take to lying, with the rest.
Ha! Ha! it makes me merry, when I think
How safe I kept this little heart of mine!"

Those who have seen "*Francesca da Rimini*" upon the stage will hardly forget the scene in the third act when Francesca discovers the cheat and when Lanciotto, misconstruing her apparent willingness to go on with the marriage, believes that she is beginning to care for him. Almost at once, however, he is led to suspicion by the jester, *Pepé*. *Pepé*'s motive is revenge for insults offered him by Lanciotto and by Paolo. He is a human instrument and a natural one, by which the catastrophe is brought about. In Hunt's version the murmurs of Francesca in her sleep bring about the revelation. In Phillips's the prophecies of a blind nurse, aided somewhat by the jealousy of Giovanni's cousin, are the means to the end. The nurse of Phillips is probably due to a suggestion in Boker's play, that a nurse in the Malatesta family has prophesied that some day the blood of Guido da Polenta would mingle with theirs. Boker only uses this supernatural suggestion in its proper place, the background. In D'Annunzio's later version a third brother is invented to bring about the catastrophe, while in Marion Crawford's French version, written for Sara Bernhardt, a daughter of Francesca unconsciously betrays the lovers. But *Pepé* is the best of all the agents of the tragedy, which moves on inevitably. Lanciotto's absence is naturally accounted for by the incursion of the Ghibellines.



Otis Skinner as Paolo, 1887.

and thus the way is left open for the great love scene between Paolo and Francesca, in which they read of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere, how

"Each heart was listening to the other beat" until passion overcomes them and they read no more.

Francesca is a real mediæval Italian. She cries to him:

"Take me all,—
Body and soul. The women of our clime
Do never give away but half a heart:
I have not part to give, part to withhold,
In selfish safety."

The final scene rises even beyond this one in dramatic effectiveness. Paolo decides to go, but overnight Francesca's nature has deepened through sin's experience and she begs him not to leave her to the torture of Lanciotto's unloved caresses. Then Lanciotto enters. Pepé has run to camp to betray the lovers, and Lanciotto, with the honor of his house ever before him, kills the messenger of shame for his reward, and hastens to Rimini.

The lovers refuse to defend themselves, though he begs them to deny their crime, longing to believe them even against the

evidence of his senses. Then he kills them, and when the two fathers reproach him he says:

"Be satisfied with what you see. You two
Began this tragedy, I finished it.
Here, by these bodies, let us reckon up
Our crimes together. Why, how still they lie!
A moment since, they walked, and talked, and
kissed!
Defied me to my face, dishonored me!
They had the power to do it then; but now,
Poor souls, who'll shield them in eternity?
Father, the honor of our house is safe:
I have the secret."

And then the great love for his brother
overcomes him and he bursts out:

"O God! I cannot cheat myself with words!
I loved him more than honor—more than life—
This man, Paolo—this stark, bleeding corpse!
Here let me rest, till God awake us all!"

Comparisons between plays in different languages are usually idle, but there can be no question of the superiority of Boker's "*Francesca da Rimini*" to any other version in English. Stephen Phillips gave us a spectacle in which some charming abstractions, buffeted by fate, belong to no time or place. Boker placed us in the midst of Italians of the thirteenth century, and yet their joy and sorrow appeal across the centuries to us to-day.

"*Francesca da Rimini*" was performed for the first time at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on September 26, 1855. E. L. Davenport played "*Lanciotto*," Madame Ponisi "*Francesca*," and James W. Lanergan, "*Paolo*." Mrs. John Drew played "*Francesca*" in Philadelphia. It was revived by Lawrence Barrett in 1882, the original performance taking place at Haverly's Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14. Mr. Barrett played "*Lanciotto*"; Otis Skinner, "*Paolo*"; and Miss Marie Wainwright, "*Francesca*." The play proved one of the greatest successes of Lawrence Barrett's career. On August 22, 1901, Otis Skinner again revived the play, at the Chicago Opera House, taking the part of "*Lanciotto*," Aubrey Boucicault playing "*Paolo*," and Miss Marcia Van Dresser, "*Francesca*." This revival, which visited the principal cities in the United States, forms one of my imperishable stage memories. In fact, I can remember nothing that overtops it, except Booth in "*King Lear*" and Irving in "*The Merchant of Venice*."

Francesca was the height of Boker's

dramatic achievement. "*The Bankrupt*," laid in Philadelphia in 1850, in which Julia Dean acted at the Broadway Theatre in December 1855, is the poorest of his plays. "*Köningmark*," written in 1857 but not published until 1869, was never acted. Theatrical conditions, under the influence of Dion Boucicault, who developed the travelling company and the long runs of dramatized novels, became less favorable to work like Boker's. He had the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the two volumes of "*Plays and Poems*," published in 1856, contained lyrics that rank with the best in this country, and sonnets which had been selected by Leigh Hunt for inclusion in his anthology.

Boker had an especial gift for the sonnet treating of public affairs, and at the time of the Crimean War, when Russia seemed to be a menace to the peace of Europe, he began the series of sonnets to England, some of which were reprinted during the Great War on account of their strong sentiment for Great Britain. His vigorous sonnets to America, beginning "*What, cringe to Europe?*" gave earnest of that power that was to be turned to great service in the Civil War. The limits of such an article as this forbid any critical analysis of his love sonnets, with their haunting beauty of phrase, or his narratives, such as the exquisite celebration of faith in "*The Ivory Carver*," or the vivid study of the supernatural in "*The Legend of the Hounds*." Boker had the satisfaction to possess the critical approval as well as the personal friendship of Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles Godfrey Leland, and others of that group of writers of the Middle States who grew up, unfortunately for themselves, under the overwhelming shadow of the literary supremacy of New England. But for a few years after his father's death, in 1857, Boker was making a brave and successful fight to rescue Charles Boker's name from calumny and his property from seizure. It was not until 1873 that a final decision was made which established the justice of Boker's cause and proved that his father had saved, not wrecked, the Girard National Bank. And soon there came an issue which turned the forces of Boker's nature into a sterner channel.

When the Civil War broke out Phila-

delphia was too near Mason and Dixon's line not to be debatable ground. Across the intricate web of her social, financial, and commercial interests the issue of Union or Disunion ran in an uncertain line.

It was natural that many of her citizens, tied to the South by family relationship, should already feel the agony of decision. It was hard, too, for the man who loved his country, but who felt that no sovereign State should be coerced, to act wisely; for the sharp logic of events was fighting on the side of those to whom right or wrong knows no middle ground. While the mob were harassing the houses of those who were suspected of siding with the South, Boker was exerting his influence in the sphere where it was most needed. At that time probably the oldest and best-established families were adherents of the Democratic party. Boker was a Democrat who

had voted for Buchanan, and he belonged also to the patrician element. He saw the party divided, the great majority becoming "War Democrats" and placing their partisan devotion below their devotion to the nation, the minority becoming "Copperheads." So bitter became the divisions in social and business life that long associations were disrupted; even the Wistar parties discontinued their meetings. Families, too, were divided in their allegiance. My father has told me how as a boy of sixteen he volunteered for service in the army and was told he could be taken only with the consent of his

guardian, and how "that Copperhead" declined to sign his papers!

Boker was one of those to whom the most definite action seemed best. He left his party, joined the Republican, and be-

came one of the most prominent in its councils. With others he formed a club which at first met secretly, then more openly became the "Union Club," and resulted finally in the "Union League," the first, I believe, of the many organizations of the kind. As its secretary he threw the great weight of his social and financial prestige in the scale of his national duty, and he made the club the centre of the most uncompromising Union and party sentiment. The Union League of Philadelphia is now more famous for its social and gastronomic qualities than its political flavor, though it still parades on occasions of Republican national victory, sometimes even be-



Otis Skinner as Lanciotto, 1901-1902.

fore the returns are entirely in! But in '68 it was the emblem of a great crusade, and only those who have read the records of those stormy days in Philadelphia can estimate the significance of the work that George Boker and his associates did in holding the inner trench in a city where social influence counts so much as it has always done in Philadelphia. Years after-ward, in an address made at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Union League, Boker showed that the memories of that bitter conflict still rankled in his soul.

Dramatist as he was, it was natural

that he should select scenes of conflict in the Civil War for poetic treatment, and that he should visualize events both from his experience and his imagination. His volume, "Poems of the War," published in 1864, contains the best of his martial verse. Much of it, like all war verse, was struck out hastily on the demand of an occasion and has perished with it. But enough remains to place him, with Lowell, Brownell, and Mrs. Stowe, in the front rank of Northern Civil War poets. Boker was in Washington during the first battle of Bull Run and he described well the rout and the shame of that defeat, and also the hope that McClellan's leadership soon gave to the Union. It is interesting to read of the "war-wise hero of the West," who had grown up with him in Philadelphia and whom he attacked so bitterly later in his verses, "Tardy George," when, in company with the impatient nation, he failed to realize the handicaps under which McClellan was struggling. "Tardy George" broke up a friendship of long standing, and it is significant that Boker did not reprint it in "Poems of the War," while he left his earlier tribute intact. Among the war verses there stands out his touching "Dirge for a Soldier," written in memory of General Philip Kearny; while his stirring "Black Regiment," celebrating the attack of the colored troops on Port Hudson in May, 1863, has also the simplicity of true art. Best of all is the "Ode to America," written March 6, 1862, in a time of discouragement over defeat at home and fear of foreign intervention, but shot through with the lofty courage of the high heart that would not despair of the Republic. Outside of Lowell's great "Commemoration Ode," written three years later, there is no poetry wrung out of our great conflict more exalted than the close:

"Resume thy place, unchallenged now,
Nor bow thy glories to the haughtiest brow
That wears a royal crown!
False prophets scowled thee down,
And whispered darkly of thy coming fate:
The cause, the way, the date,
They wrote for thee with the slow augur's hand,—
Their lies were scrawled in sand!
They perished utterly!
What is the splendor of the diadem,
The gilded throne, the broidered carpet-hem,
The purple robe, the sceptre, and the strain
Of foregone kings, whose race

Defies the Herald's trace,
Before thy regal steps on land and main?
There are some deeds so grand
That their mighty doers stand
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings;
And such deeds, O land sublime,
Need no sanctity from time;
Their own epoch they create,
Whence all meaner things take date;
Then exalt thee, for such noble deeds were thine!
Envy nothing born of earth,
Rank nor wealth nor ancient birth,
Nor the glittering sorrows of a crown.
O Nation, take instead
Thy measureless renown,
To wrap thy young limbs like a royal stole,
And God's own flaming aureole,
To settle on thy head!"

On July 20, 1865, Boker read the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, his topic being "Our Heroic Themes." In it he paid one of the earliest and one of the most sympathetic of the many tributes to Lincoln.

"Nor in your prayers forget the martyred Chief,
Fallen for the gospel of your own belief,
Who, ere he mounted to the people's throne,
Asked for your prayers, and joined in them his own.
I knew the man. I see him, as he stands
With gifts of mercy in his outstretched hands;
A kindly light within his gentle eyes,
Sad as the toil in which his heart grew wise;
His lips half parted with the constant smile
That kindled truth, but foiled the deepest guile;
His head bent forward, and his willing ear
Divinely patient right and wrong to hear:
Great in his goodness, humble in his state,
Firm in his purpose, yet not passionate,
He led his people with a tender hand,
And won by love a sway beyond command.
Summoned by lot to mitigate a time
Frenzied with rage, unscrupulous with crime,
He bore his mission with so meek a heart
That Heaven itself took up his people's part;
And when he faltered, helped him ere he fell,
Eking his efforts out by miracle.
No king this man, by grace of God's intent;
No, something better, freeman,—President!
A nature modeled on a higher plan,
Lord of himself, an inborn gentleman!"

That Boker was one of the very first to understand the great patience of Lincoln with the slow justification of events is shown in his pamphlet "The Will of the People," published early in 1864 and now quite rare. After an illuminating analysis of Lincoln's political philosophy he says: "It has been not the least of Mr. Lincoln's merits that he has been content to learn with us. . . . Taking each step as the voice of the people demanded it, he has never been forced to retrace his position. Supported by and supporting the popular feeling, he has moved onward in unison with it, and each new develop-



Aubrey Boucicault as Paolo, 1901-1902.

ment has afforded sure foothold for further progress."

Curiously enough, Lowell read his "Harvard Commemoration Ode" on the next day, July 21, after Boker had delivered his Phi Beta Kappa poem. In a letter to R. W. Gilder Lowell wrote that "two days before the commemoration I had told my friend Child it was impossible. But the next day something gave me a jog and the whole thing came out of me with a rush." Lowell was probably at the Phi Beta Kappa exercises, for he was, of course, a member of the society. Did Bo-

ker's poem give him the "jog"? We know that Lowell's magnificent apostrophe to Lincoln was not read on July 21, but was added later. I like to think that Boker inspired the great New Englander to write the poem with which, as Mr. Brownell so well says, "we can front the world."

Boker had shown by his services during the war, not only in the ways already indicated but also in his labors with the Sanitary Commission and other war industries, that the poet might also be the efficient man of affairs. He was next to prove his fitness for the more delicate art

of diplomacy. We fancy that his services to the party weighed even more with President Grant than his distinction or his fitness, for instead of the missions to England or Spain, where his sympathies would have made him at once at home, he was appointed November 3, 1871, minister to Turkey. In this post he showed his vigor, promptitude, suavity, and sense of the fitness of things. He negotiated two treaties, one securing for the first time recognition by the Ottoman Government that Turkish subjects, when naturalized according to American law, became American citizens, and the other referring to the extradition of criminals. It was among the more intangible phases of diplomatic life, however, that Boker's keen sense of social values made him a valuable representative of a government which needed to impress that characteristic upon European foreign offices. His poise was tested at once, for on the occasion of his presentation to the Sultan, on March 25, 1872, he was horrified to see his son, George Boker, his private secretary and military attaché to the legation, grasp the Sultan's hand and shake it! George Boker also gave his father an early opportunity to show his decision of character. There was no ministerial residence such as the English, French, and Austrian embassies possessed, to represent concretely the power of the United States. But Boker had a keen sense of what was due his country's representatives. Not long after their arrival, his son and his bride were walking along one of the narrow streets of the *Pera*, or foreigners' quarter of Constantinople, when some Turkish soldiers met them and rudely tried to push them aside. Young Boker met the charge firmly and jostled the men out of the way, then reported the incident to his paternal chief. Boker at once ordered his *caïque* and drove to the Porte, to lodge his protest against this treatment of the representative of the republic. He was assured that the incident would not be repeated and orders were immediately issued forbidding Turkish soldiers from entering the *Pera*, and from that time the foreign quarter was free from them.

The Bokers, in default of a residence, engaged a suite at one of the hotels at *Thérapia*, and found the city fascinating in its Oriental quality. It was still old

Constantinople in 1872. Stamboul was the centre of Turkish life, the foreigners were limited to the *Pera*, and over in Asia lay a region to which visitors went at their peril unless well attended, and where they were still "Franks" or "Giaours" to the inhabitants. On the day after the first excursion of the Americans to this new quarter, from which they returned safely, the Austrian consul and his wife were seized by bandits, he was tied to a tree and his wife was about to be carried off when their screams brought some British soldiers to their assistance.

Much curiosity was excited by the American group on the part of the Turks of all grades, and soon an invitation came, via Madame Dannenhof, the wife of the Swedish minister, from a neighboring Pasha who wished to see the "new American bride," as Mrs. George Boker was called in the diplomatic circle. The visit included, of course, an inspection of the harem, and, after chatting with the first or favorite wife, young Mrs. Boker was somewhat surprised to find Madame Dannenhof requesting that the "second wife" should also be summoned. It was etiquette that the second wife should appear only when her superior officer expressed a wish to that effect! As the visitors were leaving, Mrs. Boker was even more startled by hearing the request that the "new bride" should remain when Madame Dannenhof departed! A determined negative and an equally determined clutch at the skirts of her chaperon ensued, even though the request was endorsed by Madame Dannenhof, who took, Mrs. Boker tells me, a somewhat malicious pleasure in teasing her young charge. It is half a century ago, and yet as these incidents arise in her memory she seems still "young Mrs. Boker" in the perennial youth of the spirit.

But these personal trials were forgotten when General Sherman, who was making a tour of inspection of the military establishments of Europe, came to Constantinople and brought to the minister a new crop of problems. Chief among these was young Frederick Grant, just out of West Point, who came as an aide to General Sherman, and who was a very attractive young man of twenty-one. The Sultan, hearing that the President's son was coming, conceived of the event as



Scene from the third act of *The Merchant of Venice* of 1901. 1902. Otto Sinner as Antonio (centre); Aubrey Bancroft as Shylock (left); March Van Drusser as Portia (right centre)

Antonio: "There's not a blin' in the cup of life
I have not tasted, with an'our
I have not tasted the noblest heart of all!"

a visit from the Crown Prince of the United States, and he insisted upon considering General Sherman in the light of a caretaker to the young sovereign. It took all Boker's tact to handle the situation, for General Sherman was touchy and Lieutenant Grant contributed, now and then, thoughtlessly to the *contretemps*. On one occasion the Sultan was taking the air on the Bosphorus and his boat passed that of the visiting party. The Sultan at that time never spoke to any one, but his gaze was in itself a salute, and he fixed that gaze unmistakably upon Lieutenant Grant. When the boat passed, Grant turned impulsively to Sherman and cried out: "He spoke to me! I saw him!" Sherman was disgusted. "Yes, he did," he growled, "and I'd like to spank you!"

That Boker, notwithstanding these difficulties, had made his mark in Constantinople is shown in the note in "*Le Mémorial Diplomatique*" of May 29, 1875:

"Il a bel air et s'exprime avec une douceur et un calme auxquels ses manières distinguées donnent un charme de plus. Sous ces formes tranquilles, M. Boker cache une volonté que les detours et les lenteurs, souvent calculées, de la diplomatie turque, n'ont jamais pu faire plier."

Despite other limitations, the Turk knew a gentleman when he saw one.

In May, 1875, Mr. and Mrs. Boker left Constantinople for St. Petersburg, Boker having been promoted in January to the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. He was presented to the Emperor July 24, 1875, and from that time to the date of his recall in January, 1878, he was one of the personal favorites of Alexander II. So fond was the Emperor of Boker that Gortchakoff, the Chancellor, came to him at his recall and begged him to prepare his successor for a frigid reception. The Emperor, he said, was unable to understand why the political necessities of a President required the recall of an Envoy so perfectly satisfactory to the sovereign to whom he was accredited. Boker's first accomplishment was the reestablishment of cordial relations between the two countries, which seem to have grown lukewarm. There was even doubt whether Russia would participate in the Centennial Exposition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, and Boker felt an espe-

cial satisfaction in securing Russia's cooperation in that event. The account in the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of the dinner given in Boker's honor by the commission in charge of the Russian section of the Exposition on March 10, 1877, reveals him in that happy attitude and tactful expression which won friends everywhere for himself and for his country. Especially significant seem these words of our envoy in 1877, as he referred to the aid of Russia in our time of trouble during the Civil War. My translation does not reflect the excellence of Boker's French.

"A government of which I have already forgotten the name had proposed to Russia to declare null and void the blockade of the Southern ports by the Northern navy. Russia responded by an emphatic 'No.' The same government then suggested that Russia should at least make no opposition if the nation in question declared the blockade null and void. Again Russia replied by an equally categorical negative. *In return Russia, if it is ever necessary, may count upon our support, our assistance, always and at once.*"

In the light of this promise the activities of the American Relief Expedition and the pronouncement of the "Colby Doctrine," that the territory of Russia should not be dismembered, are pleasant to contemplate.

The accomplishment of an American minister in those days may be estimated quite as much in terms of pitfalls avoided as of deeds accomplished. It was a disturbed and suspicious Europe, sowing already the seeds of future ruin; and Boker's letters at the time speak of endless correspondence, of hurried visits to the Emperor at Gortchakoff's suggestion. These may have been official or social, of course, and invitations to Mrs. Boker reflect the form and ceremony of the Imperial Court, whether at the "Blessing of the Neva," at the Winter Palace, or at some more mundane occasion. There is a friendly warning to wear "robe montante et chapeau" at that quaint religious ceremony when even the Emperor and the Grand Dukes had to shiver in the January cold while a large hole was cut in the ice, and the great golden cross was dipped in the river by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The American diplomat was in many respects a puzzle to the Eastern mind. The

Khedive on one occasion indicated that in return for a certain service Boker had rendered him, a very large sum of money was at his disposal. Boker quietly declined the offer. Then the word came that the transaction would be secret and that recently a European diplomat had accepted a similar offer, and the Khedive expected to pay it. But Boker again refused in such a way that neither his personal dignity nor the Khedive's pride was hurt.

Boker returned to Philadelphia in 1878, but not to rest. In 1882 he pilloried his father's enemies in his "Book of the Dead." But his interest in the stage was reawakened by the production of "Francesca da Rimini" in 1882, and he wrote in 1885 and 1886 two more plays, "Nydia" and "Glaucus." Both of these are dramatic versions of "The Last Days of Pompeii," owing, however, nothing but the main plot to Bulwer's story. "Nydia" seems to be the stage version and was written for Lawrence Barrett, but was never played. These later plays contain some of the finest poetry he wrote. The hopeless passion of Nydia, the blind girl, for Glaucus is revealed in a striking passage, in which she describes a conflict in another's soul:

"Lost in the splendor of the man she loved,
Her passion was the secret of her breast,
She dared not tell it to an earthly thing,
Lest gossip Echo, from her hollow cave,
Should spread her story to the jeering land.
O no, she whispered to the mystic skies,
Distant and voiceless,—to her mother's soul,
Silent as death, that stood between their lives,—
The bitter story which she knew too well.
Nothing was pitiful. The raging clouds,
With thunder upon thunder, shouted, fool!
Her mother's voice, as fine and thin as songs
Sung to an ailing infant, murmured, fool!
And her own heart . . . there was the hopeless
pang . . .
Muttered forever, fool! and fool! and fool!"

Among the manuscripts are carefully prepared revisions of all his plays, which he evidently intended to print in a collected edition of his works in 1886. But to the loss of our literature, this was not done; and when his death came, on January 2, 1890, renewed interest in his poetry resulted simply in the fifth edition of the two volumes of 1856 and a reprint of the "Poems of the War."

That Boker has never received adequate recognition as a man of letters is apparent to any one who reads his work.

It is not so easy to assign reasons for this neglect. Perhaps one explanation is to be found in the volume which records the reception tendered him by the Union League in 1871, when he was about to depart for Turkey. The speeches and letters of appreciation were many, but they fall sharply into two groups. The letters from out of town, from Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whipple, Aldrich, Stedman, Curtis, and others, all pay their tribute to the poet and dramatist. But to the speakers from his native city and State, that sphere of his activity seemed to be almost unknown, except to Bayard Taylor, who paid him a graceful tribute in verse. Aldrich put the whole thing in a nutshell when he wrote: "It is pleasant to see Philadelphia treating one of her own distinguished men of letters as if he were a distinguished man of letters from somewhere else." But Aldrich did not hear the speeches at the reception!

In an age when so much that is worthless is printed and reprinted it is a grim commentary on our national taste that the work of one of the greatest of our dramatists should be practically unavailable except for "Francesca da Rimini." The foreign atmosphere of his plays cannot account for this condition, for we have never hesitated to prefer the exotic, and, in any case, "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" provide him sufficient justification. His real and strong love for his country rings in the lyrics of the Civil War and in his sonnets to America. His native verse is all the more significant because it has none of the parochial whoop in it. It is the deep and sincere patriotism of one who has known other lands and races but remains content with our own inheritance and culture. Much as he loved European literatures and peoples he never hesitated to criticize shortcomings when he saw them, and he had the social courage to love his own country best.

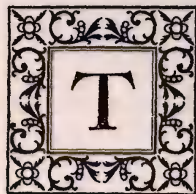
Perhaps when we are weary of discovering and rediscovering what is base or banal in our civilization we may turn back for comfort to the poets who wrought for the sake of the beauty that is universal and with the art that defies the limitations of time or space. And if that day ever dawns, George Boker may come at last into his own.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

X.—THE FIRST PERIOD OF MY ACADEMIC CAREER AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



THE new "Department of Electrical Engineering in the School of Mines of Columbia College" had announced its courses of instruction quite a number of months before I arrived in New York. The late Francis Bacon Crocker, at that time the newly appointed instructor in electrical engineering and my future colleague and lifelong friend, had been consulted with regard to these courses, and he was most liberal to the theoretical side, which was to be my share of the instruction. He attached much importance to the fundamental theory, although he was a practical engineer. The new department was to be independent from the other scientific departments. We had some difficulty, however, in maintaining that independence; the older departments of engineering showed a disposition to claim some right of guardianship over the new infant department. For instance, many chemists thought that electrical engineering was largely chemistry on account of the storage batteries, the galvanic cells, and the electrochemical processes which formed an important part of the electrical operations in the early history of applied electricity. Others claimed that, since mechanical engineering attended to the design and the construction of electromagnetic generators and to the power plant which furnished the driving power, electrical engineering was, therefore, largely mechanical engineering.

Crocker and I maintained that there was an electrical science which is the real soul of electrical engineering, and that every other abstract science or its application was an incident only in electrical engineering. We won out in spite of the

fact that at other institutions of higher learning in the United States electrical engineering was taught in the departments of physics or of mechanical engineering. But it was not an easy matter in those days to persuade people that the electrical science with its applications was then, or that it ever would be, big enough to need a department of its own, like, for instance, civil engineering.

A small brick shed, a temporary structure, had been built at Columbia College to accommodate the new department. The students called it the "cowshed," and the boy who invented the name did not indulge in any stretching of his imagination. It certainly looked like a cowshed. The laboratory equipment consisted of a dynamo, a motor, and an alternator, with some so-called practical measuring instruments. When I compared the facilities of the new "Department of Electrical Engineering at Columbia College" with that of the Polytechnic School in Berlin, I felt somewhat humbled, but not discouraged. I said to Crocker: "Our guns are small and few in number; the men behind the guns will have to expand much beyond their present size if this department is to make any impression upon the electrical art." "Pupin," said Crocker, "you have no idea how rapidly a young fellow grows when he tries to teach a new subject to poorly prepared beginners."

Crocker and I were given to understand that any additional equipment during the first year would have to be bought from contributions outside of the university. We raised some money by giving a course of twelve popular lectures for which we charged ten dollars per person. Each lecture lasted two hours; we were somewhat dubious about their quality, and so we provided a generous quantity. We raised in this manner three hundred dol-

lars and bought additional equipment, but no two young scientists ever worked harder to earn three hundred dollars. The experience, however, was worth many times that amount. Our audience consisted of business men and lawyers, who were either interested in the electrical industries, or intended to become interested. They had hardly any previous scientific training. It took much judgment and skill to talk science to these people without shooting much above their heads. Every one of them believed that the electrical science was in its infancy, and that most of its useful applications were obtained empirically by a rule of the thumb. When we told them that the electrical science was one of the most exact of all physical sciences some shook their heads and exhibited considerable scepticism. One of them asked me: "Doctor, do you know what electricity is?" "No," said I, and he added another question: "Then how can you have an exact science of electricity when you do not even know what electricity is?" To this I retorted: "Do you know what matter is? Of course you do not, nor does anybody else know it, and yet who will deny that there are exact sciences relating to material things? Do you deny that astronomy is an exact science?" It is a difficult thing to make unscientific people understand that science studies first and foremost the activities of things and not their ultimate nature.

In that first course of public lectures I found it necessary to devote much of my exposition to the correction of erroneous notions which were lodged in the minds of my audience. When I told that audience that no electrical generator generates electricity, because electricity was made by God and, according to Faraday, its quantity in the universe is constant, and that for every positive charge there is an equal negative one, most members of my audience were inclined to think that I was talking metaphysics. "Then what does it generate?" asked one of my hearers. I answered: "It generates motion of electricity, and by that motion it furnishes us with means of doing useful work like telegraphy, telephony, and electrical lighting." Then I added: "The electrical science studies the forces which make elec-

tricity move against the reactions of the bodies through which it moves; in the overcoming of these reactions the moving electricity does useful work." Illustrations from dynamics of material bodies did not help very much, because my audience had hardly any knowledge of even the elements of Newton's great work, although Newton considered these elements as obvious truths. All they knew about Newton was that he had "discovered gravitation." When I told them that Newton had discovered the law of gravitational action and not gravitation itself, they thought that I was splitting hairs. I was never quite sure that those good people had carried away much knowledge from my lectures, but I was quite sure that they had left much knowledge with me. In trying to straighten out their notions I straightened out my own very considerably. Crocker was right when he said: "You have no idea how rapidly a young fellow grows when he tries to teach a new subject to poorly prepared beginners." That was the real profit from our first course of public lectures.

Every cultured person is expected to have an intelligent view of literature, of the fine arts, and of the social sciences, which is as it ought to be. But who has ever thought of suggesting that culture demands an intelligent view of the primary concepts in fundamental sciences? If cultured people had it, there would be no need to renew periodically the tiresome topic of the alleged clash between science and religion, and there would be much more straight thinking about things in general. Every child in the public schools should be made perfectly familiar with the simple experiments which illustrate the fundamental elements of Newton's divine philosophy, as Milton calls science. Barnard, Joseph Henry, Andrew White, and the other leaders of scientific thought in the United States, who started the great movement in favor of higher scientific research and of a better scientific education, had a difficult up-hill pull, because people in high places lacked an intelligent view of science. A famous lawyer, a trustee of a great educational institution, looked surprised when I told him, over thirty years ago, that one cannot teach science without laboratories both for the elementary

and for the advanced instruction. He actually believed that graduate schools in science needed only a lot of blackboards, chalk, and sponges, and a lecturer who could prepare his lectures by reading books. He believed what he thought would suit him best, namely, that a university should be built on the top of a heap of chalk, sponges, and books. These instrumentalities are cheaper than laboratories, and that appeals to many university trustees. The teacher who can lecture from books and not from his experience in the laboratory is also much cheaper. But heaven help the country which trusts its destiny to cheap men operating with cheap instrumentalities. I gave that trustee a lecture by reciting the sermon which Tyndall preached in the summary and conclusions of his famous lecture of 1872-1873. I was bold enough to deliver several of these lectures to men in high places. Some liked them and some did not, but they all agreed that I had my own opinions upon the subject and was not afraid to express them.

The American Institute of Electrical Engineers had heard of my somewhat novel opinions regarding the teaching of the electrical science in its bearing upon electrical engineering, and it invited me to give an address upon the subject at its annual meeting in Boston, in the summer of 1890. The address was entitled "Practical Aspects of the Alternating Current Theory." It was a eulogy of the electrical science, and particularly of Faraday, Maxwell, and Joseph Henry on the purely scientific side, and of the technical men who were developing the system of electrical-power distribution by alternating-electrical forces. I noticed that my audience was divided into two distinct groups; one group was cordial and appreciative, but the other was as cold as ice. The famous electrical engineer and inventor, Elihu Thomson, was in the friendly group, and he looked me up after the address and congratulated me cordially. That was a great encouragement and I felt happy. Another man, a well-known physicist and engineer, also looked me up, and asked me whether I really expected that students of electrical engineering could ever be trusted to swallow and digest all the mathematical stuff which I

had presented in my address. The "mathematical stuff" to which he referred was a very elementary theoretical illustration. I thought of my chums, the tripos youngsters at Cambridge, and of their wonderful capacity for swallowing and digesting "mathematical stuff," but said nothing; the man who was addressing me was one of those people who had a small opinion of the capacity and willingness of our American boys to "swallow and digest" just as much "mathematical stuff" as their English cousins do.

A short time prior to my return to Columbia College, in 1889, a bitter polemic was carried on in the New York newspapers concerning the two methods of electrical-power distribution, the *direct* and the *alternating* current method. The New York interests favored the first, and another group, including the Westinghouse Company, supported the alternating-current method. The opponents of the last method called it the "deadly alternating current," and did their best to discredit it. They actually succeeded, I was told, in persuading the State authorities to install an alternating-current machine at the Sing Sing prison, to be used in electrocution. When in my address at Boston I recited my eulogy of the alternating-current system I did not know of this bitter polemic, but when I heard of it I understood the chilliness among a part of my audience.

In the following autumn I was given to understand that my address in Boston had made a bad impression, and that it had offended the feelings of some *big* men who were interested in the electrical industries. I could not help seeing the glaring hint that the new "Department of Electrical Engineering at Columbia College" was expected to suffer from the fact that one of its two instructors was accused of an unpardonable "electrical heresy." The great and mighty person who broached this matter to me suggested that perhaps the easiest way out of this difficulty was my resignation. "Very well," said I, "I will certainly resign if the trustees of Columbia College, who appointed me, find me guilty of a scientific heresy." The trustees never heard of this incident, but my colleague Crocker did, and he said in his characteristic man-

ner: "There are many people to-day who would not hesitate to burn the witch of Salem, but no people of that kind are on the board of trustees of Columbia College." Crocker was a Cape Cod man and he had a very soft spot for the witch of Salem.

The notion among many captains of industries that the electrical science was in its infancy, and that it worked by the rule of the thumb, made it possible to launch an opposition of that kind against the introduction of the alternating-current system of electrical distribution of power. Tesla's alternating-current motor and Bradley's rotary transformer for changing alternating currents into direct were available at that time. The electrical art was ready to do many things which it is doing to-day so well, if it had not been for the opposition of the people who were afraid that they would have to scrap some of their direct-current apparatus and of the plants for manufacturing it, if the alternating-current system were given any chance. A most un-American mental attitude! It was clear to every impartial and intelligent expert that the two systems supplemented each other in a most admirable manner, and that the advancement of one would also advance the other. Men like Elihu Thomson and my colleague Crocker knew that, but ignorance and false notions prevailed in the early nineties, because the captains of electrical industries paid small attention to highly trained electrical scientists. That explains why in those days the barbarous steel cables were still employed to drag cars along Third Avenue, New York, and in 1893 I saw the preparatory work on Columbus Avenue, New York, for installing additional barbarous steel ropes to drag street-cars. But fortunately these were never installed; electrical traction came to the rescue of Columbus Avenue.

During the summer of 1893 I had the good fortune to meet, quite often, William Barclay Parsons, the distinguished engineer, the future builder of the first New York subway. He passed the summer vacation at Atlantic Highlands, and I at Monmouth Beach, and we used the same steamboat in our occasional trips to New York. His head was full of schemes for the solution of the New York

rapid-transit problem, but I observed that his ideas were not quite clear on the question of the electrical power transmission to be employed. A very few years later his ideas had cleared wonderfully. He had visited Buda Pest in 1894 and had seen a subway there operated electrically and most satisfactorily. It was a most instructive object-lesson, but how humiliating it was to the engineering pride of the great United States to ask little Hungary to instruct it in electrical engineering! The electrical power transmission system employed to-day in the New York subways is practically the same which had been proposed to and accepted by Parsons, the chief engineer, not so many years after our trips to New York, in 1893; it is the electrical power transmission consisting of a combination of the alternating and direct current systems. No fundamentally novel methods were employed which did not exist at the time when the alternating-current machine was installed at Sing Sing for the purpose of electrocuting people by the "deadly alternating current." In less than five years a radical change in people's notions had taken place about a matter which was well understood from the very first by men of higher scientific training. How was it brought about?

Four historical events, very important in the annals of the electrical science in the United States, had happened in rapid succession between 1890 and 1894. The first was the successful electrical transmission of power between Lauffen and Frankfurt, in Germany, in 1891; it employed the alternating-current system. The second was the decision of the Niagara Falls Power & Construction Company to employ the alternating-current system for the transmission of its electrical power. Professor Henry Augustus Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, as consulting expert of the company, favored this system; another consulting scientific expert was the famous Lord Kelvin, and he favored the direct-current system. The third historical event was the consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company with the Thomson-Houston Company of Lynn, Massachusetts. This consolidation meant the end of the opposition to the alternating-current sys-

tem on the part of people who were most influential in the electrical industries. No such opposition could exist in an electrical corporation where Elihu Thomson's expert opinion was the guiding star. The fourth historical event was the Electrical Congress at the World Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. Helmholtz came over as an official delegate of the German Empire, and was elected honorary president of the congress. The subjects discussed at that congress, and the men who discussed them showed that the electrical science was not in its infancy, and that electrical things were not done by the rule of the thumb.

Once I asked Professor Rowland whether anybody ever suggested to him resigning from Johns Hopkins University on the ground that in favoring the alternating-current system for the Niagara Falls Power Transmission Plant he had made himself liable to being charged with heresy. "Heresy?" said he; "I thought that my heresy was worth a big fee, and when the company attempted to cut it down the courts sustained my claim." An interesting bit of history is attached to this. When the Niagara Power & Construction Company objected to the size of the fee which Rowland charged for his services as scientific adviser, and asked for a reduction, the matter was referred to the court. During Rowland's cross-examination the defendant's lawyer, the late Joseph Choate, asked him the question: "Who, in your opinion, is the greatest physicist in the United States?" Rowland answered without a moment's hesitation: "I am." The judge smiled, but agreed with the witness, and his agreement was in harmony with the opinion of all scientific men. Rowland justified his apparently egotistical answer by the fact that as a witness on the stand he was under oath to speak the truth; he certainly spoke the truth when he testified that he was the first physicist in the United States.

Rowland's interest in the electrical science and its technical applications helped much to dissipate the notion, entertained by many, that it was empirical and still in its infancy. Bogus inventors always encouraged this superstition. The attention which Rowland and his former pupil, the late Doctor Louis Duncan, devoted to electrical engineering at Johns Hopkins

University helped much to raise the status of electrical engineering. When the new General Electric Company was organized by the consolidation of the Edison General Electric Company and the Thomson-Houston Company, Elihu Thomson became the chief technical adviser of the new corporation, and its highest court of appeals in technical matters. I remember telling my colleague, Crocker, that, if the Thomson-Houston Company had contributed nothing else than Elihu Thomson to the new corporation, it would have contributed more than enough. Thomson was the American Siemens, and Rowland the American Helmholtz, of the new era in the history of American industries, the era of close co-operation between abstract science and engineering. With these two men at the head of the electrical science and industry in the United States, the senseless opposition to the alternating-current system of power distribution began to disappear. It vanished quickly after the Electrical Congress of 1893. The first visible result of the co-operation between abstract science and the technical arts was the splendid power plant at Niagara Falls, and later the electrical power distribution system in the New York subways, in which the alternating and the direct current systems supplemented each other most admirably. The late Professor Duncan of Johns Hopkins, and Doctor Cary T. Hutchinson, both pupils of Rowland, were the consulting electrical engineers of the Rapid Transit Commission of this city.

The scientific spirit of Rowland's laboratory and lecture-room was felt everywhere in the electrical industries; it was also felt in our educational institutions. His and his students' researches in solar spectra and in other problems of higher physics made that spirit the dominating influence among the rising generation of physical sciences in America. It was universally acknowledged that Johns Hopkins was a real university. The intellectual movement in favor of higher scientific research, first inaugurated by Joseph Henry, President Barnard of Columbia College, and Doctor John Draper, in the early seventies, was marching on steadily under the leadership of Rowland when I started my academic career at Columbia,

thirty-four years ago, and he led on like a "doughty knight of Troy," as Maxwell used to call him. It was the spirit of Johns Hopkins which inspired the generation of the early nineties in its encouragement of the movement for the development of the American university. Some enthusiasts at Columbia College went even so far as to advocate the abolition of the college curriculum and the substitution of a Columbia University for Columbia College; I was not among these enthusiasts, because I knew only too well the historical value of Columbia College and of other American colleges. What would the University of Cambridge be without its ancient colleges? College lays the foundation for higher citizenship; the university lays the foundation for higher learning.

Speaking for physical sciences I can say that in those days there was no lack of trained scientists who could have easily extended the work of the American college and added to it a field of advanced work resembling closely the activity of the European universities. Most of these men had received their higher academic training in European universities, and quite a number of them came from Johns Hopkins. But there were two obstacles: first, lack of experimental-research facilities; second, lack of leisure for scientific research. Rowland and his followers recognized the existence of these obstacles and demanded reform. Most of the energy of the teachers of physical sciences was consumed in the lecture-room; they were pedagogues, "pouring information into passive recipients," as Barnard described it. My own case was a typical one. How could I do any research as long as I had at my disposal a dynamo, a motor, an alternator, and a few crude measuring instruments only, all intended to be used every day for the instruction of electrical-engineering students? When the professor of engineering died, in the summer of 1891, a part of his work, theory of heat and hydraulics, was assigned to me. The professor of dynamics died a little later, and his work was also transferred to me. I was to carry the additional load of lecture-room work temporarily, but was relieved from it, in part only, after several years. As a

reward my title was advanced to adjunct professor, with an advance of salary to two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. But in return for this *royal* salary I had to lecture three to four hours each forenoon, and besides help in the electrical laboratory instruction in the afternoons. While this pedagogic load was on my back scientific research could not be seriously thought of. My young colleagues in other colleges were similarly situated. This overloading of young scientists with pedagogic work threatened to stunt, and often did stunt, their growth and also the growth of the rising American university. "Let chairs be founded, sufficiently but not luxuriously endowed, which shall have original research for their main object and ambition," was the historical warning which Tyndall addressed to the American people in 1873, but in 1893 there was little evidence that it was heeded anywhere outside of Johns Hopkins University. But there they had Rowland and a number of other stars of the first magnitude who succeeded Joseph Henry, Barnard, and Draper as leaders of the great movement in favor of higher scientific research. In 1883 Rowland delivered a memorable address as vice-president of one of the sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It was entitled, "A Plea for Pure Science," and described the spirit not only of Johns Hopkins of those days but also of all friends of higher learning in science. That spirit was advocated by Tyndall in 1872-1873, and under Rowland's leadership it was bound to win our battle for higher ideals in science. The people of the United States owe a great debt of gratitude to Johns Hopkins for the leadership in that great movement which, as we see to-day, has produced a most remarkable intellectual advancement in this country. Nearly thirty years ago I heard Rowland say in a public address: "They always say in Baltimore that no man in that city should die without leaving something to Johns Hopkins." When he said it he knew that Johns Hopkins was very poor. It is poorer to-day than ever, and no rich man in the United States should die without leaving something to Johns Hopkins, the pioneer university of the United States.

Rowland said once that lack of experimental facilities and of time are not a valid excuse for neglecting entirely scientific research. I agreed with that opinion; neglect breeds indifference, and indifference degenerates into atrophy of the spirit of inquiry. The alternating-current machine of the electrical engineering laboratory at Columbia was free in the evenings, and so was my time; that is, if my wife should not object, and, being a noble and unselfish woman, she did not object. With the assistance of several enthusiastic students, among them Gano Dunn, to-day one of the most distinguished engineers in the United States, I started investigating the passage of electricity through various gases at low pressures, and published two papers in the *American Journal of Science*. I soon discovered that most of my results were anticipated by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, who, in all probability, had received his inspiration from the same source from which I had received it. He not only had anticipated me but, moreover, he showed a much better grasp of the subject than I had, and had much better experimental facilities. I decided to leave the field to him, and to watch his beautiful work from the outside. It was a wise decision, because it prepared me to understand the epoch-making discoveries in this field which were soon to be announced, one in Germany and one in France. I turned my attention to another field.

I must mention, however, one of the results which Thomson had not anticipated and which created quite an impression among astronomers. I noticed a peculiar appearance in the electrical discharge proceeding from a small metal sphere which was located in the centre of a large glass sphere containing air at low pressure. The discharges looked very much like the luminous corona of the sun which astronomers observe during eclipses. It was always a mysterious puzzle in solar physics. Pasting a tin-foil disk on the glass sphere, so as to hide the metal sphere and see only the discharge proceeding from it, I photographed the appearance of the discharge and obtained the pictures given opposite. The resemblance of these photographs to those

of the two types of the solar corona is most striking. This is what I said about it at that time:

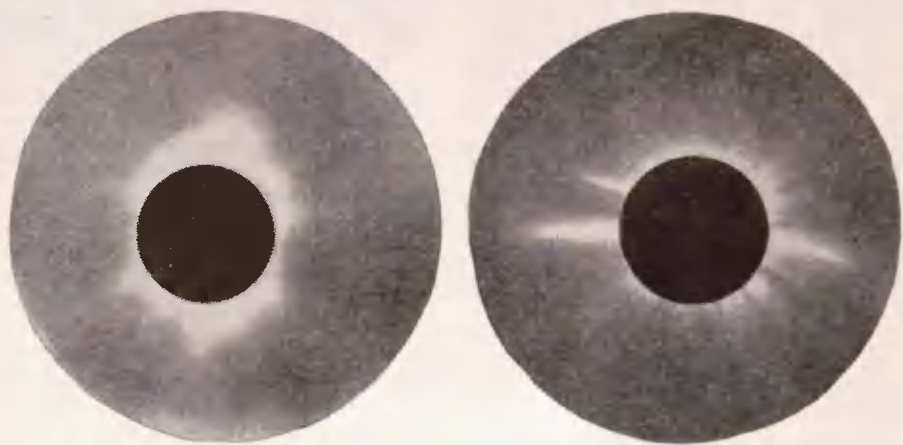
"The bearing which these experimental results may have upon the theory of the solar corona I prefer to leave to others to decide. That they may prove a suggestive guide in the study of solar phenomena seems not unreasonable to expect."

In a communication read later before the New York Academy of Sciences I was much bolder, having previously discussed the subject with my friends at Johns Hopkins and with the late Professor Young, the famous astronomer at Princeton. I soon found myself advocating strongly the electro-magnetic theory of solar phenomena. A German professor, Ebert by name, a well-known authority on electrical discharges in gases, took me very seriously indeed, which was very flattering, but he claimed priority. I had no difficulty in establishing my priority through the columns of the periodical *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, one of whose editors was George Ellery Hale, to-day the distinguished director of Mount Wilson Observatory. I was very fortunate to make his acquaintance during that period when both he and I were very young men. His influence prevented me from running wild with my electromagnetic theory of solar phenomena. Thanks to the splendid astrophysical researches at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California under Doctor Hale's direction, we know to-day that enormous electrical currents circulate on the surface of the sun, and we also know from other researches that negative electricity is shot out from all hot bodies, even from those not nearly as hot as the sun, and that the solar corona is, in all probability, closely related to this electrical activity on the sun.

After giving up the subject of electrical discharges in gases I looked around for another problem of research which I could manage with my meagre laboratory facilities. Rowland had found distortions in an alternating current when that current was magnetizing iron in electrical power apparatus. This distortion consisted of the addition of higher harmonics to the normal harmonic changes in the current. This reminded me of harmonics in musical

instruments and in the human voice. Helmholtz was the first to analyze the vowels in human speech by studying the harmonics which they contained. The vowel *u*, for instance, sung at a given pitch, contains in addition to its fundamental pitch—say one hundred vibrations per second—other vibrations the frequencies of which are integral multiples of one hundred, that is two, three, four, . . . hundred vibrations per second. These higher vibrations are called harmonics of

The mass and form of an elastic body, say a tuning-fork, and its stiffness determine the pitch, the so-called *frequency* of vibration. When a periodically varying force, say a wave of sound, acts upon the tuning-fork the maximum motion of the prongs will be produced when the pitch or frequency of the moving force is equal to the frequency of the tuning-fork. The two are said then to be in resonance, that is, the motion of the fork resonates to or synchronizes with the action of the force.



Electrical discharges representing two types of solar coronæ.

the fundamental. Helmholtz detected these harmonics by the employment of acoustical resonators; it was an epoch-making research. I proceeded to search for a similar procedure for the analysis of Rowland's distorted alternating currents, and I found it. I constructed electrical resonators based upon dynamical principles similar to those in the acoustical resonators employed by Helmholtz. These electrical resonators play a most important part in the radio art of to-day, and a few words regarding their operation seem desirable. In fact, there is to-day a cry from the Atlantic to the Pacific on the part of millions of people who wish to know what they are really doing when they are turning a knob on their radio-receiving sets, in order to find the correct wave length for a certain broadcasting station. I am responsible for the operation, and I owe them an explanation of it.

Every elastic structure has a frequency of its own. The column of air in an organ-pipe has a frequency of its own, so has the string of a piano. One can excite the motion of each by singing a note of the same frequency; a note of a considerably different frequency excites practically no motion at all. Acoustical resonance phenomena are too well known to need here any further comment. There are also electrical resonance phenomena very similar to those of acoustical resonance. If you understand one of them there is no difficulty in understanding the other.

If an electrical conductor, say a copper wire, is coiled up so as to form a coil of many turns, and its terminals are connected to a condenser, that is to conducting plates which are separated from each other by insulating material, then the motion of electricity in that conducting circuit is subject to the same laws as the

motion of the prongs of a tuning-fork. Every motion, whether of electricity or of matter, is determined completely by the force which produces the motion, and by the forces with which the moving object reacts against the motion. If the law of action of these several forces is the same in the case of moving matter as in the case of moving electricity, then their motions will also be the same. The moving forces are called the *action* and the opposing forces are called the *reaction*, and Newton's third law of motion says: *Action is equal to the opposing reaction*. I always considered this the most fundamental law in all physical sciences. It is applicable to all motions no matter what the thing is which moves, whether ponderable matter or imponderable electricity. Twenty-six years ago a student of mine, Albert R. Gallatin, brother of the present park commissioner of New York, presented a large induction coil to the electrical laboratory at Columbia College, in recognition of my services to him, because, he said, this formulation of the fundamental law in the electrical science, which I have just given, made everything very clear to him. This was most encouraging to a young professor, and it goes without saying that ever since that time he and I have been warm friends. He is a banker and I am still a professor, but the interest in the fundamental principles in physical sciences are a strong bond of union between us.

The electrical force which moves the electricity in the circuit, just described, experiences two principal reactions. One reaction is due to the lines of electrical force which, attached to the electrical charge on the condenser plates, are crowded into the insulating space between these plates. This reaction corresponds to the elastic reaction of the prongs of the tuning-fork, and follows the same law. In the case of the tuning-fork the *elastic reaction is proportional to the displacement* of the prongs from their normal position; in the electrical case the reacting force is proportional to the electrical charges which have been pulled apart, the negative from the positive, and driven to the plates of the condenser. Call this separation *electrical displacement*, and the law can be given the same form as above,

namely: *The reacting force is proportional to the electrical displacement*. The greater the distance between the plates, and the smaller their surface, the greater is the reaction for a given electrical displacement. By varying these two quantities we can vary the electrical yielding, the so-called capacity, of the electrical condenser. This is what you do when you turn the knob and vary the capacity of the condenser in your receiving set.

The moving prongs have a momentum, and a change in the momentum opposes a reacting force, the so-called inertia reaction, which is equal to the rate of this change. This was discovered by Galileo over three hundred years ago. We experience the operation of this law every time we bump against a moving object. The Irish sailor who, after describing the accident which made him fall down from the mast, assured his friends that it was not the fall which hurt him but the sudden stop, appreciated fully the reacting force due to a rapid change of momentum. Every boy and girl in the public schools should know Galileo's fundamental law, and they would know it if by a few simple experiments it were taught to them. But how many teachers really teach it? How many of my readers really know that law? Just think of it, what an impeachment it is of our modern system of education to have so many intelligent men and women, boys and girls, ignorant of so fundamental a law as that which Galileo discovered so long ago!

The moving electricity has a momentum. The magnetic force produced by this motion is a measure of this momentum. Its change is opposed by a reacting force equal to the rate of this change. This was discovered by Faraday nearly a hundred years ago. The larger the number of turns in the coil of wire the larger will be the momentum for a given electrical motion, that is, for a given electrical current. But how can anybody understand very clearly this beautiful law, discovered by Faraday, who does not understand Galileo's simpler discovery? The fact that electricity just like matter has inertia and that both obey the same law of inertia is one of the most beautiful discoveries in science. Whenever I thought that so many intelligent and cul-

tured people knew nothing about it I rebelled against the educational system of modern civilization.

The motion of electricity in the conductor described above overcomes reacting forces which follow the same laws as the motion of the elastic prongs of the tuning-fork. The motion of one has, therefore, an analogy in the motion of the other. In an electrical circuit having a coil and a condenser the moving electricity has a definite inertia and a definite electrical stiffness, hence it will have a definite pitch or frequency for its vibratory motion, just like a tuning-fork; it will act as a resonator. It is obvious, therefore, that an electrical resonator, the pitch of which can be adjusted by adjusting its coil or its condenser or both, is a perfect analogy to the acoustical resonator. By means of an electrical resonator of this kind, having an adjustable coil and an adjustable condenser, I succeeded in detecting every one of the harmonics in Rowland's distorted alternating currents, in the same manner in which Helmholtz detected the harmonics in the vowel sounds, but with much greater ease, because the pitch of an electrical resonator can be very easily and accurately changed by adjusting its coil and condenser. There are millions of people to-day who are doing that very thing when they are turning the knobs on their radio receiving sets, adjusting it to the wave-length of the transmitting station. The expression, "adjusting it to the pitch or frequency of the transmitting station," is much better, because it reminds the operator of the analogy existing between acoustical and electrical resonance. The procedure was inaugurated thirty years ago in the "cowshed" of old Columbia College. I called it "electrical tuning" and the name has stuck to it down to the present time. The word "tuning" was suggested by the operation which the Serbian bagpiper performed when he tuned up his bagpipes, and which I watched with a lively interest in my boyhood days. Those early impressions had made acoustical and electrical resonance appear to me later as obvious things.

The results of this research were published in the *American Journal of Science* and also in the *Transactions of the Amer-*

ican Institute of Electrical Engineers for 1894. They, I was told, had never been anticipated, and they confirmed fully Rowland's views concerning the magnetic reaction of iron when subjected to the magnetic action of an alternating current. When Helmholtz visited this country in 1893, I showed him my electrical resonators and the research which I was conducting with their assistance. He was quite impressed by the striking similarity between his acoustical resonance analysis and my electrical resonance analysis and urged me to push on the work and repeat his early experiments in acoustical resonance, because my electrical method was much more convenient than his acoustical method.

Helmholtz was always interested in the analysis as well as in the synthesis of vibrations corresponding to articulate speech. The telephone and the phonograph were two inventions which always enjoyed his admiring attention. During his visit in America he looked forward with much pleasure to meeting Graham Bell and Edison. The simplicity of their inventions astonished him, because one would have hardly expected that a simple disk could vibrate so as to reproduce faithfully all the complex variations which are necessary for articulation. He spent a Sunday afternoon as my guest at Monmouth Beach and in the course of conversation I told him what impression the telephone had made upon me when I first listened through it. It happened during the period when I was serving my apprenticeship as greenhorn, and when I was trying hard to master the articulation of the English language. The telephone plate repeated perfectly everything spoken at the other end, and I said to myself: "These Americans are too clever for me; they can make a plain steel plate articulate much better than I can ever expect to do it with all my speaking organs. I had better return to Idvor and become a herdsman again." Helmholtz laughed heartily and assured me that the articulating telephone plate made a similar impression upon him, although he had spent several years of his life studying the theory of articulation. "The phonograph disk is just as clever," said Helmholtz, "as the telephone disk, perhaps even more

so, because it has to dig hard while it is busily talking."

My scientific friends in New York saw in the construction of my electrical resonator and in its employment for selective detection of alternating currents of definite frequency a very suitable means for practising harmonic telegraphy, first suggested by Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. They finally persuaded me to apply for a patent and I did it. I often regretted it, because it involved me in a most expensive and otherwise annoying legal contest. Two other inventors had applied for a patent on the same invention. One of them was an American, and the other a French inventor, and each of them was backed by a powerful industrial corporation. A college professor with a salary of two thousand and five hundred dollars per annum cannot stand a long legal contest when opposed by two powerful corporations, but it is a curious psychological fact that when one's claim to an invention is disputed he will fight for it just as a tigress would fight for her cub. The fight lasted nearly eight years and I won it. I was declared to be the inventor, and the patent for it was granted to me. But a patent is a piece of paper worth nothing until somebody needs the invention. I waited a long time before that somebody came, and when he finally showed up I had almost forgotten that I had made the invention. In the meantime I had nothing but a piece of paper for all my pains, which nearly wrecked me financially.

Just about that time the newspapers reported that a young Italian student by the name of Marconi, while experimenting with Hertzian waves, had demonstrated that a Hertzian oscillator will send out electrical waves which will penetrate much longer distances when one of its sides is connected to earth. "Of course it will," said I, "the grounded oscillator takes the earth into closer partnership." When as a herdsman's assistant on the pasturelands of my native Idvor I stuck my knife into the ground and struck its wooden handle I knew perfectly well that the ground was a part of the vibrating system and that the sound-producing stroke was taken up by the ground much better than when I struck the knife-

handle without sticking the knife into the ground. But I also knew that unless the boy who was listening pressed his ear against the ground he would not hear very much. It was, therefore, quite obvious to me that the best detector for a Hertzian oscillator which is grounded must be another Hertzian oscillator which is also connected to the ground. Grounding of the sending and of the receiving Hertzian oscillators was in fact the fundamental claim of the Marconi invention. Marconi, in my opinion, was unwittingly imitating the young herdsman of Idvor when, figuratively speaking, he stuck his electrical knives into the ground for the purpose of transmitting and receiving electrical vibrations, but the imitation was a very clever one; very obvious indeed as soon as it was pointed out, like all clever things.

Every now and then we are told that wireless signals might be sent some day to the planet Mars. The judgment of a former herdsman of Idvor considers these suggestions as unscientific for the simple reason that we cannot get a ground on the planet Mars and, therefore, cannot take it into close partnership with our Hertzian oscillators. Without that partnership there is no prospect of covering great distances. A very simple experiment will illustrate this. Scratch the wood of a pencil and ask your friends who are sitting around a table whether they hear the scratching. They will say "No." Put the pencil on the table and scratch it again; your friends will tell you that they can hear it faintly. Ask them to press their ears against the table and they will tell you that the scratching sound is very loud. In the third case the pencil, the table, and the ears of your friends are all one closely interconnected vibratory system. Every herdsman of Idvor would interpret correctly the physical meaning of this experiment. "If Marconi had waited just a little longer I would have done his trick myself," I said jokingly to Crocker, and then I temporarily dismissed the matter from my mind as if nothing had happened. But I was fairly confident that my electrical resonators would some day find a useful application in this new method of signalling, and Crocker was even more hopeful than I was. I turned my attention to another problem and would have

completed its solution, if my work had not been interrupted by the announcement of a most remarkable discovery made in Germany, I mean the discovery of the Roentgen rays.

I cannot describe the effects of this epoch-making discovery without referring again to great Helmholtz. It was due to his initiative that Hertz took up the research of electrical oscillations, which suggested to Marconi their technical application. This started a new technical art, wireless telegraphy, which developed into the radio art. Without Helmholtz, not only the experimental verification of the Faraday-Maxwell electro-magnetic theory but also the radio art might have been delayed quite a long time. I shall point out now that the great discovery of the Roentgen rays was also due in a great measure to the initiative of Helmholtz.

While in Berlin I was conducting a research upon vapor pressures of salt solutions. For this purpose I needed the assistance of a clever glass-blower. A Herr Mueller was recommended to me by the people of the Physical Institute. I paid frequent visits to him, not only because I liked to watch his wonderful skill in glass-blowing, but also because he knew and entertained me often with the history of a remarkable physical research which had been carried out by Doctor Goldstein, a Berlin physicist, under the auspices of the German Academy of Sciences, Herr Mueller, the glass-blowing artist, assisting.

The motion of electricity through rarefied gases was first extensively studied in Germany in the fifties and sixties by several investigators. Hittorf was one of them, and I mention him here for reasons given later. The English physicists took up the subject a little later, and among them Crookes did the most distinguished work. His tubes with a very high vacuum gave brilliant cathode rays, first discovered by Hittorf, which produced among other things the well-known phosphorescence in vacuum tubes made of uranium glass. In spite of the surpassing beauty of the electrical phenomena in vacuum tubes revealed by Crookes's experiments, no final and definite conclusions could be drawn from them toward the end of the seventies. But he was un-

doubtedly the first who correctly inferred that the cathode rays were small electrified particles moving with high velocity. This inference proved to be of very great importance. In 1893 Lord Kelvin said: "If the first step toward understanding the relations between ether and ponderable matter is to be made, it seems to me that the most hopeful foundation for it is knowledge derived from experiment on electricity in high vacuum." This was the very opinion which Helmholtz had formulated fifteen years earlier, and he persuaded the German Academy of Sciences to make a special grant for a thorough experimental review of the whole field of research relating to electrical motions in high vacua. Doctor Goldstein was selected to carry out this work. Mueller was his glass-blower. The most important result of this work was the discovery of the so-called *Canal Rays*, that is, motion of positive electricity in the direction opposite to the motion of negative electricity, the latter being the cause of the *cathode rays*. To get that result Mueller had to make innumerable vacuum tubes of all sorts of shapes. He told me that if all these tubes could be resurrected they would fill the house in which his shop was located. "But the grand result was worth all the trouble, and I am proud that I did all the glass-blowing," said Mueller, with a triumphant light in his eyes, and his beaming countenance testified that he felt what he said. He was an artisan who loved his craft, and, judging from his remarkable knowledge of all the vacuum-tube researches which had been conducted up to the time of his co-operation with Doctor Goldstein, I inferred that he was a unique combination of the science and the art involved in the job which he was doing for Doctor Goldstein. Mueller was the first to arouse my interest in the results of vacuum-tube researches, and I always considered him as one of my distinguished teachers in Berlin. New knowledge is not confined to the lecture-rooms of a great university; it can be often found in most humble shops, treasured by humble people who are quite unconscious that they are the guardians of a precious treasure. Mueller was one of these humble guardians.

The importance of Goldstein's work was due principally to the fact that it brought into the field three other German physicists of great acumen. The first one was Hertz. Several years after he had completed his splendid experimental verification of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory, he showed that the cathode rays penetrated easily through thin films of metal, like gold and aluminum foil, although these films were perfectly opaque to ordinary light. It was a novel and most important contribution to our knowledge of cathode rays, and would have been followed up by more additional knowledge if Hertz had not died on January 1, 1894, at the age of thirty-six. Helmholtz died several months later. Science never suffered a greater loss in so short an interval of time. Helmholtz met with an accident on the ship on his return trip from the United States in 1893. He never completely recovered, although he lectured at the University of Berlin until a few days before his sudden death in the midsummer of 1894. Autopsy revealed that one side of his brain was and had been in a pathological state for a long time, but nobody had ever observed that his intellectual power had shown any signs of decay. It is a pity that he did not live another two years; he would have seen what he told me during his visit here he longed to see, and that is an electrified body moving at a very high velocity suddenly reversing its motion. That, he thought, might furnish a direct experimental test of the mobility of ether. The discovery described below furnished such a body.

Hertz's work was continued and greatly extended by Professor Lenard of the University of Kiel. He would have undoubtedly reached the final goal if Roentgen had not announced, in December, 1895, that he, experimenting with Lenard vacuum tubes, had discovered the X-rays. This discovery marked the last step in the survey which Goldstein, under the initiative of Helmholtz, had undertaken some fifteen years before Roentgen had entered the field of electrical discharges in high vacua. It was a great triumph for German science. The science of electrical discharges in rarefied gases was started in Germany and in less than forty years it

had reached there its highest point. It is a science which may justly be said to have been "made in Germany," just as the science of radiation. It started a new and most remarkable era in physical sciences by extending the meaning of the Faraday-Maxwell electromagnetic theory.

No other discovery within my lifetime had ever aroused the interest of the world as did the discovery of the X-rays. Every physicist dropped his own research problems and rushed headlong into the research of the X-rays. The physicists of the United States had paid only small attention to vacuum-tube discharges. To the best of my knowledge and belief I was at that time the only physicist here who had any laboratory experience with vacuum-tube research, and I got it by overtime work in the electrical-engineering laboratory of Columbia College. I undertook it because my intercourse with Mueller, the glass-blower of Berlin, directed my attention to this field of research, and particularly because I did not see that with the equipment of that laboratory I could do anything else. I decided, as mentioned above, to leave the field to Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, and to watch his work. When, therefore, Roentgen's discovery was first announced I was, it seems, better prepared than anybody else in this country to repeat his experiments and succeeded, therefore, sooner than anybody else on this side of the Atlantic. I obtained the first X-ray photograph in America on January 2, 1896, two weeks after the discovery was announced in Germany.

Many interesting stories have been told about the rush to the West during the gold-fever period, caused by the discovery of gold in the far West. The rush into X-ray experimentation was very similar, and I also caught the fever badly. Newspaper reporters and physicians heard of it, and I had to lock myself up in my laboratory, in the cellar of President Low's official residence at Columbia College, in order to protect myself from continuous interruptions. The physicians brought all kinds of cripples for the purpose of having their bones photographed or examined by means of the fluorescent screen. The famous surgeon, the late Doctor Bull of New York, sent me a pa-

tient with nearly a hundred small shot in his left hand. His name was Prescott Hall Butler, a well-known lawyer of New York, who, while shooting grouse in Scotland, met with an accident and received in his left hand the full charge of

and so could my patient. The combination of the screen and the eyes was evidently much more sensitive than the photographic plate. I decided to try a combination of Edison's fluorescent screen and the photographic plate. The



Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen.

1845-1923.

his shotgun. He was in agony; he and I had mutual friends who begged me to make an X-ray photograph of his hand and thus enable Doctor Bull to locate the numerous shot and extract them. The first attempts were unsuccessful, because the patient was too weak and too nervous to stand a photographic exposure of nearly an hour. My good friend, Thomas Edison, had sent me several most excellent fluorescent screens, and by their fluorescence I could see the numerous little shot

fluorescent screen was placed on the photographic plate and the patient's hand was placed upon the screen. The X-rays acted upon the screen first and the screen by its fluorescent light acted upon the plate. The combination succeeded, even better than I had expected. A beautiful photograph was obtained with an exposure of a few seconds. The photographic plate showed the numerous shot as if they had been drawn with pen and ink. Doctor Bull operated and extracted every one

of them in the course of a short and easy surgical operation. Prescott Hall Butler was well again. That was the first X-ray picture obtained by that process during the first part of February, 1896, and it was also the first surgical operation performed in America under the guidance of an X-ray picture. This process of shortening the time of exposure is now universally used, but nobody gives me any credit for the discovery, although I described it in the journal *Electricity*, of February 12, 1896, before anybody else had even thought of it. Prescott Hall Butler was much more appreciative and he actually proposed, when other offers to reward me for my efforts were refused, to establish a fellowship for me at the Century Club, the fellowship to entitle me to two toddies daily for the rest of my life. This offer was also refused. On March 2, 1896, Professor Arthur Gordon Webster, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, addressed a letter to *Worcester Gazette*, from which I quote:

Sunday morning I went with Professor Pupin to his laboratory to try the effect of a fluorescent screen in front of the plate. I placed my hand under the bulb and in five minutes the current was stopped. . . . The result was the best plate that I had yet seen. . . . One who has tried the experiments and seen how long it takes to obtain a good result can judge of an improvement. I think that Doctor Pupin should enjoy the credit of having actually . . . shortened the time of exposure ten and twenty times.

A description of the improvement, which I published in final form in *Electricity*, of April 15, 1896, ends with the following sentence:

My only object in working on the improvement of the Roentgen ray photography was for the purpose of widening its scope of application to surgical diagnosis. I think that I have succeeded completely and I wish full credit for the work done.

My friends suggested that I apply for a patent on the procedure and enforce recognition that way, but I was having one expensive experience in the patent office with my electrical resonators and did not care to add another.

The question of reflection and refraction of the X-rays had to be answered and several strange claims were brought forward by investigators. My investigations of this matter, aided by Thomas

Edison's most efficient fluorescent screen, resulted in a discovery, which, in a communication to the New York Academy of Sciences, on April 6, 1896, I summed up as follows: "*Every substance when subjected to the action of X-rays becomes a radiator of these rays.*" The communication was published in several scientific journals, like *Science* and *Electricity*, and no statement can claim the discovery of the now well-known secondary X-ray radiation more clearly than the one given above. But of this matter I shall speak a little later.

Looking up some data lately I found that I had finished writing out these communications relating to my X-ray research on April 14, 1896. I also found a reprint of an address delivered before the New York Academy of Sciences in April, 1895, and published in *Science* of December 28, 1895, at the very time when the X-ray fever broke out. It was entitled: "Tendencies of Modern Electrical Research." But the X-ray fever prevented me from reading it when it was published. I saw it three months later, but never again since that time, and I had forgotten that I had ever composed it. I find now that the picture which I drew then of the growth of the electromagnetic theory is in every detail the same as that which I have given in this narrative. Both of them are due to the lasting impressions received in Cambridge and in Berlin. Evidently these impressions are just as strong to-day as they were twenty-eight years ago, proving that the tablets of memory have a mysterious process of preserving their records. I remember that on April 14, 1896, I did not go to the laboratory, but stayed at home and reflected, and read my address mentioned above. I took an inventory of what I had done during my six years' activity at Columbia and I closed the books satisfied with the results. My wife, who had helped me, writing out my reports, lectures, and scientific communications, and who knew and watched every bit of the work which I was doing, was also satisfied and congratulated me. My colleague Crocker, I knew, was satisfied, and so were all my scientific friends, and that was a source of much satisfaction. But nothing makes one as happy as his own honest belief that he has done his best.

His Creed

BY WOLCOTT LECLEAR BEARD

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY HARVEY DUNN



HE "wop! wop! wop! woppety-wop-wop!" of distant rifle fire died away somewhere in old Mexico, over the edge of a yellow prairie that met the southern horizon. Thomas

Harvey Crofton grinned with sincere appreciation of his own indifference to those vanishing sounds.

Tommy Crofton sat on the veranda of the big adobe house in which he was born and which, in the course of years, had taken on something the appearance of a mediæval fortress stung with ambitions to become a modern villa. He winked at his small son Peter, aged four, who passed with Anita, the fat Mexican nurse, and grinned again when Peter winked back at him. Tommy was supremely contented; contented and happy. He thought he had every reason to be.

He owned the low, spring-fed hill upon which he lived and which made an island of vivid green in a motionless sea of parched grass; upon which grass, nevertheless, his cattle of the "Pitchfork" brand lived and thrived amazingly. He owned the little village which nestled under the hill. He had caused his heritage to grow, and to such a degree that he felt himself justified in having run away with Edith and with having married her. Moreover, Edith's father, Philadelphian and—which means the same thing—conservative though he was, of late had shown a tendency to overlook the fact that Tommy had been born elsewhere.

Finally, Tommy was happy because he lived in the United States. Formerly he had accepted this fact as a matter of course; now it was an additional cause for rejoicing. This was owing to one Heradura, who was a Mexican—and a patriot—of sorts.

Originally a bandit in a much smaller way of business, Heradura had taken the adjacent portion of northern Mexico and established a precarious "government" there. Among other officials he had appointed an *intendente*. Tommy had disappointed him.

With many flowers of speech, but also with a heat that fairly wilted them, the official in question had contended that the Pitchfork headquarters lay south of the Mexican line, and so were subject to Heradura's exuberant taxes. Tommy's contention had been that he didn't care a profanely small amount what the *intendente* or any one else said; he, Tommy, lived in the United States and nowhere else. Then, with the aid of an ordnance map and an engineer's transit, Tommy proceeded to prove his point, and the concrete evidence of that proof, just completed, was before him. It consisted of a low railing of peeled cottonwood poles, colored red, white, and blue with paint which still glistened stickily, and further adorned with small calico editions of the Stars and Stripes, which Tommy had been at much pains to procure.

This fence was the line. Well within it, a circular trench enclosed house and out-buildings. Not for a moment did Tommy believe it ever would be necessary to man this trench; Heradura, whose ambition was to be recognized by Uncle Sam, would hardly care to invade Uncle Sam's territory. Still, if Heradura *should* come, the trench was there, and Tommy thought he could depend upon his Mexicans, who liked him and hated Heradura. They hated Heradura not so much because he was a bandit as because he came from another part of the country.

This was a characteristically Mexican reason for hating a man. Tommy chuckled aloud as it recurred to his mind, so that Edith, who just then emerged from the house, smiled in sympathy.

"What on earth are you laughing at?" she asked.

He started to tell her, but with a face suddenly gone white she prevented him.

"Hark!" she commanded. "Did you hear?"

Tommy had heard. Anybody would have heard. The screams of a woman maddened with fear and rage carry far, and these had no great distance to go—only from the village. The voice was that of Anita, Peter's nurse. An instant later Anita herself appeared, screaming still and surrounded by women from near-by village houses. Then did Tommy Crofton's heart sink lower than he ever would have supposed that it could go. Peter was nowhere to be seen.

Tom wasted no time in trying to calm Anita and learn her tale. She, Peter's nurse, had appeared screaming and without her charge. That was enough. He knew what had happened—what must have happened; for certain threats of vengeance uttered by the *intendente*, which when uttered he had regarded as aimless vaporings, now flashed across his mind. With a spring he started for the village church, only to discover that some of the villagers had forestalled him. So he sprinted for the corrals instead, running as he had never run before.

Two bells hung in the belfry of that little church, one large and one much larger; so large, indeed, that it was a source of pride to the entire countryside. For all ordinary purposes the smaller one was used. The great one was to be rung only in times of vital need. There were well-grown children, born and reared in the village, who had never heard its voice. But now, as women threw their combined weight upon its dusty rope, something above creaked with rheumatic complaint, and that voice, unheard for so many years, boomed forth.

The deep tones quivered solemnly through the hot, still air, out over the yellow plain. They caused cowboys and *vaqueros*—which are the same things, only adjusted to the meridian of Mexico—to leave their herds and spur back toward that ambitious fortress on the hill and the trench surrounding it. It caused men, working or lounging within doors, to buckle on cartridge-belts and grasp their

rifles before running to the meeting-place, designated long before. It enabled a column to be formed, grim and heavily armed; a column which, with Tommy at its head, trotted through the village and out over the prairie in order to cut into the road on the far side of a bend, hoping there to pick up the tracks of the man who had stolen Peter. It was on its way long before Edith could learn what little Anita had to tell.

Anita, it seemed, was taking Peter to the dwelling of her sister, with whom Peter was a prime favorite. They had nearly reached that dwelling when some man, spurring from behind, had snatched Peter from the ground without dismounting. No, Anita had not recognized that man. There had been no time. Another man, also coming from behind, had struck her down. Both had vanished, taking Peter with them. That was all she knew.

Leaving Anita, elated by her sudden prominence, surrounded by women of her own race, Edith returned to the veranda. The great bell, its mission fulfilled, once more was silent. The column had by this time passed so far away that not even the dust that marked its progress could longer be seen. Flinging herself into a chair, Edith sat desperately trying to reason with herself, and to think of something—anything—that might help the quest upon which Tommy had departed, but trying in vain. She could not reason—could not think—only feel, feel and suffer.

How long she sat there Edith never knew. She knew only that the voice she longed for—the voice that she feared she never again would hear—Peter's voice—sounded from close beside her.

"Hello, mummy," it said quite casually. "I've come home. Pat, he bwinged me."

Then did Edith laugh and cry and hug that nonchalant young gentleman until he gasped for breath. At last, however, he wriggled free, and with an air that mingled injured dignity with stern reproof, spoke again.

"Muvver," he said, formally and severely, "vis is Pat. He bwinged me home. I told you before."

Until then Edith had forgotten that the world was tenanted by any inhabitant other than Peter; but, thus recalled to her

duty and herself, she turned to greet the rescuer of her son.

A most competent rescuer he was. Though six feet and a half in height, he seemed no taller than the average man, because his shoulders dwarfed him so. His arms, gnarled and knotted like old trees, allowed his hands to hang almost to his knees which, massive as they were, still were slightly bowed, as though from the weight of the great torso which they had to support. He was hatless, but otherwise dressed from head to foot in dusty black broadcloth. No costume more unsuitable and uncomfortable for that place and climate could easily be imagined. The man looked like nothing so much as a red gorilla, if there could be such a thing, clad in a preacher's garb.

The face also carried out this idea when one first saw it, for it was red, and framed in hair that was redder still, crowning the head and running under the chin. But Edith smiled into that face—as, if he had restored Peter to her, she would have smiled into the face of Satan himself—whereupon the rescuer also smiled, and all resemblance to a gorilla vanished instantly. A huge smile it was, as befitted its wearer; yet the kindness it expressed fairly overflowed, so as to shine from the eyes of blindest china-blue.

"I don't know how to thank you," said Edith, extending a hand which instantly was engulfed in his huge paw. "I don't believe there is any way of thanking you for what you've done. But I think, somehow, that you must know what I feel."

"I mebbe cud guess, ma'am," he answered, his smile broadening a trifle. "But sorra a bit av thanks is there comin' to me. Faith, an' didn't I *want* for to fetch the little lad home? Why wudden't I do ut, thin? What'd stop me?"

"Vose man twied to stop him," here observed Peter. "One of 'em took out a knife. But Pat, he tooked 'em off veir horses an' bwoke 'em. An' ve horses skedaddled. So we comed home."

Peter's succinct account of what had happened caused Edith to pale once more as she thought, womanlike, of what might have happened.

"Did you have to fight?" she asked quickly. "Are you hurt?"

"No, ma'am," answered the red giant,

with a regretful sigh. "There was no foight. There was but two av thim little, yella' men—no more. I lost me timper. Yet they was within their roights, sure."

"Within their rights!" repeated Edith, thinking she could not have heard correctly. "Was that what you said?"

"It was, ma'am," he answered simply; then went on to explain.

"Ye see, ma'am, thim Mexikins they *wanted* for to take me little fr'ind Pether. So they done it—which was their roight. But Pether, he didn't *want* for to go—so 'twas his roight to stop behoind, if he could. Then agin, I *wanted* for fetch Pether home—and well paid I was, be the soight av yer sweet face, ma'am. And as I *wanted* to bring him, sure 'twas me roight to bring him. So I done ut. An' there ye are!"

Edith looked at the speaker in blank astonishment. Obviously no joke was intended; yet such a code of ethics, so far as she could understand it, was monstrous—unthinkable. Alone as she was with this man, who was far more than a normal man, so far as physical strength was concerned, her reason told her that she ought to fear him. Her instinct, on the other hand, told her that from him she would have nothing to fear, now nor ever; that he was like a child who had discovered a plaything—in his case a bizarre idea—which he did not in the least understand, and with which he was therefore so delighted that he would amuse himself with nothing else. So she smiled at him again, and again evoked that all-pervading smile of his in return.

"Are you crazy?" she asked, in kindly derision.

"No, ma'am," he answered, quite seriously. "'Tis an Indivanarchualist I am."

"A what?" she cried.

"An Indivanarchualist," he repeated. "'Tis not loikely, ma'am, thot ye'll be knowin' what the word manes. I invinted ut meself. I will explain."

He paused, presumably to find words in which suitably to express his promised explanation. Peter, bored by the conversation, but too polite to say so, had strolled to the edge of the veranda. Now he held up a hand, as he had seen his father do, to command silence.

"Wisten," said he.

So the other two listened, but heard nothing. Edith was about to speak, but Peter shook his head.

"Wisten," he commanded once more.

Both heard then. They could not help but hear—not the soft thudding of hoofs, which the child's quick ears had caught, but the spiteful, snapping rattle of pistol-shots, so near by that one could also hear shouts and shrill yells, curses and cries of pain that accompanied it.

Springing forward, Edith whirled Peter behind her, so that her slight body sheltered his. Closer the firing came, and closer still. The red giant heaved himself to his feet, shedding his long, black coat as he did so. At the foot of the veranda steps lay a pole, intended for the topmast of a flagstaff which Tommy was going to erect. Snapping this pole across his knee, the giant gripped one fragment in his hand. His bowed legs were well apart, his mighty body leaning a little forward, and so for the moment he stood before the woman and child, facing the threatened danger, a living emblem of savage force and savage efficiency.

"I think they're comin'," Edith heard him murmur. "An' we don't *want* them here!"

Men did come, but not the enemy to whom the giant's words presumably referred. With a final sputter the firing ceased. Once more the ominous voice of the great bell boomed quiveringly forth. A party of Pitchfork men whirled up to the trench, dismounted and dropped into it. From the village came the excited chatter of women and whimpering of frightened children as Tommy, alone and sitting weakly on a wounded horse, emerged from the one street and rode toward the house. Again wriggling free from his mother, Peter ran to the edge of the veranda and waved his hand.

"Hello, daddy!" he shouted. "Here I am. Me an' Pat. He bwinged me."

Waving his hand in reply, Tommy called upon his horse, which tried gamely to respond. It broke into a staggering gallop; then faltered and pitched headlong, dead, throwing its rider heavily.

Before Tommy reached the ground that red giant had started toward him. The giant's gait was a sort of hopping lope

that did not seem fast, yet covered the ground in a manner that was amazing. Only about three of those hops apparently were necessary before the intervening ground was covered and Tommy tucked into the hollow of one great arm as a baby might have been carried there, while a huge paw compressed his thigh above a red stain that was spreading on his khaki riding-breeches.

"Are you the 'Pat' whom Peter mentioned just now?" asked Tommy, trying hard to steady his swimming brain, as he was lifted. "Was it you who met those two Mexicans on the road—and who left them as we found them?"

"I'm Pat, sorr," cheerfully admitted the person addressed, carefully lowering his burden into a long chair on the veranda. "Pat Casey is me name. Pathrick Casey, Indivianarchualist. As fer thim Mexikins—well, sorr, ye see I was forced into a bit av an argymint wit' thim, an' I fear ut left thim a thrifle mused, loike."

"Yes," agreed Tommy dryly. "I fear it did." Tom was no stranger to the sight of men who had died violent deaths; no one who has lived for long in that country can be. Yet he shuddered as he recalled the shattered remnants of those two men.

Wholly unmoved by recollections or anything else save the work in hand, Pat Casey, while still gripping Tom's thigh with one hand, with the other drew forth a knife, opened it with the aid of his teeth, and slit Tom's breeches, exposing the wound beneath.

"T'rough the muscles—nothin' more," he said, with a reassuring nod to Edith. "No bones bruk an' but little blood lost as yet. If ye'll sind fer some wather, ma'am, an' somethin' for to make bandages of, whoile I keep me hand here, faith we'll patch him up in no toime at all."

Edith had an emergency-kit. Although hating the sight of it, on account of what it symbolized, she had kept it and seen that it was in order ever since her marriage. Now, with Peter, eager and excited, trotting by her side, she went to fetch it. Tommy watched her until she was out of sight; then, with fierce earnestness, he dragged Pat's head nearer his lips.

"Casey, listen!" he whispered tensely.

"Things look bad. The two Mexicans you 'mussed' were mounted on horses belonging to the *intendente*. The men were the *intendente's* own brother and a nephew of Heradura himself. A native woman, who witnessed your 'argument,' told me. That's why I came back."

"Faith, I wish it was the *intindinte* and Heradura thimselves what I met up wit'," observed Pat regretfully.

"I wish to heaven it had been," answered Tom, with heartfelt sincerity. "But it wasn't. When the saddle-empty horses came home the *intendente* was there, ready to back-track them to the place where the bodies lay. Now he's calling in every man he can and mounting them. He's trying to cut off our people, still scattered over the prairie, as he tried to cut off me and the party with me just now. Then he'll hold the few of us who are here until Heradura can come and rush us. And Heradura won't care for boundary lines now. He *will* rush us."

"Mebbe," remarked Pat, grinning. "Mebbe not."

"We may as well face facts. It's almost a certainty," insisted Tom. "I sent three messengers to Fort Apache, and we'll hold out as long as we can. But even if my messengers get through, the soldiers can hardly reach us in time. And you can't fight Heradura's whole army, you know."

"I can thry," answered Pat; and the grin was still in place. But it was not a pleasant grin. It was the grin of a red gorilla.

"Faith, an' I *want* for to thry," he added with an air of finality; and Tom gave over the discussion. There was no time then for extended debate.

"Listen!" he said once more. "What I want to say is this: You know what those Mexicans are—and you're the only able-bodied white man in the place, now. I want to put my wife in your care. If the worst comes to the worst—"

Tom paused, swallowing hard, as though his throat hurt him. The facts and the possibilities that had been forced upon him he could face, ghastly though they were, but to put them into plain words was a task almost beyond him. Pat must have guessed what was com-

ing, for his face suddenly paled and the hand which still held the wounded thigh trembled a little. With an effort that could be seen Tom mastered himself and went doggedly on:

"Those brutes mustn't take my wife—alive. If the worst comes and you're still able to move, you must see that they don't."

"If I'm still able for to move, faith, they'll not take yer sweet leddy aloive nor anny other way," answered Pat, very positively. "No, nor me fr'ind Pether, nayther. Ye can go bail fer—whisht! She's comin'!"

Bringing her emergency-kit, and accompanied by Peter precariously bearing a basin of water in both hands, Edith came out of the house as Pat's warning was uttered. Tommy would not look at her. He dared not, for fear of what she might read in his face. With inward trepidation, but trying valiantly to recall the "first aid" lessons that she had taken long before, Edith would have tried to dress the wound but for Pat, who put her gently aside.

"Let me, ma'am," he said courteously, with that enticing smile of his. "Faix, 'tis an old task for me. I used for to help the docthors durin' the Boer War, till I cud do a simple thing loike this as good as they. An' divvle an ambylance was needed, they used for to say, whin I was on the job."

So Edith stood by and watched the red gorilla, who dressed the wounded thigh as gently as she could have done and more deftly by far. After it was finished Tommy would not go to bed. Therefore they remained on the veranda, all four of them.

There food was brought them and there they ate it, or pretended to eat, in order to reassure the others, as the case might be. Dusk fell and night followed. Back of the trench fires began to blaze, and the forms of women, lighted by the flames, to pass here and there as they cooked for the men. Out of the darkness, now and then, a little group of men would ride, first to be challenged sharply, then greeted with shrill cheers as they became known as friends. Of these groups, however, there were pitifully few. After a while they ceased to come and the great bell ceased its useless summons. The vil-

lage was abandoned, for it could not be held. The fires died down. The men in the trench slept. It was the women who kept watch. Women are better at this than men. It was the hardest part of all, but they could do it, and they did.

Surfeited with joyous excitement, Peter slept in a bed extemporized on the veranda, for his mother would part neither with him nor with Tommy. Pat Casey sat on the veranda's edge, whittling the great club he had made, shaping it to his hand. He had now shed his waistcoat as well as his long coat, and had wrenched away the paper collar and false bosom which, giving the impression of a "boiled" shirt, had lent unity to his costume, revealing him clad, above the waist, only in a sleeveless undershirt.

Tommy also had fallen asleep, but his slumbers, unlike those of Peter, were fitful and troubled. For a long time the silence was broken only by his occasional muttering and the sibilant passing of Pat's knife through the wood he was whittling. Then another sound, almost inaudible, made Pat look quickly around at Edith, to see that her face was hidden in her hands and that she was crying softly, trying not to be heard. Dropping his knife, and with a look of deepest concern on his ugly face, he reached over and consolingly patted Edith's foot, which was the only part of her he could reach.

"Don't, ma'am—don't!" he begged. "Sure, things isn't so bad! The place ain't took, yit—and if thim Gr'asers thries for to take ut, faith they'll run inta wan av the loiveliest toimes this brand-new State av Arizony iver has saw! They will thot! I'll go bail fer it, ma'am. So don't, now—don't!"

"It's not that at all," Edith found herself saying—and saying truly, as she believed. "Not at all! It's because I wrote to papa—my father—a week ago, asking for help. He's a senator, and can make things happen. But I promised Tommy I wouldn't, and I broke my promise, and I ought to be ashamed of myself, and I'm not! That's what makes me cry."

Pat recognized the touch of hysteria, though Edith did not, for a twinkle of kindly amusement showed in those blue eyes of his. But his voice was gravely sympathetic.

"Faith, ye *wanted* for to sind worrd to yer father, ma'am, an' so ye done ut. Which was yer roight," said he. "So what is there to be ashamed about? Nothin' at all, faix! And for why? Ye *wanted* to, loike I said."

While Pat was speaking the silence was rent by the nerve-racking even-song of a coyote. It woke Tommy, who caught the latter portion of Pat's speech, with its reiteration of that emphasized word. It irritated him.

"Are people supposed always to do just what they 'want' to do?" he demanded.

"Sure," was Pat's serene reply. "What else wud they do, if they had their way?"

For the moment no appropriate rejoinder occurred to Tommy's mind.

"Ye see, sorr, 'tis an Indivanarchualist I am," Pat went on, after a little pause. "The worrd, as I mintioned befoor, is me own invintion. I am an anarchist. I am also an indivijoolist. Indivanarchualist is a combination av the two."

"But aren't all anarchists also individualists?" asked Tommy. "I thought that one word implied the other."

"That's what anarchists thinks," replied Pat with a nod. "I think not. Listen, sorr. Don't anarchists blow up kings, an' such? They do. Ain't a king an indivijool, same as an anarchist? He is. The king, he *wants* for to hold down the job av a king; so he does ut. The anarchist, *he* wants for to be an anarchist. So he *is* wan. Both are within their roights. So what's the odds?"

"But then," objected Tommy, amused in spite of himself, "if the anarchist 'wants' to slip a charge of dynamite under the king, he has every right to try and do it, according to your notion."

"Aye," agreed Pat, nodding more vigorously, "just thot. An' the king, if he *wants* to, has the roight for to set the anarchist up ferninst a wall an' shoot holes in him. So there ye are, all happy an' comfortable. Lettin' ivery man do what he *wants* to do if he can manage to do ut. Thot's the creed I've been pr'achin' from Portland, Maine, clane over to this place. It's the creed I live for; an' if need be, I'll die for ut."

Pat's manner showed the deepest earnestness and most absolute conviction. The creed to which a man devotes his life,

no matter what that creed may be, is entitled at least to outward respect. Tommy, therefore, was silent. It was Edith who spoke.

"So you rescued Peter at the risk of your own and the cost of other lives, because you 'wanted' to," she said softly. "You're risking your life now because you 'want' to help Tommy and Peter and me, whom you never saw until to-day, and in all probability never heard of."

Then it was that Pat's red face became redder still, as the blush that suffused it caused its hue to rival that of his hair. He shrugged his shoulders from sheer embarrassment, as a small boy might do, as he searched his mind for some excuse.

"But—but d'ye s'pose fer a minut, ma'am," he blurted out at last, "thot I wudden't *want* for to be on hand fer the beautiful foight what is loikely to come?"

At this Edith laughed at him kindly but sadly—for a laugh can be sad at times like that—whereupon Pat's embarrassment became more agonized than ever, so that Tommy took pity on him.

"The 'beautiful fight', I fancy, will come just before daybreak," he remarked casually. "Those people are like the Apaches, in that they attack, by choice, at dawn or dusk. By the way, Casey, have you a pistol? I see that you have no rifle. You'll find both just inside the door."

"Thankin' ye, sorr, I want nayther," replied Pat, trying the balance of his club, which at last he had fashioned to his liking. "I don't know how to use thim things. But this, now—!" A flourish or two ended his sentence, and he laid the club down.

"Sure, dawn is a long toime fer the leddy to wait," he said, with a sigh. "I wisht thim Heradura lads wud come sooner. Thin she'd have some rest—an' forgit all this what has happened—an' be happy wance more."

Again Tommy shuddered at the unintended meaning of Pat's words—the kind of rest, oblivion, and subsequent happiness that might be Edith's—flashed across his mind. Yet he mentally echoed the wish. Anything would be better than this suspense.

Now, it is only the elusive light which

renders the dawn so favorite a time for an assault. A rising moon, which Tommy had forgotten, and which soon would shed a light that rivalled day, began faintly to touch the east with silver. Therefore one of the women who watched above the trenches had cause to utter a long-drawn cry of warning. A banshee might have given that cry. Before it ended the joint wish of the two men had been granted.

The woman's cry was merged in a chorus of those shrill yelps so dear to the Mexican heart, accompanied by the patter of many running feet that fell on the soft turf with a sound like the roll of muffled drums and by the crack of rifles that stabbed the night with vanishing darts of flame. A volley crashed from the trench, and its level blaze lighted the foremost rank of Heradura's charging men. It showed their faces, distorted evilly by the lust of battle. It glittered for an instant on weapons and on the bullion trimming of peaked sombreros. It showed their on-rushing forms, but showed them stricken with immobility, as a red photograph might have showed them. Then the picture was swallowed by a darkness made deeper by the contrast. There followed a moment of comparative silence, when Tommy could make himself heard.

"Edith!" he barked. "Inside—quick! Take Peter—and close the shutter as you go!"

From the first instant Edith had been bending over the sleeping form of her son. Now she lifted it and passed swiftly into the house. She forgot the shutter, and it was Pat who, reaching over with his club, closed that. This shut off a faint light which had been shining through a window back of it, so the veranda was in darkness. Tommy felt himself raised, chair and all, and placed well within the open front door.

"There—thot's betther," said Pat. "It may save throuble later, whin there's less toime. Fer thim fellys'll be comin' soon."

The first rush had been checked; yet Pat was right. Fervently profane commands could be heard in the thick ring of enemies, which the moon now faintly revealed. In response the ring dissolved, to become a dozen columns, rushing forward

with sickening speed. They reached the trench—crossed it—appeared on its inner side—and it was lost. In an instant the sward within its circumference was dotted with the forms of Pitchfork men—and women too—running for their lives toward the house.

It was the merest handful that survived to rush in through the open doorway. Beside and within that doorway stood the Indivianarchualist, grimly inactive, waiting for them to pass, and made visible by a red glare which began to rise from the corral sheds, just set ablaze.

The last of the fugitives entered; without perceptible interval the foremost pursuer followed, his machete swung back for a blow. From the long chair in which he lay Tommy's pistol spoke. The man dropped. Like a flash Pat stooped and, catching the body, tossed it aside as one might toss an old coat; but, quick though he was, he was still too late. The man had fallen across the threshold, and his living companions followed so closely that the door could not be closed.

Again Tommy's pistol spoke. From Pat there came a yell that made those of the Mexicans sound by contrast like the voices of children at play. The great bludgeon flickered around his red head with a practised ease that no man ever seen by any one there could even have approached. Then, for one astounding instant, Pat's club stopped in mid-air. In his face and in the faces of his assailants there appeared something like frightened awe. The eyes of all were fixed upon a point behind Tommy's head, and above it. In wondering astonishment, Tommy followed the direction of their gaze.

They were looking at Edith—at Edith and Peter. In heaven only knows what agony of mind she had stayed in the next room, where a forgotten candle burned and where Peter had slept serenely through the tragedy that was enacted outside. But the windows of that room were unguarded, and at the sound of shouts so near she had started to leave it. Now she stood in the doorway of that room with Peter, sleepily interested and not sufficiently awake to be afraid, staring at the intruders with the inscrutable eyes of childhood as he rested in his mother's arms. Never had she appeared

more lovely, never before so sad; yet there was no fear in her face—she was beyond that. The light of the candle behind her made an aureole of her bright hair.

She was a living *mater dolorosa* who, while still in early youth, foresaw that which was to come. Even matter-of-fact Tommy perceived this. To the assailants she was an apparition of that which they had been taught to hold most sacred and which, despite themselves, they held as sacred still.

Another instant, however, and the spell had broken. With an obscene jest and a screech of laughter no less so, a man sprang toward her with others at his heels. Before Tommy could fire Pat's club whistled through the air. The laughter died, and so did he who uttered it, for his head was crushed like a melon. Tom fired, and again the club descended. So nearly simultaneous were blows and shot that three bodies together upset his chair as they fell, and lay smotheringly upon him with their limp and lifeless weight.

Struggling to free himself, struggling to see, struggling even for breath, feeling the hot blood trickle from his reopened wound Tommy yet heard that dominating wacry, the wild, fighting yell of a wild Irish giant, pitted against an army and undismayed. Then Tommy's brain began to whirl and his senses to ebb and flow, but to ebb a little farther each time, drawn downward by the draining blood, and pushed down by the stifling weight that rested on his head and chest. Yet those cries were always in his ears, more distinct or less so as his senses came or went. So was the rattle of shots from the windows, fired by the fugitives who had lived to reach the house. Once he thought he heard the notes of a bugle and cheers pitched lower than those which come from the throats of half-breed Mexicans; but such imaginings he attributed to the intensity of his longing to hear those sounds, and so paid no heed to them. It was the noises of the fight—those cries, and the surging back and forward of feet—that held his mind.

Loss of blood and lack of oxygen fast were weakening Tom's struggles, when most unexpectedly those struggles met with partial success. Something—some



Dragon by Harvey Dunn.

He shook them off, and once more his club cleared a space around him.—Page 740.

part of a superincumbent body—slid aside, so that the air once more rushed unrestrictedly into his lungs, and the scene before him stood revealed.

Edith was not in the doorway now. Fearing an attack from behind, Pat had brushed her into a corner. There she crouched, still holding Peter, whose arms were clasped tightly around her neck, and whose terrified eyes were hidden against her breast in order to shut out the horror of what otherwise they would have seen. For it was horrible. Brutal and horrible beyond description, yet superbly heroic, as brutal things sometimes are.

Snarling and fierce and cowardly, those who had attacked were more like wolves than it would have seemed that beings in human form could ever be. For the moment they stood or shifted warily outside a semicircle of their own shattered dead. As wolves will slink here and there in furtive search for an opening into which they may rush and seize at a disadvantage some dangerous animal at bay, so they sought for such an opening against that red giant, standing alone between them all and the mother with her child. But no opening could they find, for none existed.

Pat's blue eyes were bloodshot now, and his chest heaved, but those eyes were keen as ever. No move escaped him. His shirt hung in ribbons, revealing the grand torso beneath, now reddened by a dozen wounds. One hand still gripped the great club. Edith drew a breath that in effect was a shuddering moan, and Peter wailed in sympathy. Without taking his eyes from the encompassing pack of his enemies Pat reached behind him and with his left hand patted Peter's shoulder encouragingly. Gently, in this instant of respite from his fight for all their lives, he tried to comfort the child and the mother as well.

There was nothing to fear now, he told them. The fight had been a good fight, but now it was over, "all but the shout-in'." The soldiers were coming—he had heard the bugles—and the soldiers wouldn't *want* the fight to continue. But still—ah!

Pat's words stopped short. There was a shot from the back of the crowd. The great Irishman winced, but stood firm,

notwithstanding. A voice was raised in shrill Spanish expletives, taunting the daunted assailants and calling them "women." Once more the taunted men yelled to give themselves courage and surged forward. Once more Pat's war-cry echoed through the house as his great club flashed upward and down to send another man, another and another still, to join those who had already fallen.

Urged by that taunting voice the assailants now fought desperately. Darting under the upraised club, one man struck with a knife, but only to have it sent spinning through the air by a careless flip of the Irishman's left hand, which then caught him by the throat, which it twisted before flinging him back among his fellows. Still the others came on, yelping at his flanks and trying to pull him down as the wolves they resembled might try to pull down a bull they had brought to bay and almost to exhaustion. Yet he shook them off, and once more his club cleared a space around him—a space they feared to cross because of the toll they would have to pay. They had pistols, but the press was too close to allow their use; almost inevitably they must have shot one another, for they stood on three sides.

Epics have been written around battles less heroic than this last stand of Pat Casey's. Few epics have immortalized fights so worthy and so lacking in the element of self. Still buried under the soft, dead weight that held him down, Tommy cursed, and in his weakness almost cried, because he had lost his pistol, and so must remain a useless spectator. He tried to cheer as Pat, though visibly weaker, leaned upon his club and dared those who stood against him to come within its reach—he alone against so many!

Again Tommy tried to cheer as a single man, yelling forth an oath, did rush forward, calling to the others; but the others did not come and for the last time that club swung to descend upon the head of Heradura himself. Tommy made a third attempt as he realized why Heradura had rushed forward alone. For now he could hear the soldiers beyond the possibility of a doubt. The men who had been attacking now hunted desperately for an avenue of escape, but there was none, and Tommy

knew that there could not be. So he tried harder than ever to cheer, but succeeded only in fainting away.

The fiery sting of Medical Corps brandy in his throat brought Tommy back to a more or less vague knowledge of the outer world. He opened his eyes to look into the face of a grizzled army surgeon, who held a cup to his lips but who set it down with a grunt of satisfaction as he saw that the mission of its contents had been accomplished. Tommy's eyes wandered in search of Edith.

"She's all right," said the doctor, with quick understanding. "She and the kid—both. Heaven knows why hurry orders were sent from Washington for us to come here on the jump, but those orders would have reached us too late if it hadn't been for that crazy Irishman. We'd seen him before. He passed through the post—Fort Apache—about a week back and tried to convert us all to a state of society in which every one was to do just what he wanted to do and nothing else. Nice sort of thing for army discipline. We laughed at him, but he was a decent sort and—"

"Will he get well? Is he badly—" Tommy began to ask. The surgeon stopped him.

"Shut up! I'll do the talking. I was saying that we tried to have some of the sergeants keep him for a while, for we feared that with this man Heradura ripping around loose he might get into trouble. But he wouldn't stay. He 'wanted' to go on his way, he said. So, luckily for you people, he did go."

Tommy said nothing. Whether or not the doctor continued his monologue as he worked over Tommy's wound was something that Tommy never knew. He was looking at Pat's great form, now swathed in reddened bandages, as it lay there near the swarthy men who had opposed him and who never, of their own volitions, would move again. By Pat's side knelt Edith, one arm around Peter, who stood looking down into the face of his huge friend, half in fear and half in wonderment at the change that was there. At length the strange immobility of that

great form so preyed upon Peter's mind that he could maintain silence no longer.

"Pat!" he called. "Oh, Pat!"

The shrill, childish treble pierced the clouds that were settling down over Pat's brain. So he opened his eyes, which fell upon the face of Peter puckered with anxiety, and he smiled, whereupon Peter also smiled, but it was a rather dubious smile.

"Pat—what you doin'?" he demanded.

It was hard for Pat to answer, and his voice, when he spoke, was very different from the voice that Peter had known; but the reply, nevertheless, was clear and distinct.

"Why, Pether, honey," he said, deprecatingly, "I fear I must be afther goin' now."

Still, Pat made no move to go. Therefore Peter, refusing to anticipate trouble, continued to gaze uncomprehendingly. But from Edith, kneeling beside him, a tear escaped; and before she could prevent it it fell to splash warmly upon Pat's forehead. His eyes turned from Peter's face to hers.

"Don't, ma'am—don't!" for the second time he begged her. "There's no use, sure, in—in thot. Faith—faith an' I—*want*—for to go."

It was a gallant lie. It was the lie of a gentleman, for it was spoken to spare a woman from pain. Its utterance took all Pat's strength, so that his voice, as he spoke the last words, was very faint. Still holding the end of a bandage, the surgeon turned and glanced quickly, then took off his campaign hat, placing it on the floor by his side. Still uncomprehending, but sensing the fact that something had happened, Peter once more hid his face against his mother's breast.

"He *wanted* to go—and he's gone," said the doctor to himself, again busied with his bandage. "Gone like a man, by God—as he was!"

Tommy was looking away, so that his face could not be seen. Edith knelt motionless. Within the house there was silence save for the voice of Peter, who mourned aloud and would not be comforted.

New York of the Seventies

BY JAMES L. FORD

Author of "Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop"



LOOKING back through the mists and shadows of more than half a century, I find that while much else has been lost in forgetfulness, the New York that I knew in the

Seventies was more deeply etched in my mind than the town of any one of the decades that have followed it. I have noticed also that when gray-haired citizens are gathered together for purposes of golden reminiscence they invariably hark back to that period as one of unique distinction; rich in memorable events, sweeping changes, and marked contrasts. That this decade enjoys like significance in the minds of those dwelling far beyond the limits of Manhattan is indicated by the keen interest awakened in every part of the country by Mrs. Wharton's "Age of Innocence," a novel dealing exclusively with a very small, very fashionable corner of the town as it existed then.

As a boy growing up during the preceding decade I had obtained a slight superficial knowledge of New York, but at the dawn of the Seventies I assumed the *toga virilis*, obtained a real job, and began the study of metropolitan life and customs that I have continued ever since. In my memory the successive decades through which I have passed assume the form of layers, like the rings in a tree-trunk, in the very heart of which lies the town that no foreigners and but few Americans thoroughly understand. I could not have chosen a better moment for seeking to penetrate the outer bark of that tree of urban knowledge, for the town was shortly to enter upon a new period of its history, and the decade that began with the Tweed Ring at the height of its power and ended with the municipal robbers dispersed and the city, sobered by the Moody and Sankey revival, slowly recovering from a business depression

rivalling that which followed the panic of 1857, may well be set apart as one of unique distinction and importance.

Divided by the disastrous panic of 1873, which in a single night brought to a close the Flash Age of corruption and extravagance that sprang from the Civil War, and inaugurated the few years of enforced economy, commercial stagnation, and sober thought that followed it, this decade shows us New York at its worst and at its best. There passed with the panic the conditions that made noisy, vulgar "Jim" Fisk a popular hero and gave easy tolerance to municipal rascality; that made Wall Street a great gambling-house and enabled judges to remain on the bench while notoriously in the pay of the Ring; that confirmed the criminal classes in the belief that, as one of them phrased it, "hanging is played out in New York."

Nothing is more significant of this transition from evil to good than the fact that in the middle of the panic year Edwin Booth was forced to retire from the management of the splendid theatre in which he had sunk every dollar of his fortune in the presentation of the classic drama as it had never been seen here before, and that two or three years later Lawrence Barrett, E. L. Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, and other noble interpreters of Shakespeare gave his plays on the same stage with extraordinary success. The dull times had given citizens desire and opportunity for serious thought.

But I am writing now of the city as I saw it when employed in a publisher's office at what is termed a "modest stipend" but which I called an immodest one, and associating daily with young men similarly occupied in banks or business houses. And these memories stand out all the more clearly in my mind when I compare them with the conditions that prevail here to-day. After all, it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world

that the town should have long since outgrown its transit facilities; that well-to-do families should live in houses because there were no flats; the poor in unsanitary tenements and the outcasts in slums; that the cattle-drovers should have their headquarters in Third Avenue at 24th Street, and that the farmers should weigh their hay in front of Cooper Union.

That the town has undergone marvelous changes since then in its physical aspects is a fact so obvious that it has long engaged the attention of the numerous class of philosophers whose thoughts run smoothly and slowly through well-rutted channels, and whose busy pens are occupied with chronicles of everything apparent, and discussions of matters long since noted by the observing. But the city has undergone even greater changes than mere physical ones, for many of its old-time distinguishing marks have been rubbed off through the hurry and bustle of the swifter pace at which we live. New York of the Seventies was not only smaller in extent and population but more distinctively American, with a strongly assertive Irish flavor, and along its entire water-front a fringe of Dutch and Scandinavian longshoremen. The great tide of Russian, Italian, Polish, and German immigration had not then reached our shores.

It was a more intimate and friendly city, one in which individuals were not swallowed up and lost to view in the vast hurrying, heedless throng of money-getters, for well-to-do citizens were apt to know by sight, if not personally, members of every grade of society. That most democratic of institutions, the Volunteer Fire Department, had bound them all together in a cohesive body and was still a very lively memory in the minds of "fire cranks" of every degree, its last official act having been to play on the smouldering ruins of Barnum's Museum in the summer of 1866.

Those were indeed times of piping peace, of quiet streets, of modest standards of living, of fine restaurants without bands, and oyster and chop houses with English instead of German waiters. Not even the most far-seeing urban *savant* dreamed of the three great forces then quietly organizing to rob future genera-

tions of that piping peace that should have been theirs by inheritance. The elevated railways were merely a project; in the few dimly lighted blocks below 23d Street could be found the genesis of the Great White Way; and the oil-fields of Pennsylvania had as yet produced nothing more noteworthy than Coal Oil Johnny, a bizarre waster of what was then an enormous patrimony, who died a few years ago in abject poverty.

In its social aspects the city was more dignified and less exuberant, restless, and extravagant than it is now. People dined in restaurants in order to get something good to eat or because they had no homes, not to listen to music or study the faces and clothes of chorus and demi-monde. Liveried servants were almost unknown, and one man on the box of a coach was considered enough. Well-to-do families dined in the basements of their houses and on summer evenings sat on the front stoops or in the little iron balconies that projected from the drawing-room windows. All the boarders in the house where I lived used to assemble on the stoop on pleasant evenings directly after dinner and remain there until the landlady's daughter, having finished with the dishes, entered the dark drawing-room and struck a few inviting chords on the cottage piano. On this signal the star boarder would unobtrusively withdraw from our group and soon his throaty tenor would be heard in "Starry Night for a Ramble," or his favorite *tour de force*, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," to which melodies we listened entranced.

Negro minstrelsy supplied the town with its jokes just as the reservoir furnished its water-supply. When we wanted to laugh, we went to the San Francisco Minstrels, a veritable well-spring of native humor that gushed forth night after night pure and undefiled. The jokes obtained through this source were generally administered in the form of conundrums and were remarkable for their longevity, partly because of their merit and partly because of the persistency and strength with which they were hammered into our heads by the mallet-like strokes of interlocutor and end-man.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Johnson, why a hen goes across the street?"

"No, Mr. Bones, I cannot tell you why a hen goes across the street. Why, may I ask, does a hen go across the street?"

But, although minstrelsy was essentially a humorous entertainment, its songs verged on the tearful, and as we were not ashamed of sentiment in that simpler age, we listened with delight to "Nellie in the Cold, Cold Ground," and "Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die."

Our beautiful harbor occupied a larger space in our thoughts before the skyscraper shut it off from view, and in 1870 there were still families of distinction living on the Battery. At that time the bay was white with sails instead of black with smoke, and even after the completion of the first transcontinental railway some of the old "A-1 Extreme Clippers" continued to set forth under full sail for the voyage around the Horn. As a boy I knew the rig of every ship on the waters and could distinguish a schooner from a brig and a barque from a barkentine, and I knew also that among all the shipping there were no finer models than the pilot-boats that cruised outside Sandy Hook waiting for the liners.

Sometimes I was taken by my father to the Maritime Exchange, where shipping news was received by telegraph from an astute and experienced observer scanning the horizon at Sandy Hook, and I was greatly impressed by the brief telegrams pasted on the bulletin-board as they arrived one after another a few minutes apart. "Square-rigger in the offing"—"Four-master"—"Looks like an Indian-man"—"In ballast"—"The *Mary Crawford* from Calcutta."

And the messages would bring a feeling of relief to the shipowner watching the bulletin-board, telling as they did the safe arrival of vessels often delayed by storms.

There are not wanting among us philosophers who decry the worship of wealth as a distinctly modern form of idolatry; but my memory tells me that it had a stronger hold in the Seventies than it has at the present day. And even then it could not have been called modern, for the worship of the Golden Calf lay many centuries behind us. There were fewer rich men in the town during the Seventies than now, and they were not as appalling-ly rich as their much-talked-of successors.

Nor had there arisen that antagonism to wealth that made them shun publicity. Moreover, the acquisition of a fortune was a difficult matter, and there were many conservative business men who declared that the days of great money-making had ceased with the close of the Civil War and would never return. For this reason, the small group of millionaires were regarded as a separate and distinct caste and their fortunes as permanent. They were revered only for their wealth, for the myth of the Four Hundred had not then arisen to compel money to divide honors with social importance. Despite the publicity given to our multimillionaires by press agency and its handmaiden photography, I know very few of them by sight; but we young fellows of the Seventies could pick out the men of wealth and importance as they walked up and down town between home and office, and showed themselves freely in the Saturday-afternoon crush along Broadway between Houston and 23d Streets and in the Fifth Avenue church parade on Sundays.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of that great dynasty of wealth, lived in Washington Place, and was a familiar figure on the road as he drove behind horses he matched with the skill of a professional trainer. A. T. Stewart was known by sight to half the shoppers in his Broadway store; William Waldorf Astor, then a young man, was a noteworthy figure because of his great height and protruding eyes, and there was not an office boy in Wall Street who could not point out Daniel Drew to inquisitive strangers. As I walked to my office in the morning, I invariably met Ciro Delmonico returning in a cab from the daily marketing which he never entrusted to other hands, and no week passed without affording me a glimpse of the venerable Peter Cooper, to whose old-fashioned one-horse chaise even the roughest truck-drivers cheerfully accorded right of way, saying: "You first, Mr. Cooper."

Seated on a bench in Madison Square, with children clustered about him, was George Francis Train, gray, hatless, and clothed in white, who had been in his day a personage of some distinction, one of the creators of the Union Pacific Railway and, so rumor said, the founder of the city of

Omaha, against which municipality he was carrying on a suit for thirty million dollars in settlement of his real-estate claims. There were also various citizens who cultivated their chance resemblance to some celebrity and were proud to be known as the more famous ones' "doubles." There was a sexton who looked something like Henry Ward Beecher, and a poet whose cloak and carefully trimmed beard suggested Tennyson. He lived somewhere in the country and came to town once a week to vend his Thanksgiving and Christmas odes and other metrical wares produced by his prolific pen. There was another poet whose countenance was not unlike that of Edgar Allan Poe, whom he resembled in certain minor respects. Chronically poor, he wore his hair like Poe, drank like Poe, quarrelled like Poe, and if he could only have written like Poe, the likeness would have been complete.

We young fellows could also recognize many of the most prominent gamblers and crooks, which must seem strange to a generation living in a city so large and cosmopolitan that individuals averse to publicity are lost to view in its crowds. The most conspicuous of these was John Morrissey, whose broken nose was a relic of his prize-fighting days, and who was in his day a member of Congress and at the same time the proprietor of gambling-houses in New York and Saratoga. He was generally seen in and about the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a neighborhood rich in gambling-houses. At Eighth Street and Broadway, "Mike" Murray was wont to stand on sunny afternoons within easy distance of his temple of chance opposite the Sinclair House, and farther up-town one could see Charles Ransom, considered the handsomest member of the sporting fraternity, and described at his death as "the last of the square gamblers."

There were also to be seen on Broadway on sunny afternoons "Reddy the Blacksmith," whose saloon was in "Murderers' Row," between Houston and Bleeker Streets; Mr. Jimmy Hope and his accomplished son who engineered the Manhattan Bank robbery; Wesley Allen, named by a pious father after the great Methodist dissenter; Dan Noble, who built a hotel, still standing, from the pro-

ceeds of bank robberies—saints as well as sinners, we could pick them out as they passed.

The lower wards were rich in customs peculiar to each locality and in characters racy of the soil and quite unconscious of their "quaintness." Every political association had its annual picnic, preceded by a march around the district, and on holidays the "Original Hounds" and similar social clubs paraded in grotesque costumes. Slumming had not then been imported from London, nor had bands of gaping "rubbernecks" and spectacled students of sociology created fake dens of vice and bred a race of imitation bad men.

The East Side had its customs and characters as well long before Steve Brodie leaped into a publicity that eventually yielded him a moderate fortune and brought hundreds of sightseers to the Bowery. Red shirts were still to be seen along that now peaceful thoroughfare, and the beauty of the Grand Street girls was celebrated in song and legend. The Bowery Theatre, than which no playhouse in this country can boast a longer or more varied and glorious history, supplied its audiences with every variety of thrills; and a few blocks farther up-town Tony Pastor gave food for laughter, through entertainers of talent, many of whom shone in later years on the legitimate stage. Meanwhile two small boys of the Jewish race were appearing at benefits and small East Side museums in such specialties as their version of Dickens's "Poor Joe" and what they called a "Tidy-Tearing Act," thus humbly beginning their joint career as Weber and Fields. In my wanderings through this region I sometimes came across one or two ragged boys mounting guard over a plate strewn with small coins, in the midst of which stood a candle whose flame told passers-by that a poor family was in danger of eviction from some squalid tenement.

A few old Irishwomen gathered in small change and many glasses of whiskey by "keening" at wakes, to which mournful gatherings they were welcomed because of the fervor with which they celebrated the virtues of the departed. Another individual for whom mortuary rites pos-

sessed a strange fascination was "Johnny Lookup," who trudged after every funeral procession no matter what his affiliation with the mourning family. I recall also "Dick the Rat," who, locked overnight in a building, would emerge in the morning with his bag filled with live rodents which he sold to the owners of rat-pits.

Conditions were not favorable to those compelled to earn their own living during the later years of this decade, and it seems to me now that they were especially hard on young men and on women of all ages. All positions of trust or importance were in the hands of the middle-aged or the elderly, and small consideration was paid to those under thirty. Jobs were so scarce that, once obtained, it was necessary to hold on to them with desperate clutch, and so ill paid that few of my contemporaries were able to get along without parental aid; and laborers received one dollar a day.

I held my place in the publishing office for four years at a salary of eight dollars a week and whatever commissions I could pick up on advertising, and it was not until after months of work that I returned to the office one afternoon bearing in triumph the annual notice of a corporation on which my commission was forty cents. During those four years I did not receive a single offer to work elsewhere, and when I did leave, which I did at the very first opportunity, it was to find employment with a gentleman who owes me seven weeks' salary to this very day.

Conditions were even less favorable to self-supporting women, to whom few avenues of employment, save the teacher's dreary path, were open. There were no feminine bookkeepers or clerks in offices, and the appearance of a young girl in the financial district caused a general turning of heads and ogling. Not until the Eighties did the typewriter begin to flood the lower part of the town with skirts and blouses.

Another condition under which we all suffered was the illiberal attitude of the ruling classes, which included the merchants and bankers from whom we earned our bread, toward the observance of Sunday, the only day in which we could indulge in any form of wholesome amusement.

Fortunately for me, my own employer was not a narrow-minded man, but many of my young friends were afraid to join me in rowing on the Harlem or Passaic Rivers or to enjoy any of the sports that were frowned upon by the prominent citizens who were doing their best to keep the art galleries and concert rooms closed on the Sabbath. When Cooper Union threw open the doors of its library and reading-room on Sunday afternoons, *The Herald*, usually regarded as distinctly radical in its opinions, pronounced the innovation a "dangerous experiment." I was barely conscious of the evil influences of the Sunday laws, but I saw something one day that set me to thinking. While walking far up-town one Sunday afternoon, I paused to look at some young men who were playing baseball in a vacant lot, and just at that moment the police sneaked in on them, arrested such of the players as were not sufficiently fleet of foot to escape, and bore the offenders off to the place of judgment. Impelled by curiosity I watched the other young men and noted that they bent their steps toward the ever-swinging side-doors of the nearest saloon.

A part of my heritage was a family acquaintance with certain highly respectable families, including some of the then dominant rich Presbyterian caste, to whom the pranks and activities of some of our modern fashionables would read like the findings of a vice commission. Sometimes I received cards for an afternoon reception at which many of us appeared in evening dress. But these social advantages did not appeal to me as strongly as did opportunities to enter circles alien to my native environment, and I well remember my delight when I procured a ticket for the mask-ball given every winter by the Cercle de l'Harmonie at the Academy of Music, and which I attended in a Hussar uniform borrowed from a fellow boarder who had served in the French army.

The mask-ball impressed me as a spectacle of bewildering beauty and gaiety, as it undoubtedly was; for the French balls of that period never failed to attract the cream of the demi-monde, of the *jeunesse dorée*, and of the theatrical profession, than which no more brilliant com-

pany can be imagined. For hours I wandered about the floor, my face concealed by a sort of mask I did not know how to take off, my feet aching in my tight boots, and the thirst and hunger which I had not the means to appease growing within me at every step. Nevertheless, I was having a perfectly splendid time, for I had reached the culminating point in my innocent attempts to "see life"; and the mere sight of the wayworn professional dancers hired to impart to the affair the desired spice of what we called "Frenchiness" filled my soul with rapture.

My young friends to whom I related my experiences of the night envied me my good fortune in having procured a free ticket, bestowed in consideration that the wearer should appear in costume, and regarded me as a *viveur* of unusual sophistication. As I look back to it now I think I must have been the greenest and least-sophisticated person in the entire assemblage.

Although we young fellows attended theatres to the utmost limit of our means, and I am quite sure that every one of us cherished some secret ambition to act or to write plays, the theatrical profession was so far removed from the commonplace callings that we followed, that entrance into it seemed an impossibility. Playwriting was not taught in colleges, and as for the players, they sought to preserve the footlight illusion by keeping apart from the common herd. Nor were they generally "received" in society, and the few daring hostesses who entertained them were regarded by their compeers of the social world as distinctly eccentric.

Consequently, we looked with great respect upon those actors whom we chanced to meet on Broadway, and there was not one of us who would not have given his eye-teeth for even the slightest acquaintance with them. One whom I recall with vivid distinctness was Lester Wallack, who sought to maintain the illusion of youth by the dye that imparted to his gray mustache a deep-purple hue, by the swagger in his walk, and by the all-conquering boldness with which he "gave the eye" to every good-looking young woman he passed. Of quite another type was Harry Montague, who appeared more frequently on Fifth Avenue than Broad-

way, as befitted a *matinée* idol whose equal has not been seen since then. The crowds about the stage-door of Wallack's Theatre on pleasant afternoons included many young women of the best social position, who had been carried away by his acting. There have been other stage-door groups of similar appearance since then but they were made up largely of hirelings, mobilized by the actor himself or his press-agent. I don't know what Montague's histrionic ability was, because I was not then sufficiently experienced to judge; but I can readily testify to the grace of his bearing, the charm of his personality, the beauty of his face, and the impression that he conveyed of well-bred, well-groomed aristocracy. He was a regular attendant at the Little Church Around the Corner, and after his untimely death, in 1878, there was placed in that edifice a memorial window which I believe is there yet.

I think that the stage had a stronger hold on us young fellows than it has on the present generation of youth; and I am sure that the only way to study and learn to appreciate the drama is by viewing it in one's shirt-sleeves from the top gallery. It was in this fashion that I assisted at the first performance of "The Shaugraun," with Boucicault, Ada Dyas, Montague, and Harry Beckett in the cast. Boucicault's devotion to the old sod had given him an enormous Irish following, and I think my friend and I were the only persons in the gallery that night who were not of that race. Well do I recall the delighted shouts of laughter that greeted Miss Dyas when she said in answer to Montague's admission that he was "English, you know," "I remarked your misfortune."

Since the days of which I write, I have lived through more than four decades of urban history and penetrated as many layers of the crust that conceals the innermost heart of the town from the eyes of the heedless and unsophisticated; but earliest impressions are the most lasting, especially when seen through the perspective of later years and ever-changing conditions. Even if another decade of life be granted me, it will carry with it no knowledge, no fresh experience, that will dim my remembrance of the city that I

first saw with the sanguine, receptive brain of youth.

Thinking of those years which, though remote as we measure time, are still fresh and fragrant in my memory, this overgrown metropolis shrinks to its former size; the automobiles disappear,

the noise of the elevated roads ceases, the vast swarms of aliens melt away, leaving the native-born once more in evidence; and all the old conditions and atmosphere of New York return, bringing with them the blessings of comparative peace and quiet.

Ethnan

BY CARY GAMBLE LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATION BY O. J. GATTER



LANGDON EYRE is back from France. I hope to keep him until October; but he is a rolling stone, although the Germans did stop him, for a time, in the Argonne. I met him at the pier, at six, when his steamer docked. Midnight found us still talking.

We sat in the library of his town house; the yellowed newspapers, stuffed under the Charles Street window-sills, showed murder headlines of an August five years gone. Beyond the circle of the shaded lamp the wide room lay in shadow. Tall, sheeted chairs loomed ghostly here and there, like shafts of Moslem tombs. Through the garden window, at our backs, the wandering night breeze floated. Things smelt of linen, dust, and rose. At times a resurrected electric fan awakened, roared resonantly, chirred, and slept.

"Quiet, isn't it?" I said. "That's twelve just striking on the clock next door; you can hear it ticking through the wall. Your throat? Keeping you up too late, old man, with my million questions?"

"Make it another million," he replied.

He rose and threw himself, at full length, upon a sofa. Against the dark morocco his clear face lay in sharp relief.

"You are too handsome, Langdon," I

said irrelevantly. "Why weren't you born a girl? How many hearts knew breaking in the Land of Widows?"

He smiled. "More heads than hearts; the sand-bag shields the heart." He crooked his trigger finger.

I thought of the three February days when, made ranking officer by death, with a handful of his men he held a salient in the Argonne Wood.

"War's over for to-night," I said. "Ils ne passeront pas. Leave it to the poilus. Tell me about the Balkans. Some of your letters were postmarked 'Uskub.'"

Instead of answering, he began repeating, half to himself, something in French.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The Almond Blossom Song," he replied.

"Qui sait, quand la belle saison finira, lequel de nous sera encore en vie? Soyez gais, soyez pleins de joie, car la saison du printemps passe vite, elle ne durera pas."

"Écoutez la chanson du rossignol; la saison vernale s'approche. Le printemps a déployé un berceau de joie dans chaque bosquet, où l'amandier répand ses fleurs argentées. Soyez gais, soyez pleins de joie, car la saison du printemps passe vite, elle ne durera pas."

"Is that what the Balkans remind you of?" I asked. "Well, how are the women? Pretty? Different?"

"In the harem," said Langdon, "are ninety flowers, but their savor is the same." "Pretty?" Yes. Some—the Georgian women of the chiefs. More beauty

passes by this doorstep in a single day than all the East can show in fifty years."

"The fabled East," I said, "is mostly humbug, squalor, dirt, smells, hot streets, and ugly women."

"That is the real East," he answered, "the low, hot East of the tourist. The Balkans are the Near East, the high, cool East of hill and mountain. I like Albania. I spent some time there, and had many friends."

"Albania," I said. "The Romans called it 'Robber Land.'"

"The name clings," said he. "In the mountains, though somewhat tamed, the rifle is the law. But the chiefs are real chiefs; their stone-wall houses can withstand a siege—the last remains of feudal Europe. There is no middle class; it's the velvet jacket or the horse-hair capote. They have some culture. You sit on the floor, eating messy somethings with your fingers; a governess gives French lessons in the next room; but white-kilted guards stand by, with yataghan and rifle."

"Any game?" I asked.

"Plenty," he replied. "Hare, woodcock, francolin, and boar. In the mountains near Saiga, in the eyalet of Uskub, gazelle are found on the large preserves. We coursed them with hawk and greyhound. Sometimes the daughters of the chiefs rode with us. They rode astride, but always veiled or visored—Albania is semi-Turkish. Sometimes a veil was torn, a velvet visor fell. Accident, spill, or brushing thorn branch. That——"

"What was her name?" I asked, interrupting. "Irene or Zaidee?"

"That was the life," he continued. "Green valleys, Arab horses, greyhounds, and gazelles. The last month of my wanderings found me back at Saiga, where I had hunted first and stayed longest. The war was on. The French had seized the town. The roads were blocked; the single railway was swamped; barracks were springing up like mushrooms; soldiers swarmed; murder stalked. In the mountains all was as in the old time: brooding blood-feuds paid in full; houses sacked and burned; families scattered and destroyed. 'Robbers all at Parga.' " (He hummed the old song.) "More soldiers came—Serbs, Greeks, Colonials, Senegalese—God knows what—a potpourri of war. I

joined the French. Our barracks being only partly up, my company was billeted on the town. First, I was quartered on a Greek, and then on an Armenian Jew. It was moving to change fleas. I had some gold left, and soon managed to find lodgings in a house at the end of the village. Two girls I knew lived there. They were sisters. Niki, the——" He had a fit of coughing.

"The fog in my throat," he said. "Hand me the water-pitcher."

"I'm not going to remonstrate again," I told him. "You're the doctor."

He resumed, his voice growing stronger.

"Saiga is hardly a town, hardly a village, in spite of its railway. It is merely a double row of low stone cottages fronting a single street, dust or mud, according to the season; hog-wallowed and none too clean. But that street is a street of almonds. Not the pink-flowered almond of the South, but a wild-plum almond, having no scent or fruit. The peasants love it for its white blossom. Almonds, almonds everywhere. Each littered yard, each ragged garden, has its cluster. They crowd the roofs, they choke the lanes, they overflow into the prairie. Niki and Lipa, my girl friends, were refugees from the country. They were comely peasant girls, high-breasted, kind, and strong. Niki, the younger, hardly eighteen, was the strongest woman in the eyalet. She could lift an ox. She took no fooling. The soldiers knew it. Their house was the last on the street, and the last before the hills began. Our northern outposts were near by. Opposite, a spring gushed from a mound of almond-covered rocks into a rough granite basin, and overflowed into the street. The stone-paved gutter was an icy brook. At sunset the village girls came—friends of Niki's—I soon knew them. Every evening, when I was on post, they sat around me on the rocks, and we sang together. I taught them the 'Almond Blossom Song.' It spread like wildfire. Niki served wine and cakes, and Lipa played her mandolin. We had gay parties—discipline was French. Usually they came in a troop and always ran away together, like brown-legged partridges. I called them 'The Covey of the Fountain.' One evening they brought a stranger, a dark girl in orange bodice and short,

black skirt streaked with scarlet slashes; when she moved the scarlet showed, like the spread feathers of a redstart. Her hair was thick, black as night, and massed within a net of bright, metallic links. A lacquered cigarette-tray hung by a blue ribbon from her shoulder. She had small, shapely feet, and wore light sandals. The girls seemed rather shy of her. She did not talk, but sat quietly upon the fountain edge listening to the singing and trailing her fingers in the water. I spoke to her and bought her stock of cigarettes. She thanked me, smiling, when I passed the cigarettes among the girls. They laughed and looked at Niki, but Niki was singularly silent. Next evening the stranger came again. I bought her stock of cigarettes again, and passed them around. When the covey left, she remained sitting on the fountain edge, trailing her fingers in the water. Presently she rose and went away. I watched her long, swift gait, until she vanished down the street.

"I turned to Niki.

" 'Who is that girl?' I asked.

"She pretended not to hear.

"I asked again: 'Who is that girl?'

" 'No one knows,' said Niki.

" 'Some one does know,' I said. 'Who is she?'

" 'Ask the soldiers,' said Niki. 'She came with the soldiers. She sells to soldiers.'

"She laughed and went away, singing: 'It is the season of almond flowers.'

"Niki was very jealous; delinquencies on my part always brought on a scene. She loved me with hale, pagan passion. Once, when standing sentry at the fountain, I sang in her native tongue the 'Almond Blossom Song,' with Lipa's clear tenor piercing the woodland voices of the chorus, she rushed forward, seized me, lifted me, and, holding me at arms' length, ran with me, rifle and all, twice around the fountain. Setting me down, she tore open her bodice and knelt at my feet, with head thrown back, pressing my rifle-stock against her breast. The laughing girls, struck suddenly dumb, looked on in awed understanding. Thenceforth the village had new names for us. She was 'Langdon's Doll.' I was 'Niki's Sol-

dier.' Well, that night I dreamed about the mountains. All day I was restless and haunted. I roamed through the barracks aimlessly. Sentry-go would never come. It came at last, but the covey came alone. They laughed, seeing my wandering gaze. A red-haired minx, with whom I sometimes walked, said: 'Langdon's Doll is very strong. The stranger's cigarettes are stronger.' Niki did not seem to hear.

"The war drew nearer. The north was overrun. The English came. My hours were changed. I went on post from ten to midnight. The covey days were ended. One night Niki stood with me, at the fountain. She was restless and would not let go my hand. We were to leave next day. We had been leaving every day for a month, but somehow we were still at Saiga. It was mid-spring; a warm breeze was blowing from the south; the almonds, past full bloom, were dropping petals. The long street, bathed in soft moonlight, lay snowed in with white blossoms. Frogs chirped in the little marshes. Nightingales sang in the thickets, and from the neighboring rooftops. In the garden Lipa sat with her soldier lovers. Niki suddenly dropped my hand. 'There,' she said, pointing down the street. 'Pity her.' She went toward the house. The stranger came with long, swift, mountain stride, and halted at my barring rifle. She was changed. The tray and gypsy hair-net were gone. She wore a simple dress of white, and belted jacket of knitted purple wool. Her hair was loose and reached her waist. Her feet were bare and gray with dust. The right foot showed a recent cut.

" 'You have cut your foot,' I said, laying aside my rifle and sitting on the fountain edge. I wet my handkerchief and bathed the foot. The handkerchief turned dark. The foot lay, white, within my hand.

" 'Little foot,' I said, touching it, 'next time use deeper staining. You have travelled far the long road, little, high-arched foot of happy mountain valleys.'

"Long shudderings seized her. Tears were in her wide, black eyes.

" 'Happy is the road,' she said, 'that passes near your dwelling.'



Next evening the stranger came again.—Page 750.

"The south breeze blew; the full moon rode; the almonds bowed and sifted white; the showering petals filled her hair. From the doorstep Niki watched. In the garden Lipa's clear voice rose, singing with her soldier lovers.

"At midnight I walked with her down the street, arm around waist, cheek pressed to cheek, in soldier-sweetheart fashion. Girls, sitting in the doorways, laughed. A voice said: 'Niki has lost her soldier.' At the southern outpost the sentry smiled and passed us. A mile beyond we stopped.

"'Tomorrow I shall not be here,' I said. 'But I will remember.' She did not answer, but turned away, lingering, uncertain. Then 'This,' she said, laying her hand upon a watch-charm pinned to my tunic—an antique coin worn smooth with years of wear. I wrenched it off and gave it to her. She put it to her lips—I thought to bite it. I was chilled and angered.

"'I forgot,' I said. 'No need to break your teeth. It is gold. And ten times over. Take it, you who sell to soldiers.'

"She shivered slightly, facing me with brave, wounded eyes. Then she went away, with her long, swift mountain stride."

Langdon coughed.

"Niki did not lose her soldier the next day," he continued, "nor the next, nor for many days. At last the order came. I gave my horse and guns to Lipa. I gave Niki my ring, my travelling-case, and all my gold. At sunrise we mustered in the train-shed. All the village folk were

there. The train backed in; rifles clanked; feet stamped; canteens and packs were shifted. 'Entrez!' the sergeants shouted. We broke ranks and piled aboard, jostling and crowding to the windows. The whistle blew; the doors were slammed and locked; the train pulled out, thronged with sweat-grimed, boyish faces, and strong with brown arms waving from the windows. The fountain girls ran close beside, tossing pomegranates and kisses. 'Come back in almond-blossom time,' they cried. 'Bring Enver's turban for your doll. Farewell, Niki's soldier.' Enver wears his turban yet. We fought in Serbia, and were transferred to France. I did my bit until the Germans gassed me in the Argonne."

He stopped, felt in his breast pocket, and took out something.

"That's Saiga making—all I brought away," he said. "I found it in my kit. Niki packed it."

He tossed it to me.

"A cigarette-case," I said. "It's heavy. What's it made of? Bone?"

"Horn," he answered. "Gazelle horn."

"What's this," I asked, "set in the side? Looks like gold. Oh, I see—a Roman coin. I can just make out 'Caligula.'"

Newly-carved, beneath the letters, were a falcon and a greyhound.

"They are skilful artists," he said.

"Here's another word," I continued, "under the greyhound. 'Ethnan.' Arabic, isn't it?"

"Hebrew," he replied. "Well known in soldiers' quarters."

"What does it mean?"

"The harlot's fee," said Langdon.





AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



TWO regrettable facts in life spring partly from the same cause; the facts are chronic unhappiness and slovenly work, both of which are too common to escape observation. The cause is the inability of the average person to combine duty and pleasure. The majority are forever seeking pleasure outside of the job, and when the job is purely mechanical perhaps they are not to be blamed. If, by some miracle, the factory worker or miner could perform his task as the old-fashioned carpenter, shoemaker, or mediæval artisan worked at his specialty, the "labor problem" would be very nearly solved. No doubt the nature of the task would have to change as well as the mind of the laborer. I regard myself as an extremely fortunate man in many ways, and particularly in this—that the work by which I make my living is a constant delight; it is exactly what I should wish to do if I lived on invested capital. Even if I were a millionaire, I could not more enjoy doing voluntarily the things which I am now forced to do—teaching, learning, lecturing, and writing. The pleasantest thought that I have on rising in the morning is the necessary work that awaits me; do you wonder that I call myself fortunate?

I am sorry for those whose work has in it nothing of the spirit of adventure; but I remonstrate with those who, although their work is individual and creative, still regard it as drudgery. I was talking a little while ago with one of the leading singers of the Metropolitan Opera House. She said: "The public have a completely mistaken idea of the life of a prima donna; they think it must be wonderfully happy, filled with pleasure, meeting the gayest people, having constant excitement, being taken out to dinner every night. As a matter of fact, it is a life of the hardest and most unremitting toil, scarcely any fun at all." Did she not make the cardinal error of forgetting that the chief fun

of her life lay in the work itself? It ought to be a delight to interpret before enthusiastic audiences masterpieces of music.

Most persons are afraid to confess either that they are happy or that they enjoy their work. Some are superstitious, and fear that if they say they are happy, some jealous and mysterious force will take their happiness away; others are so afflicted by the insidious disease of self-pity that they have acquired the habit of regarding themselves as protagonists in tragedy. Two weeks of influenza would make their ordinary daily activities seem more alluring.

One of the reasons for commending the sincerity of that strangely assorted pair, Mencken and Nathan, is that both enjoy their lives and their work so ardently, and never hesitate to proclaim the fact. I suppose I differ from each and both of those men on nearly every conceivable topic except on this; and I defy them to get any more fun out of life than I.

The conventional attitude toward work, that duty and pleasure cannot live together, is taken, curiously enough, by Franklin P. Adams, whose verse and prose in the *New York World* add so much happiness to our daily existence. Some time ago in this magazine, I wrote, "More people ought to read Milton for pleasure." F. P. A. did me the honor to comment on the remark; he thinks oughtness and pleasure cannot be associated. "The word 'ought' ought not to be in the same sentence with the word 'pleasure.'" Well, I think it ought to be, and that if the two words were more frequently combined, the sum of human happiness would be increased. Only to-day I read this *obiter dictum*: "But duty may often best be performed if it is viewed more as a pleasure than as a job." Who wrote that homily? Ralph Waldo Emerson? The author is George Jean Nathan.

I am sorry for all who have to seek happiness outside of office hours. The

blue bird should not require an expensive and elaborate equipment for his pursuit. Many people speak of the careless happiness of childhood, as though in our infancy happiness were chronic. It was not so with me. At that primitive period, my pleasures consisted of interruptions. The exceptional events were the things of joy. Saturday was the best day of the week, while Christmas, New Year, and the Fourth of July were delirious. Now, so far as I am concerned, I do not care a rap for these special occasions. I like to see children enjoy themselves, and it is pleasant to contribute to their enjoyment; but for my own part, I look forward to Christmas without a thrill. Does this mean that I have lost my happiness? On the contrary, it means that now every day is Christmas. Instead of looking forward to some special event to bring happiness, the only thing I ask is that there may be no interruption. If I can remain sufficiently healthy to work, that is all I require. Every day brings with it enough excitement in professional labor and relaxation in sport and social life, so that I ask nothing unusual—it is the usual thing that I fear to lose rather than the unusual thing I wish to grasp.

Gorki's view of life in Russia, as he knew it in his childhood, would seem to be exactly the opposite of what I have been endeavoring to describe as my chronic condition. In his autobiography he said that the ordinary daily existence of the average Russian was so unspeakably dull and hopeless that families were glad when their houses burned down, because it was something different. Even a disaster was a relief. Gorki never was a cheerful writer. The chief thing that impressed him at Coney Island was its intense gloom and the expression of hopelessness he saw on all the faces.

William T. Tilden, 2d, the champion lawn-tennis player of the world, is an author as well as an athlete. I am reading his new book, "Singles and Doubles." He is more careless in writing than in playing, for on page 26 he says that in 1909 McLoughlin was seventeen and on page 27 that he is now only thirty-three. Furthermore there are many typographical errors, due apparently to carelessness. For example: "That man is the greatest

tennis genius that the world has ever known, Norman S. Brookes, of Australia." The slip brings to mind a story once told to me, with chuckle-accompaniment, by William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States. He said that he was once presented to an audience as follows: "We have with us to-day one whose name is a household word, one whose name is known to every man, woman, and child in these United States—William Henry Taft."

These surface-flecks should be removed in subsequent editions, which the book will certainly reach. Tilden is a player of genius, but he is also a Personality. He is a student of the game and of his opponent; the psychology of athletes interests him as much as their skill. His tennis treatise contains not only valuable hints, entertaining anecdotes of champions, and short dramatic histories of various matches, but an earnest plea that tennis in the secondary schools should be made a major sport. The reason why the supremacy in this game has passed from England to America is largely owing to the fact that it is not treated with respect in the English public schools; it does not begin to have the standing accorded to cricket and football, and is thought to be not sufficiently masculine for boys to play seriously. In our country it is popular in both schools and colleges; students love to watch football, but they love to play tennis. Now, if we can take the one additional step, and make it a recognized major sport, so that there will be in the eyes of youth as much glory in being a tennis champion as in being a half-back, two things will be accomplished: the Davis Cup will stay in America, and, what is more important, the health and strength of the average school and college student will be improved. For, as Mr. Tilden justly says, the games that receive among the young the highest plaudits are those that practically no one plays after leaving college. Men do not play football, nor row in shells, nor run around a track, nor, with few exceptions, play baseball; whereas tennis and golf can be and are played as long as one lives. If one becomes expert early, by beginning with the right method, one has a means of enjoyment and health that must be rated as a valuable asset.

I am glad that Mr. Tilden pays a justly deserved tribute to Maurice McLoughlin, of California, the most beloved player who ever swung a racket. It was the appearance of this individual on the courts that changed not only the pace of the game but gave it its present prodigious popularity. As a mere spectator and player-for-the-fun-of-it, I am certain that McLoughlin not only revolutionized the sport but is mainly responsible for a revolution in the attitude of the public. He did more for tennis than any other man. Here is what Mr. Tilden says: "Mac appealed to the boy that is in all men. His merry smile, the happy toss of his head when he missed a shot, his never failing good nature under any circumstances, whether victory or defeat, made him the idol of all who saw him. In the brilliant game and gleaming personality of McLoughlin tennis found a missionary who carried the doctrine of the game to all classes. It is to him that America owes the change of tennis from a class game to one of national importance."

McLoughlin was popular not only because of his magnificent, reckless attack, (for his defence lay in his invincible attack), but because of the irresistible charm of the man. Every one who saw him loved him. He was an ideal sportsman. When he lost the championship in 1915 hundreds of spectators wept unrestrainedly. One heard the sobbing cry, "Maury is beaten!" Was there ever a stronger tribute to the personality of an athlete? And although, to the universal dismay of sport-lovers, McLoughlin lost his skill just when he should have been at his best, he has the satisfaction of knowing that his influence on the game is both fine and permanent.

There is only one person whom the crowd loves more than a good winner, and that is a good loser, whether the thing lost is the Presidency of the United States or a tennis championship. W. H. Taft and M. E. McLoughlin are universally beloved. All statesmen and athletes should endeavor to profit by their example. Nothing wearies the public more than a controversy after defeat.

I remember when the news came that Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons had been knocked out by Mr. James J. Jeffries.

Hard upon this tidings came the statement of Mr. Fitzsimmons that before the match he had been drugged. This question was referred to the greatest fighter of all time, that mundane philosopher, John L. Sullivan. He meditated a moment and handed down the following decision: "I have advised Fitz to cut out the dope talk. It is of course possible that he had been doped, but it is my opinion that the cop he got on the jaw in the second round had something to do with his feelings."

Let me add that I never saw a prize-fight, and have no intention of seeing one. But professional fisticuffs do not shock me, and I see no reason for all the hurly-burly against them. Thousands of good people who are shocked because two athletes strike each other with fists uphold murder between nations as not only necessary, but holy. If I could swallow a camel, I would not strain at a gnat.

The all-but-universal interest in a prize-fight is a fact that we must recognize. It may be lamentable, but there is no good pretending it isn't so. It extends itself into unsuspected localities. Let me repeat here a true story I told in *The Nation* years ago. My father was an orthodox Baptist minister. He was a good man and is now with God. He had never mentioned the subject of prize-fighting and I was not aware that he took the slightest interest in it. When he was well over seventy, I was reading the news to him one day, and I read the head-line, "Corbett Whips Sullivan." I was about to pass on to matters of importance, when to my amazement he leaned forward and said earnestly: "Read it by rounds."

A man of some intellectual distinction told me a little while ago that he would rather be the champion prize-fighter than have any other honor. "Just think, how wonderful it must be to visit any city in the world and know that you can lick any man in the town!" He paused and added thoughtfully: "And to realize that they know it too."

The best book about prize-fighting is Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession." It is the best, not only because it is the best-written, but because there is no idealization, as in football stories. It is a profession, and an exceedingly practical one, where the financial rewards are

high, and the physical danger not nearly so great as in many other callings.

In the April number I expressed my undying admiration for that American classic, "Casey at the Bat." I would have given the author's name, had I known it. I have been informed that the writer is Ernest L. Thayer, who was graduated from Harvard in 1885, and who now lives in Santa Barbara. The authentic version, which differs in some details from the one so thrillingly recited by De Wolf Hopper, was printed many years ago in the *Worcester Gazette*, with some interesting information. Mr. Thayer was Ivy Orator of the class of 1885 at Harvard, and was also president and editor-in-chief of *The Lampoon*. After graduation he was, for a time, on the staff of the San Francisco *Examiner*, in which newspaper the poem made its first appearance. It was copied widely, often with local names substituted. The mighty Kelley, when requested to make a speech, used to recite it, using his own name instead of that of Casey. In the first edition the poem was signed "Phin" and the name of the author was not discovered until he was living in Worcester, to which city he moved from San Francisco. Years ago, at a benefit at Wallack's Theatre, when two league teams were present, this poem was recited, with cyclonic effect. For many theatrical seasons De Wolf Hopper was forced to recite it between the acts of whatever comic opera he happened to be producing; audiences would yell "Casey" until he was compelled to declaim it. Now his voice will be heard in this poem to all eternity, for it is a victrola record. As for Ernest L. Thayer, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his baseball ballad will outlast nearly every American work written at the same period.

With reference to my remark in the March number that "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Gulliver's Travels" are among the best books for children, the State librarian for Iowa asks me if I have tried these on any normal twentieth-century child. I have not. He has, and reports a signal failure. He proceeds to inquire if I myself have reread these books. I have, and enjoyed them. He has tried and failed. He adds: "These classics seem to have outgrown their usefulness as books

for children, or for grown-ups, except as historically illustrating the spirit of the time in which Bunyan and Swift, separately, lived and wrote." Now whether we like any book or not is entirely a matter of personal taste; but I will say that if there are those who do not enjoy reading Bunyan and Swift, why, so much the worse for them. These two authors are not nearly so interesting historically as they are actually. They are classics, not because they illustrate their own period, but because they illustrate—both with amazing literary art—the fundamental and eternal traits in human nature. There are just as many Lilliputians and Yahoos in the world now as there were two hundred years ago, only no writer of to-day has Swift's genius in describing them, so he is still needed. "Gulliver's Travels" will be constantly up to date until the millennium is reached, and any one who thinks the millennium is at hand must be blind. As for "Pilgrim's Progress," I should like to recommend to political heresy-hunters, and to those who wish to kill or imprison men and women who express opinions contrary to their own, the trial scene in *Vanity Fair*.

I think it would be well if more twentieth-century children read the classics instead of the ephemeral stuff now arranged "to meet their needs," which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Harold Waldo, the California novelist, author of "Stash of the Marsh Country," writes me in reference to what I said of Cooper. During the Spanish War, when he was a little boy, he was trying to build a replica of an American battleship under the directions of a bigger boy, the self-constituted foreman. Waldo's father "had just brought home from Detroit a set of Cooper, and commanded his son to leave his tools and listen to the reading. My heart yearned toward the forgotten *Iowa*—but soon enough I was deep in the woods around Otsego with Tom Hutter and the ark—on the strange Glimmerglass, with Natty Bumppo, Hurry Harry, Chingachgook, Judith, and the rest! Heavens alive, what a spell of magic! The big boy reproached me severely next day for deserting him. . . . The result was that he borrowed 'Deerslayer' 'off me' and in a few days was

pestering us for 'The Last of the Mohicans.' So it went, on down the list to 'The Pioneer' and 'The Prairie.' He was right on my father's and my heel, that boy!—and we got to be regular close friends, once more in talking over those marvellous stories and heroes. He pardoned me my defection, and, accepting my lumber and other material and the loan of the books, he called it square."

Waldo had a wise father. Possibly if more parents would share their literary adventure with their children, as they do actual ones like camping, the love of books might be acquired early and remain a refuge and a solace long after camping had ceased to be attractive.

The last touch in Waldo's letter is a true picture of the predatory nature of the bigger boy—the bigger heart toward the smaller—the stronger nation toward the weaker. When my brother was a child he was held up on his way to school, and his entire fortune—nine cents—taken away from him by a larger youth. The next day he encountered the same ruffian, and the big boy, with a look of outraged innocence, insisted that one of the pennies was counterfeit, and demanded a good one in exchange. He then called the whole thing square, and doubtless felt he had been magnanimous. To-day he is probably a statesman.

In these pages I praised the publishers of Augustus Thomas's autobiography for making it a light book, easy to hold. Just after reading my complacent Professor F. W. C. Meyer, of Rochester, received a German folio Bible printed in 1672, weighing twenty-five pounds, and the title page bore this comforting legend, which I translate: "Now, however, through the grace of God, we have for the first time printed this book in comfortable and readable shape." The old Bible readers were a hardy race.

The American poet, Benjamin R. C. Low, sends me the following interesting anecdote, dealing with one of the foremost men in America. "My grandmother, Mrs. A. A. Low, was spending some time in the south of France, near the coast. One day, while taking a walk by the water, she saw a young boy sketching the sea. She stopped to watch him, and at once saw that he had talent. She asked him why

he did not use colors. He replied that he had none. She accordingly purchased a box of water-colors and presented them to the boy. That was the first set of colors used by John Singer Sargent."

The attack on the compulsory study of mathematics, which I launched in the February number, has brought me many exceedingly interesting letters, and I am pleased to see that the teachers of mathematics are those who most heartily approve of what I said. Perhaps this is no matter for wonder. It must be unpleasant to teach the subject to those who have no talent for it. In my own case, to teach me mathematics was like trying to collect a bill from a man who had no money, or like urging a paralytic to jump. The superintendent of schools in New Rochelle, Dr. Albert Leonard, writes as follows:

I have read with hearty approval what you say in *Scribner's* for February about the serious harm that has been done by the wholly unjustified insistence upon mathematics as a part of a college course. You are entirely right in your conviction that mathematics should not be required of all students. This is true of high school as well as of college students. As a university dean for some years I know too large a share of tradition has in determining our college courses of study. I have rejoiced that you have spoken so vigorously against a most serious defect in our college requirements. It is refreshing to read a university professor who has advanced so far toward the light as your *Scribner's*'s article shows you to have done.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, formerly professor of mathematics at Dartmouth, later United States minister to Greece, to Peru, to Switzerland, to Spain, and all the time a distinguished American novelist, writes me his opinion, which I need not say, fills me with elation:

As for many years the head of a College Department of mathematics, may I voice my approval of your views on the educational value of mathematics as expressed in the February *Scribner's*? Specifically: beyond geometry and elementary algebra the further pursuit of mathematics by the general student is of little value, either disciplinary or practical. Geometry is and ought to be in the curriculum for *mental discipline*. In demonstrating a proposition of Euclid the mind is following tensely a slender logical thread with no continuous help of symbols—a mid-step is easy and fatal and difficult to retrieve. It makes for close, exact thinking. But the geometrical method as a method of research has been superseded. As such, even in passing from the simple problems of the circle and triangle to

the conic sections it becomes increasingly cumbersome, and beyond these it taxed even the genius of Newton.

In learning geometry for analysis, discipline vanishes. This language of analysis whose alphabet we begin to acquire in algebra is a wonderful organ of expression. It has enabled us to reach results for which no other language is adequate, but the college student who gets beyond this alphabet and elementary grammar, *i. e.*, who acquires this language in the sense of making it what it was designed to be, an *instrument of research*, is a rare case. For the average student it has only the value that the alphabet of any language has—and no more—and almost no disciplinary value whatever. Errors in geometrical reasoning are logical ones, corrected by hard *thinking*—in analysis they are largely *clerical*, corrected by the eye.

In short, geometry should be retained for mental discipline, and enough algebra to secure independence of mental arithmetic. Beyond that I would not go. Of course I am not speaking of the special student, nor am I disparaging my own subject. But further pursuit of the science for the average student is as futile as advanced musical instruction for the man without a musical ear. For the "gift" for mathematics is no less unique than that for music.

I had no idea that my denunciation of required mathematics would bring out letters from such authorities. When I was an undergraduate at Yale, I reviewed in the *Yale Literary Magazine* Arthur Hardy's novel, "The Wind of Destiny," which made a lasting impression on my mind. I remember yet how Jack went away with his wife's glove. Seventeen years later he published a sequel, "His Daughter First," which I reviewed in *The Independent*. His versatility as a writer may be inferred by the fact that his first publication was "Elements of Quarternions," 1881, and his latest, "No. 13, Rue du Bon Diable," 1917. I have always maintained that the study of mathematics pointed toward the evil one, and here is proof of it.

I also believe that original novelists and dramatists are, as a rule, good at mathematics, and have profited by the study of it. Look at Thomas Hardy, Joseph Conrad, W. J. Locke, William McFee, and Arthur Hardy. I never wrote a novel or a play, and I suspect that one reason why I could not attain even mediocrity in either form is because of the vacuum in my brain where there should be the mathematical bump. I insist that the study of mathematics not only did me no benefit, but was positively injurious. It helped me no more than it

would strengthen a boy's body to try every day to lift a safe.

I wish I could believe that the study of plane geometry helped my reasoning faculties. Alas, I don't know whether it might have or not. I only know it did not, for the simple reason that I learned the whole thing by heart and rattled it off like a parrot, without the remotest idea what it meant. And while I was always near the foot of the class in mathematics, I was at the head in pure logic, inductive reasoning, and in John Stuart Mill's "Principles of Logic," which we studied under one of the ablest men I ever knew, Frank Bigelow Tarbell.

To turn from mathematics to poetry, which is like turning from the Slough of Despond to the Delectable Mountains, I find the following new volumes of American verse especially worth reading: "The Jar of Dreams," by Lilla Cabot Perry; "Songs of Unrest," by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon; "The Tide Comes In," by Clement Wood; "Songs of Youth," by Mary Dixon Thayer, and "The Waggon and the Star," by Mary Sinton Leitch. Mrs. Perry is a relation of James Russell Lowell, and is a painter, her portrait of her friend William Dean Howells being the best likeness of him I ever saw. She has written much verse, a small fraction of which she consents to print. There are some fine poems in this new volume. Her husband, Thomas Sergeant Perry, whose name appears so often in the "Letters of William and Henry James," is one of the best literary scholars in America; he has talent for almost everything except publicity and self-advertisement.

Miss Kenyon's little book is her first; the poems are graceful, and the sonnets especially good. Miss Thayer's "Songs of Youth" signals her first appearance in verse, though she has published two books in prose. This is far superior to them. The spirit of youth, health, and spontaneous happiness inspires her work. It is as joyous as the first of May. Mary Sinton Leitch also makes her debut as a poet. Her volume is well named, being full of fact and fancy. She has a decidedly original mind, as she ought to have, being the daughter of the classical scholar, Charlton T. Lewis, and the sister of the literary scholar and poet, Charlton Miner

Lewis, whose death in March of this year was a distinct loss to letters. Clement Wood is, of course, one of our best-known American poets. I think "The Tide Comes In" is superior to anything he has previously published. It is full of arresting lines.

In addition to these single volumes of original verse, let me call attention to a popular work by that skilful anthologist, Mrs. Waldo Richards, called "High Tide," which, by the way, is the name of the town where Edwin Arlington Robinson was born, and with whose poetry the present anthology begins. It has had fourteen printings in America since 1916, and now the English edition appears. One hundred and twenty contemporary English and American poets are represented, the entire collection being confined to cheerful and inspiring verses. There is enough of the other kind to be found elsewhere; so Mrs. Richards hit upon the happy idea of putting forth a volume where all the poetry should be optimistic. Readers are, therefore, warned by me that they will in these pages have nothing of the undoubted comfort to be obtained through vicarious or imaginary suffering. All the poets are here in a happy mood.

To see Thomas Hardy in this joyous company is interesting; but our anthologist, who can extract honey from unpromising sources, prints Mr. Hardy's inspiring poem, "The Year's Awakening."

Shelley said, "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." I find myself forced to differ. Our sweetest songs are those written by the best poets, no matter what the subject may be. It is, as T. B. Aldrich proved, delightful to be a blighted being. Pessimism brings a comfort to the heart that no sunshine society can bestow. But granting the fact, I had rather read a cheerful poem written by a great artist than a depressing one written by a poetaster.

The death of Sarah Bernhardt on March 26 was felt in every town and

village in Europe, North and South America, and Australia. She was the greatest actor I ever saw, and I have seen Salvini, Booth, Duse, Irving, Jefferson, Mansfield, Barrett, Possart, Kainz, Mounet-Sully, Féraudy, Coquelin, Guitry, and others. She was, however, at her best in purely theatrical pieces, just as Irving was better in melodrama like "The Lyons Mail" than in Shakespeare. I liked her more in Sardou than in Racine or Rostand. Never shall I forget her stunning performance of "La Tosca," in 1892. It was terrific and I came out of the theatre exhausted. It was a display of genius that excelled anything I saw before or since.

She came to New Haven in her private car in 1906. She was then over sixty, but she acted "La Dame aux Camélias" with great spirit. After the play I led a group of professors and undergraduates behind the scenes. I made a speech in horrible French, which amused her, but when I called her "la plus grande actrice de deux siècles," she looked pleased, and nodded in confirmation. Then I presented each man. She made no comment until she met Kenneth McKenzie, who is now head of the department of romance languages in the University of Illinois. "McKenzie! McKenzie!" she exclaimed in an irresistible accent, "quel drôle de nom!" Then I asked her if she would like to hear the Yale cheer, and she expressed a passionate desire for it. We surrounded her, and gave the "long cheer," while she stood in the centre and beat time, like an orchestra conductor. When she spoke to a member of the junior class, Chauncey McCormick, of Chicago, he replied to her in such beautiful French that she said: "Ah, what a nice boy. Your mother must have brought you up very well, you speak such excellent French." She was a great person, and the motto on her stationery exactly expressed her attitude toward life—*Quand même*.





THE POINT OF VIEW

The Scheduled
Life

DO you lead a regular life? Do you know how to plan a schedule for your day? Those are the first questions they ask you in the advertisements of those depressing little books on "personal efficiency." In the Middle Ages men gave unlimited thought and care, spent all their substance, tried the most fantastic and improbable devices, for the purpose of saving their souls; now, with the same eager and pathetic energy, they labor for the purpose of saving their time. The same curious credulity, the same desire to believe which once sent them into convents and on long pilgrimages, leads men to-day into the offices of efficiency experts who guarantee to transform them in six weeks from earners of two thousand to earners of ten thousand dollars a year. And always the systems begin with talk about a scheduled life, the careful regulation of one's day so that events occur always at the same hours—horrid thought.

The idea is not confined to efficiency experts, either. Everywhere we are pursued by the spirit of schedule making. Schools, especially boarding-schools, are ruthless in their attempts to stiffen the rising generation into set paths; doctors are always talking about schedules and regular régimes; railroads tie us to a horrible exactness; even otherwise kindly housewives insist on running their homes by the clock.

It is surely the height of bad logic to eat merely because it happens to be, say, seven-thirty. There are days when you are starved by six; there are others when you have no desire for food before nine. The hour has nothing to do with it. Of course, if you want to dine with other people you must effect a compromise of some sort; but to dine at an earlier hour than you wish to please your friend is infinitely more reasonable, and less monotonous, than to dine at an earlier hour than you wish to please the clock. The real difficulty, of course, is the cook. So many cooks are methodical by nature, so many more erstwhile charmingly temperamental ones are forced, by wrong-headed mistresses, into an unnatural regularity. The only perfectly incorruptible

cook I know is a French *bonne* on her native soil. A dinner, even a morning cup of chocolate, is for her a work of art; and it is as futile to demand that she deliver it when the clock strikes eight as it would be to expect a painter to complete a masterpiece at a given hour. Of course, her method has its inconveniences, but they are more than compensated by the piquancy it adds to life.

Why should we try to make the daily round as dull as possible by taking out the small sporting element of irregularity? When you first venture into a foreign land, when you first endeavor to make yourself understood in an alien tongue, the small happenings of every-day life become thrilling events. Ordering a dinner is a perilous adventure; a morning's shopping a whole romance. Once you are thoroughly at home in the language the glamour fades. Just so if you insist on scheduling your daily life, on knowing always beforehand just what you are going to do at a given time, it becomes nothing but a deadening routine; but leave it to chance and the dictates of fancy, and it will surprise you with its excitement and charm. And after all isn't a charming, an exciting, an interesting life more to be desired than an efficient one? Living on schedule will, quite possibly, make your life efficient; but it will also, quite certainly, make it uninteresting. Also, though it may increase your salary, the schedule will inevitably bar your way to greatness. Can you think of any really great man who led a scheduled life; slept eight hours every night, breakfasted always punctually at seven-thirty, caught the eight to the city, lunched at twelve on a glass of milk and two sandwiches, and so on, and on, and on, and on? Generals, of necessity, lead irregular lives with meals and sleep at any hour at all, or not at all; yet when you talk of getting things done Cæsar and Napoleon bulk large in the history of mankind. Or consider the contemplative type of man. Simeon Stylites stayed for years on the top of a pillar but he saved himself by irregular meals; he got them only when his disciples felt inclined to climb up the ladder and

hand him something. And certainly, if you have ever watched a robin with a nest full of fledglings, you know that the ravens did not feed Elijah at regular hours. Take artists: great artists of all kinds, painters, writers, musicians, are notoriously temperamental, which is the Philistine's word for being late to lunch. Businesslike modern authors, it is true, will tell you that they always sit at their desks from nine to one; but they will also tell you, if you press them, that on some days they write thousands of words and on others use only the x key on their typewriters. Where would the excitement be in golf or tennis if you were always on your game? Why, even the world isn't a perfect sphere; it is flattened on both ends, quite irregular; it is undoubtedly meant as a symbol.

ON the outskirts of a small New England village stands a quaint establishment which is worth journeying to see—especially in these days of standardization, when all establishments, in the country and city, are pretty much alike, and when the racy individualism which once characterized New England is in such regrettable process of dying out.

It is popularly known as "the harness shop," and probably that is its title rôle, the function with which it began its career many decades ago. Its most conspicuous sign-board still advertises it as the purveyor of everything pertinent to horses. But underneath one of its wide low windows is a smaller sign which better expresses the scope of its present service: "Bicycles and Sundries." There is something haphazard and helpless about the oddly mated pair of words, as if the owner of the shop was himself put to it to state just what he had in stock, and the effect on the thoughtful passer-by is arresting and stimulating.

Once inside the wide low room which harmonizes with the windows, one sees no bicycles nor any space for a great range of sundries. A large and motherly old stove stands in the centre of the uneven floor and around it, winter and summer alike, some customers, actual or potential, are always loitering. Pieces of harness hang from the ceiling and against the walls, and there is a dusty smell of grain in the dimly lighted, rather heavy air. The place seems just

what it primarily claims to be—a harness shop. But, as one moves toward the chair which he immediately desires to occupy in the welcoming spot, one is vaguely aware of having to steer his course carefully lest he hit something; and if one has time to linger an hour or so, he witnesses transactions the variety of which amazes and delights him. Department stores in the city think that they must have many counters and floors, elevators, sales men and women, floor-walkers, and what-not; but this little harness shop modestly and humorously knows how to cater to every human need without putting itself out at all.

Serenity is its watchword, and haste is anathema to it. The native customer understands this and, drifting in through the low portal, salutes the shopkeeper with a nod, and if he says anything at all, falls to discussing the weather. Nor does the shopkeeper rise from the bench where he is mending a bridle to ask what the customer wants. Perhaps he does not want anything. Perhaps he is not a customer but merely a friend dropping in for a chat. By and by however, casually, as if it did not matter, a request is proffered, say, for a dozen eggs.

"Eggs?" says the shopkeeper. "Eggs! Well, yes, I did have some, and I think they were over by the new calicoes. Let me see." He rises and hunts with a puzzled brow which clears presently. "Oh, here they are!" And, matter-of-fact as a conjurer, he stoops and begins to gather eggs from the otherwise empty coal-hod, not in the least to the surprise of the customer.

If, however, the next customer is a stranger to the valley, one of the "city people" in whom the beautiful region is beginning to abound, there is nothing casual about him and his surprise is frank.

"Good morning," he says, entering briskly with a light in his eyes which, to the initiated, indicates that he is putting some wager to the test, "I came in to see if I can buy a pair of trousers here."

"Sure!" Once more the shopkeeper lays aside his bridle and rises with the loose-jointed leisureliness peculiar to his class. There is a twinkle in his eye. Perhaps he also divines the wager. "You want a good pair, I suppose. Wool. Well, you wait a

minute and I'll show you the best wool pants I've had in stock for a year."

He goes to a corner and, moving out of his way an oil-stove, a tea-cannister and a carpet-sweeper, opens a drawer and begins producing men's garments: coats, sweaters, trousers, socks. "There, you see! Ain't they beauties? Only \$6.95."

Not many wagers are lost with such amusement and gratification as the man from the city displays, and presently he goes chuckling away with his wool pants under his arm.

A woman succeeds him, a "cottager," evidently in some doubt and a little apologetic.

"Good morning. I read your sign and I thought perhaps—you see, the cottage I've rented hasn't a dust-pan—but I don't suppose—"

"Why, certainly!" answers the shopkeeper. "I got a new line in a few days ago and I know just where to put my hand on them."

He goes to another corner and, with deliberation, begins taking down hams.

For a minute the woman watches him; then, more doubtful than ever, interrupts: "I think you must have misunderstood me. I said dust-pans, not hams."

The shopkeeper smiles. As if one could confuse such dissimilar words!

"Yes, I heard you all right," he explains with a tolerant patience; "but, you see, the dust-pans are behind the hams."

Everything is behind something else; in fact, to one who waits and observes, it appears that most things are behind many other things, the more incongruous the better. The shoes are behind the biscuit tins which, in turn, are behind the window screens; and the big cheese, when not in requisition, serves as a table for thimbles and scissors and a trowel or two. The ladies' hat trimmings are in the same drawer with the lamp-wicks and the garden seeds; and the breakfast cereals form a solid background for the alarm-clocks and hair tonics.

Everything is there somewhere, however, positively everything any customer might want; and, though the shopkeeper is sometimes transiently at a loss, he never has to reflect more than a second or two before he goes straight to the article required. His resourcefulness is famous. During the war,

one of the villagers gave an afternoon tea, and to the surprise of her guests, sweetened their beverage with lumps instead of granulated sugar. "Lump sugar!" they cried with one voice. "Why, where in the world did you get it?" "At the harness shop," she replied as a matter of course.

And a whimsical smoker told me once that the fancy took him to refresh the memories of his college days by smoking a peculiar old-fashioned brand of tobacco no longer easily procurable. "By Jove! if I didn't find it in the harness shop! It took some hunting. For once, the shopkeeper was almost stumped. But, after scratching his head for a few minutes and poking around in two or three corners, he opened a drawer full of tack-hammers and fountain pens, soap-shakers, hair brushes, and knitting-needles, and there was my tobacco. I hadn't seen a box of it in fifteen years."

Nor are the triumphs of the harness shop always strictly practical. It has æsthetic surprises in store for those who challenge it. One summer one of the cottages bloomed softly out in new wall-paper which called forth admiring comments from all its visitors. "What lovely colors! What a distinguished design! Of course you got it in Boston or New York." "Indeed I didn't! I dare say I should have been silly enough to do just that if I'd known I was going to have to repaper before I came up. But when I found that the roof had leaked during the winter and something must be done in a hurry, I went to the harness shop and this was the first thing which came to light from behind a stack of wash-tubs and gramophones."

They say that the social practice of country-store congregating has decreased in the last decade or two, and has wholly lost its freshness and intimacy. The few loafers in the grocery stores of our village look self-conscious and uneasy. But in the harness shop the old custom flourishes with all its native spontaneity and assurance. During the winter evenings, the stove is surrounded by tilting chairs, and stories and tobacco juice flow genially. Games of cards are played and newspapers and magazines are read. It makes no pretensions, the harness shop, but it is a thoroughly invaluable institution, and sad would the valley be if modern methods ever crowded it out.



THE FIELD OF ART

Charles Willson Peale

BY ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

Author of "Heirlooms in Miniatures," "Life of Martha Washington," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS BY PEALE

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE was born in St. Paul's Parish, Queen Anne County, Maryland, in 1741. As the junior of John Singleton Copley by only four years and the senior of Gilbert Stuart and John Trumbull by fourteen or fifteen years, his place is unquestionably among our early American-born artists.

What we must ever admire in these early limners, quite aside from their genius, is their native enthusiasm, their persistency, their patience, and their faith in the ultimate triumph of art, at a period when it required no small amount of courage to adopt for their life-work a career that was looked upon by the greater number of their compatriots as an elegant accomplishment, the amusement of a leisure hour, rather than as a serious profession. The great impetus to American art was yet to come in the years succeeding the War of the Revolution, and in this movement Stuart and Peale were destined to play an important part and to be ranked

among the leaders of their profession in America. Having early developed a talent for drawing and in his boyhood tried his hand at

portraits and landscapes, Charles Willson Peale was not at liberty to devote himself to the profession of an artist until he had learned and practised several trades. The reduced circumstances of the family after the death of his father, who held a Free School near Chesterton, Maryland, made it necessary, as he said, that he and his brothers should exert themselves toward the support of their "Honored Mother." Frankly as young Peale wrote of the straitened circumstances of his family, he seems to have taken great pride



Mary Sterrett (Mrs. Richard Gittings of Baltimore).
Original owned by her great-grandson, D. Sterrett Gittings, of Baltimore.

in recording the fact that his grandfather, the Reverend Charles Peale, was heir entail to the Manor of Wotton in Oxfordshire, and that he could thus claim the right to a good English ancestry.

At the age of thirteen, Peale was apprenticed to one Nathan Waters, a saddler at

Annapolis, and afterward followed this trade with the addition of those of coachmaker, silversmith, and watchmaker. To this early training in handcraft he doubtless owed something of his mechanical skill, as well as his remarkable dexterity in the use

story of the self-education of a man of untiring industry and perseverance as well as of unquestionable genius.

While still working at his several trades, young Peale met John Hesselius, who was living and painting in Annapolis. Intent upon gaining instruction in art, he offered Hesselius one of his best saddles if he would allow him to see him paint a picture. The older artist accepted the offer, allowed Peale to watch him paint two portraits, and after painting one half of the face of a portrait, he left the other half for his pupil to finish.

Soon after this first essay in portrait-painting, Peale was so fortunate as to be in Boston, where he saw a number of Smybert's unfinished portraits, and was admitted to the studio of John Copley, then our most distinguished American artist. Copley showed a friendly interest in his young compatriot, or as he recorded "Mr. Copley treated him very civilly, and lent him a candle-light to copy." It was during this visit to Boston that Peale



Mrs. Benjamin Rush.

Original owned by her great-grandsons, the Messrs. Biddle of Philadelphia.

of his brush, for he was a rapid as well as an exceedingly accurate painter. At one time, while in Maryland, where he was painting portraits of six early governors of that State, he speaks of copying a portrait of Governor Paca in less than a day.

For interesting details of the life and work of Peale we are indebted to a diary which was kept throughout his busy life, and later expanded into an autobiography. In this autobiography the artist, like Mr. Henry Adams, always spoke of himself in the third person; and, although he did not call this record his *Education*, like Mr. Adams, it well deserved the title, being the

tried his hand at miniature painting, and like so many of the old masters he chose his own head for his subject. His first portrait is said to have been painted upon a board and with colors procured from a coach-painter, the subject a young lady whom he had seen in church. This lady, Miss Rachel Brewer, Peale fell in love with when he was seventeen; and, although she was very coy for some months, and turned a deaf ear to his proposals, as the artist tells us in his diary, she finally yielded to his persuasions, and the happy couple were married before the groom had reached his twenty-first year. Fortune seems to have favored these rash

young people, as Mr. John Beale Bordley became interested in Peale's work, after seeing one of his portraits while in Annapolis attending the governor's council. This painting evidently made a decided impression upon Mr. Bordley as, after studying it carefully for some time, he said to his sister: "Something must and shall be done for Charles." He immediately sent for him, and after some conversation, asked him, "if he was willing to go to England to get improvement." This was readily agreed to, and Mr. Bordley drew up a paper which he headed generously. In addition to his own subscription this paper secured for his protégé a sum amounting to about eighty-three pounds sterling. Among those who contributed were Governor Sharpe, Charles Carroll, Daniel Dulaney, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, and Benjamin Calvert.

Provided with what seems to us a very modest sum, and some letters of introduction, Peale set forth upon his voyage to the Old World. When he reached London he was warmly welcomed by Benjamin West, who not only gave his young compatriot instruction in his studio, but offered him a home in his own house. Some of the artists whom he befriended outstripped West in their chosen careers, but none could exceed him in hospitality, and envy of their success never seemed to have clouded his generous mind. While in London the ever-versatile Peale improved the shining hours by taking lessons in modelling in wax, in moulding, and in casting in plaster; in engraving, in mezzotint, and in miniature-painting.

Although tempting inducements were

offered Mr. Peale to remain in England, he resolutely turned his face homeward to rejoin his young wife and children. The period of his greatest activity as a portrait-painter was doubtless in the years between his return to America and his entering the



Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Original owned by his great-grandsons, the Messrs. Biddle of Philadelphia.

Continental army. It was during these years that he painted most of his Maryland portraits, as he wrote in 1774 that he had so many orders "in Baltimore town" that he rented part of a house where he and his family lived for two winters. It was at this time that he painted a charming portrait of Miss Mary Sterrett, afterward Mrs. Richard Gittings, one of Peale's most graceful compositions, in which, while doing full justice to the gentle refined beauty of his subject, the artist paid more than usual attention to her costume. The gown of soft grays and pinks, like a sunset cloud, blends harmoniously with the out-of-door background



George Washington.
Colonel commanding Virginia colonial troops.

with its pale sky and delicately outlined foliage. Another of Peale's pictures of this period was of the children of Benjamin Stoddert, first secretary of the navy; and of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland and his family. One of the children in this group, Tom, married Charlotte, a daughter of John Hesselius, the artist, who figures in her mother's rhymed chronicle as "Charlotte who loves a craped head and is fond of a train."

Of these groups, called "Conversations," Peale seems to have been especially fond, as we find many of them among his paintings. That of General John Cadwalader and his wife, lovely Williamina Bond, and their child was painted after the artist's studio

was removed to Philadelphia. Here also he painted portraits of Doctor and Mrs. Benjamin Rush, the latter a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most distinguished physicians of his time. Mrs. Rush, who appears in her portrait with a mandolin in her hands, was Julia Stockton, a sister of Richard Stockton, another signer, and one of Washington's devoted friends and adherents. The portrait is in Peale's best style and represents a lovely, high-born lady of the period. While still living in Maryland Mr. Peale was at Mount Vernon, in May, 1772, painting a portrait of Colonel Washington. This portrait reveals a youthful, almost boyish, face whose rounded outlines give little promise

of the strongly marked countenance of later years, although there is a dignity and grace in the figure and bearing that seem always to have distinguished this man among men. The original full-length portrait is at Lexington, Virginia; and the study for the head and shoulders is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, having been presented to that repository of many priceless relics, on February 29, 1892, by Mr. Charles Ogden of Philadelphia.

In the years that followed, while serving the cause of the Colonies in the Continental army, Peale painted a number of portraits of Washington, and of many of his officers. Thus, although he made a distinct sacrifice by giving up his profession to enter the army, while not engaged in active service he painted so industriously that he has left to future generations a valuable legacy of portraits of leading men of this period. Mr. Horace Wells Sellers, the great-grandson and biographer of the artist, says that Mr. Peale was wont to carry, with his camp luggage, small canvases (6 inches by 6 inches); and from studies of this size, and from his miniatures on ivory, he subsequently painted the larger portraits in his collection. One large portrait, painted at Valley Forge, is that of Washington wearing his military cocked hat. This portrait was painted on a piece of bed-ticking, no canvas being available. It was during the winter at Valley Forge that Peale painted his own portrait in the uniform of the Pennsylvania Militia. The charming face that looks out from this canvas reveals certain well-known characteristics of the artist: here is ideality, of course, some shrewdness, and so much sweetness that we can well understand why Peale endeared himself to all with whom he was associated.

Unfortunately, the artist wrote very little of his personal relations with Washington, of whom he naturally saw a great deal, as the General sat to him several times during the war. On one occasion, in 1777, they spent the afternoon together, on a hillside overlooking the Raritan in New Jersey, watching the distant operations of the enemy; but while Peale made a sketch in his diary to recall the view, which shows the General and himself in the foreground on a rock, he recorded nothing of their conversation except an invitation from Washington to dine with him on the following day.

When relieved from continuous military

service, Mr. Peale again set up his easel in Philadelphia and painted in the large his full-length portrait of Washington, and replicas for other patrons belonging to this period. His full length of the French minister Gerard, ordered by Congress, was also an important commission and an excellent example of his work.

Although in the full activity of his chosen profession, Mr. Peale laid aside his brush before he had reached his sixtieth year, and devoted his energies to what he fondly hoped would become a national museum and portrait-gallery. This museum of natural objects was started in his own house at Third and Lombard Streets, and was afterward removed to the hall of the Philosophical Society, and later, about 1800, to the second floor of Independence Hall. In these busy years, this public-spirited citizen interested himself in the founding of an Academy of the Fine Arts. In writing to President Jefferson, June 13, 1805, he modestly stated: "Some gentlemen have



Portrait of Charles Willson Peale painted by him about the time of his removal to Philadelphia and services during the Revolution.

Original painting owned by his great-grandson, Horace Wells Sellers of Philadelphia.

met a few times at my house and planned the design of an academy for the encouragement of the Fine Arts in this city." A building was soon after erected on Chestnut Street above Tenth, and on March 28, 1807, Mr. Peale had the satisfaction of recording: "Our Academy of Fine Arts is ready to be opened." He contributed to many of its

annual exhibitions, and was a member of the board of managers until his death in 1827.

Although Mr. Peale had long since given over his miniature-painting to his brother James, and much of his portrait work to his children, artist-born and artist-named, he resumed his brush, at an advanced age, and did some excellent work. His portrait of the learned Quaker lady, Mrs. Deborah Logan of Stenton, was painted when he was in his eighty-second year; and so great was his activity at this time, and even later, that he thought nothing of a stroll from Philadelphia to Stenton, a long walk for a man over eighty, although young John Smith of Burlington walked these five or six miles many times when courting Hannah Logan.

The last years of Charles Willson Peale were spent at Belfield, a charming country-seat then on the outskirts of Germantown. Here he built a number of summer-houses, or pavilions, on whose sides he placed various inscriptions such as:

"Labour while you are able, it will give health to the body, and peaceful content to the mind!"

Some of these quaint and instructive inscriptions are still to be seen at Belfield, which has been in possession of the Wister family for several generations, whose members have carefully preserved what Mr. Peale was wont to call his "Mementoes, conveniently placed," as he said, "to remind him of his duties."

It is interesting to know that the talent

for painting in the Peale family has persisted through several generations. James Peale, who was taught by his brother Charles, painted miniatures so beautifully that they are sometimes mistaken for those of Malbone; his daughter Anna C. Peale also painted excellent miniatures. Rembrandt

Peale inherited much of his father's ability; and even if his portraits lack the strength and virility of the work of the elder Peale, they certainly possess a charm and grace all their own. Raphaelle and Titian Peale both painted, the latter was also a naturalist of no mean order; Franklin Peale, born in his father's rooms in the American Philosophical Society, and named by the assembled philosophers after the great Franklin, dis-



Mrs. George Logan (Deborah Norris).

tinguished himself as a scientist and mechanic. Regarded as a whole, no family in America has done more to enrich its native land in art, science, and mechanics than that of Charles Willson Peale, himself mechanician, scientist, soldier, and patriot, as well as a distinguished artist; of whom Mr. Custis of Arlington, the adopted son of General Washington, wrote: "Honor to the memory of the Soldier artist, who hung up his palette in the Spring, girded on the sword, and fought a campaign in the War of Independence—then resumed his palette and painted the portraits of the general officers, and without whose artistic labors we should not have had the likeness of the illustrious soldier (Greene) who was only second to him who was first of all."







